

October 31, 1957 35c

# Downbeat

Jazz Piano

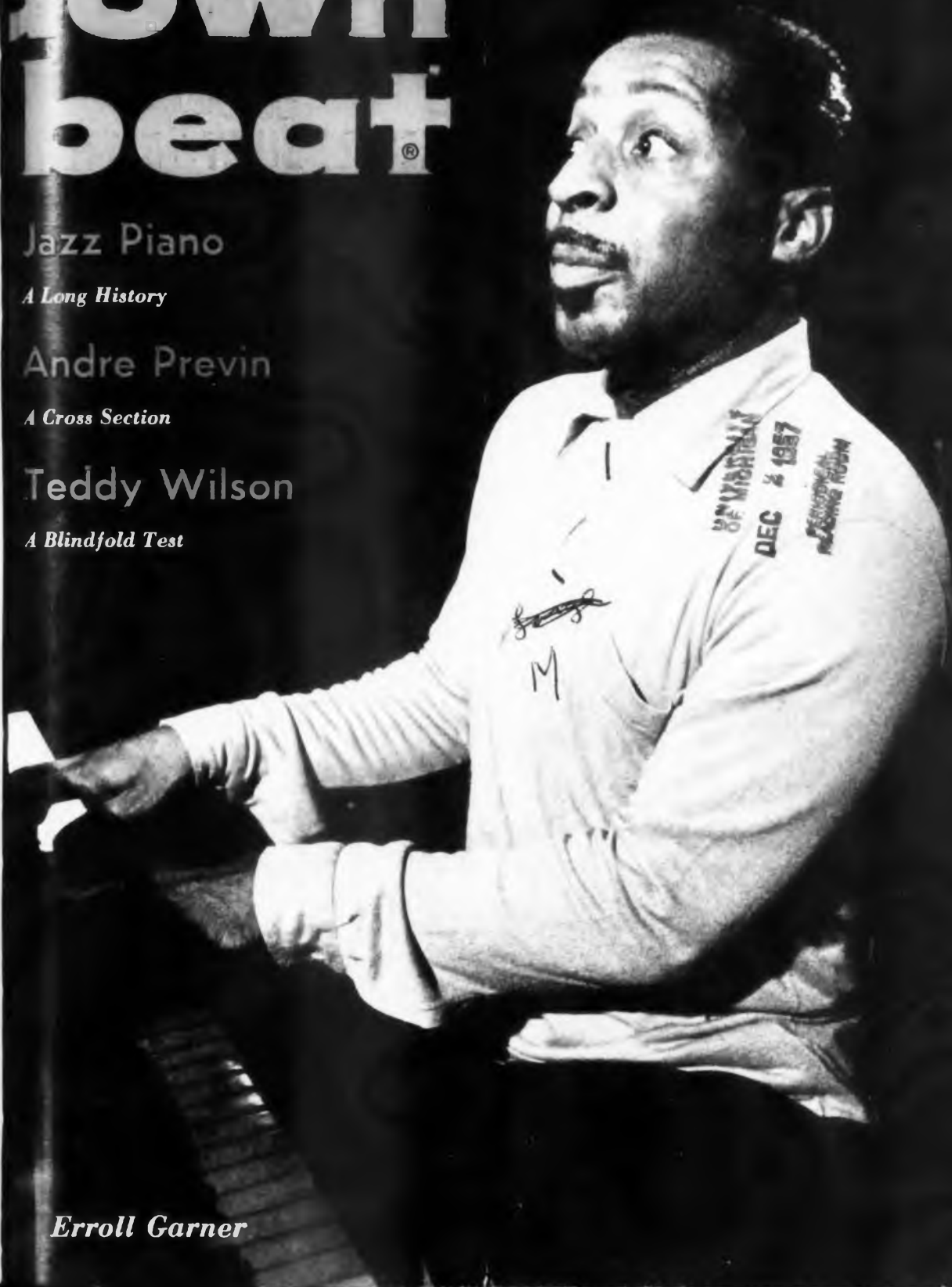
*A Long History*

Andre Previn

*A Cross Section*

Teddy Wilson

*A Blindfold Test*



*Erroll Garner*

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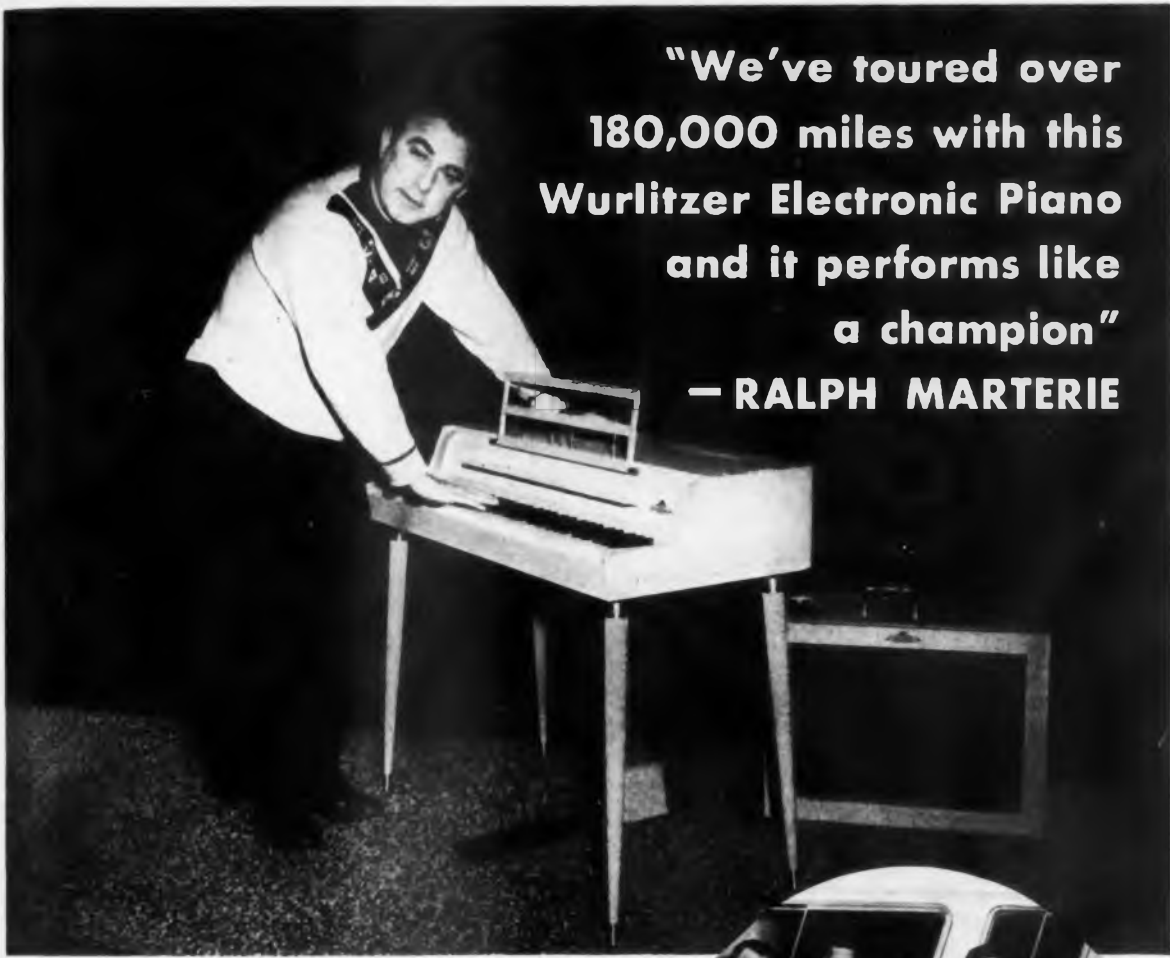
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## chords and discords

### South Is Not Cool Enough . . .

New Orleans, La.

To the Editor:

Here we are, stuck in New Orleans with no modern jazz groups to visit us. All that we have down here is rock 'n' roll, pops concerts, operas, and Dixieland. Very seldom do progressive jazz groups visit us.

Last March the Dave Brubeck quartet paid us a visit, and the Tulane university auditorium was packed. We like the stuff down here, too. How about dropping a hint to the cool school and tell them to send somebody down, n'est-ce pas?

Rusty Cantelli and John Batson

### Gilding . . .

New York City

To the Editor:

Dizzy Gillespie's band is a great one, but I have a few suggestions that would make it even greater and more thrilling than it is now.

First, Ernie Henry (alto) should be given much more blowing space than is allowed him at present. If he were

uncorked, he'd have the critics shouting! Second, Dizzy should devote more time to writing his own arrangements and compositions, for they are always of the highest caliber. Why Dizzy doesn't put *Groovin' High* (featuring Henry), *Emanon*, *Good Batt*, and *One Bass Hit* back into his band book is a mystery to me.

Roger W. Dunn

### Madness? . . .

New York

To the Editor:

MID-SUMMER MADNESS

or

**GUARANTEED TO TAKE PLACE AT THE NEXT JAZZ FESTIVAL** (with a bow to N. Y. Post columnist Jimmy Cannon)

Some group will play *Bernie's Tune*.

Photographers will outnumber the musicians onstage.

The emcee will have trouble adjusting the mike and will then blow into it to see if it's working.

A leather-lunged extrovert in the back of the house will yell "Sing it,



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Baby!" when a girl sings the blues; the audience will break up at that.

Each group will do at least one number from "our latest album on the . . . . . label."

An usher will have to warn several characters that smoking is not allowed in the auditorium.

A tenor man will spend at least six or seven minutes on *I'll Remember April*, *Tenderly*, or *Yesterdays*.

Gerry Mulligan or George Shearing will tell a few jokes.

The emcee will forget the name of a bass player and the audience will laugh nervously.

A quorum some place on the premises will start to clap in unison way off the beat.

The souvenir program for one dollar will have at least a half dozen pictures of musicians photographed through curling cigarette smoke, reflected in the top of the piano, or seen through a maze of cymbals and mike stands.

Dizzy will get laughs no matter what he says.

A drummer will take too many choruses.

Late arrivals will have trouble finding their seats; when they find them someone else will be sitting there.

A bass solo will get more applause than the others on the basis of let's-give-this-unappreciated-guy-a-break.

Joe Williams will sing *Ev'ry Day*.  
Bob Bach

### Sympathy And A Lesson . . .

Rock Island, Ill.

To the Editor:

About the recent death of Bobby Styles from an overdose of narcotics—we'd just like to say how terrible we feel. Not only for Bobby, who was a nice guy, misled by some stupid people who knew better, but for the entire Les Brown band, of which he was a member. A finer, cleaner, more serious bunch of musicians you would have a hard time finding. All completely devoted to good musicianship, trying to get ahead in this crazy music world of today, and most of all leading decent, ordinary lives with their families when they are at home and behaving like gentlemen when on tour.

This is a terrible blow for a wonderful bunch of musicians, who up until now have had an impeccable reputation.

Let us hope that if nothing else, the tragedy of Bobby Styles will serve as a warning to anyone who might be faced with such a situation in the future. We also hope that those responsible, directly or indirectly, will soon face the consequences.

It is such a senseless way to live or die. All musicians should take the responsibility of living clean lives for the betterment of their profession. Heaven knows, jazz is having a rough enough time without these few imbeciles dragging it down with them.

Names withheld by request

### Good Word For Alonzo . . .

Long Branch, Ontario

To the Editor:

Just a word of appreciation and encouragement for Alonzo Levister, he of *Manhattan Monodrama*.

His first effort has given me a great deal of pleasure, and I hope there is a lot more coming from this new talent.

Iroy S. Horthi

Down Beat

## the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

A MAN YOU ALL KNOW as an active force in the presentation of jazz was talking up a storm the other night. The trigger for his concern obviously was the death a few days previous of trumpeter Bobby Styles from an overdose of heroin, plus the subsequent gory publicity that jazz thereby received.

"You guys are the newspaper of jazz," he was saying, "You've got to do something about it. You've got to take a firm stand against narcotics and hammer at it. Don't leave it up to us in business in the field to try and do it all."

My interjections that a great deal on the use of narcotics by musicians and our attitude toward it has appeared in these pages fell on deaf ears.

"You've got to be stronger," he kept insisting.

He had just about convinced me that the problem was going to be occupying all the time he could spend on it for as long as it would take to solve, when he was called away. I moved down the hall to see some musician friends standing nearby when a dressing room door opened. Two junkie hangers-on having some difficulty in maneuvering walked out, trailed by one of the musicians our friend had hired for the occasion.

THE MUSICIAN has at least two narcotics convictions on his record already, plus several more arrests on suspicion. To say that he was in rough shape would be most kind. He was out of his head.

Our friend knows about the musician's record perhaps better than any of us. I wonder where all his self-righteousness was when he hired the musician. I wonder how long it took him to make up his mind whether to hire a known addict or not. I wonder how much he was influenced by the fact that the musician is an established drawing card.

I think *Down Beat's* attitude toward narcotics and their use is clear and logical. We are unalterably opposed to their use. We report arrests of musicians on narcotics charges only when the circumstances are such that the story has genuine news impact. We are not a police docket, for one reason, and secondly we have too often seen men arrested on such slim grounds that the case has been thrown out of court. The linking of a man and a charge which can materially affect his career is too serious a matter to be treated lightly, or in an effort to sell magazines.

WE WHOLEHEARTEDLY SUPPORT any efforts to help find some solution to cure and prevent addiction among men in the music profession. The donation by the Newport Festival advisory board of \$5,000 to such a cause is laudable. But it's just a drop in the bucket. A great deal more is needed. We'll help in any way we can.

Perhaps I will get another opportunity soon to find out from our friend what he meant by "being stronger." I am sure he realizes we cannot become a clinic, nor can we do much more in print than point out the follies and some of the consequences of messing with junk.

And now if he would start putting his own house in shape . . .

Like maybe making an offer to the musician of a loan so that the man can be hospitalized, or else he gets fixed . . . ?



# down beat

Volume 24, No. 22

October 31, 1957

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## MUSIC NEWS

The narcotics-connected death of a big band trumpeter; a swinging 10-year-old drummer in big company; some comments from Satchmo; an Atlas for Giuffre, and an investment by Stan Kenton are among the featured stories in the regular news roundup that begins on page 9.

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## On The Cover

The man who swept both last year's Readers Poll and this past summer's Jazz Critics Poll as jazz' top pianist was the man we decided should fittingly garnish this issue as its cover subject—Erroll Garner. See Dom Cerulli's cover story on him that's on page 13, and don't miss John S. Wilson's appraisal of Erroll and many more pianists in his history of the jazz piano that starts on page 14.

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OTHER MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; COUNTRY AND WESTERN JAMBOREE; MUSIC '58; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS; BEBIDAS; ELABORACIONES Y ENVASES; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS CATALOGOS.

## tangents

By Don Gold

I REALLY DON'T CARE if concentrated stomach acid burns a hole in my handkerchief.

If it does, I'll just throw away the handkerchief.

I do care, however, when the radio and television pitchmen insist on employing deplorably annoying music to make me believe their sophistry.

For years now, I've been confronted with psychodrama music every time I turn on a radio or television set. Jingles jangle my nerves every few minutes. And the music itself is uniquely bad, the kind of music few bands would play in public, the kind of music few classical musicians would recognize.

I SUPPOSE THERE are desolate people, hidden in alcoves from coast to coast, eager to learn about the wonders of such miracle-elements as Super AT-7, Gardol, Wonder Earth, and Per-stop. In order to learn of such life-savers, they must be subjected to some of the worst music the world has known.

What is even more macabre, many listeners take the music for granted, without having any serious objections to it. This is one step toward the formation of a society of idiots.

Creatively designed commercial music is as rare as a bidet in South Carolina.

The advertising agencies, atop their mounds of soap, hair-stiffeners, and medically proven ingredients, appar-

ently view the public as a barbaric horde easily pleased by token offerings. As a result, they acquire and present low-grade music without the slightest reservation.

There is the charge, of course, that the music is comparable to the commercial content of the spot announcement. I will admit that the ecstatic ramblings of announcers and amateur actresses in behalf of most products is somewhat ludicrous. But I like to feel that music can be used effectively, intelligently, and creatively.

Occasionally, this happens. I'VE HEARD SEVERAL cigaret commercials which utilized jazz sounds, however subdued, quite effectively. And recently, Fred Katz, cellist with the Chico Hamilton quintet, wrote the score for a Toni commercial, using the Hamilton quintet's instrumentation as a basis, with a few instruments added for greater tonal variation. The results, as I heard them, were pleasing. The music made sense in the commercial context, too.

Such examples, however, are the exception. We continue to be flooded with words and distorted music accompaniment at every station break.

We manage to endorse and support the efforts of the symphony orchestras, jazz groups, and all sorts of ethnic sounds, yet few of us make an effort to improve the state of the words-and-music or singing commercials.

In attempting to find a reasonable solution, all sorts of possibilities come to mind. Why not use Beethoven, Bach, Ravel, Mulligan, Basie, or Ellington (to name a few) music as background sounds? Perhaps, contrary to agency directives, such attention-getting music would increase sales by making the commercial something to listen to, instead of something to avoid.

AND, OF COURSE, such opportunity would be welcomed by many musicians eager to create worthwhile sounds on any scale. Beethoven doesn't need the job, but many young, able composers could make substantial contributions to the elevation of the commercial on radio and television. If music is to follow us from living room to kitchen, why not let it be music worth hearing?

There are times when I feel I'm being pursued by the hounds of Madison Ave. Perhaps I'd be more willing to pay attention to their growls if they presented their products in a more appealing light. Improving the musical content of commercial messages is one step.

Right now, whenever a grotesque creature named Bucky Beaver pops in to our television screen, I duck. I brush my teeth, too, but he is, as they say, something else.

If commercials-with-music must exist, and I'm resigned to that impenetrable situation, then all I ask is that they're created, not die-cast. It might be wise to write a few letters to some of the ad agencies saying so.

And as soon as I can detach this table napkin from my lap, I'm going to do just that.



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## strictly ad lib

### NEW YORK

**JAZZ:** Cutty Cutshall rejoined the band at Condon's, recovered from his recent illness . . . The Reese Markewich group, featuring baritone man Nick Brignola, has been booked to play the Cafe Bohemia during the Christmas vacation. Its first Modernage Record is scheduled for October release . . . Billy Taylor will finally record a full LP with his present trio of bassist Earl May and drummer Ed Thigpen for ABC-Paramount. The Taylor trio cut four sides for Atlantic to fill out a previously-issued 10-inch LP to a 12-incher . . . Atlantic Records plans to reissue the Boyd Raeburn band sides which were among its earliest 78s . . . Gerry Mulligan sat in at Jazz City recently, playing tenor with tenor man Paul Quinichette for a set. Sol Yaged assembled his clarinet and also sat in . . . Buck Clayton



Taylor

toured South America for two weeks early in October . . . Nat Pierce is writing for a modern-sounding Kansas City band, to feature Pee Wee Russell. Pee Wee will also be set off by a string quartet in some Pierce writing. Nat will do the scoring for an Atlantic date to feature veteran altoist Buster Smith with Walter Page and the Blue Devils. The band will be four brass, four reeds, and four rhythm . . . Barry Miles, 10-year-old drummer (see USA East this issue) received union clearance to start his high school jazz concert series. First concert will be held at Plainfield, N. J., high Oct. 25 . . . The Half Note, Mike Canterino's new jazz spot, opened Sept. 26 in Greenwich Village with the Randy Weston trio featured . . . Bobby Brookmeyer's group, with guest artist Lee Konitz, drew favorable critical mention on its opening two weeks at the Village Vanguard . . . Herbie Nichols played the start of Gil Melle's engagement at Cafe Bohemia, but had to leave the group because of illness. Guitarist Joe Cinderella filled in

Riverside is rushing out the Library of Congress series by Jelly Roll Morton. It will be 12 separate LPs, with liner notes by Martin Williams of the Saturday Review . . . Norman Granz now plans to issue the Newport Jazz Festival recordings on 14 LPs . . . Johnny Eaton started a tour of civic jazz concerts ranging from Nova Scotia to Texas Oct. 1. In the group were Herbie Mann, Johnny Six, Johnny Ray, Jimmy Campbell . . . RCA Victor is mulling the possible release of Pennywhistle Blues by Tony Scott and a group of youngsters playing woodwinds cut in South Africa . . . Jeri Southern and Mary Lou Williams signed with Roulette . . . Beverly Kenney did a week at Jazz City . . . The Benny Goodman band to be taken on the road by Urbie Green is in rehearsal . . . The record industry was wowed by the announcement by Prestige that it planned to start regular release of mammoth-play LPs on 16 $\frac{3}{4}$  rpm 12-inch records.

