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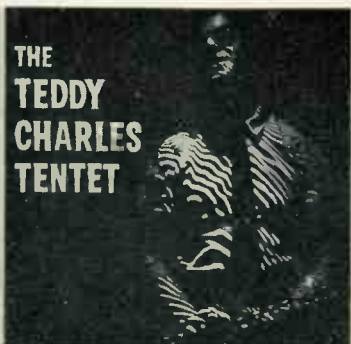
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## BRINGING UP AN ISSUE

At the bottom of this column you can see a reasonable facsimile of the Art Directors' Club Medal, the Oscar of the field, given each year to the most outstanding commercial artist, outstanding in terms of design, packaging, etc. This year there were 50,000 entries, many of them from the biggest advertising agencies in the country. Out of that number 300 are chosen for the show at the Waldorf-Astoria and for the State Department sponsored traveling show that goes to Europe and Asia.

We're especially happy this year, both because of association and friendship, that Burt Goldblatt walked away with this coveted Oscar in such a crowded field and then capped that performance by having four of his entries accepted for showing in the ultra-selective exhibit. Readers may be interested to know the prize drawing was of Bud Freeman (in saxophones, you may remember) for a Bethlehem cover. His other three entries in the show included the Storyville ad that Burt executed for the Newport Jazz Festival program, the Jerri Winters album cover for Fraternity and the Conte Candoli LP for Bethlehem.

Also new this month are: 1) the ballot for the second-half of the All Star Poll on page 26 of this issue; particularly apt during this time when the first-half winners are being recorded by Clef records on two 12-inch LP's; 2) the beginning of a many-part survey on the music business, the battle lines drawn this month; 3) the start of a new instrument series—this on the trumpet by Don Ferrara; and, 4) part one of an unusual autobiography by an unusual disc jockey, Willis Conover. Next month: more music business and a look at music festivals.





# Simon Says...

*Random Thoughts While Preparing a Column at 6:45 on a Beautiful Spring Morning in the Country:*

What a frightful experience that must have been for Nat Cole down in Birmingham, Alabama, when those hoods attacked him on the stage! They couldn't have picked a nicer, gentler, politer, more decent man. And what good taste and intelligence Nat showed, the way he handled himself during and after the incident. He certainly showed up his attackers and their ilk.

What a bad shot in the eye the whole thing was for America! Touring with Nat was Ted Heath's band. I've no idea what sort of an impression Ted and his musicians have of America by now, but it seems perfectly obvious that the Birmingham incident is bound to influence their opinions of what sort of people we are. When they return to England and relate to their countrymen what they saw and what happened over here, I hope they'll realize that what happened to Nat is by no means typical of Americans—though, I guess we can never expect any sort of complete respect in other parts of the world until this racial situation is straightened out.

How ironic that just at the time of the Cole incident, the Mayor of Birmingham, Alabama, was welcoming the Mayor of Birmingham, England, to his southern city! Wonder what the Mayor of Birmingham, England, is going to tell his people.

More distressing news in the papers along about the same time. A few jazz musicians who don't know how to behave get picked up in raids by the police. Two of them come from a top name band. They're both trumpeters. A few days later a national gossip columnist reports that a name bandleader knocked out the teeth of a couple of his musicians because they were arrested in a dope raid. And, according to the column, the leader paid their dentist bills. I can just see that, can't you. A bandleader going up to his musicians and saying, "Aha, they caught you, huh?" Whammo!—and he lets 'em have it right where he knows it'll likely ruin their careers as musicians and members of his band. Sorry, I can't quite believe it happened that way. It doesn't make sense.

As for those musicians, what they've been doing doesn't make any more sense. But I'm not going to start moralizing this early in the morning. This is a problem that doesn't seem to be any nearer solution now than it was last year or the year before, for the simple reason that nobody's doing anything about it. Musicians who use dope are doing to jazz just what those hoods in Alabama are doing to America. They're getting their kicks at the expense of others, the "others" this time being the rest of the jazz musicians.

Maybe the new TV show that Woody Herman is reported to be getting will help a bit to set the average jazz musician in his proper light. Woody has always been a man of fine taste and a good deal of integrity. I've always shuddered in the past when I've read about this and that

*(Continued on page 41)*

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A pleasant memory of Newport and the Jazz Festival—this unidentified young Miss, oblivious to the gadding grown-ups, milling about at last year's event, intent upon the official program. This year's Festival, again at Newport, will run from July 5th through July 7th.

## The Round Table

We were sitting in Basin Street recently in happy company. Shelly Manne and Company had come to New York and filled us with West Coast information. Teddy Charles discussed his plans for a personal Summer festival. Someone contributed the information that Bethlehem was going to make a 2 1/2" *Porgy and Bess* with Mel Torme and Frances Faye singing the title roles. Russ Freeman told us that Pacific Jazz will soon issue an album by the late Dick Twardzik.

Stan Getz, fresh from an excellent set, dropped by to talk about his recent trips, particularly of having run into an MGM location party in East Africa which was auditioning native dancers

and drummers. According to Stan, the drummers would play for nearly an hour without stopping. Consequently, the casting department made up its mind pretty early in the auditioning. Shelly asked Stan whether he had blown with the drummers, but Stan allowed as how he hadn't brought his axe.

And, in the middle of all this, we discovered that we had erred in following the rumor that the Manne-Freeman Contemporary album had been edited to such excellence. "No," said Manne and Freeman in close harmony.

Speaking of goofs—we made another in *THE YEARBOOK*. Percy Bryce, not Charlie Smith, should be listed in the personnel of the Billy Taylor Trio in this year's discography.

The pictures at the left are of nine musician-members of the club which has 250 members, a club house that's open from three to ten each day including a record library and high-fidelity set. More about the club next month, but for now here are the names of the musicians. Top: Pianist Raul Renan, tenorist Tata Palan (both excellent according to Jack), trumpeter R. Velasquez, trombonist Pucho Escalante (also excellent—also arranges and composes), bassist Hans Honig and bassist George Lister. Bottom: Tata again, trombonist Leopoldo Escalante, pianist Charlie Nagy and drummer Alfonso Contramaestre.



## Senor Jack

Jack Braunstein, that is, walked into our office last month to announce the existence of a swinging jazz club in Caracas, Venezuela and an excellent idea for our co-sponsorship of a plan to bring responsible jazz musicians to Caracas to blow and exchange ideas with the score of musicians now functioning within the club; the first musician, John LaPorta, to make his trip in July. Actually we'll do the picking, and we'll do our utmost to be as catholic in our choice as is possible, but if you're interested and not called, please get in touch with us. Qualifications are the obvious ones, including that nebulous thing, responsibility. There is no money involved—just expenses—but it seems to us to be an excellent deal for everyone involved.

## On the Record

Several artists have complained to us recently about the fact that many record companies have been specific in asking for sex-emphasis on album cover work. Aside from normal morality, which is not our specific aim here, these companies are doing jazz no good by these requests. Obviously executives are interested in selling records, but they must have more responsibility to jazz and its artists than to so underrate jazz and its progress that they must cheapen it by such obvious allusions. It's just another kind of Tom-ing regardless of color, and a little imagination and hard work will certainly do more than this kind of flippant, sick eroticism for sales. On our part, we will meet each such cover with personnel comments which will not be meant to be taken gracefully—about as much as we can do to fight this kind of prostitution.—B.C.



# DATELINE USA

## BURT KORALL'S

### BACKGROUND MUSIC

An awareness of his own needs, a desire for growth, and knowledge of appropriate paths to follow form the basic structure of the musical life of Bobby Scott. Though security is ephemeral at best in our business, Bobby is currently leveling his sights on the creation of a well-balanced life that can fully indulge his ambition. The idea of putting all the proverbial eggs in one basket has been scrapped for an ever expanding appliance of his talent to newer forms of creativity.



Bobby

Rather than being completely categorized or identified exclusively with jazz, Bobby has taken the first step in his plan for growth by entering the "pop" singing field. It has been a memorable step, because his first vocal release for ABC-Paramount has recently passed the half million mark: *Chain Gang*. An album of interesting material is in the works, as well as further single recordings that should serve to further interest an audience that previously was not aware of the existence of this young artist. With implicit faith in A&R man-arranger, Don Costa, Bobby believes that his new career will be kept clear of commercial condescensions, and continue to be handled with the taste Don has come to be identified with. This would seem indicative in Bobby's new release *I've Got a Lover* which swings like a hammock. The Scott voice is distinctively different, and could easily be applied in varying contexts, but is most vibrant on tunes of wailing character such as the latter.

This is just a beginning for this energetic guy whose inclinations run to compositions of serious music, music for Broadway shows, and of course, for his first love, jazz. Plans on large scale for writing are also in the offing. Bobby hopes to be able to devote a couple months a year to writing when his situation is solidified. More immediate is preparation for a proposed jazz record date for ABC-

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Paramount that will include five horns, three strings, two rhythm and four voices. Bobby hopes for something quite stimulating to come out of this date.

Having been primarily associated with the piano in the past, I was curious as to whether he would continue to work jazz rooms as a pianist. This was answered in the affirmative, while pointing out that continued utilization of all his resources would bring wider audience recognition to each individual enterprise. As our lengthy talk progressed, I became more and more convinced that this guy knows just where he wants to go, and what bus to take to get there.

Always in any interview there is one segment of the conversation that makes the deepest impression, and Bobby's discussion of the artist's relation to his audience seemed most significant. He betrayed a high degree of insight concerning this vital relationship. There was a forthright insistence on his part that there be a closer adherence to the wants and desires of an audience without any sacrifice in the area of creativity, a gearing of each presentation relative to individual audience situations. During this interchange, I strongly injected that I couldn't possibly subscribe to any vital changes on the part of the jazz artist, except where it pertained to behavior with said audience. Well, it seemed he had been concerned with the same thing, the utter disregard of many jazz players and groups for projection of a warmth and friendliness to the listeners that have paid to hear them. He very adequately explained that within his own experience he had found that if the artist can make contact on a human plane, the listeners are much more likely to take a more profound interest in that artist's music.

My notes reveal frequent mention of Gene Krupa: "A wonderful guy to work for, a real craftsman on his instrument" . . . Pres . . . "Beautiful, that's all" . . . Peterson . . . "A guy with great technique, a great sense of projection, and unusual warmth" . . . Frank Sinatra . . . "The greatest performer of our time" . . . Bird . . . "Most profound influence on jazz since Louis Armstrong" . . .

This is Bobby Scott, and a few of his thoughts, hopes and plans. He is a musical figure we will follow with interest, for his future looks very promising from this vantage point.

\* \* \*

**ONE FOR KENNY:** Ken Karpe (an old personal friend) produced his first jazz concert at Town Hall recently . . . It had some compelling moments. Mercury recording artist, Morgana King sang exceedingly well, and impressed with an ability to make her voice a colorful jazz instrument. Her style is shaded toward intimacy . . . A good bet for an intimate jazz room. Thelonius Monk and his trio (Shadow Wilson, drums and Oscar Pettiford, bass) proved provocative. Monk was especially sensitively articulate while bringing new beauty to his own *Round About Midnight* . . . The Art Farmer-Gigi Gryce Quintet were the most swinging this night with Art and pianist Duke Jordan literally sparkling. Oscar Pettiford and his large orchestra featured an unusual instrumentation—two trumpets, one trombone, two french horns, three reeds, and four rhythm, some fair to middling scores, but seemed to suffer from insufficient rehearsal time. With further preparation, this band could be quite interesting. Trombonist Jimmy Cleveland and Oscar figured as most fruitful soloists in the large band segments of the program.

The program tended to be too long, and in the closing portions the effectiveness of the music reached the points of diminishing returns.

**Burt Korall**

**METRONOME**



## Letters To The Editor



### METRONOME YEARBOOK

Just finished JAZZ 1956. I really got a big bang out of it. Thought you all did a wonderful job and I want to be among the first to congratulate you and your staff. The articles are especially well written and the pictures are *very* arty and so full of expression, like a modern artist might see a jazz man. That man Burt really took some down flies, congratulations to him also. The poetry was very moony, in fact the best ever. Keep up the good work. Hoping to hear from METRONOME Records again soon. Seems like several years have passed without our annual record. Thanks again for the magnificent yearbook.

David Wisdom

Nashville, Tenn.

### THAT GREEN LIGHT

I have just finished reading (with a great deal of suppressed disgust) the "comments" of one G. J., in the April, 1956 issue of METRONOME. If I may, in his vernacular, a memo to the same.

Dig jack, you probably consider yourself a real hip individual a breeze of the coolest kind, etc. To me though, you sound like one of the biggest squares I've dug in many a moon. Man, if you'd come from behind those fog-tinted lenses of yours, you'd pick up on the fact that there are far too many decent things happening in jazz for narrow-mindedness of the sort you're screaming about. The only deceit being done is to yourself. Look friend, SOUL knows no color line, and no matter what you, or others like you, colored or white, may cry, that same soul is what makes up at least half of jazz expression. True maybe, years ago no one white took up jazz as far as execution was concerned, but they were in the audiences of dingy clubs and cellars where it was being played, and it was reaching them. Where? Down in the soul. Remember, jazz was born to the Negro in the respect that, the white man who cared to venture into that shaky, low, uncultured form called jazz, had to break bonds with society, become a sort of outcast until the music was accepted. It seems to me a certain amount of courage was involved, and I give credit where it is due.


Today chief, things have taken a definite turn for the better, but it has been a combined effort. It's a stone drag listening to you say that no Caucasian can play jazz, that it sickens you to hear one referred to as a jazz artist. I wish you'd puke and clear your system. I myself don't hold Brubeck and Baker in such high regard either, but for some down to earth wailing I wish you could have been at a recent concert during which Tony Scott expounded on some blues thru his horn. For example tho', listen to Pete Jolly's sayings on the Shorty Rogers and Giants LP. To Red Mitchell behind Hamp Hawes, and also behind Shank and Perkins. Just as an oh so small starter. Time and space limits me going on further, but don't for a minute think I'm knocking Negro musicians. I'm a Negro myself. Besides anyone will tell you the biggest giant in jazz in this era was Bird.

