

# Recordings Reports: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
New Orleans Jamboree: Paul Barbarin and his New Orleans Jazz Band. Jazztone Society J-1205, \$3.98.	A fine example of contemporary New Orleans jazz made early last winter when Barbarin's band (D. Barker, B. Thomas, P. Brunious, W. Humphreys, L. Santiago) was up from New Orleans and at Childs Paramount on Broadway. Barbarin, one of the few genuine New Orleans drummers left (silken press rolls, few cymbals, a heavy, granitic beat) leads his band masterfully through the ten old standards, providing a propulsion that lifts some of the ensembles (which are better than the solos) right into the air.
Paul Barbarin and his New Orleans Jazz. Atlantic 1215, \$4.85.	More of the same made at the same time but with the musicians attacking their materials with a touch more gusto. The addition of Milt Hinton, the bassist, might have had something to do with it. Eight standards and one original, by Barbarin.
Holiday in Braff. Bethlehem BCP-1032, \$3.85.	Ruby Braff, the young, diminutive trumpeter from Boston, plays his horn with an authority, heart, and stylistic approach reminiscent of the Olympian statements of Armstrong c. 1931-33. One wishes, however, that Braff were a little <i>less</i> assured and that his improvisations were more flexible rather than being so close to stately embellishments. He is surrounded here by a ten-piece group (numbering E. Larkins, W. Page, Bob Wilber, and H. Schertzer), which, because of the Goodmanish arrangements of Wilber, never quite allows Braff enough time for getting up more than one flight of stairs. Seven standards and one original.
Kenny Clarke and Ernie Wilkins. Savoy MG 12007, \$4.85.	A pleasant, workmanlike date that is notable for the insistent inner swing of its solos and ensembles as well as for an intriguing drum solo by Kenny Clarke based on the rhythms of Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time." Also on hand are Ernie Wilkins, E. Bert, C. Payne, G. Barrow, Hank Jones, and W. Marshall. Ozzie Cadena and Wilkins divided the six originals.
King Cole Trio: Instrumental Classics. Capitol T 592, \$3.98.	Twelve reissues of some of the still-crystalline instrumentals made by Nat Cole in the mid-Forties in company with, at various times, Oscar Moore, Irving Ashby, Johnny Miller, and Joe Comfort. The album is a reminder that Cole, who is now famous principally for his creamy vocals, is, or rather was, one of the great jazz pianists.
Jazz at the Metropole. Vol. 1. Bethlehem BCP-21, \$4.85.	An on-the-spot recording made recently at the Metropole Cafe on Seventh Avenue in New York that is, at best, a deafening caricature of the music its proponents (Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, C. Shavers, C. Cole, and Eddie Barefield are some) used to make fifteen years ago. The few worthwhile moments are provided by Milt Hinton, who takes a slap-bass solo that would make Wellman Braud's eyes shine with appreciation, and the impressive modern trombone of Frank Rehak. JATP, in comparison, is a thing of beauty.
Jazz West Coast: An Anthology of California Music. Pacific Jazz JWC-500, \$3.98.	A collection of fourteen sides taken from the files of Pacific Jazz and issued as documentary accompaniment to William Claxton's recent and excellent book of photographs. Four of the selections are previously unissued, nine are alternate masters of earlier issues, and one is a repeat master. A valuable revelation of what is good (facility, experimentation) and bad (preciousness, intellectualization) in modern West Coast jazz. On hand are, among others, S. Rogers, J. Guiffre, S. Manne, B. Gordon, B. Shank, G. Mulligan, C. Baker, and C. Hamilton.
Happy Minors: Red Mitchell, Bobby Brookmeyer and Zoot Sims. Bethlehem BCP-1033, \$3.85.	A pleasant, inconsequential date built around the talents of twenty-seven-year-old bassist Red Mitchell, who plays with a big tone and trenchant ideas that are marred, at times, by rough dynamics and a leaning toward too many long notes. Mitchell is ably accompanied on the five standards and two originals by B. Brookmeyer, Z. Sims, C. Candoli, C. Williamson, and S. Levey.
Sam Most Sextet. Bethlehem BCP-18, \$4.85.	Clarinetist-flutist Most in a torpid parlor session that is, if anything, inferior to the recent Vanguard date made with most of the same personnel (M. Flax, B. Galbraith, B. Triglia, O. Pettiford, B. Jones, B. Donaldson, O. Johnson). The ten standards were arranged by Ronnie Woellmer, whose work, astonishingly, is praised in the notes as having "a welcome paucity of funkiness"—in this defunked age of jazz!
Red Norvo and his All Stars. Epic LG 3128, \$3.95.	Red Norvo, who is one of the handful of timeless, consummate jazzmen, in a set of twelve reissues made on Columbia and Brunswick between 1933-35, when emotion and lyricism, in jazz at least, were cheap and sweet. The personnels of the four different groups (a trio, quartet, and two octets) include Chu Berry, Berigan, Shaw, Krupa, J. Dorsey, Barnett, Wilson, and B.G. Listen to the trio and quartet, on one of which Goodman plays bass clarinet, where Norvo, who was on marimba and xylophone at the time, the experimenter, was already afoot.
Red Norvo Trio. Fantasy 4-19, \$4.85.	Norvo again, but with a recent trio (including Jimmy Raney and Red Mitchell) that is about as fluid and interdependent a group as one can find in jazz today. Some of the rougher fibre in his earlier trios (with Mingus and Farlow) is rolled under by an overly svelte approach. Five standards and three originals.
Jazz & Romantic Places: Dave Pell Octet. Atlantic 1216, \$4.85.	The Dave Pell Octet, in its occasional records in the past few years, has grown, through the hands of its principal arrangers West Hensel, J. Handel, and S. Rogers, into an expert instrument for dispensing all that is hollow and glib in West Coast modern jazz. The twelve standards are performed here (with an almost Mickey Mouse brightness) by Pell, B. Gordon, D. Fagerquist, R. Sims, Donn Trenner, T. Rizzi, B. Clark, and Bill Richmond.
Barrelhouse and Blues: Sam Price and His Kaycee Stompers. Jazztone Society J-1207, \$3.85.	Sam Price, who is now forty-seven years old, has been playing great blues piano for thirty years. He is <i>hotly</i> abetted here by Jonah Jones, Vic Dickenson, Pete Brown, Milt Hinton, and Cozy Cole, all of whom combine to produce one of those O-lost-and-by-the-wind-grieved sessions that one could find any Sunday afternoon at Jimmy Ryan's in New York in 1941. The title is slightly misleading, as none of the participants is directly in the Kansas City tradition, with the possible exception of the leader.
The Swinging Mr. Rogers: Shorty Rogers and his Giants. Atlantic 1212, \$4.85.	An exciting and, in many ways, perfect jazz record that has none of Rogers' recent tendency toward kisses-in-the-breeze jazz, and that is by all odds his best date yet. The group, which has been working together for almost a year—and shows it beautifully in its Swiss-watch interplay—includes Pete Jolly, Curtis Counce, Shelley Manne, and Jimmy Guiffre. All are in superb form, with Jolly, a two-handed, many-noted pianist, especially striking. Six originals and two standards.