Jack Teagarden is booked to play Bourbon Street in December for an indefinite period. He'll be fresh from his European trip . . . Canadian jazz man Ron Collier and his group make their U.S. debut Oct. 29 upstate in New York . . . Mary Lou Williams will solo with the cadet band at West Point in December . . . Lionel Hampton will appear in London for one day, Oct. 14, to play Festival Hall for the Christian Action for South African Trial Fund, under sponsorship of Rev. L. John Collins . . . Guitarist Joe Puma and his group opened at the posh Left Bank . . . Sy Oliver and his orchestra have been working on a Decca LP recreation of the Jimmie Lunceford band. Paul Webber and Philly Joe Jones are among the participants . . . Decca will issue a Teagarden album called Big T's Jazz. Burt Collins and Doug Mettome were scheduled to form a two-trumpet front line with Jay Chasin's group at the Snuff Mill restaurant in the Bronx, with bassist Chet Amsterdam and drummer Maurice Marks also in the group . . . Pee Wee Irwin subbed for Wild Bill Davison during Bill's jaunt to Bavaria . . . Manny Albam was ready to put his Coral LP, an extended composition called The Blues Is Everybody's Business, in the can early in October. Among participants were Nick Travis, Art Farmer, Phil Woods, Eddie Costa, and on two sections of the piece, 20

(Continued on Page 39)

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# music news

Down Beat October 31, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 22

## U.S.A. East

### A Jazzman Passes

New York patrolman Michael Reilly investigated two men who were struggling to get a third man into a taxicab outside the Hotel Belvedere early one mid-September morning.

"We're taking him to a hospital," one of the men said, "He's very sick."

Reilly made a quick examination and announced, "This man isn't sick, he's dead."

That was the start of the unraveling of the death of Bobby Styles, 28, jazz trumpet man with the Les Brown band. Before it ended, wild stories had spread through New York, and the daily newspapers had a field day with another story of a musician who met a violent death stemming from narcotics.

The Brown band was subjected to police grilling, and one member who had been summoned to help bring the "ailing" musician to the hospital was coupled with the incident in all the newspaper accounts, although he had acted in good faith and hadn't known of the circumstances of Styles' collapse.

Police pieced together the story. Styles had been drinking heavily, and collapsed after administering a dose of narcotics. An autopsy revealed he died of visceral congestion, which police physicians said stemmed from the vodka and heroin in his system.

Styles collapsed in the room of trombonist Bob Burgess, a former member of the Brown band who was fired in 1955 because of narcotics. Present at the time, according to police, were trombonist Matthew Gee and reed man Jimmy Ford. Burgess and Gee were arrested on narcotics charges, and Ford was sought by police.

Additional casualties were the reputation of Les Brown's band, and of all jazz musicians.

### Sick, But Recovering

The National Ballroom Operators association met in convention in New York late in September, and for the first time in years there were smiles instead of the usual frowns of anxiety.

Business, they smiled, had been better during 1957. Contributing factors were an increase in recordings of bands, and the fact that more teenagers were flocking to the ballrooms.

In addition, several operators described their success with running teenage dances, featuring in most cases a disc jockey and records, but with an eye to building an audience for their spot and for live music. Significantly, most operators who had tried this type of dance with live music reported that the recordings and disc jockeys pulled stronger and built longer.

The convention was addressed by George V. Clancy, treasurer of the American Federation of Musicians, representing president James C. Petrillo. "The AFM believes," Clancy said, "That unless the employers of musi-

cians sponsor, neither do we. We recognize the plight of your industry as critically sick."

He announced that the AFM would cooperate fully with the NBOA, and that Petrillo had already sought action on the local level to aid the operators with their problems, one of which would be a temporary relaxation of the minimum number of men law. Clancy said that step and a possible realignment of musicians' wage structure could help many shuttered ballrooms to reopen.

Before breaking up for the year and heading back to their locations, the operators elected Carl Braun of the Commodore ballroom in Lowell, Mass., new president of association. Braun succeeds Vic Schroeder of Lincoln, Neb.

### A Lobby Is Born

Jazz disc jockey Mort Fega of WNRC, New Rochelle, N. Y., thought about the more than 50 persons who had contacted him with an eye to forming a fan club.

Fega, a hardware salesman who became a jazz DJ by explaining to WNRC officials that continual pop record shows were an insult to a substantial segment of the public, gathered the potential fan clubbers together Sept. 5 and suggested a better idea.

"Why not form a club to promote jazz, support live concerts, and try to get more jazz played on radio and TV?" he suggested. That night, the Jazz Lobby was born.

Part of the club's function will be "to maintain communication with the persons who produce jazz, live and recorded, keeping those persons aware that only by their discrimination and discernment can they fulfill their responsibility to the listening public." In addition, the group plans to conduct forums, panel discussions, live jazz

sessions, eventually sponsor jazz concerts, and establish jazz scholarships.

With some 65 members, including an enthusiastic Specs Powell, as a nucleus, The Jazz Lobby began activities to drum up membership. Lobbyists attended meetings from as far away as Greenwich, Conn. Most ranged in age between 20 and 40, with many of them women.

### Jazz At Ten

When 10-year-old Barry Miles sat behind the drums on the bandstand at the Valley View Swim club in Watchung, N. J., last summer almost everyone smiled broadly.

When Barry and his group were signed to play the club next season, the grins were of admiration and approval.

The drummer, years away from his teens and only a fifth grade student at the East End school in North Plainfield, is already a veteran jazzman. He has played in sessions with such as Roy Eldridge, Chet Baker, Johnny Smith, Cass Harrison, Vinnie Burke, and others.

He is a member of Plainfield local 746, A.F.M., and is probably the youngest union man in the nation. He has been playing drums for two years, piano for five years, and has picked up vibes without instruction.

In his group, which played the Valley View Swim club weekends during the summer, were pianist Joe Gatto, flutist-baritone man Bill Peiffer, bassist Jim Meagher, and trumpeter Nick Sabatelli. They and other Plainfield musicians meet at Barry's house to jam with him. The youngster treks into New York City regularly for drum instruction with Carl Wolfe. He is also continuing piano studies with Walter Klein.

He has appeared on the Ted Steele Show on WOR-TV, New York, and



Ten-year-old Barry Miles, of North Plainfield, N. J., is a working jazz drummer, complete with union card, Barry, who plays drums, piano, and vibes, is shown here during a recent jam session with Roy Eldridge. (See story above.)

lists Joe Morello, Max Roach, Jerry Segal, and Art Blakey among his favorite drummers.

Upcoming: An October tour of high schools in the area with his group, sponsored by the union. Present plans, pending final union approval, call for him to lead an 8-10 member group in Friday night jazz concerts to be narrated by musician Bob Johnson.

## Back To Class

Marshall Stearns, fresh from his teaching duties at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass., jumped into a new swinging academic year early in October.

He started a 15-week course at the New School for Social Research, New York, in conjunction with his Institute of Jazz Studies.

The once-a-week classes convene to study jazz from the point of view of music, literature, history, psychology, linguistics, sociology, anthropology, and folklore.

Among the topics included are: the psychology of the individual jazzman, the sociology of rock and roll, historical research through newspaper files and interviews, jazz abroad, and West African music in the New World.

## Satch Speaks Twice

During the tense, explosive days of the Little Rock, Ark., crisis on integration, a voice long quiet on world affairs was heard.

Louis Armstrong unloosed a verbal blast echoed virtually around the world. At Grand Forks, N. D., he charged that President Eisenhower was "two-faced," and was permitting Arkansas Gov. Orval E. Faubus to "run the country."

Armstrong also angrily canceled his proposed tour of Russia for the U.S. State Department, "because the way they are treating my people in the south, the government can go to hell."

"The people over there ask me what's wrong with my country, what am I supposed to say?"

Less than a week later, when the federal government backed up the law with troops, Armstrong wired President Eisenhower: "If you decide to walk into the schools with the little colored kids, take me along, daddy. God bless you."

The veteran jazz trumpeter also was reconsidering his cancellation of the Russian tour. "I won't say that I won't go," he declared. "We may get to Russia on our next trip."

While much of Washington officialdom regarded Armstrong's initial outburst as the words of an angry and hurt man, they feared that Reds overseas might make propaganda inroads with the incident because of Louis' worldwide popularity.

## U.S.A. South

### Louis' Ark.

While the state of Arkansas last month reaped a bitter harvest of disgrace for the U.S., a music event of happier implication took place in the little town of Brinkley, Ark.

It was Louis Jordan's homecoming—and the entire community turned out to greet the sax man on his first local

appearance since he hit the big time.

The high point of Jordan's visit was a reunion with his father, Will Jordan, leader for many years of the Brinkley band and his son's first teacher.

After playing dances at Marian Anderson high school and the armory, the leader revisited the Arkansas Baptist college, of which he is an alumnus. Culminating Jordan's homecoming was the declaration by the mayor of *Louis Jordan Day* in Brinkley.

The Tympany Five then moved west to the lounge of Las Vegas' Sands hotel to fill an eight-week stint there.

## U.S.A. MIDWEST

### An Atlas For Giuffre

After five months on the road with the Jimmy Giuffre 3, bassist Ralph Pena decided it was time to return home, this time for good.

Pena, who had been associated with Giuffre for several years, left the group after an early-October west coast booking to remain in Los Angeles with his wife and two children. His immediate plans were uncertain, but he hopes to acquire additional training in composition, continue writing, and work with various west coast jazz groups.

Giuffre, in Chicago when Pena reached his decision, found a bassist there to replace him. Giuffre's choice was 22-year-old Jim Atlas.

Atlas, from Waterbury, Conn., a music major from Amherst college, was graduated in 1956. He worked briefly with Randy Weston in New York and then came to Chicago to work with an octet formed by Amherst classmate Fred Karlin. In recent months, Atlas worked with Ed Higgins' trio and the Dan Belloc band. He will officially join the Giuffre group in late October, when the trio begins a string of eastern concert dates.

### Octets, Anyone?

Octet-size groups seem to be the fashion on the Chicago jazz scene.

Two octets currently are beyond the planning stage.

Fred Karlin's octet, which has suffered from personnel shifts during the last few months, has been assured of a regular Sunday afternoon series of sessions at the SRO room. The first session took place Oct. 13, with trumpeter-composer-arranger-leader Karlin heading a group that included Sandy Mosse, tenor; Cy Touff, bass trumpet;

Ronnie Kolber, alto; Bart Deming, baritone; Ed Higgins, piano; Dave Poskonka, bass, and Jack Noren, drums.

The Metropolitan Jazz Octet, a new group, is headed by tenor man-composer Tom Hilliard and bassist Joe Levinson. The group includes Hilliard; Levinson; Dave Edwards, alto; Dave Reid, baritone; Eddie Avis, trombone; Ed Haley, trumpet; Angelo Principali, piano, and Vic Cesario, drums.

According to Levinson, the group's book already includes arrangements by Chicago composers Paul Severson, Sture Swenson, Garry Sherman, Jack Hyde, Edwards, and Hilliard. Levinson told *Down Beat* that the group intends to reflect the work of Chicago composer-arrangers, and he asked that writers in that area submit arrangements.

In addition, Levinson said, the group will concentrate on concert performances. He added that an LP and stereo tape are in the negotiation stage.

### Jazz In Chicago Schools

At least four of the colleges and universities in the Chicago area will be presenting jazz concerts during the months to come.

Northwestern university's jazz society, headed by Tom Ferguson, began its concert series with a performance by the Woody Herman band on Oct. 8 in the university's Cahn auditorium. Evanston, Ill. Additional concerts, panel discussions, and workshops are planned.

At the Illinois Institute of Technology, jazz club president Frank Gold, with an assist from jazz promoter Joe Segal, inaugurated that organization's series Oct. 12 with a concert that featured Buddy DeFranco. Also on the program were George Brunis' Dixieland group, the Norman Simmons trio, Ira Sullivan, Ronald Wilson, and singer Peggy Taft.

At the University of Chicago, another jazz enthusiast has joined the ranks of jazz promoters. Don DuFois, 26, initiated a jazz series, sponsored by the *Chicago Review*, the university's literary publication. The concerts, held in Mandel hall on the university's campus, began on Oct. 13. The first program included Gene Ammons, tenor; Sullivan, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto; Richard Abrams, piano; Robert Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums, and Guy Warren, conga drum.

Future presentations, according to DuFois, will include appearances by Jimmy Cleveland, Art Farmer, Sonny Rollins, Kenny Dorham, Tal Farlow, Milt Jackson, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey, Paul Chambers, Charlie Mingus, and Percy Heath. These are a few of the names DuFois is lining up for the series, which he hopes to establish on a subscription basis of eight to 16 programs.

DuFois said prominent jazz composers will be commissioned to write for the series. Among those he named are Horace Silver, Miles Davis, Gil Evans, George Russell, Monk, Tadd Dameron, and George Handy.

Roosevelt university's jazz sessions, sponsored by Segal, will begin in mid-October. The sessions, featuring local jazzmen and name jazzmen in town, will be held on alternate Tuesdays

## Bone Dry

Hollywood — During a Charlie Barnet band rehearsal for the leader's current road tour, a left-handed trombone player was auditioning with the brass section. The man's unorthodox handling of the instrument fascinated Barnet, who finally asked, "Man, are you left-handed or are you drunk?"

After righteous defense of his sobriety, the trombonist turned to his section mate and muttered, "What he should've said was, 'Are you left-handed or am I drunk'."

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## Delmar Goes Modern

Delmar Records, a St. Louis, Mo., recording company headed by Bob Koester, is entering the modern jazz field.

The label, which has issued traditional jazz LPs, is in the process of acquiring foreign masters and masters from defunct companies here. According to Koester, some of the sides to be issued will include those featuring Lars Gullin and Lennie Tristano. Koester also plans to record Chicago tenor man Sandy Mosse for one of the first modern jazz LPs on Delmar.

Koester told *Down Beat* recently, "I am looking for modern jazzmen who will not turn out gimmicked albums that are on a par with the promotional pop singles. I want artists who can make good jazz, that I can keep in my catalog over a period of years . . . I find that, in the long run good jazz will always be the most profitable."

"It has quickly become evident to me that modern jazzmen are not only more interested in their work, but also that modern jazz, being a very conscious form, produces musicians who are more inclined to choose sidemen for their dates. Thus, I could offer complete freedom in choosing men for prospective dates."

## June Bugged

For the first time in the seven years she's been singing in clubs, June Christy walked out on her engagement at a new St. Louis supper club, Bonnie's Black Angus.

June became perturbed during one of her shows and suddenly took a stroll with three nights of her engagement remaining.

She blamed it on "the general scene," stating that the sound system and the lighting were inadequate, the piano "ridiculous," and some members of the audience "obnoxious." In short, for June Christy the scene was somewhat less than something cool.

## U.S.A. WEST

### Looking Backward

Stan Kenton's nostalgia may cost him \$158,000 next year. The leader last month leased for a year with option to buy at that sum the famed Balboa Rendezvous ballroom, where his band was born 16 years ago.

"I've long wanted to find a good home for the band," Kenton said, adding that the dance hall is being rebuilt for his occupancy. When the band goes on tour, he continued, other names will fill in. He said he may even install a house band to keep the home fires burning all year around.

The new Kenton era at the Rendezvous will commence Dec. 13, when he introduces the first series of weekend dances with the possible addition of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts. The band by then will have returned to the coast from its current tour.

### The Same Old Suit

The mills of litigation grind slowly. So slowly, in fact, that the year-old \$1,650,000 lawsuit against Dave Brubeck, Columbia Records, George Ava-



Wild Bill Davison, trumpeter on brief leave from his duties at Eddie Condon's in New York, played two weeks in Bavaria with a German band. He left for the jaunt in mid-September.

kian, and *Life* photographer Gjon Mili was still dragging on at presstime.

In a late development, Dave Brubeck was granted the right to inspect and copy a tape recording of a business conference between himself and Lewis Gartner, head of Milestone Productions, in 1954. Gartner, plaintiff in the litigation, has charged that a two-year contract entered into at that time to produce a pilot television film featuring the Brubeck quartet subsequently was repudiated by the pianist.

In collaboration with Avakian and Mili, the complaint continues, Brubeck then made the pilot film in 1955. Music from the pilot was then released on Columbia Records, it's alleged, under titles of *Stompin' for Mili and Brubeck Time*.

With full knowledge of the Brubeck-Milestone contract, Gartner complains, the other defendants induced the pianist to break it, and action that may cost them \$250,000 if the lawsuit is decided in Gartner's favor.

### Man Of Mystery

Swedish bandleader Harry Arnold, whose orchestra became the Jazztone Mystery Band (J 1270) in this country, arrived in New York late in September to exchange information with American bandleaders.

He reported that his band, which features such excellent musicians as altoist Arne Domnerus, trumpeters Sixten Eriksson and Bengt Arne Wallin, trombonist Ake Persson, and pianist Bengt Hallberg, was formed about a year ago. Since then, it has worked on weekly radio broadcasts, occasionally on TV, and has recorded for Metronome of Sweden.

"There's plenty of jazz work in Sweden," Arnold said. "They are buying more records than ever before, there's more jazz on the radio, and it is even on TV, from time to time."

On his return to Sweden, Arnold said he would work Lucky Thompson into his band. One of his missions in this country, he added, was to keep Ernie Wilkins in his world.

When Wilkins heard the band's recording, he expressed interest in writ-

ing for the group. Arnold hoped to get him to do just that, and cut a second LP with arrangements by Wilkins and Quincy Jones.

## RADIO - TV

### Twist Of The KNOB

Less than a month after Los Angeles FM station KNOB instituted its unprecedented all-jazz policy, there was a sour note on the air.

Henceforth, directed station manager Sleepy Stein, all labels handled by California Record Distributors were to be banned from KNOB programming. The list of jazz labels affected is impressive: Pacific Jazz, Contemporary, Blue Note, Prestige, Riverside, Vanguard, Fantasy, Good Time Jazz, GNP (Gene Norman) and Intro/Jazz: West.

Distributor Jack Lewarke saw the reason for the ban as unsubtle economic pressure. "It seems that you have to buy air time to have your records played on KNOB," he said. "It's already costing me about \$1,000 a month to sustain my own program on KGFJ-AM. That's an hour a day, five days a week. I can't afford to pay for time on two stations. I gave Stein all the free records he wanted, but apparently that's not enough—you've got to pay, too."

Snorted Stein, "Ridiculous. A completely erroneous statement. It's simply a question of co-operation. Naturally, a distributor who buys air time on KNOB is entitled to more record plays. But not only did Lewarke refuse to buy time at our present low rates, he saw fit repeatedly to express the opinion to others in the trade that the station with its temporary low output is of little or no value to a distributor." (KNOB's present power output is 320 watts.)

"I play ball with those who play ball with me," Stein said. "Lewarke refused to go along with the station, so the staff felt the station shouldn't go along with him."

At presstime, no settlement was in sight. Forgotten in the flying spleen were the jazz artists who record for the banned labels.

## RECORDS

### Fat Royalties

A shrewd eye for money making talent, and a hip ear for what it takes to sell records to today's teenagers have paid off in spades for Imperial Records' president Lew Chudd.

Eight years ago, Chudd discovered a piano player-singer in a New Orleans club. A cash register bell rang a down-home blues cadence for the a&r man. Before he left the club that evening, he had Fats Domino's name securely tied to an exclusive record contract.

Last month, Chudd announced in Hollywood that Domino's afterbeat penchant had paid off in 25,000,000 singles sold during the last eight years. *Blueberry Hill* alone sold more than 2,000,000 copies, he said, adding that during the last two years, not one of Fats' singles has sold fewer than 500,000.

# Andre Previn



By Don Gold

ANDRE PREVIN is one of the most successful individualists in the field of American music.

He is a composer-conductor for M-G-M studios in Hollywood. He is a concert conductor and pianist. He is a jazz composer-arranger-pianist. He is one of the most recorded jazz musicians on the west coast.

Previn is equally at home in front of a symphony orchestra or a jazz group. He maintains a great love for music, from Beethoven to Bud Powell, and is devoting his life to satisfying this love.