To you the editors of METRONOME, keep up your fine work. We've had our differences of course, but on the whole your has been a job well done.

Albert H. Green

Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued on page 38)

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## Teen-Age Jazz Club Swings

**B**oston's Teenage Jazz Club has recently completed another successful and encouraging year. Under the capable and devoted guidance of John McLellan, WHDH announcer, the club has grown to a stature that is amazing in this day of rock and roll.

The organization offers jazz to those youthful jazz enthusiasts whose ages would ordinarily make it difficult, if not impossible, for them to visit well known jazz spots. Total membership now tops the six hundred mark with new members being added at every session.

Regular monthly meetings take place at George Wein's Storyville which is donated for the afternoon. An eighty cents admission charge covers the cost of dues and regular monthly mailings. The Boston local of the Musicians' Union allows the artists to contribute their services for the teenagers.

A seventeen-year-old girl, Stephani Saltman, president of the club, has been tremendously instrumental in the rise of its popularity. She has continued to work very hard on this idea of the Teenage Jazz Club by devoting herself to planning activities and publicity and handling much of the secretarial work.

At the March meeting, the first edition of the club newspaper appeared.

This is a four page neatly planned monthly publication with quite a bit of interesting material. Miss Saltman's column starts with a paragraph that expresses the part of the teenager in modern trends of music.

"Little has been said in jazz circles about the teenager's place in jazz. Perhaps we have been overlooked because we cannot haunt the clubs where most jazzmen work. Lately, however, concerts and records have become an important source of income for the jazzmen. Who attends the concerts? Who buys most of the records? Teenagers. Therefore, one can easily see that we are playing an important part in furthering jazz."

It is interesting to note John McLellan's position in the club during its currently active season. John, as advisor, guides without interfering with the organization. Through the powerful Boston independent, WHDH, John has made New England jazz fans well aware of the Teenage Jazz Club via his Saturday evening broadcasts from *The Top Shelf*. Ray Santisi of the Stables lines up the teenage talent that often performs at the monthly meetings. Much work has been done to foster talent under the sponsorship of the club.

The March meeting which I attended offered music, jazz history and door prizes. At 3:30, a professional group of Boston musicians featuring the trombone section from the Stables big band swung the meeting underway. Fr. Norman O'Connor presented another of his regular commentaries on the development of jazz, highlighting such interesting figures as Charles "Buddy" Bolden, Ferdinand la Menthe and "King" Oliver.

Fr. O'Connor made an excellent attempt to explain the problems often encountered by musicians and the unusual and unfortunate ways that they often employ to answer the demands of their profession. Perhaps the key to his interesting study of this problem in sociology was best expressed in this one sentence from his well received comments. "Once they (musicians who have risen to the status of stars) get to be subject of great adulation they are expected to live up to their reputations up to the hilt."

Boots Mussulli's quintet took over and presented the brilliant young Toshiko for the teenage audience. Max Roach and Clifford Brown, the headliners for that week at Storyville, rounded out the much appreciated bill.

As Summer vacations approach, the Teenage Jazz Club of Boston rounds out two years of operation. The enthusiasm for jazz evidenced by its members, promises many more years of capacity box offices for jazz presentations.

Paul Coss

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## IN PERSON

**T**he Columbia University orchestra is certainly not a group of professional musicians, but conductor Howard Shanet manages to attract enthusiastic audiences by programming compositions that are of extraordinary interest. This was certainly true of the concert in MacMillan Theater, April 21st, for — in addition to an opera based on Chinese themes, a neglected *Phantasie* by Schumann, and a set of forgotten minuets by Mozart — the orchestra presented the first performance of a work for jazz quintet and orchestra by Teo Macero, called *Fusion*.

Teo himself led the Experimental Jazz Quintet, playing tenor sax. Don Butterfield on tuba, Lanny DiJay on accordion, and John Strangis and Ed Shaughnessy on bass and drums, respectively, completed the group. The work (like the Rolf Liebermann *Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra* — heard here last year) tried to retain the opportunities for improvisation found in a true jazz group, while combining it with the "classical style" music, written out, for an orchestra. Not content with that, Teo had to experiment with spacial arrangements and with

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voices—for the orchestra was placed on the stage, the quintet was in the right balcony, and a soprano and a baritone, Stephanie Godino and Ernest Anderson, were stationed in the left balcony.

The musical part of the work was pretty effective, but scattering the forces all over the auditorium, and then injecting the two singers, unaccompanied, in the middle of all this excitement, had pretty much the effect of throwing in the kitchen sink! It might have been much more effective if the quintet had been placed on the stage, and they had been allowed more opportunity for improvisation, instead of trying to treat the audience to one surprise after another.

Teo's piece began with a long, sustained theme for the unison strings, which gradually broke into parts. It then moved into the woodwind section, then to the brasses, and ended up with the percussion (including three tympanists—no less). At this point, the quintet entered in an up-beat rhythm, and, while the jazz-men improvised, the orchestra contributed some ineffective squeaks, squawks, and beeps.

After everyone had joined in, and it built up into one huge chord, the two singers entered all alone—out of the balcony—for a short section of quiet music. The orchestra joined in again, gradually, and the five members of the quintet entered one by one, in a moderately fast movement. This built up into an effective group of ending chords—which proved, if nothing else—that the orchestra could play louder than the quintet.

It was a great deal of fun, and everyone, including the instrumentalists, the singers, and the audience seemed to enjoy it a great deal. The main criticism that one might have is that neither group had a chance to really express itself. The orchestra was limited to playing chords and long sustained themes, while the quintet was never given the freedom to do any really effective improvising either—except for a few of the clever ideas that Don brought out on the tuba.

The piece was called *Fusion*, but the most outstanding feeling it created was that there was no "fusion" whatsoever. Each group had very cogent and interesting things to say, in its own way, but there seemed to be very little connection between the two. What the orchestra played had very little to do with the jazz sounds, and the improvising of the quintet contributed very little to what was going on in the orchestra. However, the whole thing was a very good idea—and I, for one, would like to see some more things done along this line.

The opera, *The Great Wall*, is by

JUNE, 1956

Aaron Avshalomov, who was born in Russia, and lived in China for quite a few years. The excerpts that were played lasted about an hour, and called for a full orchestra, a large chorus, and soloists. It was written in the mid-twenties and it shows reflections of Stavinsky, Bartok, and influences of Chinese traditional music. Some parts, such as the *Dance of the Tartars* and *Men Chiang's Lament* were quite interesting.

The Mozart minuets were very poorly played, but the real musical experience of the evening was encountered in

the violin solo work of Zvi Zeitlin, playing the Schumann *Phantasie for Violin and Orchestra*. It was his apparent devotion to his art, and the seemingly effortless ease with which he tossed off some very tricky passages, that reminded a person that the surest way to achieve real musical value is still through the long, hard method of spending hours of practice on one's chosen instrument or medium.

Dan Lehmann

(In Person continued on next page)

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## DUKE ELLINGTON Doylestown, Pa.

Doylestown, Pa., is a small town. The population doesn't go much over 5,000 and it certainly isn't the kind of location one would look for jazz of top stature. But because of the imagination of the Doylestown Kiwanis club led by one Louis Pearlman, Duke Ellington and his large band played two highly successful concerts there late in April.

Our thought has been that the future of jazz may lie in the concert halls and in the high schools and college auditoriums of the nation instead of night clubs, which in Philadelphia at least are always in the roughest of neighborhoods. The reaction of the mixed group of youngsters and family adults at the Ellington concerts was further evidence of this and of the importance of getting educators interested in legitimate jazz presentations.

Doylestown is far enough out from Philadelphia so that its youth are apparently not delinquency bent in the ways of much of the youth of our big cities today, which may in part account for the success of this venture. But probably the intelligent presentation of this concert helped to keep the audience in rapt and quiet attention and uproarious in conclusion of each number via applause. Ellington being a man of musical integrity would not stoop to playing Rock and Roll which seems to appeal to this generation's degenerate current musical taste—there was no need as the Ellington combine captured the audience en masse with their opening notes. True, to most of the youngsters, the journey into Ellingtonia was new and strange but their ears were open and

they listened to a variety of moods and they liked what they heard.

The Ellington orchestra is a collection of musical giants, many of them from the past, but all of them still extremely capable. While the concert did not present the *Liberian Suite* as advertised, it presented all of the soloists in a series of showcases. There were Ray Nance, Russel Procope and Quentin Jackson standing out in what must have been the millionth presentation of *Black and Tan Fantasy* there were Clark Terry's subtle trumpeting on the still appealing *Harlem Air Shaft*, Harry Carney able as ever on baritone, Jimmy Hamilton on a lengthy but interesting *Clarinet Melodrama* and Britt Woodman playing modern trombone on a new swinging original. Johnny Hodges is of course back with the band and a welcome return it is and the *Time* article which raved about Philadelphia drummer Sam Woodyard was right—he helps mightily. Vocalist Jimmy Grissom had a brief interlude singing to a marvelous band arrangement of *Day In Day Out* that bests any commercial ballad backing we have heard this year. And finally outshining even our favorite Terry was Cat Anderson of all hornmen! Our idea of Cat's ability was his ruining of *Happy Go Lucky Local* at past concerts we had attended in other locales—but instead Cat stole the show with a non-jazz presentation of the Spanish piece you've heard in so many dull movies about bull fighters—such power and tone that more than one listener awoke to the conclusion that this man is an unsung talent wasted on high squeaks—portraying this mood so well that one half expected the matadors and the bulls to enter at any moment.

There was of course the inevitable Ellington melody and here we were

rudely awakened to the fact that we are getting old—some of the kids didn't recognize the tunes—Duke played in his individual piano style which we've always liked although we'll leave others better versed in artistic analysis to say just how good a pianist this man is.

Although we have seen Duke Ellington's band many times during the past two decades it has been in schools that he has pleased us most. We were present at Rye High School on a furlough from the Army back in 1943 when he first thrilled us with *Black, Brown & Beige* in what was the first presentation of the number prior to the Carnegie Hall opening. 13 years later we find that seeing Ellington on stage is still a sensation—we hope he continues concertizing for another 13 at least.

Too much praise for a modern music magazine?—uh uh Ellington spans all the jazz ages.

Ed Mulford

## JAZZ

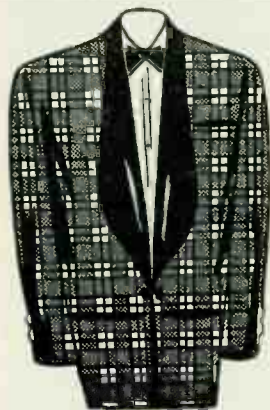
There is little, actually, to be said about M. Andre Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove Press) short of the simple imperatives: Buy it: Read it. It is indubitably the finest book ever written on jazz, as well as the most scholarly, in the wholly complimentary sense of that word.

M. Hodeir, concerning himself almost exclusively with the esthetics of jazz, does not attempt to give an orderly history of the subject—so many people already have—but does manage, in analyzing the evolution of the various elements that make up jazz, as well as jazz as a whole, to present, for the first time, I think, a wholly consistent interpretation of that history: without slighting any one style or trend, or favoring another, without glorious adjectives hailing the many "contributions" jazz has made, without ever suggesting that jazz can, all things considered, measure up to serious music.

In this interpretation, I feel lies the major contribution of his volume: a contribution so great that I can see no excuse on the part of anyone professing to be a jazz fan for not having read it. His final analysis of the essence of jazz is, in light of the delicacy of that subject, particularly masterful. Aside then, from one proof reader's error and one very minor oversight, I can make absolutely no criticism (in the popular sense of the word) of this book: quite to the contrary, I can only and in the loudest tones I know, laud it, praise it, and exhort everyone to read it.)

However, in pursuing his analysis

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and criteria to their extremes, M. Hodeir does come to *one* conclusion that rankles, a conclusion that I—subjectively—would perhaps rather not accept, or accept entirely in his terms. Before discussing it, albeit, I find a number of qualifications necessary.

The conclusion in question comes about as the logical extension of the operational criteria. M. Hodeir applies to his analysis of the evolution and essence of jazz: having accepted this foundation, all that follows seems to be inescapable—and I must emphasize that I do, most decidedly, accept that foundation: that I consider it perhaps the greatest single contribution made to jazz theory. (One of the more wonderful things about these criteria, by the way, is that they serve not only to separate jazz from all other music, but even and equally, good jazz from bad.) Still, inescapable or no, it rankles: but again let me emphasize that the following is more petty peevishness—the desire to both have and eat my cake—on my part, than serious critique: that if my opinions prove correct, they or that will not detract at all from either the validity of M. Hodeir's criteria by themselves, or of his book as a whole. Both those, as I have said, and will continue to say, are beyond criticism.

The conclusion to which M. Hodeir comes is quite simply that jazz and serious European music as we know it are irreconcilable, that the two *cannot* be combined. He leads up to this with an analysis of the major serious works to have utilized jazz elements (Stravinsky, Ravel, and Milhaud) and shows quite conclusively that none of these can be classified as jazz: that at best they make use of a few techniques also utilized by jazz—techniques, incidentally, not essential to jazz—but there the similarity ends. That's quite incontestable.