## The \$64,000 Answer

**T**HEY tell the story of George Jessel's once passing a funeral home where a celebrity lay in state and the crowd waiting to file by for a last glimpse was four-deep. "You see," said the veteran showman, "you give the people what they want and they'll come."

Television, with most of its programs lying in state these hot months, and enjoying its worst summer slough since somebody invented a way to make a piece of living-room furniture light up, has also discovered something the people want.

Money!

"The \$64,000 Question," a program on which a contestant, by correctly answering a few questions, can win \$8,000 or \$16,000 or \$32,000 or \$64,000, depending on how far he wants to go, has in one month, heat or no heat, become the top-rated TV program in the nation. Money, it seems, has no season. Its popularity is common east or west of the Rockies. The greed for it is universal north or south of Mason-Dixon-Yates line.

We have come a long way since the days when Phil Baker, his accordion strapped about him, would say to a contestant, "You now have thirty-two dollars, do you want to try the sixty-four-dollar question? You can take it or leave it." And when the contestant took a deep breath and muttered he might as well try for the sixty-four dollars our little radio shook with the bravos of the studio audience mingled with a few ominous you'll-be-sorries. Tensely we leaned forward to hear the contestant's reply to the sixty-four-dollar question.

"You uh—you go on the—I mean you go on the green light—and you stop on the red light."

"Right with Eversharp!" shrieked Mr. Baker. "You now have sixty-four dollars."

The deafening roar that went up when the audience realized the extent of the fortune the contestant had amassed echoed from coast to coast. We could hardly hear the short interview which always followed where the lucky *nouveaux riches* told what universities they were going to endow with the money they had just won.

Well, that was a long time ago—seems like thousands of dollars ago. That little radio program has long since gone by the boards. It wasn't that money went out of style. It was

just that sixty-four dollars went out of style. Man cannot live by sixty-four dollars alone, so they began devising programs where the giveaway became hundreds of dollars—and some hardy producers ventured several thousand.

But it remained for Louis G. Cowan, producer of this one, to try to entertain people with sixty-four thousand. The show is already number one, so he's on the right track. Mr. Cowan is also the producer of another show—a wonderful show called "Conversation," on which four or five brilliant people sit around and talk entertainingly on engrossing subjects. "Conversation" will never be the number one show. Because nothing talks like money. Except Groucho, and I'll still take "You Bet Your Life" any time.

However, Mr. Cowan may have done television a great service, especially since it has become a pattern among producers to duplicate successful formulas in other shows. I know one place on TV where the \$64,000 formula might have helped a lot. That was the Sunday evening NBC televised a program called "The Geneva Summit Meeting." I was shocked to read that it garnered the lowest rating ever recorded by an hour television show. By carrying forward the \$64,000 formula to its highest common denominator the show could have been played something like this:

"All right, Mr. Molotov, you now have Western Germany. Do you want to try for Northern Italy?"

And so on to the big question: "And now, Mr. Molotov, do you want to try for Texas?"

I have a trick question for that one. Ask him to name five famous inventors who were not Russian. If he names them and he takes Texas where is he going to take it? Not back home.

To add insult to ignominy, the Geneva Summit Meeting program was outrated twenty to one by its competition that night on the ABC network—"Disneyland." And "Disneyland" is not even a member of the United Nations. But it's a young country. In the years to come when Disneyland is torn by strife and separated into Eastern Disneyland and Western Disneyland and the problem on the program becomes the unification of Disneyland will it still be as popular? That is a moot \$64,000,000,000 question.

—GOODMAN ACE

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