Previn was born in Berlin, Germany, in 1921. He came to America at the age of 10. He studied music with his father, who continues to teach, and with Joseph Achron and Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. When he was 16, he was working as an arranger-pianist and playing jazz dates.

Shortly after he was graduated from high school he began his Hollywood career, a career which has provided him with increased responsibility since. He doubles in brass in the jazz world, his most recent contributions being as a part of Shelly Manne's group.

Previn is intelligent without being pompous. He is sincere without being offensive. The opinions he expresses in this *Cross Section* represent his spontaneous reactions to a variety of topics.

These views, as he offered them, are as follows:

**MEN'S COLOGNE:** "I always use it. I use *Moustache* because it doesn't smell like a moustache. It smells nice."

**STREETCARS:** "I like them in San Francisco, particularly when you can't sit down and have to hang out the door. They have blue ones in Switzerland."

**UMBRELLAS:** "I never use them. I like rain, and I like to get wet."

**BORSCHT:** "I hate it, hot or cold."

**PRESS AGENTS:** "If they're men, they should be truthful; if they're women, they should be pretty."

**NARCOTICS PUSHERS:** "I just scored a film called *House of Numbers*, shot in San Quentin. I hope many of the inmates we used as extras were narcotics pushers. I only hope that the constant public juxtaposition of narcotics and musicians will come to an end soon."

**MR. MAGOO:** "My favorite animated cartoons, in the drawings and in the person of Jim Backus. I wish they'd animate *Peanuts*."

**KURT WEILL:** "He was one of the few songwriters who were good musicians. He did all his own orchestrating. His typical 1920s works are more important musically than his current vogue indicates."

**GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI:** "A very great theatrical composer; based on the things of his I've seen, I feel they must be appreciated visually as well as audibly. He's a great author and director."

**KIM NOVAK:** "Great for silent close-ups."

**SPORTS CARS:** "I'm on my third Jaguar now but only because I like the way they look. I'm not interested in racing or badges."

**T. S. ELIOT:** "The Eliot of *The Wasteland* I thought quite marvelous. The Eliot of *The Cocktail Party* I can do without."

**FOUR-POSTER BEDS:** "I like very large beds. The posters are optional."

**STAN FREBURG:** "A terribly funny man. And a very necessary humor, in terms of the current repulsive fads of popular music."

**IRISH COFFEE:** "I've never had it, but I think it shows a lack of decision."

**HOME SLIDE SHOWS:** "The biggest bore this side of the Lawrence Welk television show. Unless the slides are of my children, of course."

**LAST NIGHT WHEN WE WERE YOUNG:**

"A very lovely, poignant song. For whatever it's worth, my own opinion is that Harold Arlen is the best all-round songwriter alive. I really think so."

**PARIS:** "I refer you to the lyrics in Vernon Duke's tune, *April in Paris*. Strangely enough, everything the song says is true. I think it is the loveliest pop song ever written. Unless it is done miserably, it never fails to move me. And the bridge is a masterpiece."

**GOLF:** "Even though right now it seems to be an international concern, I'm not at all interested in it."

**THE GRAND OLE OPRY:** "I am happily, completely, and utterly prejudiced against hillbilly music. It is getting harder and harder to differentiate between hillbilly music and what is played on the *Hit Parade*."

**HYDROGEN BOMB:** "I think everybody hopes that our children will have to look that word up in books."

**LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE:** "Not necessarily Liederkrantz, but I could easily live on cheese. There's a restaurant in Paris where the meal consists of at least 50 variations of cheese, the last one of which makes you a social outcast for a week. I dig it."

**POCKET WATCHES:** "I have a fondness for any kind of beautiful watch, which, unfortunately, never prevents me from being late for appointments."

**LA BOHEME:** "I don't think there's any argument about Puccini. He still triumphs, head and shoulders, over his countless imitators."

**JOHN GRAAS:** "With no personal offense meant at all, I still feel that the French horn is an orchestral instrument, not a jazz solo instrument."

**WALT DISNEY:** "I don't want to discuss the intrinsic artistic value of his work, but Disneyland is a complete gas for adults. It's every cliché in the world come true, in life size, and it's overwhelming, marvelous."

**AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS:** "I pay my dues."

**VITAMIN PILLS:** "They don't wake me up or put me to sleep, so I don't take them."

**EMIL GILELS:** "I heard him in Europe not long ago and I decided on the way home to become a plumber. He'll scare you to death. He's unbelievable."

**MORT SAHL:** "One of the few genuinely funny, important entertaining humorists I've ever seen."

# Erroll Garner

## To The Elf, The Piano Is A Way Of Life

By Dom Cerulli

TO ERROLL GARNER, the piano is more than a musical instrument. It's a way of life.

At the keyboard, Garner finds release for the melodies, the humor, the frustrations, even the vigor bottled up inside him.

While his head bobs with the beat, his hands seem to take on a life of their own. They flash over the keys and create patterns which amaze his audiences and his fellow musicians.

"Erroll's fingering on the piano is unorthodox," says pianist Nat Pierce, who collaborated with Garner on the full orchestra LP *Other Voices* (Columbia CL 1014) and on Garner's mid-summer concert with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra.

"He does things a lot of piano players just couldn't do. Another guy who would try these things would find himself all thumbs.

"I admire Erroll because he can do so many things with no training. It's just amazing."

GARNER HAS AN even simpler explanation for his playing.

"I play what I feel," he says. "At a record session, I shut my eyes and I feel an audience. You always go with the people. A record session is like a job: if you're going to play, you play. If not, you don't."

"The people want to feel that what you're playing is for me. You have to play with that attitude.

"I'm selling me and what I feel.

"It's the same as when I sit on a telephone book to play. Nobody else does, but I'm comfortable in that position. It's like buying a suit, you can get the right color and the right material and all that, but if it doesn't feel right, it doesn't make any difference if Duke Ellington has a suit just like it. It's not for you. It has to feel right."

Recently, Garner caught himself as he appears on television. It was the first time he had ever seen himself play. He sat quietly at first, concentrating on the projected kinescope of a TV show he had done in St. Louis, Mo. But before long, he had leaned forward in his seat, moving slightly as his image skipped through the half-hour show with musical ease.



Garner and Friends Pierce and Miller

When the lights came on in the projection room, Erroll was asked, "What do you think?"

He started a scowl which became a smile and answered, "Well, I know one thing. I don't want to look at me anymore."

IN THAT RESPECT, he differs from his fans. Whether it's in Chicago's London House or on the stage of the Newport Jazz festival or in a jammed little night club in Connecticut on a one-nighter, the thousands who buy his records want to see him play.

They want the visual image of Garner perched on the piano bench, moving in rhythm, and grinning impishly as he plays.

The place an audience sits to hear him play is not too important to Garner. It's the audience itself which sets his pace.

"You can play a club," he says, "and if it's set up right, it's like an indoor concert. If it looks like the people don't want to listen, then we play soft and have ourselves a ball.

"But if they're ready to listen, then we come on loud.

"You give them what they want."

Erroll suffers from the same malady which afflicts all pianists: the bad piano. In answer to the question, why do you work with a trio? Erroll countered with a question of his own: "Why do they have so many bad pianos across the country?"

HE HAS A CLAUSE in his contract which says he is the sole judge of the piano at a location.

"Somebody else might think this piano is horrible or very good," Garner says, "but they can't take my feel away from me."

Working with a group larger than a trio is difficult largely because of bad pianos. Years ago he did it and even did some big-band work. "But in order for the musicians to play, I had to transpose all night," he says. "Or they would have to transpose.

"I play alone because I started out playing alone. But even when I play by myself, I'm never really playing alone. I have to go the way the piano goes. If the piano is a good one, I've got a helper."

Martha Glaser, his personal manager, relates that in many spots, particularly in package shows, Erroll doesn't have enough time to work off the tension which builds in him before his appearance onstage. As a consequence, he bows off after a short package set before he has really hit his peak.

Pierce recalls that Garner "looked a little nervous before the Cleveland Symphony concert, but after the first tune, he was cool. He's like Ella. The first time on it's nerves. But after that, everything is fine."

Erroll has built steadily over the years since his first appearances and the start of his climb in the early '40s. The latest medium of extended expression has been the full orchestra album. There may be another in that vein, "but we should wait awhile and see how this goes first," he says.

HE SEEMS ALMOST impatient to spread himself wider. Upcoming is a tour of Europe early next year, plus a meeting with Tod Bolland to discuss a ballet suite by Erroll.

"I'm going to meet this fellow, and a lot more," Erroll says seriously. "If they dig what I'm doing, I'm open to do movies, ballet, TV . . . just about anything.

"I'm like people who go hunting certain animals. They use the right bait to catch the right thing.

"I want to be baited. If they like what I do, then I want them to buy it . . . but not for my name.

"If I write something, I want it to be shared all over the world. That's what I'd like."

From his establishment as a successful jazz star, Erroll has found that he is constantly sought out as a touch by hangers-on and other characters. He has had to develop a hard front in business dealings. And he has been forced to assess people on what they prove to be rather than what they portray.

He has quietly turned down a considerable sum of money annually by refusing to appear in any area before segregated audiences.

He is rarely quoted in print. But that's probably because he does his talking at the keyboard.

# JAZZ PIANO: A HISTORY

By John S. Wilson

THE PIANO, a magnificently self-sufficient instrument, has taken a relatively independent path through most of its association with jazz.

Instead of being molded to the needs and intentions of jazz, as most other instruments have been, the piano helped to mold jazz by bringing to it one of its most interesting seasonings—ragtime.

Instead of burying itself in the ensemble style of early jazz, the piano was heard from the start as a solo instrument.

And instead of taking part in the cliché of jazz history, the up-the-Mississippi-to-Chicago period, the piano's trail goes down the Mississippi to New Orleans.

JAZZ PIANO apparently took shape in widely scattered areas of the country—in Missouri and Illinois, around New York and down the east coast, as well as in the environs of New Orleans—as the men who played ragtime began to pick up some of the feeling of the blues and of the band music that was coalescing into jazz in the south.

It is largely on the basis of the work of unheralded and now forgotten piano men who worked the east coast that Duke Ellington challenges the standard version of jazz history which concentrates on New Orleans and the midwest. Ellington suggests that there were two branches of pre-jazz, one line moving up the east coast, the other up the Mississippi, with both converging in New York where, he says, jazz was born.

However debatable this theory may seem when applied to jazz as a whole, it is a rational argument when the area is limited to the jazz piano. And, after all, Ellington is a pianist and a New York pianist at that. Certainly the most important steps in swinging the piano out of ragtime and into jazz were taken in New York.

The first generation of jazz pianists were, almost to a man, originally ragtime performers. Traditionally the focal point of the heyday of ragtime, roughly 1896 to 1917, was Missouri, first in the little town of Sedalia, the working base of Scott Joplin, the best known of the ragtime composers (unlike jazz, ragtime was a completely notated music), and subsequently in St. Louis where Tom Turpin, Louis Chauvin, Artie Mathews, and other stars of the idiom played.

FROM MISSOURI, ragtime moved in all directions. It went south, down the Mississippi, to New Orleans where Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton

played it in a more flowing, swinging style than the Missouri pace-setters (at least we know that Morton did; Jackson left no recordings of his work).

It spread east to be taken up by Luckeyth (Luckey) Roberts, James P. Johnson and Willie (The Lion) Smith. In the hands of these easterners, it evolved into a music with great intensity and drive, culminating in the so-called "stride" piano which made Johnson the king of the Harlem "rent parties" in the early '20s.

This style, typified by the striding effect created as the left hand played a single note on the first and third beats and a chord of three or four notes on the second and fourth, was elevated to its highest point by Johnson's protege, Fats Waller, whose technical facility and surging sense of rhythm carried him well beyond his teacher.

The playing of Waller, and of Ellington, whose musical youth was spent in this same milieu, retained suggestive overtones of its ragtime origins even in its most finished form, a quality which can still be heard in Ellington today when he breaks into one of his exuberant striding passages. It can be heard, too, in the playing of Count Basie when he elects to dig in with both hands, for Basie was also conditioned by the Harlem stride pianists of the '20s, particularly by Waller, who taught him to play the organ.

WHILE JOHNSON'S stride piano was the customary style for rent party pianists in the east, their counterparts in the midwest were using the persistent rolling bass figure and jabbing, shouting right-hand lines of the primitive, blues-derived boogie-woogie style to keep their parties jumping.

Both this and the straight, slow blues technique of these men were adapted from the vocal style of the blues singer and showed practically no traces of ragtime influence.

Around Chicago the big man was Jimmy Yancey, whose sensitivity made his work infinitely more expressive than that of most of those who have tried this relatively limiting style. In Kansas City big, burly Pete Johnson boomed out his eight-to-the-bar with enormous power and, when he wanted to, with surprising finesse. Although the leaning of boogie-woogie pianists, aside from Yancey, has been toward headlong drive, the style is capable of subtle development as Mary Lou Williams showed when she was playing in Kansas City with Andy Kirk's band.



Earl Hines  
Like a Trumpet

Up through the middle '20s the piano seemed to be pursuing a line of development that was running parallel to jazz rather than as a part of jazz. In the early New Orleans days, the piano was rarely found in a jazz band, a natural consequence of the fact that these bands led dual lives, marching in parades and funerals and playing on advertising wagons by day, providing dance music at night. There was no place for a pianist on the day job and not real need for him at night. So the pianists led lives of their own, working for the most part in sporting houses as soloists. This same insularity was carried on by the rent party pianists.

BUT THE PIANO did not remain an outcast from bands for long. It began moving in when jazz groups found themselves playing in places which provided a piano. But still the piano played a subordinate part in ensemble jazz, a colorless role compared with the effects that were produced in its solo life.

Part of the problem in finding a proper place for the piano in a jazz group was that it had not yet acquired fully developed jazz characteristics. It had by-passed the mainstream of jazz by growing out of two of the elements which were only part of the fusion which produced jazz. It was still rooted in either ragtime or the blues song rather than in jazz as a whole.

The man who pulled the piano into the main line of jazz development, who gave it an over-all jazz focus that it previously had lacked, was Earl Hines.

Hines provided the piano with a genuine jazz voice by approaching it as though it were one of the front-line jazz instruments rather than an unassimilated fringe contributor. He looked on the piano as a horn and phrased on it in a horn-influenced manner—an idea which has been the basis for the playing of almost every jazz pianist who has followed him in the last 30 years. The fact that his playing has been indelibly tagged "trumpet



**Jess Stacy**  
*Some Accents*



**Art Tatum**  
*A Personal Circus*



**Bud Powell**  
*In Line with Hines*

style" is the result as much of the manner of phrasing which he evolved as of the bright, crisp, brassiness of his tone.

AT THE SAME TIME, Hines did not overlook the fact that this was a piano he was playing, that he had 88 keys at his command (except when he was using the small piano-on-wheels that he pushed around the floor of the Nest in Chicago) which gave him potentials that no single-noted horn was capable of.

He drew on the work of the stride pianists, on the work of the blues pianists, and on the strong, vigorous jazz horns that reached a special peak of glory in the Chicago of the '20s. He brought this all together to form the first completely rounded jazz piano style.

For the next 20 years, or until the postwar emergence of the new jazz, there was something of the sound of Hines in every pianist who came along.

The Hines sound stormed through the barrelhouse conceptions of Joe Sullivan and the raw but slightly introverted attack of Art Hodes. It accented the graceful flow of Jess Stacy's playing and provided much of the pulse for the relatively prim manner of Teddy Wilson. Through Wilson, who gave the jazz piano a subdued suavity that it had never known before, the Hines influence has left its mark on those cocktail pianists who hover uncertainly between jazz and schmaltz. Its forceful way of cutting through an ensemble has even reached the more perceptible society band pianists (Chauncey Gray on *Who Cares?*, Riverside 12-804, is an instance).

HINES ALSO contributed some of the most potent jazz elements to the involved style of Art Tatum although Waller was Tatum's main source of inspiration.

Tatum's brilliant virtuosity—expressed in kaleidoscopic changes of key and tempo, showy runs woven in and out of the texture of the development

of his ideas and displays of pure technique that occasionally bordered on the unbelievable—was so at odds with the accepted approach to jazz piano in the '30s that he was alternately hailed as the unapproachable living end or dismissed because he didn't swing.

Ultimately, it became evident that Tatum was operating a personal five- or six-ring circus, constantly challenging himself as he piled involvement upon involvement, all of which he neatly and climactically evolved even while he was finding more varied ways of swinging, explicit and implicit, than anyone before him had turned up.

The technical facility that was such an important part of Tatum's work has carried over in the playing of many of the pianists who have appeared in the post-Parker world of jazz.

The last dozen years have produced a swirling flood of pianists. These have been years when it occasionally has seemed that all jazz must be inhabited by keyboard specialists, each trailed by the inevitable bassist and drummer. This impression was found to have some foundation in fact when the School of Jazz began accepting applications from musicians for its first session at Lenox, Mass., last summer—four out of five applicants were pianists.

DESPITE THE QUANTITY of latter-day pianists, an appreciably high level of quality has been maintained. The individuals who stand out in these surroundings are genuine giants in their field. Three in particular—or possibly four—highlight the recent development of the piano.

The first is a transitional figure, Erroll Garner, who derives almost entirely from the older, prewar jazz but stands tall in the new jazz scene. Garner is a distinctive and unusual figure in present-day jazz. He has many of the hallmarks of the gargantuan jazz musicians of the early, classic days of jazz. He can't read music, his conceptions are florid and

highly emotional, and he uses a strong, extremely emphatic, almost flat-footed beat.

Much like the New Orleans men who first molded jazz out of a ragtag assortment of musical influences, Garner has evolved his style from a variety of seemingly disparate elements—the brilliant jazz attack of Hines, the powderpuff romanticism of the French Impressionists, the lush brouhaha of Hollywood film music.

In a day when a majority of jazz pianists had become horn-like to the extent of depending largely on unaccented single-note lines, Garner is an orchestral pianist who welcomes the heated, dramatic contrast of a huge, smashing splurge of chords and the most delicate pianissimo effect. In the process he has achieved a unique form of popularity in that he seems to have as strong an appeal for nonjazz audiences as for those listeners whose interest is primarily jazz.

But Garner is an individualist of such striking personal flavor that his influence on the development of jazz piano has been slight. He has been followed only to the extent that he has been imitated.

THE FIRST INFLUENTIAL pianist of the modern period was Bud Powell who absorbed the harmonic and rhythmic innovations that Charlie Parker and the bop experimentalists had brought to jazz and translated them to piano terms. In doing this, he paralleled what Hines had done two decades before in bringing the piano in line with the horn jazz of his time. He had the technique to spin out the fabulously fleet lines that this frequently called for, combined with a sound, underlying rhythmic drive that gave his light, largely single-noted passages a sturdy foundation.

Those pianists who have followed Powell—and, like Hines before him, there is a bit of Powell in almost all of the pianists who came after him—have been inclined to aim for his sur-

face without appreciating that this is only part of the whole.

This has produced pianists who scarcely realize that the left hand exists as they glibly pick their way through rapidly evolved, but weakly supported, linear developments.

A relatively hardy product of the Powell influence grew up on the west coast, a bright, glittering style that glances along with a vigorously propulsive drive. Russ Freeman and Hampton Hawes are two of its most able proponents, but even they are not always able to offset a cut-and-dried, mechanical quality which becomes more noticeable when the style is placed in less adroit hands.

AS POWELL'S influence has run its course, that of Thelonious Monk has begun to spread. Strangely enough, Monk, whose jazz experience goes back a few years before Powell's, was an integral part of the seedbed sessions at Minton's in Harlem while Powell was only an occasional visitor on the scene.

But it was Powell who went on to form the pianistic expression of the jazz forms that were developed there, not Monk. Instead, Monk spent many years as a sort of mystery man of jazz. He was obviously far out, but there was a great deal of uncertainty about the precise direction of his outness.

It has turned out that he was much closer to the core of jazz than many persons suspected. While Powell and his followers were looking back to Parker and Tatum, Monk was warming himself on deeper and broader fires. There is a very direct line between Duke Ellington's handling of blue tonality and Monk's treatment of it. Both are wry and imaginative tone colorists. And the deep, dark strains of the blues course through Monk more strongly than they have in any pianist since the days of the primitive blues men.

However, Monk chose to couch his work in a dissonance that successfully sealed off his message from most listeners. For many years he was deemed to be obscure or, at best, an engaging if impenetrable eccentric.