Having previously concluded—as have so many others—that jazz is not so much a form of music as a form of playing music, M. Hodeir follows that to:

An adaptation of the language of jazz to European music would be possible only under two conditions. First, the performer would have to be capable of playing the composer's rhythms with at least a certain amount of swing. Second, the composer would have to be acquainted with the performer's special sound effects and adapt his music to them, just as a playwright creates a role with a given actor in mind (?). But the absurdity of this double requirement is

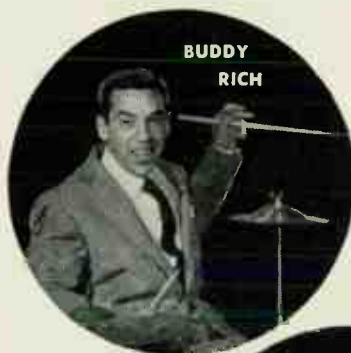
immediately apparent. What essential difference would remain between such "classical" music and a jazz composition? None at all. Such music would be jazz, and all the more authentically jazz because it would require real jazzmen to perform it.

Thus, any real exchange between European music and jazz is seen to be impossible . . .

This is quite logical also, but—  
In discussing swing, M. Hodeir comes across many musicians who don't have

it: he therefore concludes that swing is not something necessarily inherent in every individual, and therefore that it is present only in certain individuals. I've presented that ridiculous tautology here because it seems to me important: "not necessarily inherent in every individual" is surcharged with quite different implications from: 'present only in certain individuals.'" I tentatively put that forward as a means of leading Hodeir astray if it develops that he has gone astray at all.

(Continued on page 20)



BUDDY RICH



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## THE MUSIC BUSINESS: PART ONE

Last month, when we made our run from Chicago to New York to North Carolina and back to New York and a whole list of clubs and people, we ended up at the Hickory House listening to a young drummer by the name of Edmund Thigpen who plays at pianist Jutta Hipp. And that kind of musical egomania, coupled with the information picked-up in passing through those miles and persons, gave us sombre ideas.

Like *Chicken Little*, we were all set to devote an issue to screaming that the sky was falling, that the music business, despite its current prosperity, was teetering on the brink of disaster. Then a semblance of maturity and three pleasant occurrences took hold and gave us still another kind of idea—but, first, the pleasantries.

First a disc jockey on station WBT in Charlotte, North Carolina, born and raised in the South, decided that a radio station's position was one of service to a community and that part of that service was the freedom to report and analyze news. Consequently, he delivered a thoughtful many-minute speech during his program on April 11th, discussing the Nat Cole incident in Birmingham. As a jazz jockey, Bob Raiford has a natural affinity to all this, of course. But unlike many of us he has a modest, personal courage so that he chose dismissal from the station, which occurred that evening, rather than remain silent about his feelings and the feelings of certain Charlotte citizens which he presented via tape recordings.

Secondly, we met Raiford as a co-

judge (with Dan Terry as a third) at the University of North Carolina's Jazz Festival. Small groups from three of the big four colleges in North Carolina—the University of North Carolina, State and Duke (Wake Forrest had to cancel out at the last minute)—competed against each one another for attractive prizes.

Individually, there were several excellent musicians: Flip Latham, for example, is almost sure to develop into an excellent tenorman and pianist Ed Potter is a very provocative writer and player. As groups, however, there were several different failings mostly revolving around uneven rhythm sections, balance and intonation. The home-base University ran off with first prize finally with the most professional of all the groups—*The Quarter Notes* led by vibist Kenny Jolls and including guitarist Harrison Register, bassist J. Paul Scott and drummer Bob Hook (there's a picture of them on page 16). Any record company could record the group without the slightest hesitation. It goes without saying that this kind of campus concern with jazz played by collegians or near-collegians was a special kind of pleasure since it augurs so well for the future.

Thirdly, there's the matter of the kids pictured above, all from Farmingdale High School on Long Island, members of what is as far as we know the only big jazz band in any of the country's high schools. When their first LP comes out in the next month or so we'll have more to say about the band and its history but, for the present, there are

*The Farmingdale High School dance band: above are trumpeters John Titterton (16), Roderic Romero (13), Vincent Murano (13), Stephen Goetz (13); saxophonists Harriette De Groff (16), Robert Hopkin (16), Andrew Marsala (13), Margaret Tiltner (16), Barbara Stern (14); trombonists James Schmidt (16), Edmund Green (12), Dorene Romero (12); drummers Larry Ramsden (16), Richard Gran (15), William Burkette (13); guitarist Bradford DeMilo; bassists Theo David (16), John Davis (14), Paul Rossby (14); band manager Richard Griffith (14); and vocalists Stuart Weintraub (16), Tony Antonucci (14), Andrea Tilton (15) and Yvette Huling (14). Band director Marshall Brown calls the signals from front.*

these things to report.

Its leader Marshall Brown, band director at the school, an ASCAP song writer, veteran musician and trombonist, teaches almost all the kids at the beginning, then assigns them to specialists in the school's music department like John LaPorta, of whom one of the kid trumpeters says, "he's the unhippest-looking guy I ever saw." Al Langstaff or Clem DeRosa. The style of the band changes according to the ability of the personnel, but it's usually where it was this last year—between Herman and Basie. Marshall and LaPorta do most of the arranging and the emphasis is on literal copying of Herman or Basie arrangements, usually difficult ones, because Marshall feels that "it's respectable to copy professionals with kids."

Practically a road band, it plays 12 dates a month for which no one gets paid, although a fee is charged to defray traveling costs, the making of records, for parties, etc.

And all of this means that Farmingdale kids probably have a higher rate of musical literacy than those of any other high school. Marshall says that the student body is so surrounded by good music—and the band is good even without the usual qualifications—that they buy good records, look on the band in much the same way as other schools regard their football teams. In addition, he's proven that his kids can play classical music better than most, that they are always winning musical scholarships, that their grades are especially high (75% have over 90% in grades) that music in general and jazz in particular is a healthy, normal thing. Obviously, then, he's making a more significant contribution with this dance band than most professional bands make.

Which brings us back to where we began and our more serene attitude toward *Chicken Little* and his problems. If there are things that are wrong, there are things that are right and, perhaps, somewhere within those two extremes we'll find a real road to travel. With that in mind we constructed a totally different scheme of review. Instead of limiting ourselves to one article or one issue, we have decided to develop our themes over several months, dealing with one or several points at hand depending on the subject, attempting in that way to spread a panorama of the music business for our readers, inviting

them to search with us for the number of answers which jazz is now asking only implicitly.

As an introductory piece then, this points out that we will have articles about school activities which fit within our scheme of things, articles by Jack Montrose and the enigmatic fiddler, Paul Nero, both pictured below, articles on the occupational hazards of jazz musicians, including such hazards as the musicians' union (next month), record companies, agents, disc jockeys and critics. And articles about experimentation, commercialism, education—in short, the whole world of music.

Just as a start, this issue contains an article on singers, one on a single, compelling musician, the beginning of an unusual autobiography—a particularly significant one, we think—by Willis Conover who was once written about in these pages as a *Jumping Jockey*. The editorial itself fits into this scheme, as does the article on record covers on page six.

That's a start, but only that, for we intend each issue to uncover more of the *inside story* for our readers on the assumption that they too will be moved, as we are, to a loosening of the preconceptions about jazz, to a less, pseudo-liberal attitude toward it and its artists; will, in effect, demand higher standards, a new set of criteria, becoming real supporters for jazz, ready to assume responsibilities as working, critical listeners.

In a sense, that's an over-dramatic paragraph above, but if you'll bear with us through the months we'll attempt to prove its points and encourage its ex-



The Quarter Notes

hortations, warning you that any further attempt to be explicit now would only be begging our point long before we had made it.

This is a new jazz era that we are entering. Not unlike the age in which it lives, its technology is greatly improved while its soul stands in some danger. It is an era of increased prosperity for musicians, but a time of real unrest. It is a time of ancestor-worship (like Bird, for example) strangely negated by a new espousal of cheap but clever imitations. It is a time of rugged non-compromise among some, matched with an amazing commercialism on the part of others.

When trumpeter Buddy Childers stands up at a Local 47 (L.A.) meeting and yells "Point of order," joining with dozens of jazz musicians and other, studio-tied musicians who thought that parliamentary procedure was a new kind of Schillinger method only a few months ago: and New York's Local 80? begins similar questioning of rights and privileges we have every right to fee' that we've come a long way. But it may very well seem like one step forward and two backwards when we learn that the big hoods are moving into what was once small hood territory as music, and especially jazz, becomes more of a saleable commodity.

And, if on the one hand we find that experimenter Charlie Mingus has recently been successful enough to cause him to ask a reviewer whether he was getting commercial, we have, on the other hand, that the Newport Jazz Festival needs to program a Benny Goodman night to ensure its large overhead.

These are the points of departure then and we're looking forward to our own part in the trip through musicland, culminating in several departures never before presented to a jazz audience, especially one huge surprise in October.





# ART BLAKEY

## REMINISCING IN TEMPO

by Harold Lovett

I have known Art Blakey for many years, but in order to get a more detailed account of his early career, it was necessary to catch him with the Jazz Messengers at the Red Hill Inn, in Pennsauken, New Jersey, where the group had a recent week-end date. Incidentally, this club under the capable management of Harvey Husten, a local disc jockey, is a very good example of the fact that jazz promotion is now moving upward, commercially speaking.

Art was very much relaxed although on this very day he had been subjected to minor intimidation by the local gendarmes, on his way to work, which caused his first set to commence a half hour late. It seems that there is some all-out effort on the part of the police in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland to embarrass and humiliate this particular group of musicians for no just cause. It is within my personal knowledge that Art's recent entanglement with the Philadelphia police department was totally unwarranted.

The Messengers are a group of hard working musicians, trying to earn a living and avoid complications of this nature, but are continually being thrown into these unfortunate situations. However, as Art could not talk to me before the first set, in which he released any immediate bitterness, by way of his *Message to Kenya*, he was in an exceptional mood to settle down and tell me a few things about himself and his future plans.

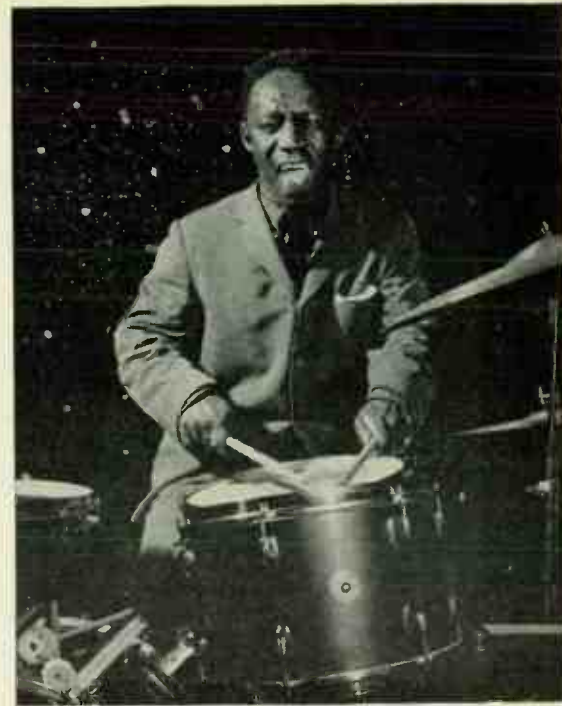
Art reminisced that during the early 1930's he worked in and around Pittsburg, Pa., his home town, as a pianist with local jazz bands. The story goes, that Art ended his career as a pianist when on one occasion a virtually unknown pianist appeared on the scene. As Art recalls, "this cat was in patches, but he upset the joint." Art was referring to the now fabulous Erroll Garner. After he gave up the piano he worked as a valet to Chick Webb. This marked his first introduction to the drums and inspired him to develop style and reputation as one of the foremost modern jazz drummers. During this period Chick Webb and Krupa participated in

frequent drum battles at the Savoy Ballroom. Art laughed when he related that one such occasion, Krupa studied Chick and actually, with tears in his eyes, said, "man, how does he do it?" After working with Chick Webb a short time, Art returned to Pittsburg and formed his own band, making local dates in this area. Due to the fact that at this time there was considerable prejudice in the acceptance of jazz or Negro jazz musicians, in the better clubs, he was obligated to accept any jobs that were available.

Around 1937 Mary Lou Williams left the Andy Kirk band and joined Art's group. They continued to work in and around Pittsburgh and came to New York with this band, in 1938, billed as Mary Lou's group. 1939 to 1941 found Art working with a newly formed Fletcher Henderson band. Immediately before joining the Billy Eckstine Band in 1944, Art recalled his experiences at Minton's—the original modern jazz movement—and that toward the close of this period the Billy Eckstine band became the melting pot for many musicians who had expressed their new ideas in the past few years. Blakey's individuality was at this point established and recognized.

After playing with Eckstine, Art worked with Lucky Millinder and Buddy DeFranco for short intervals. The remainder of Art's career has been spent heading jazz combos, which now takes the name Jazz Messengers. This quintet started out as "Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers," and includes Horace Silver, Hank Mobley, Doug Watkins and Donald Byrd, who recently replaced Kenny Dorham. In an effort to retain the proper amount of cooperation and to give the members of the band opportunity to become known under their own names, Art has relinquished his star billing and the group is now run on a cooperative basis.

Art has the humble knack of pushing and allowing all younger musicians who work with him to project themselves. This is further exemplified by the dynamic drive with his instrument,



that inspires anyone working with him, and this propulsion seems to be an integral part of his over-all personality. Art, however, had this bit of criticism for the younger set of jazz musicians. He recalls that "jam sessions today are not what they used to be. We used to walk in the clubs and sit in with groups, and all of the fellows were always trying to out do each other technically speaking, not for the reason that they were showing off, but rather for the reason that they were getting acquainted with their instruments."

Cats today are very lazy about this sort of thing and as a result are lacking in the required amount of technique. This will eventually cause a lag in our modern jazz movement, if it is not corrected. The best example of this is "rhythm and blues" and it is only a question of musicians being lazy.

I have personally followed Art's development since the days of the Billy Eckstine band. For a long time he has been regarded by his colleagues as one of the greatest influences in modern jazz drumming. I have given much thought to the fact that with the exception of this inner circle of musicians, until 1952 Art was a much underrated jazz talent. I make this statement without reservation, and in a sense of comparison to the credit he actually deserves as a true jazz artist.

As drummers go I am of the opinion that Blakey has reached Erroll Garner's height as a seasoned jazz artist. To me the individuality and quality of presentation that blossoms from Erroll as well as Art is so complete that it will fit any phase of jazz, on the assumption

(Continued on page 33)

# I, WILLIS CONOVER

Part one of an amazing autobiography

by one of our original

jumping jockeys —

written very much off-the-cuff

and from the heart.

When I was five or six I thought I was probably an Artist. I copied from the funny-papers the faces of Toots and Caspar, the Katzenjammer Kids, Jiggs and Maggie, and the rest, and was as proud of the results as my parents were. A little later, around 9 or 10, I thought of myself as "having a 'winning' smile"—a phrase from Tom Swift, I think.

I remember acting as a guide for some tourists off the boat in Puerto Rico, where my father was stationed. I took them around a few old forts and castles, repeated some of the fantastic "legends" we kids believed about them, pointed out the home of a girl I described as "my little Spanish sweet-heart"—another Army officer's pretty little daughter whose mother, as I recall, had some Latin ancestry. The girl couldn't stand the sight of me and once slapped my face half off, for no reason I could or can think of.

As I swallowed the tourists' praise wholesale, the expression "winning smile" came into my mind. Anyway, they paid me a whole dollar, which I showed to our maid with forced nonchalance.

Then came the Singer period. My aunt got me to go to choir-practise with her, and I did learn to sing soprano parts in some wonderful cantatas and oratorios and such by Gounod, Bach, Dubois, etc. There was an older boy, Bud Persike, about thirteen, who had a tremendous contralto voice and sang most of the solos in church. Once I talked myself into believing I was as good a singer. One evening in Brooklyn, while my parents were out to a card party, I sat around the apartment and let the living room walls build enough echo from my singing of *Land of Hope and Glory* to convince me I was at least almost as good as Bud.

Gee, then I was a Writer. I dug science-fiction, and exchanged letters with all the fans, writers, editors, and illustrators whose addresses I could learn. (My correspondence with H. P. Lovecraft is still treasured.) Where I got the idea I could write, I don't know; but I sweated out a mess of constipated

prose and poetry which never got anywhere in any way at all; because I had a built-in editor which made me read back every clause in every sentence, and this made me so horribly conscious of form that I never got to realize I wasn't saying anything. This still happens; so right now I'm doing a stream-of-consciousness bit, trying to keep from going back and reading what I've just written so I won't get discouraged and quit immediately.

Then—let's see—I became an Editor. Aged 17. The Science-Fantasy Correspondent wasn't too bad, as science-fiction fan magazines go. I got some big names to write for me, free, and some line drawings from Virgil Finlay. A friend named Corwin Stickney, with whom I'd been trading letters between Cambridge, Maryland, and his home in Belleville, New Jersey, did the setting of type, and we worked up an international circulation of about 1500 before the magazine folded.

Actor, too. College and little-theatre dramatics. Convinced I was good. Should have gone straight into the movies before I found out.

What came next?

Oh. Radio announcer.

Back in high school, I'd played the part of a radio-announcer in a skit based on a radio station's activities, and as usual believed it when they told me I sounded just like an announcer. Somehow I talked myself (which I suppose was qualification enough) into an announcing job, at twelve-fifty a week. Twelve dollars and fifty cents, that is. Instead of concentrating on delivery of commercials, as I was paid to do, I committed the sin of listening to the records I was playing. It was all pretty empty until I heard Charlie Barnet's *Cherokee*, and immediately began buying up all the Barnet records, until someone told me Barnet's source was Ellington.

Then the Army, and the conviction that I was a first-rate Classification Specialist, particularly when, after five or six hundred interviews and job descriptions, I began to see houses as joints, beams, sashes, wiring, and the

other component parts, instead of as the comfortable solid *houses* they'd been.

There was the Great Lover period (is this boring you? Sorry, but no case-histories in this department), mixed in with the Great Disk Jockey period which resumed after reentering civilian life. Also, a book on general semantics made me a Deep Thinker.

Ellington led to the First Herd, then to Bop, and meanwhile—in the usual jazz-deejay pattern—backwards to Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and sideways to Raeburn and Kenton, and forward to the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Happily, I've hung on to the best of all of it.) I also branched off into a sort of non-musician Band-Leader fantasy, when I was honored with an invitation to ally myself with the movement which developed into the late Joe Timer's THE Orchestra, and into a junior-grade Granz-type Concert Promoter, for which I'm still paying.

The last—and I mean the last—of my illusions was that I had become a Jazz Critic. Willingly I berated any listeners whose catholicity of taste didn't equal mine: eagerly I accepted bids to address clubs and schools on The History of Jazz; snidely I wrote guest articles for night-club columnists going on vacation.

Then something happened.

I opened a letter asking me to talk about jazz to an organization of exchange students in Washington, D.C. I was about to draft my acceptance when, all of a sudden, inside, I caved in. All at once I realized that I knew hardly one damned thing about jazz. I was familiar with some titles, some personnels, some experiences related to my listening to jazz: but I hadn't the foggiest *true* understanding of how, why, when, where, and who.

I became scared of opening my mouth! I was afraid to face my musician friends, who I suddenly realized must have been laughing for years at my broadcast statements. And I de-

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# FOOTNOTES ON JAZZ

## I

In the deluge of new female—occasional—ly all too female—vocalists appearing on the scene today, each with her champion among the critics, each being touted by *somebody* as *the* vocal discovery of the decade, we find ourselves feeling a little like the White Queen: running like mad just to stay in place in a whirling world of publicity and, perhaps worse, honest talent. If it weren't for that, of course, the path out of the labyrinth would be clear: just ignore its existence. But so many of the girls are—at least on one track per record—so good as to make it extremely difficult to dismiss them with a mere: can't measure up to Mildred or Billie or Ivy.

Generally, though, that is the course we're forced to take: and there are, as we say, so many good vocalists around today that we can almost afford to ignore all but the best. Giving rise naturally, to the question of just who *are* the best.

Divide that question among ten critics, and you get ten different answers: object criteria seem to disappear—giving credit where credit is due, perhaps with right—and each is judged on her personal appeal to the subjective entity. Leaving the jazz fan who listens to the critics rather confused.

## II

For all of which we consider it virtually our responsibility *not* to express any flamboyant opinions for a change, *not* to do any ballyhooing at the moment.

Still that moment marks the debut of two new vocalists who seem to us representative, each for her own segment, of the whole field, and we think that because of that, they're worth devoting some attention to. (Be it noted, we favor both of them intensely; but be it further noted, that doesn't make a bit of difference.) Subdued spots then, on the Misses Lucy Reed and Marlene.

## III

Representing therewith our first error: Lucy, debuting on Fantasy, is not Miss but Mrs., and the mother of one to boot. This seems to us important. She says: "it's horrible for anyone making their record debut to admit to being thirty-three"; we, contrarily, contend that no possible admission could cheer us more.

As with so many others, it's difficult to classify Lucy: she is neither jazz, pop,

nor folk singer, but an amalgam of all three. The following things impressed us about her singing the first time we heard her, in roughly the stated order: There's a strange quality to her voice, as if she were trying to tear her mouth a shade wider open than it'll go, an effect at once of depth, clearness, intimacy, and something opposite to the hardness of diamonds without being softness; tough to explain, somehow like very fine crystal, without being exactly fragile either, and certainly not brittle.

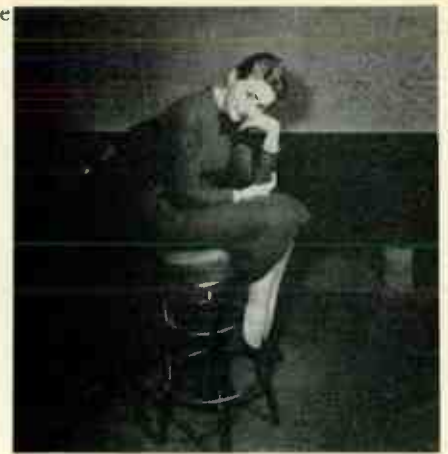
She's flat.

Strange again, whatever she sings, even a routine love song that has no story to tell (*All Right With Me*, for example) she manages to make a story out of it, to weave into it the whole past and present and even future of the character—in the literary sense—singing it.

Maturity. What's that? womb? mother? No, it's just the knowledge that you're in the presence of someone possessed of the elusive quality of *wisdom*—quote tempered by experience unquote—which has nothing necessarily to do with either intelligence or the particular mothering qualities of Lee Wylie or Mildred. Lucy, quite unlike anyone but Ivy (who, just for the record, chose an entirely different means of expressing herself) sounds only like the sort of person whom you (we, anyway) could not only not help but like immensely, but who also could not help but like you immensely. At risk of going all the way overboard: Lucy has a soul, and this has nothing to do with the self-pity or even pity that *all* other singers (except again Ivy and perhaps some of the blues-shouters) substitute for it, one way or another.

## IV

Marlene, due to debut on Savoy when this appears, is quite the opposite: where Lucy is thirty-three, married, and possessed of the wisdom of maturity, Marlene is twenty-two, unmarried, and possessed of the naive honesty and openness of youth. She sounds a little like Teddi King and a lot like a fresh—quote unspoiled unquote—young girl. Where Lucy again is friend, companion, some one to help you, Marlene is the eternal unawakened ingenue, someone to be sheltered. Each has her particular charm, each is completely feminine, and each thereby scores directly to the masculine (or repressed feminine in the case of a woman) in the listener,



though Lucy perhaps less obviously, as she is possessed of many more qualities than that one.

## V

But there are other factors than just the appeal.

We've heard too many young singers in the past to have much faith in them: we find it hard to think of any that have appeared in the last five years that have not failed to live up to the promise of their first recordings. Mary Mayo might have made it, but stopped before she'd been around long enough, Margaret Whiting—and that's been almost ten years—and Joni James have both improved over the years—or at least stayed level—and Carmen McCrae has not been around long enough yet, to pass any sort of judgment. The rest have all gone downhill, most disappointingly in the case of Teddi King, who made perhaps the greatest vocal *debut* in jazz history on Storyville.

Marlene's charm, as we pointed out, lies in the freshness of her voice, and there is little that one could lose more easily. Lucy, older, wiser, and more mature, will not change now, will never prove a disappointment.

## VI

Shall we then categorically recommend that no new vocalists be discovered until their thirtieth birthday? Yes. Why not?

## VII

*Footnotes.*

We received a letter from Stanley Dance, who conducts a column—*Lightly and Politely*—in England's *Jazz Journal*, the other day, which offers some very encouraging support for our views on critics (March 1956) as well as one very valid bit of criticism: an objection to our statement that: "Europeans as a class (are) especially susceptible to the preachments of their critics." There's little sense in trying to go into the details of how this sentence escaped our blue pencils, while a later, qualifying remark failed to; suffice that we both realize the extent of, and apologize for,

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# IN PERSON

(Continued from page 13)

But is the phenomenon of swing, the ability to swing, really so rare?

Now, I must admit that I have never heard composed music, played by non-jazz musicians, swing: except of course Alec Wilder, and all the members of his octets were at least very conversant with jazz, if not actually classifiable as jazz musicians. (And where, having brought it up, does M. Hodeir propose to draw the line? That is, his statement is obviously true if every otherwise strictly serious musician—and here the coming debut of Friedrich Gulda at Birdland is still an obvious case, rather than truly delicate—if every such musician who incidentally occasionally swings, is going to be called a jazz musician because of that.)

However, I have heard a number of things that come very close to swinging, or at least capturing a very definite jazz feel (I'm using that word because it's even vaguer than "swing") in what

is generally accepted to be strictly serious music. Some moments in Bach, Mozart, Ibert, the *Threepenny Opera*, Vladimir Ussachevsky's *Sonic Contours*, parts of the Shostakovich *Violin Concerto*—none of these were written with jazzmen in mind, or ever performed by jazz musicians, and yet, hearing them, my feet start tapping. *That's* no criterion of course, but it should be enough to establish doubt.

Of course, I must admit also that the jazz feel is most evident in the two last-mentioned pieces, of which the one is virtually unknown, the other premiered long after M. Hodeir had completed his book. Still, the Mozart *Divertimenti* in spots, and Power Biggs rocking *Simfonia* to Bach's *Cantata No. 29*, suffice to prevent me from stating absolutely that serious music can not swing. And of course the problem gets even more difficult when one moves into the realm of music which requires no

interpreter—electronic music created directly on tape, or even the RCA Sound Synthesizer.

If jazz can be found only in the hands of the *interpreter* and there is no interpreter, obviously there can be no jazz. But assume that the Sound Synthesizer duplicates note for note, inflection for inflection, any great jazz work—say *Concerto for Cootie*—to such a degree as to make it indistinguishable from the original—theoretically possible at the very least—can we then say that this is not jazz?

The only solution I've found to that paradox is simply to ignore words like jazz and serious music, and concentrate on the larger question of: good or bad.

Finally, special awards to David Noakes for having produced as fine a translation as I have ever encountered: by far not the least of the book's virtues.