He might have continued in this role had not the glib, rootless surface playing of the army of Powell followers given rise to a strong reaction, the back-to-the-roots "funky" style put forward by Horace Silver and quickly picked up by others.

THE MINOR-KEYED feeling of the Silverites apparently provided the bridge necessary to condition the ears of those who could not make the leap from Powell to Monk or from the direct style of the basic blues pianists to the dissonant complexities of Monk.

In any event, it was shortly after the arrival of Silver and the consequent spread of Silverisms into the vacuum caused by the drying up of the Powell line that the influence of Monk began to make itself noticeably felt. It was reflected in the work of Herbie Nichols, in aspects of the playing of Randy Weston and in that of

Cecil Taylor, another adamant individualist who may prove to be as hard a nut to crack as Monk has been.

One of the interesting phenomena in the recent development of the jazz piano has been an influx of musicians of awesome technique and often strong jazz knowledgeability who have had difficulty in making the most effective use of their obvious talents.

Oscar Peterson and Billy Taylor, for example, are two of the most accomplished pianists that jazz has seen yet they frequently fail to communicate as fully as some of the less finished men in the field.

There is often a temptation to dismiss the pianist who is highly proficient technically on the ground that he is all technique and no jazz—as happened so often to Tatum. This can scarcely be said of Peterson or Taylor nor should it be charged against the hard-swinging French pianist, Bernard Peiffer, although it has been. It is a problem that has plagued Dave Brubeck in his role as solo pianist and it strikes rather close to home in the cases of Phineas Newborn and Don Shirley.

THIS MIGHT BE considered merely a reflection of the steady disintegration of the line that in the past has separated jazz from "serious" music were it not for the fact that the lack of jazz quality with which these pianists are being charged is not a matter of content but of manner of performance. And since jazz always has been and, by its very nature, must continue to be primarily a performer's art, the most unforgivable sin in what purports to be a jazz performance is lack of a jazz quality.

Where the jazz piano goes from here is as uncertain as where jazz itself will go. Certainly the piano will move with the main body of jazz but always, as it has in the past, offering the potential of just a bit more than other more limited instruments.

"There's so much to be learned on the piano every day you play," Hampton Hawes said recently. "It's a lifetime instrument. Once I told Art Tatum that I was trying to play something and wondering when I could get it. Art said, 'Don't worry, I've been doing the same thing all my life. There's no limit to what you can do.'"

## perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

RON RIDDLE, A YOUNG PIANIST from Antioch college in Ohio, went east this summer to attend the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., and came away a thoroughly enthusiastic press agent for the entire project.



ly enough how he feels about the importance of this project.

"The historical perspective is so important," he said, "to learn that men like Jelly Roll and other early jazzmen had a definite connection with today. Then, the view of the instructors that you get is most impressive; their maturity, what kind of values they have, with what esteem they regard each other, how there are no stereotypes. I learned so much and have been so encouraged.

"THE PERSPECTIVE was new in many ways not just the view of jazz history; the value of practice and study, the value of writing things down and practicing passages, learning the value of working from a framework. The instructors were really interested in the student, and each student was treated individually."

Would it be a good idea to go back to Lenox? "Certainly," said Riddle. "We've discussed that a lot, and there is more to learn."

Riddle's account of his stay at Lenox is most instructive in itself, and it is also one of the most encouraging things I have encountered in some time. If this school can so impress a music

student of his age (23) and experience, there is every reason to believe that with a little luck, it can develop into one of the important centers of creativity in the country.

ALMOST EVERY JAZZ fan whose experience goes back far enough for him to have acquired a pre-hi-fi liking for Morton, Oliver, and the blues records, has had the experience of playing them for young, modern jazz musicians. Almost without exception, when you get back before Lester Young, you lose the modernists. Young musicians who are brought up on Leonard Feather's slanted criticisms of Jelly Roll Morton are only half-educated in jazz.

These early men have a place in history. They deserve study from serious jazzmen. They had something to say which is not without validity today and certainly has a connection.

This connection has been a continuously flowing stream with the Negro people. Thus men like Charlie Parker, and some later, have been able to stand up and blow music that encompasses all of jazz. And there are some good men today who play the blues as if it were a school exercise and are like the ornithologists who have no individuality because they only go back to Bird, whereas he went all the way back.

ONE OF THE MOST important modern musicians—and one who has had a marked effect on contemporary jazz—said to me last summer that he was astonished to make the discovery that the old-timers knew what they were doing and had something to say.

He shouldn't have been. That's what all us Moldy Figs were yelling about 10 years ago.

And if Lenox only manages to get this point across, it will have made a great contribution. It already has made a good start toward much more.



# Two Poll Winners

## They're Both Eddie Costa, Who's Much Surprised By It

By Leonard Feather

IT CAME AS SOMETHING of a shock to Edwin James Costa to learn, three months ago, that the voters in the *Down Beat* Jazz Critics' poll had elected him this year's new star both on piano and vibes. It was the first time anybody had won simultaneously in two categories.

What made it seem all the more remarkable to Costa himself was that the critics had not had much of a chance to hear him.

"I didn't think anybody had listened to me to that extent," he says. "I haven't made as many records as a lot of other guys. I have no agent, I'm not signed with any booking office, and I don't have a publicity man. I was very surprised, in fact, when I was invited to play at the Newport Jazz Festival."

EDDIE RECENTLY took part in a strictly commercial date with studio musicians. "It's a funny thing," he commented. "Some of them still act surprised when they have a jazz musician on one of these dates for the first time. They come over and shake your hand and congratulate you just because you read your part. They don't say, 'We thought you were just a jazz musician.' But that's what it amounts to."

"The fact is, I'm doing quite a lot of this kind of work. I did a calypso date for Johnny Carisi not long ago, and he wrote some real good marimba and xylophone parts. I enjoyed it."

In moving at least tentatively into the commercial field, Eddie—tall, dark, and slim—is following the example of his brother and major influence, Bill, for whose musicianship he shows boundless enthusiasm.

"Bill got his master's degree from Juilliard," Eddie says. "Unfortunately he hasn't made his name in jazz, but he's an exceptionally fine musician, playing accordion and piano, and he's very busy in the record and transcription field."

THE COSTA brothers were reared in the small town of Atlas in southern Pennsylvania, where Eddie was born Aug. 14, 1930. "I can't describe exactly where it is—there isn't even any big town anywhere nearby," he says. "Everyone in that area is a miner—they all die at 40 or 45. Dad didn't want to become a miner so he took a correspondence course in carpentry; he's still a carpenter today."

"I never studied vibes; Bill gave me most of my tuition on piano, but later on I studied with a German woman, a

very fine teacher, in Pennsylvania. I kept at it until I was about 17; then Bill, who had worked with Frank Victor, the guitarist, got me an audition with him. Frank had a trio—the third man was an organist.

"We worked very steadily for close to two years, and I learned to play both vibes and organ on that job. Then Joe Venuti came to town and called Frank, and we both went to Chicago to join Joe's combo.

"I played organ with Venuti and later piano. Joe is a wonderful, very funny guy, and he had me breaking up constantly; there were always all kinds of gags going on between him and Jack Mootz, the trumpet player.

"After two or three months with Joe, I came back to New York and joined my brother's trio. We went into the Hickory House, and we played a little jazz there, but mostly it was quite a commercial thing."

BACK IN THOSE days, Costa recalls that he didn't know too much about jazz. But his brother had played him all kinds of records—as far back as he could remember—Jimmie Lunceford, Benny Goodman, all the swing bands, and Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum.

"But I enjoyed it without fully understanding it and never thought about being a jazz musician," Eddie says. "In the early days I didn't take things too seriously. Whether St. Louis won the pennant was more important to me than anything that happened in music. Come to think of it, I guess I still don't take things too seriously . . .

Costa says it was a wonderful experience working with his brother and "learning more about harmony and changes; but then I was drafted and Bill got drug and junked the trio."

Eddie went into the service in January, 1951. He spent seven months in Japan, which he describes as a ball, and he had plenty of chances to play, working in the 40th division band and running a weekly radio program with a small combo.

"During that time," he recalls, "Don Prell, the bass player who was in the army with me, played me a Bud Powell record—it was the first time I had heard him. The first pianist I heard in person who used that kind of time idiom was Johnny Williams, who joined the band in Korea. We spent 11 months in Korea."

AFTER COSTA got out of the army and went back to New York, his first important job was with Sal Salvador, early in '53. Eddie made his first rec-



ord date with Salvador, too—his LP in the *Kenton Presents* series. Since then, he's been freelancing, mostly in New York City. He did go to Philadelphia and Canada with Tal Farlow, and he has played some concert dates with Kai Winding and some with Don Elliott. On New York jazz dates, he's worked with Johnny Smith at Birdland and with various groups at the Composer.

Costa confesses that he doesn't yet know definitely what he wants to do eventually and adds, "Right now I've just got such big eyes to continue playing—there's so much happening on the scene at the moment. I don't think I'll ever want to lead a band. Maybe a small group, but even then I wouldn't want to work, say, with a trio all the time."

"My only complaint is that I don't get to play jazz as often as I'd like to. But on the other hand, one nice thing about it is that when I do take a jazz job, I don't have to take any bad ones, in clubs that are unpleasant to work in. An unhappy jazz job is worse than playing a wedding!"

COSTA'S CASUAL approach to jazz in general is seen in his seeming willingness to let the rest of the jazz world go its way without paying it a great deal of heed. He likes sports so he bought a TV set to watch the ball games. But so far he hasn't purchased a record player, and his records still are back in Pennsylvania in his parents' home. He expresses little or no comment on his own recorded efforts.

For those more interested than Eddie Costa in Eddie Costa's recorded career, he can be inspected in a variety of settings. Among them are two dates with Mike Cuozzo on Savoy and Jubilee; one with Vinnie Burke on Jubilee, and a new Mode LP with Phil Woods, Art Farmer, Paul Motian, and Teddy Kotick. On this last date, Woods played piano when Costa switched to vibes.

Eddie's "method" for gaining recognition and success while remaining an original voice, evidently is proving effective. But if it's to be done that way, there is one element that is vital—talent. Costa qualifies.

# Les Strand

## Jazz Organist Talks About Instrument's Role And Some Of Its Players



By Don Gold

"IF I COULD PLAY PIANO like Oscar Peterson, I wouldn't play organ. But I can't, so I play organ."

Les Strand modestly admits to being an organist. He admits, too, to being a jazz organist.

Chicagoan Strand, 33, embarked on a career in music at an early age, thanks to the efforts of his father, who had been a theater organist in several midwestern cities.

"I listened to my father often enough to become influenced," he says. "What actually happened was this. When I was a sophomore in high school, my dad was selling organs, as well as playing. He's still selling them today, by the way.

"AT ANY RATE, he sold an organ to a local funeral home. As part of the deal, I was to learn to play it at the funeral home."

Apart from those initial sessions in the funeral home, Strand never has studied the organ formally.

"I've never had any organ training," he notes. "In fact, I'm a rotten pipe organ player. I've played electronic organ most of the time, although I must admit I don't see the electronic organ as an organ. It's more a convenient arrangement of keys and pedals for obtaining notes.

"I've been playing the piano since I was 5, but I didn't learn anything about notation until I was 20. I studied formally for just two years, at Baldwin-Wallace and Augustana. I took most of the music courses they had, in fact.

"The organ is much simpler to play than the piano," Strand adds, "because the bass line, played by the feet, frees both hands to play.

"It's quite different from the piano. The piano is a true percussion instrument in many ways, with attack and decay, while the organ is a keyed flute in concept. In terms of energy expended, the organ is easier to play. And touch is not at all a consideration on the organ, since the expression pedal controls volume."

IN PLAYING THE ORGAN, Strand attempts to create a light sound. He diligently attempts to avoid a muddy

sound. This is evident on his two LPs for Fantasy Records. It's equally evident in his personal appearances.

Strand has been playing a valid role in the struggle to create a niche in jazz for the organ. His efforts have been concentrated, largely, in club dates in the Chicago area. However, he is aware of his compatriots, on his chosen instrument, in jazz.

In discussing the role of the organ in jazz, Strand commented on several of the more prominent players.

Wild Bill Davis: "He's a fine musician and showman. He plays the instrument well."

Fats Waller: "I always enjoyed his organ playing. His recordings on theater organ, by the way, are pleasing, too."

Count Basie: "I've heard some of his playing and I think his band is better than his playing."

Bill Doggett: "He's in Bill Davis' class, not a real wailer."

Milt Buckner: "Same as Doggett and Wild Bill."

Joe Mooney: "He cheats a little by using a bass man, but he is the best all-around musical organist. He's not real wild, but he plays so well."

Bob Wyatt: "An excellent musician, in more ways than Davis, Doggett, and Buckner. He's a thoughtful musician."

Oscar Peterson: "What I've heard I enjoy. He can do no wrong."

Jimmy Smith: "He is, as far as I'm concerned, the best, because he plays out-and-out jazz. I don't care for his work on ballads, but when he goes, he goes. I envy him for that.

## Has Eyes Now

Hollywood—When pianist Eddie Cano's first RCA Victor album, *Cole Porter and Me*, was released, some pedantic voices were raised in complaint about the grammar.

The objections reached the right ears apparently, for Eddie's new LP is contritely titled *The Duke and I*.

He sounds like Bud, which is good. That's the kind of keyboard jazz I like.

"I'VE DONE VERY LITTLE blowing with horns," Strand says. "But I don't believe it would be difficult. However, I don't favor piano and organ combinations. Actually, the transition from piano to organ is not great. The question for me has been, 'Is it worthwhile?'"

"My major problem is to make the organ sound as little like an organ as possible. If you're playing jazz, that is. Organ music is something else.

"There isn't much jazz organ being played today, because intrinsically it's a bad instrument, tonally speaking. I try to overcome this, but it's tough.

"The expression is based on the volume control and the type of registration you select. The organ simply is not a distinctly expressive instrument. It's a pity, but there it is. I just try."

"You know, when I started playing organ, I was playing all popular music, and I thought I was really making it," he says.

"Then I bought a Tatum album. That, plus everything else I heard, I tried to use on the organ. Then came Bird and Diz. And all that has followed. I listen to all of it. But I never use any arrangements."

TODAY, STRAND does considerable listening and deplorably little playing. There are jazz fans who remember his work in various Chicago jazz clubs. There are those who purchase his LPs willingly, eager to decipher his jazz explorations on one of the most ponderous instruments.

But few jazz club owners are willing to install an organ onstand and hire him to play it.

He's got talent, something to say in jazz. But it's a rough life.

Strand bears with it, relatively calm and relatively patient.

"It's strange," he says, referring to the tastes of listeners, record buyers, and club owners. "But my tastes are strange, too.

"I dig the paintings of Rembrandt. This is equivalent to enjoying Jelly Roll Morton to excess."

# THE KEYBOARD AND HOW IT GREW

By Leonard Feather

HAVING HEARD THAT the current issue of *Down Beat* was to be dedicated respectfully to the keyboard, I decided recently to bone up on the ancestry and development of the ivory monster.

In order to find the real great-grandparents, I discovered, it is necessary to revert to such primitive media of musical communication as the psaltery.

The psaltery was a sort of dulcimer, played with the fingers or a plectrum—preferably the latter, if a coffee-stained 13th century sketch of one can be believed. The strings on the psaltery were arranged in groups of three, each group in unison to make one note, even as the piano in our very own living room.

The next step was the spinet or virginal, the latter resembling a rectangular version of the former, with jack action, derived from the psaltery plectrum technique.

HENRY VIII played some crazy virginal. When he got tired of playing and wanted to dig some fresh sounds, he listened to a virginal player (we use the term in the strictly musical sense) attached to the court, by the name of John Heywood, not related to Eddie, who did much for the instrument in the mid-16th century.

The clavichord stood next in line, waiting to take its place in history, but it didn't get far. Its slim upright blades of brass, inserted in the key levers and flattened at the top where they met the strings, produced a thin tone with little of the sparkling brilliance of the harpsichord, which had an extra bridge, mechanical plectrum, and dampers and was popular from the 16th century through the 18th century.

The first known mention in history of the pianoforte, which was also known by some reactionaries as Forte Piano, occurred in a letter from a music-instrument maker named Paliarino to Alfonso II, Duke of Modena, in 1598.

"The instrument piano e forte, with the organ underneath," he called it. (Piano-forte is Italian for soft-loud.) It was probably just a harpsichord with a contrivance for dynamic change; we don't know if hammers were used, and it's a little late to check.

THINGS WERE QUIET through the 17th century. The first actual diagram of a hammer-action piano keyboard invention was shown in a 1711 journal in Italy, credited to the harpsichord maker Bartolemeo Cristofori.

Two pianofortes made by Bart still exist: a 4½-octave 1720 model in the New York Metropolitan Museum and a four-octave 1726 version in a museum in Florence, Italy. Both have dampers and a check to arrest the hammer on its rebound.

Now we are getting somewhere.

About that time, a German musician named Schroeter, unaware of Cristofori's progress, experimented with a hammer-keyboard instrument and submitted models to the court at Dresden in 1721; five years later one

Gottfried Silbermann showed two pianofortes to Johann Sebastian Bach.

Things were static until 1767, when a new instrument, Piano Forte, was announced at Covent Garden; the following year Bach's 11th son, Johann Christian, played one in London at what may have been the first public piano performance. It was only five years until a Muzio Clementi published, in London, what was probably the first real music specifically designed for pianoforte.

Mozart, after experimenting excitedly with a model in 1777 in Augsburg, wrote to his father shortly after in the manner of one who had just discovered the passkey to the future.

"The action of the blocks never fails to sound," he declared. "The machine pressed by the knee . . . is prompt to raise the dampers or, on discontinuing the pressure ever so little, is as prompt to let them down on the strings again."

FROM HERE ON, the piano had just about reached the stage that the automobile was to arrive at in the early 1900s. Little by little, it superseded the harpsichord.

One John Broadwood patented the loud and soft pedals; a few years later, in 1790, the first five-octave piano was introduced. By the turn of the century, grand pianos and uprights were in fairly general use, and improvements were being patented almost hourly.

The range had expanded to seven octaves (C to C) by 1824, when Liszt came on as a pianist in Paris. Soon after, pianos were being made with cast-iron frames, and in 1833 one such model was patented in the United States.

For the rest of the 19th century there were no changes of any significance. An important development, which may not be looked on by some as an improvement, was the automatic player piano, with its library of music rolls on Swiss cheese paper. First in general use in the early years of this century, the player piano reached its height from World War I through the mid-'20s and continued to be manufactured until the early years of the depression.

Though a quarter century has gone by since the manufacture of player pianos was abandoned, this primitive do-it-yourself system is still in existence.

The Gribble Music Co. in Kansas City, Mo., makes a "magic fingers"

attachment that can play piano rolls through a regular pianoforte.

PIANO ROLLS BY James P. Johnson and other ragtime pioneers are still being reissued. Many nostalgic friends of music are interested in buying old player pianos, but the pianos are operated pneumatically, and the rubber is rotted so badly on most models that they are beyond repair.

"I just fixed one up for a man on 74th St.," Nick DeYeso of the Wurlitzer Co. told me the other day. "The owner is a man who works in the post office. It's his hobby, and he has 200 or 300 piano rolls. I got it working pretty well, too."

After the player piano, what? There was nothing left to do except invent the electronic piano.

Experiments to end the two-century monopoly of the string piano were under way in the early 1940s, but the electronic piano has been in the general market place less than four years.

"There's nothing mysterious or mystical about the construction of these things," says Robert O. McCloud of the New York Wurlitzer office.

"The keys and action, the hammers and dampers, are similar to the regular piano; but each hammer strikes a tuned metal reed, two or three inches long, and the impulses from the reed are picked up electronically, carried to an amplifier, and come out through a speaker. We do not contend this will replace the conventional piano, nor do we say it has the same tone, though it's very similar from Middle C on up. But think of the advantages!"

McCloud then plied me with leaflets and to catalog the advantages:

THE ELECTRONIC piano weighs little more than 60 pounds, is collapsible and more or less portable, costs about \$425, has 64 keys (five octaves and a minor third, A up to C), can be used at lawn parties instead of an accordion, has a volume control, and can be equipped with a vibrato control.

Weaning McCloud away from his electronic miracle momentarily, I wrapped up the subject of the keyboard in general with a brief recap on the organ. Organs are not really within the scope of this survey, never having been string instruments; however, the advent of the Hammond and other electric organs during the past 20 years has put this instrument, too, within the financial scope of the normal mortal.