DIRK SCHAEFFER

## EXTENDED PLAY

*Second Ending* by Evan Hunter (Simon & Schuster. 359pp. \$3.95)

I

We got this guy Bud, see, an' he's a real square, man, awful; if he don't pass his college exams man, the world's going under. Then his old buddy Andy barges in, who he hasn't seen in two years, see? Andy's cool man, the most, when he blows that trumpet he wails, man, gone, the end. Only he's been mainlinin' for a coupla months, but he's off that now, some mickey outfit offered him an audition, see, an' he's goin' clean. And then there's this chick Helen, man, the most, she's been in and out of love and hate with Bud and Andy and the big H so often now she's most of the way flipped. But she's got guts, see, an' she's off the stuff for good now, see, on'y she needs help man, Bud's help, only Bud likes his freedom, you know? He's only a kid man, afraid of his responsibilities. So after about a week Andy winds up dead, and Bud in tears of pure manlidom, see, crying, and Helen flips, man.

II

Well, all right, that's a plot, you can drag it out over 350 pages without too much strain, and work up some suspense (will Andy get the fix his body so desperately craves? Will he really commit suicide in the shower? And will Bud throw away his last chance for happiness with Helen, as he did all the others? Tune in . . .) And occasionally even get in an inspiring

message about learning to be a man, and H is a bad thing man, too. So the book moves right along at a reasonable sort of pace, and there's nothing at all wrong with it as far as all that goes, except maybe it's a little trivial and obvious.

III

*Second Ending* is a novel about growing up, dope, and jazz in that order. The growing up, as I remarked, is superficial. The dope angle is handled strictly from the how, rather than the why or the what to do about it. The closest Mr. Hunter comes to those two is: personality defect as cause, and love of a good (repeat: good) man or woman as cure, which while probably quite correct, are both a little impractical. I can't complain about that, though, because short of stricter law enforcement, more rigorous punishment, I can't for the life of me think of any solution to the problem either. Mr. Hunter also very correctly notes that the why is partially a product of the availability: you need first the personality defect and then somebody to introduce you to the dope as a possible escape or what-have-you. With that in mind the stricter law enforcement would then seem to give you an answer to both the problems of how people get that way and what you can do for or about them once they are that way. But it's a hell of an answer and it never — thank God — occurs to Mr. Hunter. Incidentally, there is no crusading done anywhere in the book. Mr. Hunter merely tells the story of an addict trying

to go clean, and occasionally describes the evils and agonies of addiction, but that never quite jells to anything as harsh as the word "indictment." I'm not sure however, that this is due to lack of desire (I hope so) rather than lack of ability.

IV

The novel is told on two levels: the one covers the four days of Andy's attempt to go clean, the other, in flashback's, his and Bud's and Helen's teen-age lives and loves. These concern themselves mainly with musical setting as a background, and there is a constant awareness of jazz underlying them: in this sense *Second Ending* is more of a jazz novel than — say — *Send Me Down* was, which, although it dealt exclusively with jazz and dance music, seemed more to talk about it, than be particularly aware of it. But here just the reverse is true, the awareness is there throughout, but the actual talk about the music occurs seldom and then disinterestedly.

"The music was part of him, it started with the jiggle of his toes . . . and it spread up through the length of his leg and into the pit of his diaphragm, and up through his lungs, and out through his lips, and down through the horn, around the brass bend, channeled by the valves, and then floating out of that bell, blooming out of that bell like a big Spring flower, bursting into the room big and round, always with that solid rocking beat behind it, always with that full big brass tone . . . (etc.) . . ." That's Andy blowing



*Trumpet Blues*; and:

"... listened, absorbed, following the progression now and marveling at it... Blowing very easily, effortlessly performing the same sleight-of-ear with the chords. It was fascinating to listen to..." That's a bop combo blowing *How High*. These two, and some references to the claustrophobic aspects of Stan Kenton, are all the talking he does about jazz music, the only times he to describe it, to communicate the sound and feel of it in words.

#### V

Nobody expected Mr. Hunter's new novel to be a masterpiece, or even anything better than a *tour de force* such as *Blackboard Jungle*, but the factor of literary style does play some sort of role in even the least pretentious of books. Mr. Hunter's is at best careless. He alternates between passages of the simplest words put together in the simplest fashion, and lurid, purple prose: both are generally unsuccessful as far as communicating any sort of feeling or atmosphere or even meaning goes. I was especially disturbed by his use of that nasty three-letter word "and": it occurs on the average once in every sentence in the book, which means two or three times in any sentence not made up mainly of dialogue, and up to — say — a dozen times in some. It got to the point, about half-way through, where I just couldn't see it anymore, where I felt literally like screaming every time I encountered it. Further, I cannot recall a single colon, semi-colon, or parenthesis being used in all of the volume.

#### VI

But even this bludgeoning about with that one word were not inexcusable, were it not for the fact that Mr. Hunter's prose lacks all music, all rhythm, all melody. A piece of writing (poetry, prose, even an essay) must have a definite rhythm, must move along from word to word with a definite beat, just as music must. I think the following excerpt will show what I mean:

"He stood there with the sounds and smells and sights unfolding before him, rising before him like a great cloud of strangeness, black in its depth, black with spastic bursts of color, and he felt peculiar." Man, what a bringdown. (I wouldn't bring this up at all, were it not for the fact that Mr. Hunter has Bud correct Andy to the subjunctive at one point, when Andy says 'I wish I was dead': but 'felt' calls for an adverb, and 'peculiar' is an adjective: 'he felt peculiarly' would have been grammatically correct, though still musically atrocious.)

#### VII

While lack of style may not disturb some readers, it does bring with it inevitably a lack of realization of characters; there's no warmth here, no humanness or humanity, hardly interest: with

one exception the characters never really materialize at all. That exception is a rather interesting case: In most novels that are written in any sort of 'romantic spirit,' and most are (the German word for novel, by the way, is *Roman*, deriving directly from Romance) there appears a character whom one can loosely term the God-Father. He is somehow the image of what the other would like to be, or have been, an ideal, and is, because of his great intimacy, generally put in without the author's particularly knowing why or even how: he just seems to happen, a minor character who plays no role whatsoever in the story proper. But because of this sub- or unconscious element in his creation he generally materializes much more vividly than any of the other characters. (See my comments on critics in *footnotes* April issue.) This is very much the case in

*Second Endings* Rene Pierre Dumar. "Reen," lurks around in the background of most of the book's chronologically early scenes, says and does very little, influences the course of the novel not one whit, and shortly dies a hero's death in the wars. And yet, he's the only character to remain with you after you finish the book: Stylistically and humanly, its only redeeming grace.

#### VIII

Andy, incidentally, talks in a very cool flow of syllables when we first meet him, but loses that very shortly, to steep himself in purplish passages describing the evils of dope. That first moment however, stands out from the rest of the book like Getz blowing *Early Autumn* against a background by Conrad Janis. After that, Mr. Hunter often finds cool words, but the melody is gone.

Dirk Schaeffer



Teddy Charles and Mr. Broekman

## MODERN JAZZ AT COOPER UNION

Review by Teo Macero

The first all jazz program has been presented at Cooper Union, the last bastion for contemporary music. All the credit goes to Mr. David Broekman its musical director and conductor for giving a good airing of so-called Progressive Jazz. It was certainly an evening of surprises, both from the standpoint of musicians performing and the compositions themselves. It included such well known figures as Teddy Charles, Art Farmer, John Lewis, Oscar Pettiford, and many others. It was an evening of composer-performer, and with a free blowing session before intermission and at the end of the program. The session before intermission was a slow set with each musician choosing his own favorite standard tune to improvise on. The set at the end was led by Oscar Pettiford with all of the other musicians improvising on one of his wonderful tunes. It swung all the way with each musician wailing.

The composition by Schuller *Twelve By Eleven* led off the program. This piece was devoid of any real thematic

substance. It seemed to be a composite of many schools of sound with no real character of its own. For a composer who writes good "classical" music, I was surprised.

I guess Schuller does not believe in scrutiny when it comes to his jazz composing. At any rate he certainly overlooked it here. There is another point, too, it was under the guise of jazz. This I question. As far as I was able to ascertain, it contained no semblance to jazz. The brief moments which allowed several of the soloists to improvise were not enough to call a piece a jazz composition.

It was not a well orchestrated piece from the standpoint of a concert presentation. The woodwinds sounded weak and thin when matched with the brass and percussion. The least he could have done was to put woodwinds in a register where they could be heard.

*Midsommer* by Lewis was in the same category as the Schuller piece. It also lacked real thematic substance. It

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Roy Eldridge

# THE TRUMPET

FIRST OF A SERIES BY DON FERRARA

*Twenty-eight year old Don Ferrara has studied trumpet since 1940 (for the last six years with Lennie Tristano except for one year of travel with Woody Herman). Among others Don has also played with Jerry Wald, Georgia Auld and Lennie and is currently teaching at his studio home at 237 East Broadway in New York City. A student of the trumpet, in the fullest sense of that term, Don's provocative articles will include an analysis of trumpet styles from Eldridge through Chet Baker, developing a number of interesting themes within that broad context.*

In the last twenty-five years the jazz trumpet has been changing radically. From the strong, live sound of Roy Eldridge to the smooth softness of Chet Baker, the trumpet has slowly been losing its identity. The trumpet's basic feature as an instrument—its bigness of sound—appears to be a quality of the past among most present day jazz trumpeters. This slow, steady muting of the trumpet's bigness has produced in its wake a saxophone-trumpet—an instrument still retaining the appearance and abilities of the trumpet, yet played, style-wise, as though it were a saxophone.

Among the five most important trumpet contributors to jazz in these twenty-five years, we can observe the steady dulling of sound. Jazz has gained new creative ideas, but was it necessary to sacrifice sound?

## ROY ELDRIDGE

The first and most important trumpet player in this quarter of a century was and is Roy Eldridge. In the prime of Roy's playing career he achieved a greatness with his horn that to this day is unsurpassed. When Roy placed his capable hands on his horn and drew that horn to his strong lips, the music that poured out transformed him into a giant.

Roy was a real trumpet player. Every aspect of his playing could be set into a guide book for jazz trumpeters—to listen, understand, and then develop. He possessed all the positive qualities of great jazz trumpet playing.

So complete was his range of volume that he could whisper with a wonderfully warm intimacy and then shout with magnificence. And he defined and gave life to each step between that whisper and shout.

So wide-open was his sound that it

compelled his audiences to listen. All talk would cease when Roy played. Even when he played soft, his sound still was big. The softness never sounded pinched or crowded into a small corner, but clear and unrestrained. And when he would open up his sound—easily, never forcing—a great freedom would fill the room.

Roy's feelings pushed his valves down, not his fingers. Every note he played had meaning and life. His music was so earthy and uninhibited it seemed as though he had a direct line right to his feelings. Not a schooled musician, Roy's feelings were so overpowering that he had to master his horn technically to give birth to his feelings. And this mastery he had. His music was charged with fire and vitality.

## DIZZY GILLESPIE

During those years when Dizzy Gillespie played with Charlie Parker, he opened new paths for jazz trumpet playing. First and most important, he was the first trumpeter to play bebop, not the stale, cliché-ridden bebop we so often hear from other musicians today, but a fresh, live bebop. He and Bird really believed in what they were playing and this strong conviction was felt in every note they played. There was an excitement in this new sound that spread over not only other musicians but the listening public as well. Musicians were forced to sit back and, after listening to Bird and Diz, to evaluate and analyze their own playing, and then to try and incorporate these new ideas into their own music. This period was filled with a wonderful enthusiasm for this new direction in which jazz was aiming.

As Diz's conviction in what he was playing and the depth of his feeling increased, he grew technically. When Diz and Bird played, the lines they played together demanded a flexibility that most trumpeters didn't have. In Diz's improvisations, he demonstrated even further this flexibility. Trumpet players were roused into a consciousness

of the trumpet's technical ability. They became particularly aware of different intervals and phrases, of double-time phrases in all registers.

By going after flexibility Diz somewhat overlooked the bigness of the trumpet's sound. By far his wasn't a weak sound, yet it never reached Roy Eldridge's bigness. The new and exciting way in which Diz played seemed to compensate for the thinning of his sound.

There was quite a bit of Bird's influence in Dizzy's playing, but because of his sound and range, there was still the acute awareness of a trumpeter playing.

## FATS NAVARRO

Fats Navarro appeared on the jazz scene about 1946. Although he was overshadowed by Dizzy Gillespie, primarily because he gained recognition at a time when Diz was very popular, he, nevertheless, was a musician in his own right.

Strongly influenced by Diz, Fats enriched his predecessor's style harmonically and technically. Because his technique was cleaner and smoother, it gave his line an ease of expression. He never sounded compulsive, but as though he were sitting back comfortably, almost resting between notes; and yet the notes flowed.

Harmonically, his playing was closer to Bird's. Chords never trapped him, but, rather, he could get right into them and play good melodic ideas. Fats was the only trumpet player I ever heard who dared to play Bird's great solo on *Koko*. This solo, one of Bird's best, is extremely difficult to play, so difficult that few saxophonists have attempted it. When Fats played it, it flowed out of him, technically perfect, and with tremendous feeling and vitality. He really understood it.

Even though there was a definite Bird influence in Fats' music—there was no doubt—Fats played his horn like a trumpet. His sound was stronger than Dizzy's yet less than Roy's.



# RECORD REVIEWS

Horace Silver  
and Jutta Hipp  
exchanging notes  
at the Bohemia



By Bill Coss

## RALPH BURNS

*Jazz Studio #5: Cool Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, What Am I Here For, Jazz Club USA, I'll Be Around, Royal Garden Blues, Nocturne, South Gonzales Street Parade* (Decca DL 8235)

It seems to me that Ralph was badly advised on this LP, because his rather formidable talent is so constrained with only a few exceptions and with so little reason because the album is not really as commercial as that kind of compromise should demand. Too often, as on the first track, the emphasis is on the cute ensemble with a ten-piece band out of the current jazz recording clique (Newman, Byers, etc.) that sounds just like a ten-piece band whether playing modern or on the pseudo-Dixie—Al Cohn kick of *Royal*. And there's a definite attempt at quote: Schildkraut and Burns on the first and the *Bijou*-like quality of the last track. There are two exceptions to this rather great disappointment: Ralph's writing for Duke's tune (track 2) where he shows his wonderful understanding of Ellington in an appreciative, not imitative way; and the lovely *Nocturne*, where his playing and writing is where it belongs—in a provocative treatment of a mood. These two almost, but not quite, make up for the slimness of the rest.