Thinking you might be curious to learn how the organ has now been

## filmland up beat

By John Tynan

brought virtually to the operational level of a guitar or accordion, I asked to see an odd young invention known as the chord organ.

This has two manuals, but at the left are five rows of chords, marked major, minor, seventh, augmented and diminished, one row for each note in chromatic order.

Thus, you can now play the equivalent of a single-string solo in your right hand while supplying your own automatic organ harmonies with one finger of your left, picking out the chords by names instead of by notes. All this for a mere \$995.

**THE PIPE ORGAN**, which belongs in the category generally known as mighty, remains the undefeatable champion of the keyboard family.

If you are looking for a good tax-deductible item, you can have one installed in your living room for upward of \$100,000, especially if your living room is the size of a cathedral.

It may seem a long economic step from the old psalter from which the whole thing started; but then, psalteries are hard to get nowadays.

**FILMS IN REVIEW:** *The Helen Morgan Story* (Ann Blyth, Paul Newman; songs by Gogi Grant; underscore arranged and conducted by Ray Heindorf. Warner Bros.).

If *The Helen Morgan Story* were to be judged in terms of biographical accuracy, the motion picture would here be put down as unimaginative, pointless soap opera.

However, producer Martin Rackin apparently considered authenticity of story line secondary to melodramatic value and a raft of prohibition era songs associated with the late torch singer. On that basis, then, the convincing acting job turned in by Miss Blyth as the alcoholic chanteuse, and Miss Grant's superb soundtrack singing, might justify the producer's box-office conception of what a contemporary "adult" Hollywood film ought to be.

On this score, however, a considerable body of trade opinion lines up

against this notion, averring that films about drunks and junkies per se are no longer novelty to the nation's moviegoers.

**REGARDING THE PLOT**, suffice it to summarize by saying the film trots out the reliable line about the bright-faced damsel wronged by a cad (Paul Newman), who is footloose, fancy free, and a hooch racketeer to boot.

Through the years marking Helen's ascendance, they covet each other with burning ambivalence; she sings to remember and boozes to forget. He gives nary a damn, taking her whenever opportunity winks. Unsurprisingly, it takes a lead-peppered torso and a stretch in the pen to shock the yegg into unaccustomed tenderness toward la belle-vued Helen.

She's taken the cure in Bellevue; he's newly rehabilitated out of Sing Sing. Hand in hand the lovers bravely face the future as the audience suffers an after-dinner paean dispensed by none other than Walter Winchell while Rudy Vallee, Jimmy McHugh, et al, beam a sentimental benediction.

Miss Grant's singing is not, nor was it intended to be, ersatz Morgan. Softer than heretofore, and more with feeling, Gogi sensitively sings (to Miss Blyth's skillful mouth-syne) such oldies as *Love Nest*; *The Man I Love*; *Bill*. and the film's No. 1 tearjerker, *Why Was I Born?*

Miss Grant's intelligent handling of her soundtrack assignment is undoubtedly a brilliant milestone in her career. But typecasting being what it is, alas, she is now entitled to vie with television's Polly Bergen for the title, *Miss Helen Morgan of 1957*.

**SCREEN SCENE:** Jazz drummer Frank DeVito (Buddy DeFranco, Pete Jolly, Terry Gibbs, Frank Sinatra) may be spotted by sharp-eyed fans as he sidelines in *The Helen Morgan Story* and Tony Curtis' *The Midnight Story*—both times in mickey bands... Hip to the vagaries of teenage taste, producers of the film featuring the Les Brown band, *Mother Was a Stripper*, quietly changed the title to *Rockabilly Baby*... Andre Previn's first postvacation chore was to complete scoring on M-G-M's *Gigi*, the Lerner-Lowe musical starring Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.

The partial lineup of the studio orchestra playing Leith Stevens' jazz underscore to AB-PT's *Eighteen and Anxious* includes Pete Candoli, Buddy Childers, Ray Linn, George Worth, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Lloyd Ulyate, Bob Enevoldsen, Karl DeKarske, trombones; Herb Geller, Ronnie Lang, Bill Holman, Richie Kamuca, Dave Pell, Marty Berman, saxes; John T. Williams, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar; Carson Smith, bass, and Alvin Stoller, drums. They ought to retitile that flick *Eighteen and Wailing*.

Ubiquitous Les Baxter, between record dates at Capitol, is responsible for the underscores of these forthcoming films, the titles of which might suggest a bizarre interconnection: *The Invisible Boy*, *Macabre*, *Escape from Red Rock*, *Hell's Highway*. Les' problem is to avoid mixing 'em up.

(Advertisement)



**IRON CURTAIN AMBASSADOR**... Lenny Hambro really got a workout on the recent Miller-McKinley tour behind the Iron Curtain. The band gave concerts for the State Department, as well as touring overseas armed forces bases. Lenny was band manager and leader of his own jazz quintet which is featured with the band. Because of the tremendous response to the Hambro brand of American jazz, the quintet, which had two numbers in the first concert, were playing five by the end of the tour. Lenny plays a Martin alto sax... the saxophone with *third dimension tone quality and controllable power*. To learn more about the sax preferred by Hambro and other top stars, write **The Martin Band Instrument Co., Elkhart, Indiana.**

# music in review

- Jazz Records
- Popular Records
- Tape Recordings

- Blindfold Test
- High Fidelity
- Jazz Best-Sellers

- In Person
- Radio-TV
- Films

## popular records

### FOUR FRESHMEN

*The Four Freshmen and Five Saxes* (Capitol T 844) is the third in the series which to date has included the Freshmen cavorting with trumpets and trombones. The arrangements are by Pete Rugolo and Dick Reynolds. The sax section includes jazz soloists Bob Cooper, Dave Pell, and Bud Shank. Among the tunes the Freshmen confront are *Liza*; *This Can't Be Love*; *Sometimes I'm Happy*; *For All We Know*; *Lullaby in Rhythm*, and *This Love of Mine*.

This group has been intact, with one replacement, for 10 years now, and some of the harmonic patterns have remained constant, but a few tricks have been added along the way. The approach, as evidenced here, continues to have rather definite appeal. (D.G.)

### DOM FRONTIERE

This record will be a must for all students and appreciators of the accordion. It's titled *Dom Frontiere Plays the Classics* (Liberty LPR 3032), and it's a milestone. Frontiere plays brilliantly, with a crisp, sure sound. Side 2 of the LP, eight movements from Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, are just stunning.

Also on the record are *Flight of the Bumblebee*; Chopin's *Minute Waltz*; MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose*, plus works by Bach, Ravel, and others. *Flight of the Bumblebee* is dazzling, but there's artistry in *Nutcracker* and the other selections, too. This should help prove that in the hands of a master, the accordion is more, much more than a polka party instrument. (D.C.)

### THE HI-LOS

Whether the album title is a command or a suggestion, *Now Hear This* (Columbia CL 1023) is well worth heeding. It's another quite good collection by one of the very top vocal groups blending today. There are the stretch moments here, but generally they come off. And there is also a lot of fine blending, too, an art that seems passe among too many groups which are similar but without the creativity which sets this group apart.

Herein are *Keep Your Sunnyside Up*; *Laura*; *Heather on the Hill*; *There's No You*; *Campdown Races*; *Little Girl Blue*; *A Quiet Girl*, and *Two Ladies in de Shade of de Banana Tree*. There's some cornballing on *A Shine on Your Shoes*; *My Time Is Your Time*, and *Melancholy Baby*, but it sounds like the kind of corn that makes a visual package of their offerings when they appear in person. (D.C.)

### NEGRO PRISON SONGS

While this is not a jazz record as such, *Negro Prison Songs* (Tradition TLP 1020), is important to the true jazz student. On the 17 LP tracks are the work songs, the blues, the laments, the music of men in prison.

Among the tracks are *The Murder's Home*; *No More, My Lawd*; *Black Woman*; *Jumpin' Judy*; *Whoa, Buck*; *Early in the Morning*, and some illuminating conversations with the men who make the music a part of their day-to-day existence.

Alan Lomax collected the pieces, and wrote the informative notes and booklet with the recording. If unavailable at music shops, it can be ordered from Tradition Records, Box 72, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y. (D.C.)

### HAZEL SCOTT

'*Round Midnight* (Decca DL 8474), Hazel's first LP in a couple of years, offers a dozen piano solos with a rhythm section of Everett Barksdale, Jimmy Crawford, and Sandy Block. Hazel's enthusiastic listening in recent years has enlarged her harmonic vocabulary and smoothed out her phrasing; these are among the most tasteful sides she has cut, skirting gently along the borderline between jazz and mood music.

The tempi are a little too much alike, and it's only in the last track on each side, both Gershwin tunes (*Maybe* and *For You, For Me, Forevermore*), that you get a hint of how Hazel could swing if she took off the wraps. The cover shot provides a graceful reminder that this remains the prettiest pianist of them all. (L. F.)

### CAROLE SIMPSON

*All About Carole* (Capitol T 878) marks the record debut of Miss Simpson, singer-pianist who has worked at several leading night clubs. Here she is backed by three violas, one cello, and rhythm section, arranged and conducted by Lennie Niehaus and Eddie Cano.

There is an excellent array of tunes, *Listen, Little Girl*; *Sure Thing*; *Gentleman Friend*; *Your Name Is Love*; *Ev'rytime, Just Because We're Kids*, and six others. Miss Simpson's singing is politely restrained and somewhat penetrating, in terms of lyric content. She could do with a little less discipline and a little more warmth, however. Nevertheless, physically (judging from the cover) and stylistically, she indicates a potential in the pop vocal field. If she fulfills that potential, she'll do that field no harm. (D.G.)

### FRANK SINATRA

This is the pro singing again. In *Where Are You?* (Capitol W 855), Sinatra applies the polish of his voice to some excellent ballads. Among them are *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Laura*; *Lonely Town*; *Autumn Leaves*; *There's No You*, and *Where Is the One?*

Backing on this collection is by Gordon Jenkins, and while it is generally fine, there's Jenkins' distressing tendency here to intrude into the mood of the song with his leitmotif, this time the *Never Leave Me* strain from *Manhattan Tower*, which pops up in the otherwise lovely *Lonely Town* and *Autumn Leaves*. This collection doesn't have the sustained buoyancy of Frank's swinging sets, but it's an education in setting a vocal mood and in ballad singing of about the highest caliber there is today. (D.C.)

### DAKOTA STATION

*The Late, Late Show* (Capitol T 876) features the LTP debut of Pittsburgh songstress Dakota Station. Supported by the Van Alexander studio band, including pianist Hank Jones and trumpeter Jonah Jones, she attacks a dozen tunes in a Dinah Washington-like style. Included are *Broadway*; *Summertime*; *A Foggy Day*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Give Me the Simple Life*, and *You Showed Me the Way*.

Miss Station manifests a distinct jazz influence but utilizes it as part of a somewhat eccentric style. She indulges in some annoying exhibitionism, which destroys *Summertime* here, and is fond of repeating syllables. She often shrieks or shouts for emphasis, which can be disconcerting for the listener.

She does not suffer from any lack of enthusiasm, but she should apply some discipline to a rather wild approach. (D.G.)

### JULIE WILSON

Miss Wilson's appeal is visual, basically speaking. On *My Old Flame* (Vik LX 1095), her singing is more breathless than breathtaking. The tunes, however, are tastefully selected. Included are the Vernon Duke-Ogden Nash gem, *Just Like a Man*, a gratifyingly restrained *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*; *These Foolish Things*; *Street of Tears*; *Why Remind Me?*, and *Easy to Remember*.

The orchestras in this 12-tune set are conducted by Russ Case, Phil Moore, and Marty Gold (four tunes each). Despite her lack of impressive vocal prowess, Miss Wilson does manage to communicate, through a kind of orgiastic recitation, the universal image of the femme fatale. This, I suppose, will be of some worth to lonely male record buyers. (D.G.)



Bassist-leader Monk Montgomery

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## jazz records

Records are reviewed by Dom Cerulli, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Gold, and Jack Tracy and are initiated by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★★ Excellent, ★★★★ Very Good, ★★★ Good, ★★ Fair, ★ Poor.

### Art Blakey

**RITUAL: THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**—Pacific Jazz 12" LP M-402: *Sam's Tune; Scotch Blues; Once Upon a Groove; Comments by Art Blakey; Ritual; Touche; Wake Up.*

Personnel: Jackie McLean, alto; Bill Hardiman, trumpet; Sam Dockery, piano; Jimmy DeBrest, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This LP was produced for Pacific Jazz by George Avakian, in exchange for a Chet Baker LP produced for Columbia by Dick Bock. I don't know who won.

This is a turbulent sounding group, generally content with one dynamic level (except for Blakey, who exists apart from such limitations). McLean can play convincing alto. Hardiman's many-noted approach is too limiting. Dockery plays with appropriate fervor. DeBrest supports adequately. Blakey is Blakey.

In this collection, Blakey is omnipresent, surging behind the soloists, laying down transitional bombs, and soloing violently. His work is remarkably fascinating in many cases, and apparently the soloist don't mind being clubbed from behind.

There are several moving tracks. The title selection is a vividly presented Blakey composition, based on his knowledge of African tribal music. On the track preceding it, Blakey speaks for two minutes on the African origins and inspiration for the composition. Then he digs in. McLean and DeBrest accompany on cowbells; Dockery shakes maracas, with Hardiman not far behind on claves. It amounts to nine minutes and 45 seconds of percussion, with Blakey firing more intercontinental missiles than the Russians dreamed existed. It's all quite fascinating, in its savagery.

*Scotch Blues* is a Duke Jordan-Blakey tune expressing a feeling of bop in Glasgow; its content, however obvious, is humorous. Dockery's *Tune* features a series of wild fours. Owen Marshall's *Groove* contains an intricate Blakey solo. Mal Waldron's *Touche*, coming after *Ritual*, tends to break the tension; it's relatively relaxed and worthwhile. Blakey's *Wake* is the closer, another frenetic, appropriately titled, return to 52nd St.

The Messengers undoubtedly have a message to deliver. Most of the members of the group, however, aren't musically articulate enough to do so. McLean has potential. Blakey is a unique, amazing drummer with much to say. This is not therapeutic music for tense people, but it is part of the story of one of jazz' most colorful drummers. (D.G.)

### Ruby Braff

**BRAFF!**—Epic 12" LP LN 3377: *Stardust; Here's Freddie; Lidian Summer; Blue Turning Gray Over You; Just One More Chance; When My Dreamboat Comes Home; You're Lucky to Me; Moonglow; It's Been So Long; Too Marcia for Words; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Wonderful.*

Personnel: Braff, trumpet and leader; Buzzy Drootin, drums; Dave McKenna (Tracks 1, 4, 9, 11) and Nat Pierce (Tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12), piano; Steve Jordan (Tracks 1, 4, 9, 11) and Freddie Green (Tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12), guitar; Coleman Hawkins (Tracks 2, 5, 7, 12), tenor; Ernie Caceres (Tracks 2, 5,

7, 12), baritone; Lawrence Brown (Tracks 2, 5, 7, 12), trombone; Dan Elliott (Tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12), vibes; Eddie Jones (Tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12), bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

From the fabulous cover picture through the tracks on the record inside, this album is a wonderful experience. Ruby blows with taste, emotional depth, and a singing tone that is a joy to hear.

Top honors go to the four quartet tracks—*Stardust; Blue Turning Gray; So Long*, and *How Long*—on which Braff is eloquent and lyrical. *Stardust*, particularly, is simply lovely. The rhythmic bite added by the guitars of Jordan and Green is cause for lament at the passing of that instrument in most rhythm sections today.

McKenna, on the quartet sides, and Pierce, on the rest, are tasty and substantial backers. Pierce, on the up tunes, feeds Ruby and the other soloists a base big enough to build a house on. Elliott proves a welcome partner in music here, too.

Hawk blows very well, indeed, as he has every time I've heard him lately. And Brown's solo on *Chance* is pure liquid. But that track, with its gradually petering-out tempo, keeps the set from the full five.

Be sure to hear this. It's a prime example of what can happen when fine musicians gather to play jazz. (D.C.)

### Chamber Jazz Sextet

**THE CHAMBER JAZZ SEXTET**—Cadence 12" LP CLP 1020: *What Is This Thing Called Love?; Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Borderland; Sextet for Contemporaries; In the Still of the Night; Brand X; Canon for Funkies; Blue Winds; Fantasia on a Theme by Richard Rodgers (Little Girl Blue); Perplexity.*

Personnel: Allyn Ferguson, piano; electronic piano, French horn, percussion: Frank Leal, alto, bass clarinet; Modesto Briceño, tenor, baritone, clarinet; Robert Wilson, trumpet, percussion; Fred Dutton, sax, bassoon, contra-bassoon; Tom Reynolds, drums, tympani.

Rating: ★★★★★

In his intelligently written liner notes, leader-conductor Ferguson defines the group's function and aims:

"The Chamber Jazz Sextet hopes to catalyze this inevitable fusion of jazz and classical attitudes. Toward this end, the members of the group, both individually and collectively, are making use of their every available musical knowledge in attempting to render music both meaningful and legitimate for the listener."

According to Ferguson, this "music for a small instrumental ensemble, music which has evolved from the utilitarian to the intellectual, and music which, although notated, allows a considerable latitude of self-expression."

The group makes use of various classical structures, including the fugue, rondo, and canon, with which Ferguson seems fascinated. It experiments with irregular metrical designs, varied rhythmic patterns, and harmonies based on other-than-conventional triadic structures, according to Ferguson's notes. The group achieves its ends through the use of musicians doubling on instruments, including some instruments ordinarily associated

with classical composition. All this is combined with jazz experience and awareness.

The results, generally speaking, are provocative and worth hearing.

This is one of the most successful attempts of its kind to combine two disciplines without sacrificing the inherent value in each. For example, there is a jazz influence present throughout this LP. It is an obvious influence, something quite different from the works of Johnny Eaton, on one hand, to Fred Katz, on the other.

Occasionally, the notation gets in the way, as Ferguson creates structures so rigidly demanding that they turn to stone. At times, his work takes on a pedantic tone, as in his extended *Sextet*. Nevertheless, there is much of value here. Ferguson's arrangements are performed in near-flawless form by the well-chosen members of his group.

I was particularly impressed by Leal's alto work and Wilson's trumpet. I'd like to hear them on an LP which provided them with more solo space. Ferguson, it seems to me, displays a solid knowledge of jazz and a well-based approach to structure in music. He could temper his use of the written form with more improvised solo space. He writes intelligently, with obvious concern for compositions as well-rounded forms. His approach, I feel, could produce a pertinent development in the growth of jazz. He deserves encouragement. (D.G.)

### Charlie Christian-Dizzy Gillespie

**THE HARLEM JAZZ SCENE**—1941—Esoteric EN-548: *Swing to Bop; Stampin' at the Savoy; Up on Teddy's Hill; Stardust; Karooana; Stardust; Guy's Got to Go; Lips Flips.*

Personnel: Christian, guitar; Gillespie, trumpet; with groups including Thelonious Monk and Ken Kersey, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums; Don Byas, tenor; Joe Guy, trumpet, and members of the house band at Monroe's.

Rating: ★★★★★

This recording is of considerable historical significance because it catches, in sessions recorded live at Monroe's *Uptown House* and Teddy Hill's *Minot's Playhouse* in 1941, some of the influences still felt today.

The personnel and other information about the tracks is poorly documented, perhaps as a result of the recording by Jerry Newman, which was for fun rather than for release. Somehow, Esoteric has salvaged the sound which annotator Leonard Feather says was all but gone from the discs on which these tunes were originally recorded.

Gillespie here is starting to shake the Eldridge influence. Guy, who might be described as a transition figure between the swing and present era, is also heard.

Christian here displays the swing and technique which was to spark the Benny Goodman band and scores of young guitarists. It was also to retrieve the amplified guitar from the commercial curio it had then become in the hands of such musicians as Les Paul and Alvin Rey and bring it to stature as an instrument of jazz.

This is historically valuable, but it's a pity it couldn't have been better documented. (D.C.)

### Kenny Clarke

**KENNY CLARKE PLAYS ANDRE HODFIR**—Epic 12" LP LN 3376: *Bemsha Swing; Oblique; Blue Serge; Swing Spring; On a Riff; Jora; The Squirrel; Eronel; 'Round Midnight; When Lights Are Low; Cadence; Tahiti.*

Personnel: Clarke, drums; Roger Guerin (Tracks 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11), trumpet; Billy



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corn and Nat Peck (Tracks 9, 10) trombones;  
Lester Utzinger (Tracks 9, 10) and Martial Solal  
(Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12), piano;  
Pierre Michelot (Tracks 9, 10), and Jean Warland  
(Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12), bass; Ar-  
mand Mignani (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12),  
clarinet; Robert Gulesath (Tracks 2, 6, 8, 12),  
drum.

Rating: ★★★★★

Curiously, I prefer this recording to a recent Savoy entry which, although of very high caliber, was entirely of Hodeir's originals. It appears to me that he is most fruitful when jockeying with an established theme. The writing and conception seems less brittle, less pre-thought than in the collection of his *Essais*.

On this collation, Byers, Solal, Clarke are positively brilliant. Solal is a pianist of tremendous talent and swing. Byers' work on *Blue Serge* is luminously lovely. Jean Warland is a very big-toned bass man, heard to good advantage on *Eronel* and *Cadenze*.

Hodeir's own works are *Oblique*, *On a Riff*, and *Cadenze*, with *Riff* the most exciting for me. *'Round Midnight* is developed beautifully, from the opening toying with the theme to its gradual emergence.

This LP is worth investigation. It's a further contribution from the gentleman who gave us one of the most perceptive tomes on jazz and is now following through musically. (D.C.)

#### Cohn-Sims

AL AND ZOOT—Coral 12" LP 57171: *It's a Wonderful World*; *Brandy and Beer*; *Two Funky People*; *Chasing the Blues*; *Halley's Comet*; *You're a Lucky Guy*; *The Waiting Boat*; *Just You, Just Me*.

Personnel: Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenors, clarinet; Nick Stabulus, drums; Ted Kotick, bass; Mose Allison, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

Now that Jack Lewis' Victor mob has moved ax, chart, and pen over to Coral, we can expect an increasing flow of LPs by them. They mostly will be good, some of them even excellent, and a few, with luck, better than that. But, as with the Victor era, there is a definite hazard. Just as Shorty Rogers and the Hollywood mob have had to suffer the due of being called repetitious, so will Cohn and Sims have to guard against the same thing.

You can turn out only so many LPs before there is a blandness in sound and a leveling off of inspiration. I don't think that this LP is a red flag, hoist to warn Cohn and Sims, but I feel I do detect certain elements of the problem here, and it is one they will have to face.

On their own, free blowing with a rhythm section, Sims and Cohn always are competent and at times can be magnificent. In this album they have an excellent rhythm section, the full weight is on neither of them, and they obviously groove musically and personally. The result, right down the line from the three ballads through Cohn's five originals, is good solid, wailing, modern tenor jazz.

The various devices of trading and unison choruses help make for contrast, but despite it there is a touch of blandness to the album. One might expect, perhaps, more spark from the piano. And certainly such tracks as *Two Funky People*, wherein the leaders switch to clarinet, should be encouraged.

This is a hard situation to keep bright and shining and original. Cohn and Sims have done very well with it but might be wise to keep a sharp eye out for the point of no return. (R.J.G.)

Wilbur DeParis-Jimmy Witherspoon  
WILBUR DEPARIS PLAYS & JIMMY WITHERSPOON SINGS NEW ORLEANS BLUES—Atlantic 12" LP 1266: *Lotus Blossom*; *Trouble in Mind*; *Big Fine Girl*; *How Long Blues*; *Good Mollin' Blues*; *Careless Love*; *Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do*; *St. Louis Blues*; *When the Sun Goes Down*; *See, See Rider*.

Personnel: Witherspoon, vocals; Wilbur DeParis, trombone; Sidney DeParis, cornet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Sonny White, piano; Shep Shepard, banjo; Bennie Moten, bass; Wilbur Kirk, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Witherspoon belongs to that great tradition of male blues singers that goes back to pre-jazz days and includes not only the well-known Leadbetter, Broonzy, Turner, and Rushing but such relatively obscure artists as Andy Boy, Jesse James, Charles Butler, Walter Davis, and McKinley Morganfield as well as the r&b successes like Percy Mayfield, T-Bone Walker, and Wyno-

nie Harris.

Their tradition is as continuous as calypso but without, incidentally, the calypso house rule that tunes are common property but not the words. You can trace back phrases of lyrics from almost any contemporary blues singer or blues number (Pleasure's *Parker's Mood*, for instance) to early singers in one version or another. The inference that it goes back into folk depths prior to recording is inescapable.

We are entering an era in critical thought wherein the blues (and spirituals) are being rediscovered. This happens periodically. Revisionist philosophy is becoming stronger now and one of the areas that will receive more attention is the blues. It is my earnest hope that the future will see well-

*All The Wrongs You've Done To Me*  
*Siruttin' With Some Barbecue*  
*Mandy Make Up Your Mind*  
*Everybody Loves My Baby*  
*New Orleans Function*  
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*High Society*  
*Trouble In Mind*  
*Wearly Blues*  
*Reckless Blues*  
*Snag It*  
*See See Rider*

*I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me*  
*I Can't Give You Anything But Love*  
*Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train*  
*On The Sunny Side Of The Street*  
*When It's Sleepy Time Down South*  
*When You're Smiling*  
*Basin Street Blues*  
*Mahogany Hall Stomp*  
*Georgia On My Mind*  
*Memories Of You*  
*If I Could Be With You*  
*You Rascal You*  
*Some Of These Days*  
*That's My Home*  
*Song Of The Islands*  
*My Monday Date*  
*Dear Old Southland*  
*Them There Eyes*  
*Body And Soul*  
*I Surrender Dear*  
*Two Deuces*  
*Exactly Like You*  
*Lazy River*  
*Knochin' A Jug*



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recorded, well-programmed albums by many of the major singers still active such as T-Bone, Big Bill, Morganfield, and Lonnie Johnson.

I also hope when it is done there will be no rash decision to make the aspice with ingredients which will not jell. Leadbelly once refused, in the middle of a tune, to continue singing with the band at the Stuyvesant Casino and possibly for the same reasons which make parts of this LP so unfortunate.

The title of the album is a misnomer, but when singing with the accompaniment of the rhythm section and with one or the other of the horns playing a blues obligato, Witherspoon sounds excellent. His strong, sensual voice comes through with startling force on *Tain't Nobody's Business* and *How Long* (the information in the liner notes that the latter tune was popularized by Leadbelly is somewhat startling).

Throughout the obligato passages, the horns, especially Simeon, play with sensitivity and imagination. *When the Sun Goes Down* is a magnificent tune, which Witherspoon sings well, but *Lotus Blossom*, another great number, is not suited to his style.

The real trouble, however, lies in the fact that on those parts of the numbers where in the band plays ensemble behind the singer, conflict is inevitable. It does not work. The two things (Dixieland ensemble and folk-style blues) do not go together, and the banjo makes it worse.

It is curious that in DeParis' resolute denial of his Ellington experience, he has taken his band back to this minstrel show instrument and ignored the fact that Bolden used a guitar and Bud Scott, surely one of the great jazz guitarists, always had the utmost disdain for the banjo. *Nobody's Business*, *How Long*, and *When the Sun Goes Down* are ★★★ tracks. (R.J.G.)

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### Eddie Duran

**EDDIE DURAN—JAZZ GUITARIST**—Fantasy 12" LP 3247: *My Inspiration*; *Soon*; *Rise 'n' Shine*; *My Shining Hour*; *Taking Life Easy*; *Why Not?*; *A Room with a View*; *Skyliner*; *It Could Happen to You*; *Sugar*.

Personnel: Duran, guitar; Howie Dudune, tenor and clarinet; Dean Reilly, bass; Johann Markham, drums.

Rating: ★★★

This is the first album as a leader for the 32-year-old San Francisco-born Duran. He is joined by Dudune, 27, also of San Francisco, in the latter's first recorded solo opportunity. Reilly is a part of the Jean Hoffman trio; Markham is a west coast studio drummer.

The results are pleasant but not much more than that. Duran plays reasonably well, without making a vivid impression in terms of technique or conception. Dudune plays a clean-toned clarinet and a Getz-derived tenor. Reilly and Markham provide adequate support.

The tenor and guitar blend amicably on *Shine*, and the clarinet-guitar combination is a warm one on *Why* and *Sugar*. Duran plays restrained unaccompanied guitar on *Hour* and *Happen*.

This isn't the kind of jazz that makes listeners sit up suddenly and pour forth exclamations of favorable recognition, but it is jazz competently played. As the rating indicates, this is

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"good." I'm not willing to say much more than that. (D.G.)

### Gillespie-Getz-Stitt

FOR MUSICIANS ONLY—Verve 12" LP MGV 8198: *Be Bop*; *Wee*; *Dark Eyes*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Stan Getz, tenor; Sonny Stitt, alto; other personnel uncredited.

Rating: ★★

This is a strange album. It includes some magnificent Stitt solo work as well as flashes of the greatest in Gillespie and Getz. On the other hand, there are many moments when one feels, listening to the goofs here and there, that another take of each tune would have been in order.

The production errors are legion. The notes are a jumble of irrelevant data, misspelled French and medicine man salesmanship, and not a hint of who plays in the rhythm section. (I played the sides for Gillespie and he can't remember a thing about the personnel.)

*Wee*, correct title of which is *Wee*, was formerly known as *Allen's Alley* and was not written by Woods, Sherman, and Tobias as the label says, but by Denzil Best. Getz is great on this one. There is some weird balancing here. The riffing behind Stitt is almost completely inaudible.

Diz has some fine muted work on *Be Bop*, and a nice muted ad lib opening in cahoots with the unnamed guitarist on *Dark Eyes*. *Lover* has a funky and funny Dixieland ending. (L.F.)

### Bengt Hallberg

BENGT HALLBERG—Epic 12" LP LN 3375: *Dinah*; *Where or When*; *Little Man, You're Had a Busy Day*; *I Found a New Baby*; *Flinging*; *I'm Coming, Virginia*; *Frantic Blues*; *Body and Soul*; *Doctor's Special*; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*; *The Touch of Your Lips*; *Summertime*; *Sweet Sue—Just You*; *No Long Blues*. Personnel: Hallberg, piano; Gunnar Johnson, bass; Anders Burman, drums.

Rating: ★★

That's right, there are 14 tunes in this assortment. This may make it a bargain for record buyers, but it doesn't do Hallberg any good.

In past efforts, Hallberg has indicated that he is an aware jazz pianist with an appreciable potential. Here he is unable to enlarge that reputation successfully.

There is an interesting pastoral quality inherent in his playing. He rarely exhibits even a tendency toward wildness or experimentation, but there is a disciplined passion present. His style is eclectic, illustrating a knowledge of the history of jazz piano, from the stride pianists to the modernists. He has a solid sense of rhythm and a worthwhile concern for melodic lines; often, he allows these qualities to get in the way of his conception.

Often acclaimed as the leading jazz pianist in Sweden, and one of the leading jazzmen in Europe, Hallberg has no opportunity to support these claims here. He is caught in a web of time and dashes through the 14 tunes without a chance to catch a creative breath. At best, there are indications of talent; at worst, there are player-piano-like moments.

Hallberg deserves a more intelligent format, perhaps with horns. He has a place in jazz and should defend it against the rituals of the a&r men. (D.G.)

### Billie Holliday

BODY AND SOUL—Verve 12" LP MGV 8197: *Body and Soul*; *They Can't Take That Away*

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from Me; Don't Dream; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off; Comes Love; Gee, Baby Ain't I Good to You?; Embraceable You; Moonlight in Vermont.

Personnel: Miltie Holiday, vocals; Harry Edison, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor; Jimmy Nowlin, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Alvin Stoller, drums, and unidentified bassist. Larry Bunker replaces Stoller on Tracks 1, 3, 5, and 8.

Rating: ★★½

I confess. I've never claimed the unbilical loyalty to Miss Holiday that some of the other critics have repeatedly manifested. For example, I felt that her performance at this year's Newport Jazz festival was deplorably bad; others writhed with delight at every note.

Nat Hentoff once wrote: "The experience of listening to her is unanalyzable—either you feel it or you don't." I don't feel that it's quite that simple, because I do feel it and I don't.

The Verve people have not supplied any data on the sides, naturally. This LP may be another of the fruits of a session held in late 1955, but Verve doesn't want it to get out.

The results of the session, whenever it was held, are uneven, in my terms. Miss Holiday often sings with a harshness, a coarseness, that offends me. Her pronunciation can be more misguided than natural. Her voice, however warm at its best, is one of limited range and power, in technical terms. On ballads, she seems often to enmesh herself in needless vocal contortions and distortions which prevent effective intonation. Her concept of phrasing seems at times to be segmented and sluggish as well.

With this now declared, let me say that this LP contains many lustrous moments. Despite my reservations, Miss Holiday can outproject most of the pop singers and some of the "jazz singers" as well. There is a warmth and implied depth in her singing that is quite striking. She controls her voice with more assurance than I've heard from her in many past performances. She is particularly effective here on the nonballadic material, including an excellent *They Can't Take That*, a fine *Let's Call*, and a delightful *Comes Love*. The ballads, for me, were less impressive, for the reasons given.

The backing is splendid. Webster, like vintage wine, is glowing. Edison runs with him, playing some of the most penetrating obbligatos and solos any singer ever has received. The others, including the unidentified bassist, are equally inspired and inspiring. Singers who have worked consistently with strings should dig the vitality of this group. (D.G.)

**Milt Jackson**

PLENTY, PLENTY SOUL—Atlantic 12" LP 1269; *Plenty, Plenty Soul; Boogity Boogity; Heartstrings; Sarcasm; The Spirit-Feel; Ignant Oil; Blues at Twilight.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3—Jackson, vibraharp; Ronnie Peters, alto; Frank Foster, tenor; Sahib Shihab, baritone; Joe Newman, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Horace Silver, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Art Blakey, drums. Tracks 4, 5, 6, 7—Jackson; Lucky Thompson, tenor; Newman; Silver; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is the sort of album which makes reviewing by the star system particularly difficult. There should be some exceptional merit badge for this sort of thing—Five Stars Plus or Too Good to Rate. Without exception, the tracks on this LP provide rewarding listening on multiple levels of experience and throughout numerous repetitions.

Jackson, as is pointed out in Nat Hentoff's somewhat wordy notes (and when is HE going to get his own 12-inch LP?) brings to playing his own special atmosphere—what Andre Hodeir calls "the Jackson climate." Louis Armstrong has it (that's what caused Krupa to remark that when Louis started blowing in a session, it was like somebody turned on the current), and so do many other soloists. But they are the superior ones. They are the ones who can survive any crippled-up accompaniment and blow something worthwhile. There are other great artists who have to have help with their talent for optimum display.

Someone like Jackson, despite his self-sufficiency, can be assisted by accompaniment, and on this LP, believe me, he is. The entire album is an interesting example of how superior soloists can be superior accompanists.

The tunes range from a lovely romantic ballad, Milt's *Heartstrings*, to *Ignant Oil*, for which the battered word "funky" is demanded.

There are beautiful passages from all the soloists, especially Newman and Silver. The wonderfully earthy altoist on the first three tracks must be Cannonball Adderley though he is tabbed Ronnie Peters in the personnel.

It is interesting to consider how, in a group such as the MJQ, a virtuoso like Jackson impresses his own personality. Conversely, it is interesting to see how the aura of the MJQ surrounds this session even permeating to the piano playing of Silver who gets an almost Lewisian economy on the final track.

Blakey contributes some fascinating counter-rhythms on the opening three tracks, especially an electrifying double-time passage in the first tune in which he grabs the pulse and shakes everything up for longer than you think possible. And in *Boogity* in a passage behind Milt, Blakey runs a series of rim shots up and down the scale like an ME-109 making a run over an airfield and strafing grounded planes.

By no means don't miss this album. (R.J.G.)

**Gil Melle**

QUADRAMA—Prestige 12" LP 7079; *Full House; Quadrama; Sentimental Needs; Walter Ego; Rush Hour in Hong Kong; Jacqueline; It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing.* Personnel: Melle, baritone; Gus Cinderella, guitar; George Davivier, bass; Shadow Wilson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Gil is delivering on the promise he showed on his earlier excursions, both as a writer and an instrumentalist. His tone is deep and gutty, and his writing is fresh and bright. There is enough sustained interest throughout, despite the presence of the baritone as the single declarative voice. Cinderella comes into play contrapuntally and in solo framework, but Melle's horn is dominant. I would like to hear Gil's work spun out by three or four horns, it's that interesting laterally.

Despite the presence of just horn and rhythm section, this is not a blowing session as such. The originals have character and quite often a good deal of humor. For instance, on the episodic *Full House*, there is a slyness, a furtiveness about the conception which suggests that the full house is very likely aces over. *Jacqueline* depicts

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musically a quiet, deep, sensitive person. *Rush Hour* is appropriately bustling. The title piece sounds curiously unfinished, and almost as if it should go back to the beginning after the final note to start all over again, forever.

The standards, except for a very movingly blown *Mood*, are good but not up to the high mark set by the originals. Cinderella is very effective on all tracks, and Duvivier can only be described as tremendous. Wilson's support is solid. It's time again to hear Melle in a larger, more challenging context. (D.C.)

**Jazz On The Left Bank**

**JAZZ ON THE LEFT BANK—Epic 12" LP LN 3387: Salute to Joe; Sofly, as in a Morning Sunrise; There Will Never Be Another You; Jaguar; The Long Night; Fats's N.Y. Blues; I Guess You Don't Know What Love Is; Sixty-Eight; Lalla.**

Personnel: Dik Mills, trumpet; Bill Byers, trombone; William Boucaya, tenor and baritone; Martial Solal, piano; Benoit Quersin, bass; Wessel Icken, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

These are international sounds from Paris. Byers and Mills are Americans in Paris. Icken is the late Dutch drummer who had recorded with his own group. Solal is one of Europe's leading jazz pianists, now residing in Paris. Boucaya is an Algerian now in France, who has played with Hubert Rostaing's orchestra. Quersin is the Belgian-born bassist who worked with tenor man Bobby Jaspar before Jaspar decided to come to America.

This is a relaxed, unpretentious, melodic, well-rehearsed group. There is a pervading calm about the session that is worthwhile. The arrangements are reasonably created wholes, and the musicianship is of a consistently professional level. Byers plays well throughout, but Mills and Boucaya are a trifle too derivative. Solal, gradually maturing, indicates considerable potential here but has little space for extended expression.

It is this lack of space, as a matter of fact, that often hampers the musicians here. The solos, for the most part, are too brief. Nevertheless, this is superior to many of the jazz LPs being cranked out today and deserves a hearing.

Nat Hentoff's informative liner notes are a fine complement to the sounds. But did Byers really play with Sweet Georgia Auld's band? (D.G.)

**Bob Scobey**

**SWINGIN' ON THE GOLDEN GATE—RCA Victor 12" LP LPM-1448: Sunny Disposition; Carolina in the Morning; Feet Draggin' Blues; It Happened in Sun Valley; I Can't Get Started with You; Come Back, Sweet Papa; Wabash Cannonball; New Orleans; Ain't-cha-Glad; Let's Dance the Ragtime; Darlin' Snag It; Waiting for the Robert E. Lee.**

Personnel: Scobey, Dik Cathcart, Manny Klein (Tracks 2, 8, 11, 12), trumpets; Harry Matlock, clarinet; Abe Lincoln, Warren Smith, Jack Bush, trombones; Ralph Sutton, piano; Red Callender, bass; Bob Short, tuba; Sammy Goldstein, drums; Clancy Hayes, guitar, banjo, and vocals (Tracks 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 12).

Rating: ★★★

Scobey's flaring horn and Hayes' happy vocals, with occasional assists from Lincoln, Matlock, and Sutton, pull this out of the ordinary.

The whole package has an agreeable, big band sound, faintly reminiscent of the old Bob Crosby crew.

Most welcome are the return of Harry James' old *Feet Draggin' Blues* and the too-rarely-heard *Snag It*.

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Hayes' vocals are up to their usual high standard of rhythmic feeling.

There are a few cornball touches, particularly on *Cannonball*, which detract from the musical flow. But otherwise it's another standard Scobey item: well played, tasteful, and moderately exuberant. (D.C.)