## CHRIS CONNOR

*I Get a Kick Out of You, Something to Live For, Get Out of Town, Where Are You, Anything Goes, When the Wind Was Green, He Was Too Good to Me, You Make Me Feel So Young, Everytime, Way Out There, My April Heart, Almost Like Being in Love* (Atlantic 1228)

On four of these Chris is accompanied by a nineteen piece band led by Ralph Burns; the rest have a ten-man backing, including musicians like, Zoot, Travis, Galbraith, Hinton and Osie. As usual Chris picked fine tunes—one attractive bouncer by George Wallington. And the accompaniment is fine all the way around; which leaves you with the personal choice of whether you like Chris' singing. There are more good moments here than there have been often in the past, a lot of very Christie moments, for example; but the uneven intonation the frequent tricks, etc., are too unnatural to fit into true jazz projection, at least as far as I am concerned.

## DON ELLIOTT

*Soon, Catana, Rough Ridin', Straits of*

*McClellan, Cry Me a River, It's You or No One, Our Love, Jazz Me Blues, Azure Te, Miss Wiss-Keec, Mood Indigo, Don't You Know I Care* (ABC Paramount 106)

The idea behind this LP was to create "the sound of beautiful simplicity . . . nonchalant pleasing music . . . daylight arrangements." With help of arranger Quincy Jones and such musicians as Al Cohn, Herbie Mann, Joe Puma, Vinnie Burke, Sol Schlinger and Osie Johnson and Don playing the mellophone and vibes, that's exactly what happened—a thoroughly pleasant, exceptionally performed LP with enough calm writing and blowing to keep everyone happy. Certainly not excellent jazz, it's inventive enough within its stated limits to make it enjoyable—the kind of unpretentious commercial jazz album of which we need more.

## URBIE GREEN

*Reminiscent Blues, Thou Swell, You Are Too Beautiful, Paradise, Warm Valley, Frankie and Johnny, One for Dec, Limehouse Blues, Am I Blue, Dirty Dan, It's Too Late Now* (ABC Paramount 101)

Personnel: Urbie, Jimmy Raney, pianist Dave McKenna, Percy Heath, Kenny Clarke. This is an especially rich, mood album with Urbie and Dave mostly in the swing or earlier vein—Jimmy, Percy and Klook always more modern—and all of it really without date, much concerned with the expansive jazz expression. Obviously, then, there's nothing startling, but there is such a high level of jazz performance that the album is highly recommended within those limits.

## HOUSE OF BRADLEY

*Jaywalkin', Judy, Spice, Have You Met Miss Jones, Bradley's Beans, Frenesi, Sugar Hips, My Funny Valentine, Brainwasher, Little Girl Blue, My Old Flame, Russian Lullaby* (Epic LN 3199)

Young Will Bradley, Jr., with Wade Legge, J. R. Montrose, Phil Sunkel and Doug Watkins in a somewhat strained battle with his Father, trombonist Will Bradley, accompanied by strings. Unfortunately the LP doesn't take advantage of the really fascinating relationship. What could have happened would have been a real sample of the fabulous composer-trombonist that Will Senior is, instead of these commercial cliché-ridden tracks which merely accentuate how much in

command he is of his instrument. Instead we have a commercial date, without a sample of his composing efforts, as opposed to a boppy jazz date by the younger Bradley, and, in terms of performance, the commercial date has it, even though there are moments of nice jazz on the quintet tracks particularly from pianist Legge, Montrose and Sunkel. If father wrote for son, both talents would be better used.

## JIMMY HAMILTON

*I Get a Kick Out of You, Blues in My Music Room, Anything But Love, Chuckles, Bohemia After Dark, Blues for Clarinet, Solitude, What Am I Here For* (Arania UJLP 1204)

Trumpeter Clark Terry and Oscar Pettiford occasionally play wailing choruses which relieve the almost too polite air of this LP, but not really often enough to pull it out of the almost single level that it has. This is jazz for relaxing, but its own relaxation, especially in Jimmy's beautiful clarinet sound, is enervating, making it just another record.

## JAZZ CITY WORKSHOP

*Zing Went the Strings of My Heart, Autumn Leaves, Blues in the Closet, That Old Black Magic, The Natives Are Restless Tonight, Serenade in Blue, Laura, Them There Eyes* (Bethlehem BCP 44)

The Jazz City is Hollywood's jazz club of the same name. The Workshop—a kind of gratuitously used word nowadays, considering what it once was—consists of Marty Paich, Herbie Harper, Larry Bunker, Jack Constanzo, Frankie Capp and Curtis Counce. (Marty did all the arranging as well as playing the piano for the date.) As I mentioned, there's nothing like a workshop here, but there are fine, neat modern scores and general excellence in performance. Trombonist Harper and vibist Bunker draw most of the solos and consistently wail, and the rhythm section swings all the way through. New vocalist Mickey Lynne sings one song, *Magic*, without much distinction. And, despite all its good points, the album lacks any real distinction unless, perhaps Jack Constanzo's bongos set it apart from the vast number of good, swinging records currently available.

(Continued on page 25)

# EMARCY BY THE SCORE

Last month something like forty Emarcy 12" LP's arrived at our front door, some of them containing previously issued material, but, nonetheless, a formidable job of reviewing on top of regular releases. So we employed our customary method of reviewing such batches as you'll note below.

*Best Coast Jazz* (MG 36039), one of those titles that had to be, settling rather uneasily on the shoulders of Brown, Geller, altoist Joe Maini, Walter Benton, Kenny Drew, Curtis Counce and Max Roach. Two tracks: the first essentially a swinging bop blues with only Max's inventiveness cutting through; and the reverse, in the same groove but with pleasant reeds and a great deal more freshness.

*Boning Up On 'Bones* (MG 36038), obviously a set of reissues, but really good reissues despite some of the recording levels. Twelve tracks recorded for a variety of labels. Keynote and National included, all but Billy Eckstine's *Oop Bop Sh Bam* have been issued before. Group leaders are Eckstine, Harris, Dickenson, Morton, Jones, Winding, Glenn, Higginbotham, Teagarden and Tizol. It's an exciting album, kind of a trombone sampler up to, but really only beginning to cover, modern trombone. For me the headliners are the four Tizol's with the neat swing group that included Willie Smith, Babe Russin and Irving Ashby and the fresh Bill Harris track with its unorthodox instrumentation.

*Brown-Roach, A Study in Brown* (MG 36037), nine tracks recorded in February, 1955, with Harold Land, Richie Powell and George Morrow. Over-all this is probably the best LP the group has yet made, more consistent, entertaining with good changes of pace, several cute and/or clever originals and a maximum of swing. Unfortunately, there's still a basic lack of freshness, but, in part, this is made up for by excellent Brown and Roach. We still have a right to expect much more from this talent though.

*Maynard Ferguson—Dimensions* (MG 36044), comprises twelve tracks cut in two sessions that included fifteen of the top names in L.A. jazz, which adds up to a little jazz band with a really big sound. Unfortunately, there's a patness about it all that is happily broken by the many excellent solos, particularly by Bud Shank, Milt Bernhart and Bob Gordon. *Hollywood Party* (MG 36046) is something else with its emphasis on the rough and

ready session. More wailing then but less thought and the second side has the neo-Dixie feeling and much of a three-ring circus effect. The most interesting thing in the album is the Freeman-Manne abstraction on the first track.

*Mal Fitch* (MG 36041), twelve tracks with Mal singing and playing piano accompanied by Sam Taylor, Al Hall and Cliff Leeman. Mal is in the ranks of the intimate singers like Bobby Troup but with a more flexible voice. Unfortunately the style sometimes dominates the reading, but it's all very pleasant, the tunes are excellent, the backing is fine and Sam plays like Ben Webster.

*Herb Geller Plays* (MG 36045). Eight of these tracks were previously reviewed in not too kind a manner. The other four are far better with a change in the rhythm section—bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Bruz Freeman (from Chicago). Leroy is especially nice to hear and the second track of the first side is a medium tempo blues on which Herb wails and Bruz isn't as busy as on the first. Track two of the second side has a similarly excellent solo by Geller. These four are far and away the best in the album. *Sextette* (MG 36040) has eight tracks, the Gellers with Conte, tenorist Ziggy Vines, Bruz again and either Vinnegar or Red Mitchell. Strangely the combination that worked on the first LP is not as effective here, except on a few tracks, most notably the last where Herb and Red brighten an old standard.

*Terry Gibbs* (MG 36047), nine tracks with Gibbs, Terry Pollard, Herman Wright and drummer Bert Dale. It's a pleasant, light-weight, professional date that swings from start—very much this group's nightclub set, much less than what Terry could and should do.

*Lionel Hampton—Hamp in Paris* (MG 36032), 8 tracks issued previously as two 10" LP's, featuring that most antique, Mezz Mezzrow. Practically nothing of interest here except the swing that always surrounds Hamp, but *Elmar* is a kind of sharp jazz lesson as the rhythm section changes from stodgy for Mezz into modern piano and, finally, the loose tempo on which Lionel romps. *Crazy Rhythm* (MG 36034) and *Jam Session in Paris* (MG 36035) are both from the same Paris session recorded in March, 1955, each with two elongated jam sessions with French musicians and two with just Hamp and rhythm section. Over-all the larger group plays a kind of

modern swing with only fair solos—guitarist Sacha Distel, Hamp and the strong rhythm section the only real credits except for trumpeter Bernard Hullin's work on *Waterfront* in the last album. The small group sides are really superior Hamp, the rhythm remains as good and Sacha, a kind of Christian through Kessel, gets more opportunity to show his attractive talents.

*Helen Merrill with Strings* (MG 36057), twelve tracks arranged and conducted by Richard Hyman with Hank Jones, Barry Galbraith, Milt Hinton and Sol Gubin. Most of the background is pretty from jazz as are many of the tunes, and, again, there's too much presence on her voice. If you dig, as I do, the wild alto that is her voice, then the LP is still for you despite those faults. But some taste has got to be exercised in presenting this voice, notice I steer clear of calling her a singer, if she's to realize her full talent.

*Gerry Mulligan Sextet* (MG 36056) with Zoot, Brookmeyer, Eardley, Peck Morrison and Dave Bailey in eight tracks of what is only a difference in kind from the old Mulligan group. Obviously Zoot and Bobby make a world of difference, adding their two kinds of jazz fire to Gerry's. But Jon Eardley is a real weakness in the face of that is, as is bassist Peck Morrison, undoubtedly a good musician, but no feeder, not the integral part of the group that Gerry's bassists have been—and have to be. And, too, there's still enough of that neo-Dixie feeling to make me uncomfortable. But all that aside, it's a good album, largely through the wonderful musicianship of Gerry, Zoot and Bob. There are more moving lines now, an exciting departure, though hardly new. But what all this can mean is easily heard in the comparison between the new and old version of *Nights*. Incidentally, Bobby's piano soloing and comping is fine on *Everything*, adding strength where it's needed in the group.

*Sarah Vaughan in the Land of Hi-Fi* (MG 36058), twelve standards with fantastic sound, Ernie Wilkins' fine arrangements and a large band that features Cannonball, Jimmy Jones, Joe Benjamin, Roy Haynes, Ernie Royal, Jay and Kai and Turk Van Lake. But it adds up to very little except expertly sung jazz routines, sung with little real feeling, reading, now blowing. Occasionally she does wail and her voice is always an excellent instrument, but apparently Sarah's lost the flexibility she once had. If you want to know where Sarah is, she's in the *Land of Hi-Fi*.



## THE JAZZ MESSENGERS

At the Cafe Bohemia: *Soft Winds, The Theme, Minor's Holiday, Alone Together, Prince Albert* (Blue Note 1507)

Volume one of two cut by Dorham, Mobley, Silver, Watkins and Blakey at the Cafe Bohemia in New York, the group introduced by Blakey, is very much what you would expect from this continually exploding group. Hank Mobley continues to be the weakest member of the group and Blakey makes a big mistake giving him such extended solos—only the essential downness of the rhythm stops his solos from bogging down completely after his initial statements, and, as it is, it affords only a kind of relief. For the rest Kenny was playing with real brilliance before he left the group as witness here (Byrd took his place) and the rhythm is almost incomparable for this particular rough groove. With new personnel changes now taking place, this may be the zenith of the group, certainly at its mostly closely knit on this LP. Dig especially *Holiday* and *Alone* and don't get stopped by the really over-long *Soft Winds*.

## JAZZVILLE '56

Rouse-Watkins: *Dancing on the Ceiling, Legend, Temptation, Episode, Dancing in the Dark, Goodbye*; Quill-Sherman: *Blues for the Camels, Loverman, Achilles' Heel, Everything Happens to Me* (Dawn DLP 1101)

Two different sessions, each by a separate group. The first is comprised of tenorist Charlie Rouse, Julius Watkins, Gildo Mahones, bassist Paul West and Arthur Taylor, in what amounts pretty much to cut and dried routines, making for, even with Rouse's best record-blowing to-date, nice Gildo and a swinging rhythm section, an album of slight material played without any great distinction.

The second group—altoist Gene Quill, trumpeter Dick Sherman, Dick Katz, Teddy Kotick and Osie Johnson—is more swinging, more wailing, though, again, the inventiveness is at no high level. Quill is a good Bird-ling, Sherman a welcome addition; and the rhythm section is really excellent.