#### Bud Shank

**THE BUD SHANK QUARTET—Pacific Jazz 12"**  
LP PJ 1230: *A Night in Tunisia; Tertia; All of You; Theme; How at Five; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; Lamp Is Low.*

Personnel: Shank, alto and flute; Claude Williamson, piano and celeste; Don Press, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This LP has one virtue all record companies should take to heart. The eight tunes included provide a wide array of sounds, in term of tempo and mood. There is a splendid variety here that makes listening to the entire LP a pleasant experience.

*Tunisia* is played briskly, with Shank on flute. *Tertia* is an extended work by Williamson, with solo spots for all the instruments. *You* begins with a flute-led ballad intro, then becomes a medium-tempo interpretation. *Theme* is a feet blues. *Live* is relaxed and flowing. *Sunrise* is injected with considerable early-morning funk. *Polka* is played sensitively, as a ballad. Finally, *Lamp* becomes a combination of Ravel, ballad, and up-tempo variations.

Shank plays with communicative warmth on both instruments, but at times is somewhat fragmentary in conceptual terms and a bit strident in tone. Williamson comps and solos with a good deal of force and authority, continuing to indicate the growth of a mature soloist. Press and Flores support intelligently. (D.G.)

## my favorite jazz record

(Ed. Note: Following is the 12th prize-winning letter in Down Beat's favorite jazz record contest. The \$10 prize goes to Jonathan Yardley, 101 Lewis, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

(Send letters to Down Beat, Editorial Department, 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16.)

At the age of 18 I can look back upon six years of avid interest in jazz, beginning with Jelly-Roll and now as advanced as Miles Davis. Yet when it comes to selecting my favorite record, I turn to a recording by a man who can be classified neither with the roots nor with the avant garde, only as himself—a distinct personality in a field which at times has seemed overrun with conformists. I speak, of course, of Erroll Garner and his Columbia recording *Concert by the Sea*.

I have found no recording which better typifies to me all that jazz at its best is and should be—happy, sad, boisterous, reflective, above all, human. This is the personal record of a man.

More can be learned about the man Erroll Garner from this 40 minutes of music than from volume upon volume of words. Music should be like that; it is an earmark of greatness. Beethoven had it; Ellington has it. The impassioned performance of this man is one of the finest things ever set to wax.

As I listen to this record, I am sure that it will live long after many more celebrated discs have grown dusty on the record shelves.

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# feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

"AT THIS TIME, 1947, bop was going like mad all over America. The fellows at the Loop blew, but with a tired air, because bop was somewhere between its Charlie Parker *Ornithology* period and another period that began with Miles Davis."

This quotation is not from a jazz magazine or even from a jazz book. It is a purely parenthetical observation in an extraordinary novel called *On the Road*, by Jack Kerouac (Viking Press, 310 pp., \$3.95).

It is one of several passages that concern themselves with jazz in what is mainly a highly euphoric and intensely readable story about a group of wandering young hedonists who cross the country in endless search of kicks.

The kicks may be all-night conversations or wine or women or marijuana or reckless driving or visits to jazz clubs, and what emerges from the narration is a portrait of what Kerouac calls the "Beat Generation." It is never quite clear whether beat is short for beatific, or whether it is a noun or an adjective.

**MY MAIN INTEREST**, as yours should be, was the discovery of a highly romanticized interest, not in Dixieland as is so often the case in contemporary fiction, but in the newer jazz developments.

Kerouac's name struck a chord when I picked up the book. Then I remembered—I had seen it used as the apparently meaningless title of one of the improvisations in Esoteric's early glimpse of Dizzy Gillespie at Minton's in 1941.

Bill Fox recently reissued *Kerouac* (derived, in case Jack would care to know, from *Exactly Like You*) on Esoteric ES-548. I checked with Fox and with his ex-partner, Jerry Newman, who recorded the session at the club and is now running the Stereo Sound Studios.

"Sure," Newman said, "Kerouac always kept up a terrific interest in jazz and was constantly aware of the latest developments. He's one of these guys that will suddenly become wildly enthusiastic about a certain musician. He got to know some of the guys pretty well—Roy Eldridge, and I think Miles—and he used to hang around at our recording sessions and then come uptown with us to the Savoy, or over to the Royal Roost."

Don't miss *On the Road*—not merely for its few jazz passages but for their unique context in one of the finest novels of recent years.

**IDLE THOUGHTS:** Jose Melis on that late-night television show makes me miss the old Steve Allen format more than ever . . . One of the most subtly funny sets of liner notes extant was written for that gloriously gruesome Jonathan Edwards LP on Columbia. There was no signature; the bashful author is Irving Townsend . . . Steve Allen's tribute in these pages to Joe Shulman was as movingly sincere a piece of writing as I have read in years . . . Beware of liner-note writers who

boast that their subject rose to third or fourth place in a *Down Beat* Jazz Critics' poll. I checked one such plug recently and found that it meant the guy got one vote . . . Beware, too, of pedants who say *flutist* is wrong and insist on *flautist* (the former goes back 350 years; the latter is less than 100 years old), and of those who tell you to stress the second syllable in *pianist*. Most dictionaries give the accent to the first syllable.

# charivari

By Dom Cerulli

I USED PART OF TWO WEEKS spent on chill, damp Cape Cod to read *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac (Viking Press, \$3.95).

Proclaimed a novel of the "Beat Generation," *On the Road* deals largely with the narrator, Sal Paradise, and his somewhat bizarre associate, Dean Moriarty. In the course of this first novel, the country is crossed and re-crossed, and an excursion is made into Mexico.

The characters are looking for something, but just what it is never became clear to me. Everyone, it seems, is writing a novel, is not working, is dissatisfied with the state of things as they are, has no sense of responsibility either to himself or his immediate associates, is experimenting with narcotics, or is hell-bent on going somewhere but for no discernable purpose.

**THE MUSIC** of these members of the Beat Generation is, of course, jazz. But it is a jazz over which Slim Gaillard is king, and the honking tenor or alto generates the backdrop excitement.

Perhaps there is such a Beat Generation, constantly on the prowl for new sensations and going to any lengths without plan or promise, but I can't believe in them. They are like the characters in Clellon Holmes *Go*, also members of the Beat Generation, who seek but somehow never find. And, to a lesser extent, rather like some of the caricatures in Nelson Algren's *Walk on the Wild Side*.

The basic fault I find in these characters is that they stir no sympathy in me. Things could be better, I feel, if they'd get off their dead ends and do something.

**BUT THE NUB** of this column is that in Kerouac's book, as in Holmes' novel, the characters are out digging this jazz, or what they call jazz, and operating on the periphery of the music world . . . generally the seamier side. They dabble in experiences with narcotics, and thereby rub off onto the average reader another "conclusive" bit of evidence that all musicians are on something.

I admire the technical facilities at Kerouac's command, and his way around the language. The pace of his book is phenomenal, the variety of picture images is dazzling. But I found that the characters were the squarest.

The same goes for Paul Hobbes, his wife, Kathryn, and the lost ones with whom they grind through *Go*.

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# radio and tv

By Will Jones

GIRL SINGERS I LIKE, and among those on television whom I like more than somewhat are Polly Bergen and Patti Page. But I wish that the persons who put together TV shows could devise some way of letting these girls sing, and have their own shows and all, without the necessity for their doing anything between songs.



Whether Miss Page was consciously imitating Dinah Shore when her new show went on the air this season is something I don't know. But an imitation of Miss Shore playing hostess it was, as she charged around the set of *The Big Record*, trying too hard, giggling too much—a bad imitation, since the same mannerisms look good on Miss Shore.

Miss Bergen's first Saturday night show of the season pointed up the problem right in its own script. A panel made up of Julius LaRosa, Sylvia Sidney, and Jack Carson went through some inane motions, pretending to try to advise Miss Bergen how to run her show.

When Miss Bergen sang, all warm-voiced and wide-eyed, the show moved along beautifully.

BUT THEN CAME those painful moments between the songs—phony moments with a phony panel giving phony solutions to a problem that became more and more real.

It was as though the writers had come right out with the announcement: "Look, we've got this girl who can sing a song well. But according to somebody's rules of TV, she can't just come on and sing. We've got to try to think up something for her to do between the songs. We're well paid for the chore, and we're straining to earn the money, so bear with us."

Back to Miss Page's show. The notion of building a TV program on recording artists—past, current, and upcoming—is a good one. Their moments are brightly staged. If the viewer must put up with a Tony Bennett singing *In the Middle of a Nisland*, there's also a David Wayne to do numbers from *Finian's Rainbow*.

Indeed, some of the studies in contrast might shame the popular record business into turning to music once again as a source for material.

THIS SEASON'S George Gobel show has proved itself capable of doing something the old Sid Caesar show was good at: spoofing the overblown musical production.

Gobel's particular target was the cavalcade-of-American-music type of spectacular. It was titled *Segue*, and

coming as it did just before CBS' cavalcade-of-American-music type of spectacular titled *Crescendo*, it was a satire of things to come as well as things past.

With Fred MacMurray as a white-tie narrator, a chorus, and solo contributions by Gobel, Eddie Fisher, Jeff Donnell, Shirley Harner, it corned up everything from *Yankee Doodle* to something called *Rock, America, Rock*.

Just as this thing was at its wildest, though, I got a feeling that I often get when TV is kidding TV. It was a curiosity to know the reactions of persons who might have tuned in late-Broad as it was, the production was still so close to so many things that are offered on TV for real that most might have taken it for real.

This reaction wouldn't indicate dullness on the part of the viewers. It's just that TV is like that, and no matter how broad the burlesque, you can't get very far from the original.

THE EXPANDED Gobel show was full of a number of pleasant things, including some minutes when Gobel sat down with Fisher ("my singing buddy and alternating ego") and, with the help of a bouncing dot, ran a high-spirited community sing.

The music business came in for more kidding when George's wife, Alice, inspired by Eddie's wife, Debbie, decided to make a record. Dialogue:

"Who are all these people?"

"This is my group... George, if you knew anything about the record business, you'd know you can't make a record without a group."

(Will Jones' column, *After Last Night*, appears daily in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.)

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# Teddy's Trial

By Leonard Feather

The intensification of public interest in all phases of jazz has brought back to the limelight a number of figures who never should have been absent from it. Not the least of these is Teddy Wilson, who, soon after the release of the Benny Goodman movie in which he participated and of innumerable records that stemmed from the making of the picture, found himself once again in demand. This development brought Wilson out of a period that kept him more or less locked up in New York as a radio staff musician for several years.

As anyone with a basic knowledge of jazz history knows, Teddy's has been one of the most influential of all jazz piano styles. His contribution to the 1930s is comparable with that of Earl Hines in the late '20s and of Bud Powell in the '40s. Brought to New York by John Hammond and Benny Carter, he played in Carter's band in 1933 and then established himself unforgettably in 1935, first as a member of the Goodman trio and almost simultaneously as leader of memorable recording combos.

A lesser-known aspect of Teddy's talent is his arranging ability, exercised in the fine big band he led in 1939-40. A studious and serious musician, he was a teacher at Juilliard off and on from 1945 until 1952. He was given no information before or during the test about the records played.



the blindfold test



## The Records

1. **Tony Scott. *Walkin'*** (RCA Victor). Bill Evans, arranger.

I've always said that jazz solo improvisation reached a high point 30 years ago and arranging is the field that has always lagged. I've been very interested in arranging for years, ever since I had my big band. I found this arrangement interesting—the untying of the different sections and the things the instruments had to do that were written.

Some of the figures I thought were a little too cute, but the arranger is definitely on the right track. He's trying to get a nice, flowing swing in the band and making things happen that are intelligible to the listener.

The soloists were good—the low-register clarinet, tenor, and the trombonist were very proficient, but all in the general style so many play today, so I couldn't say which ones these are. They're all up to modern par, I would say. Three-and-a-half stars.

2. **Joe Castro. *You Stepped Out of a Dream*** (Atlantic). Ray Ellis, arranger.

I think that's a very nice example of the piano and string instrumentation. As a matter of fact, I contemplate doing a similar-type album in the near future myself. The arrangement and the pianist swing, and there's a good feeling for jazz there.

That sounds like Joe Castro. I worked opposite him at the Embers last year, and I am familiar with his style. I think he's one of the up-and-coming jazz pianists, and we'll hear more of him in the future. I feel that his style is still developing. I'd give this 3½ stars.

3. **Dave Brubeck. *History of a Boy Scout*** (Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto; Joe Morello, drums.

There are a lot of things there that are very well done but that I don't particularly like. What I liked about the record was when the piano went into full chords with both hands. And the drum breaks were terrific. Those

were the two parts of the record I like. I don't go for the novelty—the military figure and the drum early in the record.

The sax was very nice. I like longer figurations by the sax, but it's well played. Of course, the little Bach-like thing at the end I don't particularly care for in jazz—I'd rather hear it in regular Bach music.

I would guess from the instrumentation that it was Brubeck. It would get a very high rating on performance for what it is, but for my personal taste—for the drums and block chords, I'll rate it 3½.

4. **Amram-Barrow Quintet. *Phipps Quips*** (Decca). Dave Amram, French horn; George Barrow, tenor.

I don't know who that is. The first chorus of it was well done but kind of ordinary. I like the baritone sax chorus. I'd give that record 2½. I thought the trombone could have played a better chorus. Sounded like a good trombonist, but I thought he could have done better, maybe on another take. You know how records are—very often if you take another one, you get a better chorus.

5. **Elmo Hope. *Falling in Love with Love*** (Prestige).

I don't recognize the pianist. I thought when he got out of the melody chorus and into improvisations, he had some nice ideas in the right hand, but I think he kind of forgot the left hand all through that. I'd give that one two stars.

6. **Chet Baker Big Band. *Phil's Blues*** (Pacific Jazz). Phil Urso, composer, arranger, tenor; James Bond, bass; Bill Hood, baritone; Bobby Timmons, piano.

I'm not going to give that a high rating because of two factors. The ensemble isn't my favorite type. I like parallel motion when it serves a definite purpose in the arrangement, but every time the band comes in with the solid flat chords in parallel motion, I don't go for that.

The tenor got a little fluency in his ideas, but everybody seemed to be grop-

ing for what to play. I thought the walking bass chorus was very good, but outside of that the other soloists—the trumpet and the first alto sax, the baritone—all seemed to be groping for ideas and couldn't follow through with any continuity in their solos.

The piano seemed to get through a little better, but it was a tough struggle. Then, too, the soloists were too imitative to me. The alto—you've heard Charlie Parker do that expertly, and I still think every jazz player should try to find his own way because he inevitably suffers by comparison with the original.

There's too much Lester Young influence in the tenor sax, too, but he did seem to be able to follow through with his ideas better than some of the others. I'd give that two stars.

7. **Earl Hines. *Blues for Tatum*** (Fantasy).

That's a remarkable pianist. I don't know who that is, but I'm going to rate that very high. A pianist who can keep a beat like that without a rhythm section is quite something. A beautiful sense of rhythm! As a pianist I'm going to rate that four stars.

8. **Count Basie. *Blues for the Count and Oscar*** (Claf). Basie, organ; Oscar Peterson, piano; Paul Quinichette, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenors; Roy Brown, bass.

I like that record in spots—the pianist really swings—whoever it is. I didn't like the first tenor sax chorus very much, it sounded too imitative of Lester Young—and I doubt that it was Lester. I'm not sure, but it's much too imitative.

The other sax that followed immediately after I liked much better. The bass chorus was okay. The organ played those little figures in the beginning, and at first I thought it was a brass section.

I'd rather have heard the organ take the chorus than just play those figures. I'll give that 2½.

9. **Bud Powell. *Glass Enclosure*** (Blue Note). George Duvivier, bass.

I'd have to really hear that record several times over a period of time to

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really judge it because there's so much classical influence in it.

The first impression—the standards of classical playing are so high, but I think if this fellow would concentrate on classical playing, he might do well with it. Of course, this sounds like an original composition, and that would have to be judged and would take some more hearing. The bass is very good, and the music, such as it is, is performed very well.

Maybe I'll judge it just on the basis of what it sounds like and give it 3½. That's a tentative rating because this whole business of classics creeping into jazz—I don't know whether it's correct or not, but it seems to be inevitable. This pianist seems to be doing something with it that's worth listening to over a period of time to see how he works out.

### Afterthoughts By Teddy

I haven't heard any records lately to be able to tell what I would rate five stars. There are a lot of five-star people, but five-star people have four-star days and three-star days, too, you know.

I think the most consistent of all jazz musicians when he puts his mind to it is Louis Armstrong and his trumpet. I could think of a few five-star records over the years. I'd say that old Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* tenor sax record had everything—the form, the expert manifestation of his harmony; it had melodic and rhythmic flow, and the whole record hung together beautifully—no sags, and the musical line was never lost. I still think over all that is the best solo record I've ever heard in jazz.

The style of jazz has changed since he made that record, and with modern techniques it might be pretty hard to get around a thing like he did with *Body and Soul* with present-day jazz styles. I don't know of anyone I've heard who's done it.

I had one hearing of Phineas Newborn. He has a fabulous technique, and it will be interesting to see what direction he goes in the next few years because he certainly has the equipment at the keyboard.

Bernard Peiffer has quite a technique, too. I'd like to hear what he's done after a few years because he certainly has keyboard ability.

Of course, I'm just waiting for Oscar Peterson to round out his style because he's a real wizard, and the way he can swing with all that technique when his style gets fully developed, it's really going to be something in jazz piano.

## Major Note

Chicago — Not too long ago, Frank Broude, young president of the University of Chicago's Jazz society, decided to sponsor a concert in the Opera house here. The concert, to understate it, was not a financial success.

Recently, Broude, who had been a premedical student, decided to change his major.

He is now majoring in business administration.

## heard in person

### Toshiko Trio

**Personnel:** Toshiko Akiyoshi, piano; Gene Chirico, bass; Jake Hannah, drums.

**Reviewed:** Several nights at the Hickory House, New York City.

**Musical Evaluation:** In a sense, Toshiko's long run at the Hickory House—she opened on Aug. 13 and was expected to stay through mid-October—is a coming out party. It was her first night-club appearance in New York and her first extended engagement anywhere outside Boston, where she has been closeted for studies at the Berkeley school during most of the last two years.

Since she was last reviewed in these pages, Toshiko has made tremendous strides. Obviously her studies have broadened her harmonic and melodic scope, but the immediate and significant fact is that her technique, never less than remarkable, is now truly extraordinary.

Her style has remained basically hard bop of the Bud Powell school, though, like Powell, she can lend melodic warmth and intimacy to a ballad. Frequently she performs original compositions, and these are not merely strings of choruses on some familiar chord pattern but are the product of some genuine and fruitful deliberation. Among the works she has written is a suite, one movement of which I heard and found most impressive.

As might be expected of a performer ambitious enough to present original works in such a small setting, this is a remarkably well-organized trio.

Both her sidemen worked with Toshiko in Boston; both are excellently equipped to underline every rhythmic nuance in the neat arrangements they have worked out with her on standards. I was most impressed with Hannah's work on brushes in *Lover* and his mallets on the original *Between Me and Myself*. Less impressive was his over-long solo stint on *Old Devil Moon*, which had swung like mad up to that point. The Hickory House, which is more a restaurant than a night club, is the last place for an extended drum solo.

Chirico functions ably as a bassist capable of keeping up with some of the frantic tempos Toshiko sets on such standards as *Just One of Those Things* and *After You've Gone*. He is also a more than adequate soloist.

**Audience Reaction:** Toshiko, though still very shy, has a charm of personality that assures audience applause, even though in this rather large and brightly lighted room it is difficult to retain everyone's attention for an extended period.

**Attitude of Performers:** The group performs as if this is a job, not just another gig—but still a job that is enjoyable and stimulating.

**Commercial Potential:** During the last six weeks, this writer has visited the Hickory House more frequently than all the other jazz clubs combined. This provided an opportunity to see and hear Toshiko under all conditions—in a variety of colorful kimonos as

well as in mufti; before a small Tuesday night crowd and a milling Saturday mob.

It is easy to confuse objective and subjective reactions to a unique act of this type, but I am now convinced that even if Toshiko made her announcements in perfect English and even if she were an ordinary looking male pianist from the Bronx instead of a colorful story from Japan, the musical kicks would be the same, though the publicity, of course, would be considerably reduced.

In short, she has now passed the *Blindfold Test*, though there is no denying that the commercial potential is considerably enlarged by the kimono and the accent.

**Summary:** Toshiko is now one of the half-dozen top pianists in modern jazz, irrespective of sex, creed, or colorful clothes. Because she is a person of integrity and ambition, it seems likely that she will continue to improve and, if she cares to, can enjoy success on a national level.