## SHELLY MANNE

*The Dart Game, Bea's Flat, Parthenia, Un Poco Loco, Bernie's Tune, Doxie, Slan, A Gem from Tiffany's* (Contemporary C 3516)

Shelly's new group, with which he is touring: Charlie Mariano, Stu Williamson, Russ Freeman and Leroy Vinnegar. Its most intriguing note is that apparently the three rhythm men can do no wrong and, quite the reverse of *good* football watching, it's the backfield you watch and listen to here. Shelly and Russ anticipate each other perfectly by this time so that something is always happening in the accompaniment even when a soloist is below par, and Vinnegar has to become an important bassist at this rate—again he's always contributing while continually walking. Mariano and Williamson still have to develop to these heights, but they're most often carried along with the compelling drive. *Loco* has a three minute drum solo that has total compositional

structure—a theme of four notes and variations. Hear, too, how Sonny Rollins' tune *Doxie*, really cooks. What reservations there are are reserved for Charlie and Stu from whom real excellence is required to match the rhythm section. Perhaps that will develop—even without too much of it—there's exciting listening on this LP.

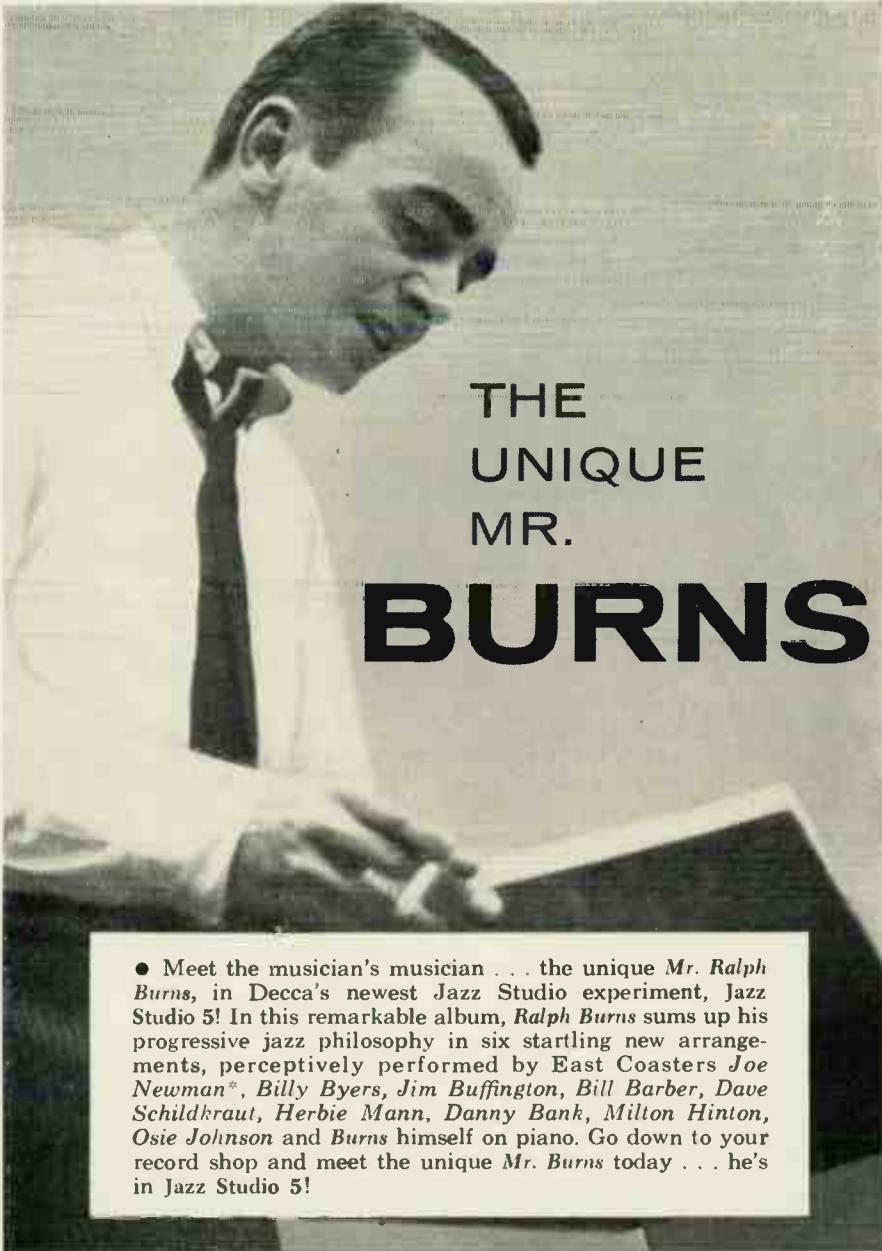
## DAVE McKENNA

Solo Piano: *Why Was I Born, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, Blues Up, Walking By the River, S'Posin', If I Had My Way, S'Wonderful, My Shining Hour, 'Deed I Do, Like Someone in Love, Let's Get Away from it All, I'm Glad I Waited for*

*You, For All We Know* (ABC Paramount 104)

Very few pianists could get away with this kind of album—solo piano improvisations on standards—get away with it, that is, with any degree of swing or freshness. Dave is a two-handed pianist who must have played through at least the last four stages of jazz, even though he's a comparative youngster. He sounds like no one else although there's more affinity to Teddy Wilson than anyone else. He is most unorthodox in mixing what is essentially a boogie woogie chorus with a long-lined

(Continued on page 28)



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# STOMPING AT SAVOY

Despite the best efforts of our weary ears the total output of Savoy Records continues to outdistance us each month. So, again, we'll put off the Savoy story and continue with the more immediate matter of reviewing Savoy records.

*Mighty Mike Cuozzo* (MG 12051), a Newark-born tenor man with a big tone, accompanied by Eddie Costa, Ronnie Ball, Vinnie Burke and Kenny Clarke, is somewhat out of his depths within this swinging jazz group, but certainly his free, warm blowing makes for an auspicious debut. Costa plays several fine vibes solos; Ronnie still strikes me as being somewhat unsure of himself, but his ballads have real warmth.

*Milt Jackson* (MG 12061), as a triple-threat man—vibes, piano and vocal—nine tracks with several different groups including such as Lucky Thompson, Gerald Wiggins and drummers Joe Hanes and Kenny Clarke. Excepting the one vocal track, which could very well have been excepted, it is, over-all, an album to own. Individually, Lucky plays beautifully on the first track and hear the fantastic walking on *Soulful* where Wendell Marshall contributes so much. But it's Milt's LP and in four dimensions.

*Milt Jackson* (MG 12042): six tracks with a remarkably sloppy bop group with little to recommend it except the occasional surgings of Bags on piano or vibes, Curley Russell and Klook. The other three tracks are by a quintet, much more effective and with excellent Milt, fine Lucky, Wendell,

Klook and Wade Legge.

*Jazz Composers' Workshop* (MG 12045) will be confusing to those who buy this LP on the assumption that it is by one of the varied groups that presented concerts in New York and Newport during the last two years. Hardly up to that level either in performance, composition or experimentation, these are undoubtedly selections recorded by the now defunct *dee gee* label, whose catalog Savoy owns. The first seven tracks are played by a quintet with changing personnel, including Shelly, Shorty, Pepper, Gordon, Cooper, Conte, Giuffre, etc. The tunes are by Russo, Rogers, Giuffre and Manne, none of them up to what each of these can write now; Russo's two swingers, *Count* and *Pooch*, are the best of the lot because the groups blow well with special honors going to Pepper. (Shelly sings on two of these tracks, incidentally.) The other seven tracks composed of large (18 pieces) and small orchestras and all Russo compositions, featuring musicians like pianist Lloyd Lifton, trumpeter Gail Brockman, Russo, tenorist Kenny Mann and two vocals by Shelby Davis. On both sides uneven recording, a seeming lack of rehearsal time and such cuts into the value of these tracks. But the blowing is sometimes worth the while, and Russo, though no tower, writes most often with strength.

*John Mehegan, Pair of Pianos* (MG 12049): piano duo with Eddie Costa and backed by bassist Vinnie Burke. Fine notes again by Uncus. The music is a carefully designed system with much looseness for

blowing—what seems on the surface an excellent plan. But what happens is that the two distinctly different approaches to playing interfere with one another and Eddie's more openly basic approach is usually stifled. The idea appeals very much and there are indications here that it could be a valid one but I think not for this particular brace of pianists.

*Opus de Jazz* (MG 12036): four tracks with Frank Wess on tenor and flute, Milt Jackson, Hank Jones, Eddie Jones and Kenny Clarke. As per the personnel, this is a walking group with individual high moments from Milt and Hank, who is about due for several albums of his own if only talent were some criteria.

*Top Brass* (MG 12044): Ernie Wilkins wrote the lines for this collection of five trumpeters—Joe Wilder, Ernie Royal, Ray Copeland, Indres Sulieman and Donald Byrd—and rhythm—Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall and Kenny Clark. Savoy was kind enough to carefully note each solo and section position of each trumpeter on each selection. All of it is rather moderate modern, mostly on the boppy kick (some of the solos are less than that). But over-all it's an interesting, certainly a swinging, album; five tracks have section work and then individual solos while the other side features one ballad apiece. Aside from Donald Byrd, who is overshadowed here, it would be hard to finally pick among the four, especially on the ballads, for which and for Hank's comping, the album draws its major favor.

## BALLOT

Big Band .....

Small Group .....

Arranger .....

Male Vocalist .....

Female Vocalist .....

Vocal Group .....

My Name .....

Address .....

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### The Second Half Of The All Star Balloting

The big band category includes any big bands which have performed during the past year. The small group division is limited to instrumental groups: there is a division further down on the ballot for vocal groups. The rules are the same as those in previous METRONOME polls, to wit:

1. Ballots must be postmarked no later than July 10th.

2. Only votes on this official ballot will be counted.

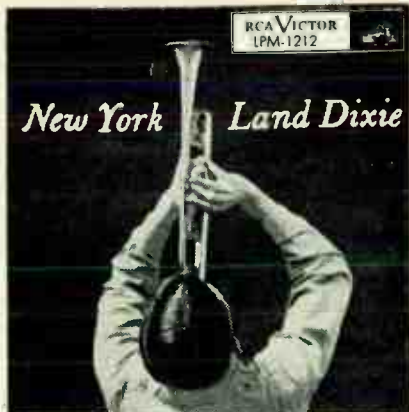
3. Vote *only* for individuals and groups you have heard this year. (This is NOT an all-time poll; it is a 1955 poll.)

4. You may vote for the same man in one or more categories, when he so qualifies.

5. Ballots must be sent directly to All Star Poll Editor, METRONOME Magazine, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.

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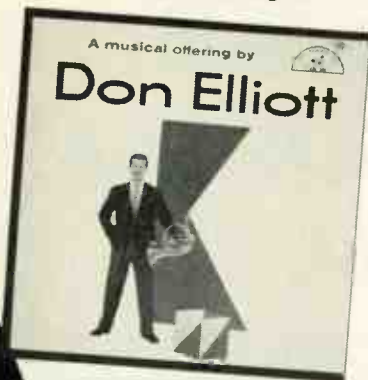
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modern passage. Nothing seems to matter to him except the communicative swing that is jazz and he refuses dating for that reason. Unfortunately his effective, provocative approach is rather held down by his emphasis on standards, and rather standard standards at that. It would be interesting to see what he could do with originals in a more modern context. In any case, it's an auspicious debut.

#### MESSIN' AROUND MONTMARTE

Mary Lou Williams: *Mary's Waltz, Just You, Just Me, Lullaby of the Leaves, Why, Chick-A-Boom Blues*; Buck Clayton: *Pulsation du Rythme, Bonds et Re-Bonds, Qui, Chocs Sonores, Blues en Cuivres, Relax Alix* (Storyville STLP 906)

Both sides of the LP recorded in Montmartre, Paris, the first side features Mary Lou with expatriate Don Byas, Alvin Banks and Gerard Pochonet. Despite the expectations raised by the notes, it's a rather pallid session, considering what Mary can do. Nevertheless, her piano and the considerably mellowed Byas tenor are worth the price of admission for the uniqueness of the combination and the competent jazz that's played. Buck's side of the album finds him with the Alix Combello orchestra which, interestingly enough, features a Garner-like pianist. Buck swings wildly throughout, of course, and the big-toned Combello tenor fits the mood perfectly. It's all pretty much in the big, swing-band groove with surprisingly commercial scoring—some of it only slightly more loose than pre-war Miller, with bits of Goodman and Basie for good measure (here the pianist plays like Basie, naturally enough). It's a bit like wandering through a previously occupied country and glimpsing remnants of an imposed culture—but it certainly swings.

#### MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

Fontessa: *Versailles, Angel Eyes, Fontessa, Over the Rainbow, Bluesology, Willow Weep for Me, Woodyn You* (Atlantic 1231)

The most sophisticated of the jazz quartets in an attractive collection: *Versailles* already familiar; the second track a showcase for Milt; the title piece a suite of unusually interesting form, including a kind of jazz history, all beautifully structured and almost perfect of its kind; *Rainbow* is pretty much a throw-away in contrast: *Bluesology* has wailing Milt and company; *Willow* almost as much so; and the last track is a swinging, happy rendition of Diz' tune. A fine LP over-all and an excellent compromise between originals and standards. My only criticism—my usual one—that the total level is still too similar (though better here), that the delicacy often precludes a total expression, etc. But I must cheer for discipline and logic in jazz even though wishing for something more profound in addition.