—Leonard Feather

### Louis Prima - Keely Smith

**Personnel:** Prima, trumpet, vocals; Miss Smith, vocals; Sam Butera, tenor; Jimmy (Little Red) Blount, trombone; Billy MacCumber, piano; Tony Luza, bass, and Bobby Morris, drums.

**Reviewed:** During second week of engagement at the Mocambo, Hollywood.

**Musical Evaluation:** Probably one of the best acts in the business today, with happy musical pandemonium for sale, is this strange but so-effective team of Louis and his Keely.

Everything is an act with this pair, and to judge from the clamor of a typical Sunset Strip audience, they un-faillingly deliver. The accent is on a variety of unpredictable routines—mostly funny in a belly-laugh, vulgar way—bolstered by the rocking, hard-pushing alliance of horns and rhythm section united in the resolve that if they can't blow you out the door, you're sure to wind up under the table.

*You Give Me Fever* is a Prima/Butera caper featuring frequently blue-tinged dialog punctuated by Butera's big, rough, jazz-based tenor and uninhibited clowning.

Throughout the general riot, however, the imperturbable Keely poses deadpan by the piano. When her number comes up, though, she delivers a clean bill-of-goods well calculated to hit the audience in its musical solar plexus. (One wonders, in fact, why Capitol Records chooses not to record more often this potentially major pop vocalist with accompaniment other than by the roughhouse Prima boys.)

Always a team, Louis and his lady, a natural comedienne, turn her *I'm in the Mood for Love* into hilarious farce compounded by such Primasides as, "It's gonna get better, lady," to a titillated giggling female in the audience. *Say It Isn't So* receives similar treatment, as Keely's apparently impromptu line, "Everyone is sayin'/He's a cockamamie," should indicate.

The powerful tenor sound of Butera (who, one feels, could cut many a modern jazz tenorist if he put his mind to it) and Little Red's ripping, blasting trombone are joltingly evident throughout. As for Louis' trumpet, he's so busy with the antics, comic vocals and cracks, it doesn't get much of an airing anymore. When he does choose to blow, however, what he has to say may not be the freshest ideawise, but the verve and guts in his playing is undeniable.

**Audience Reaction:** Wherever this act plays, from the brittle Strip to the rowdy halls of Las Vegas, the paying customers get their money's worth and a bonus besides. Uniform audience reaction is not mere enthusiasm; it verges close to hysterical approbation.

**Attitude of Performers:** Prima & Co. behave as though their sole function in life is to entertain the socks off an audience. The presence of stone-faced Keely serves only to heighten this impression. She obviously is having as much fun as her hubby but apparently doesn't see the point of grinning inanely to everything beyond the footlights.

**Commercial Potential:** Anytime, almost anywhere (modern jazz rooms excepted) this package is sure to knock 'em dead.

**Summary:** No, this isn't jazz. Often, in fact, it's downright rock 'n' roll—except when Keely sings. Then it's a musical delight. The show is fast-paced, noisy, funny, and not for kiddies.

—Lynan

### Ken Nordine-Bob Gibson

**Personnel:** Ken Nordine, word jazz-er; Bob Gibson, folk singer, and Dick Campbell, piano.

**Reviewed:** Press preview on night before scheduled opening of indefinite booking at the Modern Jazz Room, Chicago.

**Musical Evaluation:** If Franz Kafka had produced this spectacle, he couldn't have done a better job. In brief, the Modern Jazz room decided to eliminate jazz, in the form of name groups, and introduce Nordine, who performs an abortive kind of improvisation termed "word jazz." In this press preview, Nordine ran through the various idiosyncratic elements of his production.

Nordine utilizes an excellent stereophonic tape system for background sounds. He works in front of a screen that reflects free-form color figures; Nordine calls this "cinesthesia." On this evening, which probably wasn't too different from any other, Nordine introduced "Upper Limbo" to the audience. This is not a physical thing, but a way of life, exemplified by Nordine's onstage behavior and the atmosphere he has created in the room itself.

"Word jazz" consists of Nordine's verbal improvisation. He stands before the mike and speaks. He improvises on such subjects as taking a sitting-down shower, observing an ant in motion, and getting his Jaguar "fixed" by a "fixer." Once the "word jazz" has been presented, Nordine begins a series of readings, from such varied sources as Poe and Eliot.

Throughout Nordine's intense presentation, Dick Campbell, seated at the piano, bobs appropriately and improvises, too. As I recall, he began by playing *Tenderly*; I don't know what happened after that, but I do remember

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that during one of Nordine's more impassioned moments, Campbell arose from the bench and began plucking the piano strings in a rather eccentric fashion.

Complementing Campbell's accompaniment are stereo tapes, which are played intermittently all evening. Included in the memorable collection of tapes used are such wonders as the distorted sound of a watch ticking, a drum duet, a jet plane having an orgasm, and various jazz group sounds. Why an engineer would spend days perfecting a tape of a ticking watch baffles me, but Nordine seemed to feel that it provided one of the evening's most significant moments.

By the time singer Bob Gibson is invited to perform, the audience seems to welcome the contrast. Without going into unnecessary detail, let me say that Gibson's lively approach to folk music is pleasing, particularly in this context. He indicates a rapidly maturing talent, onstand ease, and competence as a banjo player.

**Audience Reaction:** The audience, composed of members of the press, friends of Nordine, and assorted freeloaders, seemed to be impressed by Nordine's presentation.

There was scattered applause and not a sign of a whimper. One newspaper representative did note that he saw a few snakes writhing beneath his table, but Nordine can hardly be said to have directly created this situation. In short, the audience was attentive, if not constantly enthralled.

**Attitude of Performers:** Nordine is a confident performer, delighted with the prospect of making the Modern Jazz room his home. He is gracious in terms of his relations with the audience.

Gibson is quite personable. He seems equally delighted with his role in the Nordine production. Campbell, dressed in black sweater and black trousers, apparently seeks anonymity.

**Commercial Potential:** I doubt it. However, Nordine says his recent Dot LP, featuring his "word jazz" backed by what amounts to an augmented Chico Hamilton quintet (under Fred Katz' name), has begun to "move," as they say in the trade.

Nordine does have a following in the Chicago area, thanks to exposure on radio, television, and at several other offbeat clubs. Gibson has had considerable experience in this area, too, and could contribute to the success of the venture, if success is forthcoming.

**Summary:** Nordine, tall, dark, and eerie, is an impressive figure onstand. His "word jazz" and other assorted material often is less impressive. Gibson is talented and worth hearing. It is doubtful, however, that this combination will produce a commercially successful venture for the room that has housed Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, Miles Davis, and other wordless jazz figures.

As Nordine says, "word jazz" is "a way of saying yes when you mean yes, a way of saying no when you mean no, and a way of saying yes when you mean no and no when you mean yes." If he can make this clear to the paying customers, we may have to add another category to the jazz polls for guys who blow words. If not, Nordine may have little company in "Upper Limbo."  
—gold



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## Strictly Ad Lib

(Continued from Page 8)

strings . . . Open sitting-in sessions have been conducted by trombonist Steve Pullian and his quartet on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at the Blue Flame in the Bronx . . . Chris Connor opened at Birdland Oct. 3 . . . Livingston tapes has released stereo versions of the New York Jazz Quartet . . . There are rumblings on TV row that a show is in the works to star Chris Connor . . . Anita O'Day came to the Village Vanguard for two weeks, and will stay a month . . . Kai Winding and his group pushed off on a college concert tour early in October . . . Vinnie Burke is set to start cutting his second album for ABC-Paramount . . . Helen Merrill is slated to play Jazz City . . . Vocalist Jackie Paris went under the personal management of Frank Nichols, mentor of the Johnny Richards band, Jimmy Giuffre 3, and comedian Mort Sahl . . . Marian McPartland opened at the Hickory House Oct. 8, Toshiko bowed out Oct. 6 to return to school.

### Chicago

**JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE:** Bob Scobey, his band, and their brand of west coast Dixieland have invaded the Blue Note for one week. Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Norman Bates, and Joe Morello will march in to succeed Scobey's crew for another week, beginning Oct. 23. Erroll Garner will smile, grunt, and play some inventive piano at the Note for two weeks, starting Oct. 30. The Blue Note, by the way, will celebrate its 10th anniversary the night the Oscar Peterson trio and Les Jazz Modes open, Nov. 13 . . . Georg Brunis, a refugee from the 1111 club, now is heading the Dixieland crew at the Preview lounge in an indefinite booking. In the upstairs Modern Jazz room Ken Nordine is presenting "word jazz" and Bob Gibson is singing folk songs . . . Cal Tjader's quintet is at the London House. The group will depart on Oct. 30. Barbara Carroll cancelled her November booking. No replacement set at presstime, but on Nov. 27 Dorothy Donegan returns for a stay that will extend through New Year's eve.

June Christy makes it to Mister Kelly's on Oct. 18 for two weeks. Sylvia Syms is set for Kelly's Nov. 18 for three weeks. Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo, naturally, are the Monday-Tuesday fixtures at Kelly's, with Marty Rubenstein's trio taking over the rest of the week . . . Ramsey Lewis' splendid trio and Pat Moran's able group are working overlapping five-night schedules at the Cloister . . . Johnnie Pat's trio, on a Friday-through-Tuesday schedule, and Frank D'Rone, on a Wednesday-through-Sunday shift, are filling the SRO with palatable sounds. A group headed by Cy Touff and Sandy Monne may be booked in the SRO's Wednesday-Thursday slot . . . Billy Taylor's excellent trio, on a cross-country tour, will stop off at the Sutherland lounge for a stay beginning Oct. 30 . . . Dinah Washington's blues are filling Robert's these evenings. Bill Doggett and company inherit the Robert's throne Oct. 30 for one week.

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television show booking Oct. 27 . . . Gene Esposito's trio, with singer Lee Loving, is at the Laurel on north Broadway on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Don Clark has replaced Bill Gaeto on drums with the Esposito group . . . Bill Wallace's quartet has restored the jazz-in-the-afternoon policy at Easy Street on Sundays. The 4 to 8 p.m. concerts feature Wallace, piano; Frank Strozzer, alto; Bill Lee, bass, and Paul Gussman, drums. There's no admission charge. Eddie Baker continues at the Easy Street piano on Monday and Tuesday, with Bill Huff taking over the other five nights.

**PERMANENT RESIDENTS:** The Dixieland sounds at the Red Arrow continue to be invigorating. Celebrating the release of their recent Replica LP are Franz Jackson, clarinet; Bob Shoffner, trumpet; Al Wynn, trombone; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums; Lawrence Dixon, banjo, and Ralph Tervalon, piano . . . Also in the Dixieland picture is the spirited group at Jazz, Ltd., where Ruth and Bill Reinhardt rule the roost successfully . . . The 1111 club Dixieland contingent, minus Georg Brunis, continues to exploit the Storyville heritage.

**ADDED NOTES:** Tony Martin is capturing the hearts of doting females at the Chez Paree. He'll be at the Chez until Oct. 24, when the indestructible Sophie Tucker returns. Jerry Lewis is set for a return bout with Chez audiences beginning Dec. 3 . . . Frances Faye is winding up her Black Orchid booking. Robert Clary has been signed for a Nov. 12 to Dec. 2 stay at the Orchid, and singer Johnny Mathis and philosopher Irwin Corey open Dec. 3 . . . Dorothy Shay is at the Empire room of the Palmer House. Evelyn Knight and Johnny Puleo and the Harmonica Rascals open at the Empire room Oct. 31 for four weeks . . . Calypso continues to rule at the Blue Angel, with guitars, singers, and navels on display . . . Folk songs of many lands continue to draw Gate of Horn audiences.

**Hollywood**

**JAZZNOTES:** Sonny Rollins is reportedly seeking James Clay, the young Texas tenor man who had been working with Red Mitchell here earlier this year. Rollins wants Clay for his newly organized group . . . Dan Grissom, vocalist with the great Jimmie Lunceford band of yore and now working in a Hollywood delicatessen, will be back in the limelight when Capitol's Billy May-Lunceford album is released . . . Carleton McBeath, lead trumpet with many name bands, is recovering from a face gash suffered when he tripped and fell onto a glass-topped table while playing with the Jimmy Dorsey (Lee Castle) band at the Hollywood Palladium . . . Pianist Joe Albany moved back to Dana Point's Galleon room, playing Sunday afternoon sessions with a group including Warne Marsh, tenor; Bob Whitlock, bass, and Red Martinson, drums . . . Chet Baker, currently out of state at an undisclosed location, marked his fifth year with World Pacific Records (Pacific Jazz) by signing another exclusive pact.

**ADDED NOTES:** Art DePew, lead and jazz trumpeter for many years with top bands, is now a permanent

bandsman with Lawrence Welk . . . Buddy DeFranco's Mode date was scotched by his unexpired Verve pact. The clarinetist will do a final album (big band, strings, vibes, etc.) for Norman Granz before he's free . . . Alaska disc jockey Gary Groom has booked the Bud Shank quartet for two concerts in our northern icebox. It will be the first time that modern jazz will wail on that north coast . . . San Franciscan Carla Borg has written a three-movement work for the Paul Bley quartet which was debuted at an open-air mountain concert . . . Pete Rugolo annotated the Hal Keller trio's initial LP for Sand Records and wrote that it marks the label's "primary step into the modern jazz field."

**NITERY NOTES:** While the rest of the local jazz rooms were crying for a transfusion, last month the Crescendo looked as if it were bidding to corner the market with a bill comprising the Jimmy Giuffre 3, the Shelly Manne combo, the Dave Pell octet, and comic Mort Sahl. Can you top that? . . . The very swinging Terry Gibbs quartet continued without letup at the Peacock Lane, with no end in sight . . . Upcoming attractions at the Digger: the John Graas quintet, Oct. 18-19 and the Jimmy Rowles group, Oct. 25-26. Monday is dark night at the spot . . . The Paul Bley quartet will be at the Hillcrest till the first of the year. The group now is working the Vancouver, B. C., Cellar for 10 days . . . Jess Stacy returned to the Open House on La Brea . . . Rose Marie and Dick Stabile broke in a new act at the Statler's Terrace room. The response was so favorable, they may keep it working.

**San Francisco**

Norma Teagarden is playing piano with Dick Oxtol's Polecats at Charlie Tye's in Oakland . . . Virgil Gonsalves' sextet worked a concert at the University of California College of Agriculture in Davis . . . Charles Ibanez, French pianist, went into the Jazz Workshop with a trio . . . The Master-sounds recorded their second Pacific Jazz LP and then switched clubs, opening Oct. 2 at the new Offbeat club . . . Barbara Dane and a group including Pops Foster, Bill Erickson, Don Ewell, Don Marshand, and Bob Mielke, completed a television short for Studio 16 called The Session . . . Buddy Collette canceled out of the Black Hawk . . . Bobby Troup in town for the Don Sherwood show canceled his Fack's II date for a European trip.

Ree Brunel returned to the hungry i in the vocal spot . . . Don Barksdale has reopened the Macumba and is bringing in Earl Grant on Oct. 25 . . . Clarinetist Clem Raymond has joined the band at Burp Hollow . . . Marty Marsala continues at the Tin Angel . . . Jimmy Lyons substituted for Earl Hines as the emcee of the remotes from the Hangover in October . . . Pianist Jerry Stanton now is playing the boats to Honolulu . . . Fantasy recorded Bill Harris in an LP with Jimmy Rowles, Ben Webster, Red Mitchell, Stan Levey, and Harry Edison . . . Bandleader Willie Bryant is now a platter spinner with KSAY.

—ralph j. gleason

**Cleveland**

Another club has changed policies. The Loop lounge, which for years has



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booked name jazz and r&b stars has  
changed to local talent and is lowering  
its prices. The managers hope to obtain  
**Johnny Smith**, popular local jazz or-  
ganist, who is appearing at Allen's  
tavern . . . **Sam Firsten**, owner of the  
Modern Jazz room has given the down-  
stairs room of the club to the Jazz Ohio  
club. The **Horace Silver** quintet ap-  
peared at the Modern Jazz room Sept.  
30 and was followed by **Maynard Fer-  
guson's** band. On Oct. 14, the **Bill Dog-  
gett** combo began a week and was suc-  
ceeded by the **Australian Jazz Quintet**.

Jazz at the Philharmonic appeared at  
the Music hall, and after the show,  
**Anita O'Day**, appearing at the Modern  
Jazz room that night, stepped aside to  
listen to **Lester Young** and **Sonny  
Stitt**, who each sat in for a set, much  
to everyone's enjoyment . . . **Ronnie  
Burrett**, local pianist and disc jockey,  
is appearing at Kornman's Back room,  
to be followed for two weeks by **Bar-  
bara Edwards**.

—jan frost

**Detroit**

Pianist **Harry Harria** took a band  
into Klein's Show bar for a week while  
tenor saxist **Yusef Lateef** and his  
group returned to New York for an-  
other recording session . . . Drummer  
**Frank Gant** has joined **Sonny Rollins'**  
new group . . . The **Johnny Costa** trio  
is current at Baker's Keyboard lounge  
. . . A new vocal group, the **Signa-  
tures**, are at the Crest lounge . . . Gui-  
tarist **Kenny Burrell** did a week at the  
Rouge lounge . . . **James Moody** has  
the gig at the Frolic Show bar. The  
**Ira Jackson** quintet was featured in a  
recent concert at Wayne State uni-  
versity. The personnel of the group is  
**Jackson**, alto; **Johnny Griffith**, piano;  
**Rudy Tuche**, drums; **Donald Walden**,  
tenor, and **Will Austin**, bass.

—donald r. stone

**St. Louis**

Vocal schoolmates **June Christy** and  
**Chris Connor** were in town at the same  
time. June's engagement marked the  
Christy-ening of a new downtown sup-  
per club, the **Black Angus**, while **Chris**  
was at **Peacock Alley** . . . The same  
week found **Gene Krupa** at **Molina's**  
and **Jazz** at the Philharmonic making  
its annual stop . . . **Oscar Peterson's**  
trio moved into **Peacock Alley** on Oct.  
18 for eight days. **Stan Getz** and later  
**Chico Hamilton** are to follow . . . The  
**Club Riviera** will have **Duke Ellington**  
for a Thanksgiving one niter . . . After  
returning from Chicago where he cut  
an LP with **Shelly Manne** and **Monte  
Budwig**, **Tommy Wolf** opened at the  
**Gourmet** room of the **Park Plaza** hotel.

—ken meier

**Cincinnati**

**Billy Willis** and the **Four Sounds**  
headlined a recent show at the Nine-  
teenth Hole cafe . . . **Ted Heath**, **Carmen  
McRae**, and the **Hi-Lo's** are pen-  
ciled in for two concerts Oct. 27 . . .  
**Castle Farm** returns to the big-name  
band fold when **Stan Kenton** and crew  
play a one-niter there Nov. 23 . . . Sing-  
er **Gene Austin** was in town promoting  
his new **Fraternity** album . . . A newly  
remodeled **Jazz, Inc.**, is swinging with  
**Popeye Maupin's** quartet. Featured are  
**Curtis Pigler**, alto, **Burgy Denning**,  
bass, and **Paul Marshall**, piano.

—dick schaefer



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# Down Beat's 21st Annual Music Poll

## All-Star Band

Trumpet.....

Trombone.....

Alto Sax.....

Tenor Sax.....

Baritone Sax.....

Clarinet.....

Piano.....

Guitar.....

Bass.....

Drums.....

Vibes.....

Accordion.....

Flute.....

Miscellaneous Instrument.....

Composer.....

### Poll Rules

Send only ONE ballot. All duplicate votes will be voided.

Every living artist is eligible. Do not vote for persons who are deceased except in the Music Hall of Fame, where you may name any artist, living or dead.

### The Music Hall of Fame

(Name the person who has contributed the most to music in the 20th century. Five previous winners, Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, and Duke Ellington not eligible.)

\_\_\_\_\_

## Favorites of the Year

Jazz Band.....

Dance Band.....

Instrumental Combo.....  
(3 to 8 pieces)

Male Singer.....

Female Singer.....

Vocal Group.....

## Personalities of the Year

(Name the person in each category—can be group, singer, leader, or instrumentalist—who showed the most consistently high level of performance during 1957.)

Popular.....

Jazz.....

Rhythm and Blues.....

Mail ballot to: Poll Editor, *Down Beat*, 2001 Calumet Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Deadline, Nov. 15, 1957.

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