#### MODERN MUSIC FROM INDIANA U.

*Limehouse Blues, Old Crinkletoes, Opus #1, Red Kelly's Blues, Nancy, Kigeria, You Gotta Show Me, It's You or No One, Jack's Acts, This Is Always, Lost April, Clare-ity* (Fantasy 3-214)

The remarkable musicians from Indiana University about whom we wrote some months past under the leadership of Jerry Coker, who did all the arranging, and buoyed by the guidance and enthusiasm of a wonderful disc jockey, Gene Sherman of WTTS in Bloomington, create exactly what Jerry is at some pains to point out is sadly lacking from most of today's jazz records: a cleverly programmed, varied, jazz album. Scored for three tenors, a baritone, trumpet, trombone, piano, bass and drums, it has some affinity to the Herman band but is considerably cooler than the present edition. The performance level is very high and the swinging is impulsive enough on most tracks to make up for the few moments when it seems to lag. Among the soloists, Jerry and his pianist

## CONOVER

(Continued from page 18)

spised any listener who spoke admiration for my "knowledge." This was a serious and dangerous thing. I'd alienated myself from the commercial radio and popular-record world by insisting on being a jazz deejay. Now, as a jazz deejay, I'd suddenly stopped existing.

And now that jazz had become, relatively, safe to play on the air, and other announcers were beginning jazz shows, I envied them that happy confidence they showed in the way they spoke and in the way they stood to acknowledge night-club introductions and grabbed the mike to speak and smile and bow.

In the time that followed the last disillusionment, I grew up, a little. I began to do some reading and studying and real listening and evaluating—not only books and magazines and records, but attitudes and relationships and

processes. I began to see, dimly at first, the vast flow in our music, the problems and the influences in musicians' lives, the reasons one musician couldn't appreciate another musician's product—and the reasons he could—and lots more.

I'm still much more silent that I was about my views; and I'm breaking silence now only for these reasons: (1) Bill Coss asked me to; (2) I'm selecting and introducing jazz records for a few million listeners; and therefore my views are subject to scanning; and (3) there are still some problems I face in common with most jazz deejays (whose problems often parallel those of many jazz musicians), and I think a statement of some of those problems might lead to some understanding and some solutions.

(Continued next month)



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A COTTAGE FOR SALE  
ALL OF ME  
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GOODBYE  
WILLOW WEEP FOR ME  
MAKE ME A PRESENT OF YOU  
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES  
I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU  
ACCENT ON YOUTH

MG 36065

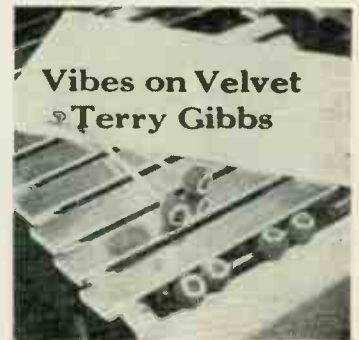
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AUTUMN NOCTURNE  
LONESOME STREETS  
ADIOS  
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EVERMORE

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THE MOON WAS YELLOW  
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR  
EYES  
BOULEVARD OF BROKEN  
DREAMS

MOOD INDIGO  
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE  
SPRING  
LULLABY OF SWING  
TWO SPARKLING EYES

MG 36064



**COLD FIRE**  
songs by Kitty White

COLD FIRE  
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE  
IF I WERE YOU  
THE OTHER WOMAN  
FRANTIC FEELING  
PLAIN GOLD RING  
AS CHILDREN DO  
LOW TIDE  
POLYMON  
THE CHINESE LADY  
MEANING OF THE BLUES  
LAND OF LOVE

MG 36068

**THE BLUE STARS**

LULLABY OF BIRDLAND  
TOUT BAS (Speak Low)  
GINA  
PLUS JE T'EMBRASSE (Heart of my Heart)  
TOUTE MA JOIE (That's My Girl)  
LES LAVANDIERES DU PORTUGAL  
(The Portuguese Washwomen)  
MISTER L'AMOUR (Mister Sandman)  
EN 1920 (In 1920)  
EMBRASSE-MOI BIEN (Hold Me Close)  
LETTRE A VIRGINIE (Letter to Virginia)  
LA DANSE DU BAISER (The Kissing Dance)  
MAMBO ITALIANO



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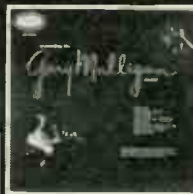
**SARAH  
VAUGHAN  
IN THE LAND  
OF HI FI**

MG 36058



**GEORGIE AULD  
IN THE LAND  
OF HI FI**

MG 36060



**THE GERRY  
MULLIGAN  
SEXTET**

MG 36056



**HELEN  
MERRILL  
WITH STRINGS**

MG 36057



**JULIAN  
"CANNONBALL"  
ADDERLEY  
AND STRINGS**

MG 36063



**JIMMY  
CLEVELAND  
AND HIS  
ALL STARS**

MG 36066

BETHLEHEM RECORDS

# Jeneration of Jazz

with DUKE ELLINGTON



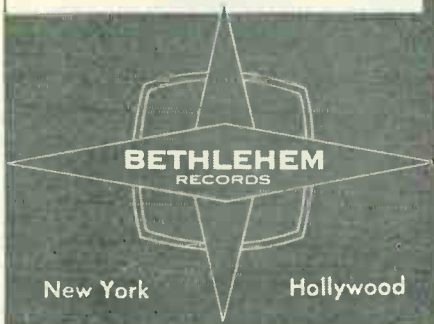
## "Historically Speaking—THE DUKE"

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'Historically Speaking—The Duke'

### BETHLEHEM RECORDS

BCP 60



brother Jack are the standouts—much of the rest is quite dull. Unfortunately, though, Jerry doesn't really avoid what he was trying to avoid. The coolness is too often Al Cohn-ish and too often lack-lustre. What's unusual about the album is that such things are available on at least one college campus, and from this nothing but good is sure to come. This LP is only a start, but a pleasant one.

#### MODERN MUSIC FROM SAN FRANCISCO

*Ginza, Miss Jackie's Dish, The Night We Called It a Day, The Groove, Calling Dr. Funk, The Masquerade Is Over, Between 8th & 10th on Mission Street* (Fantasy 3-213)

Composed of three groups, led by Ron Crotti, Vince Guaraldi and Jerry Dodgion, this album, minus the talents of Tjader and Brew Moore, is an adequate picture of jazz in San Francisco as far as I know. Honors really go to the two pianists, Guaraldi and Sonny Clark, who plays with

altoist Dodgion's group. The first is a wailing two-hander with fine touch; Sonny is from the Bud Powell school. All three groups swing hard and there's a considerable amount of over-lapping personnel. Dodgion's thin sound is not to my taste, but on such as *Dr. Funk* he's an exciting soloist. There's nothing that's neo-Dixie here—all of it's very much down.

#### JOE NEWMAN

*The Count's Men: Sidewalks of New York, Careless Love, Jumpin' at the Woodside, Casey Jones, The Midgets, Alone in the Night, Annie Laurie* (Jazztone J-1220)

Joe, Frank, Wess, Frank Foster, Benny Powell, Sir Charles Thompson, Ed Jones and Shadow Wilson (two ringers, you see) in still another Basie album this one somewhat dampened by the material used, excepting *Midgets*, the most swinging track on the LP. Neither of the Frank's has really reached sufficient stature to have so much record time. Benny plays better

### COOPER UNION REVIEW

(Continued from page 21)

contained no jazz, lacked tonal color, was reminiscent of Baroque Style with its sequences and thematic ideas, but not as adventures in sound as that period of music or in form. It contained Debussy-like sonorities but had no contrast so far as the dynamics were concerned. It was just a bad composition. I know Lewis is a talented composer and performer but in this piece he did not show any of it. The spokesman of Progressive Jazz, as John Lewis is sometimes called, had to take the back seat to Teddy Charles and Gigi Gryce whose talents shone with blinding brightness their capacity to compose great jazz pieces.

*Lydian M-I* was by George Russell. This is my first association with his work. I felt that this composition did not come up to the level of Gryce's or Charles's compositions. but that it was a work well-worth hearing. He has great potential as a composer but needs more of a "classical" approach in developing his musical ideas.

*Egdon Heath*, a composition by Bill Russo was a competent attempt. I have heard other pieces by him that impressed me more. I don't think he gave this piece much thought. Its shades of impressionism were very obvious. However, it was the best piece from the standpoint of performance because David Broekman was at the helm, holding things together like the master of conducting he is.

Charles' *Green Blues* and Gryce's *Al-Ghashiyah* were the only overwhelming events on the program. Their music contained all the necessary ingredients that go into good jazz. It was healthy,

earthy, and funky. However, the Charles piece suffered a little because of a lack of rehearsal time. These boys should be congratulated for saving the program, from the point of view of written compositions being presented.

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here than he has on other record outings, which is very good indeed. The rhythm section is good, of course, and Newman makes up for any number of other failings. But it's more, so much more, of the same old thing—and the band does it so much better—with little of significance to distinguish it.

#### JACKIE PARIS

*There Will Never Be Another You, Heaven Can Wait, Strange, That Ole Devil Called Love, Whispering Grass, Don't Tell the Trees, Heart of Gold, I Can't Get Started, Indiana, Cloudy Morning, Wrap Your Trouble in Dreams, Good Night My Love* (Wing MGW 60004)

Our jazz singer wailing through ballads and jump tunes, a fine collection of songs these, wailing much more than the band, the only criticism of this album and, obviously, a criticism of arranger Manny Albam who frequently has too much going on behind him which interferes both with the lyric reading and the band's swinging. But Jackie's impelling talent pushes all this aside—would have more if he had wailed a couple blues in addition—producing one of the best vocal albums of the year, certainly the best jazz vocal LP in some time.

#### SELDON POWELL

*Go First Class, Why Was I Born, Love Is Just Around the Corner, Someone to Watch Over Me, Count Fleet, Autumn Nocturne, Swingsville, Ohio, Summertime* (Roost 2205)

Tenorist Powell with Jimmy Nottingham, Bob Alexander, Heywood Henry, Pete Mondello, Tony Aless, Billy Bauer, Arnold Fishkin, Don Lamond in a better outing than his first under Aless leadership. If you'll hear the music before reading the notes, as I fortunately did, you'll find much here that's pleasant to listen to, especially Seldon's big-toned tenor and the swinging rhythm section. If you reverse the procedure, however, you'll expect much more than you will get. Particularly what you do not get is anything that's profound, nor anything particularly fresh. Contrary to the notes, these are especially well-worn paths. But there are good bits by Nottingham and others that sometimes take away from the tedium frequently brought about by Seldon's almost continual soloing from one end of the record to the other.

#### PROGRESSIVE JAZZ

*Carioca, Everything Happens to Me, She Didn't Say, Strike Up the Band, The Nearness of You, Spectacular, Mambo, Rush Hour, A Waltz, Chloe, Miss Print, Surrey with the Fringe on Top*

Two groups on this album, the first—tenorist Al Klink, Dick Hyman, Mundell Lowe; Trigger Alpert, Eddie Shaughnessy—is a swinging one, Klink a surprisingly modern musician after all these years in the studios, but the album title is not an apt one, whatever it means, for most of this is mosttimes orthodox blowing on the slimmest of lines. Klink is interesting, a complete musician, but the album rests most securely on its swinging quality, which, mostly alone, is not enough.

The second group led by trombonist Bob Alexander with Peanuts Hucko, Bernie

Leighton, Bob Carter and Joe Morello has a bit more distinctiveness, effective use of counterpoint in the scores of Bob Carter, but, more or less, the same orthodox blowing on only slightly less thin lines. Incidentally dig the Bud Freeman sound that Peanuts Hucko has on tenor. Again the emphasis is on swinging and, also, on swing, more than anything else. Over-all a pleasant album (Grand Award LP)

#### BOBBY SCOTT

*Scott Free: Two Toes, What's New, Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Summer Night, Over the Rainbow, Squaw*

(Continued on page 32)


#### FOOTNOTES

(From page 19)

our rather inexcusable asininity, and sincerely hope we'll never repeat it—or that, should we do so, someone will be there to respond as promptly and gratifyingly as Mr. Dance. What we intended saying there, by the way, was merely that the average European pays fore attention (that is, reads more carefully) the work of his critics than does the American. And reading, scrutinizes, considers, and evaluates . . .

VIII


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*Rock, Potatoo Zalud, These Foolish Things, Milt Shake, Skyline, Richard the Lionhearted* (ABC Paramount 102)

Personnel: Scott, bassist Knobby Totah and drummer Al Levitt. Bobby plays piano or vibes on this LP, showing again that for all his technique, expressiveness and swing he is still a young man, still unable to avoid the overplay or the banal (track 6) even the downright corny (*Rainbow*). Still on the debit side—an omnibus of styles with the Scott personality more visible (or audible) through the approach than anything else. On the credit side, though, a concern with the basic, with the blues in particular, and a wealth of talent that's yet to be used as persuasively as it can be. Real growth will do it.

**ZOOT SIMS**

The Modern Art of Jazz: *September in the Rain, Down at the Loft, Ghost of a Chance, Not So Deep, Them There Eyes, Our Pad, Dark Clouds, One to Blow On* (Dawn DLP 1102)

Personnel: Zoot, Brookmeyer, John Williams, Hinton, Gus Johnson. Easily the instrumental record of the month, an excellent matching of the expansive, almost throbbing Sims with the different kind of fire we always expect from Bobby, and with a rhythm section that swings with gay abandon. Normal criteria of modernism or what have you, have no place in the face of this kind of jazz that draws deeply on the whole tradition of the music, while maintaining the strictest simplicity. If I had to pick a track, it would be *Ghost* in which men carry the torch.

**FRANK SINATRA**

Songs for Swinging Lovers: *You make Me Feel So Young, It Happened in Monterey, You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me, You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me, Too Marvelous for Words, Old Devil Moon, Pennies from Heaven, Love Is Here to Stay, I've Got You Under*

*My Skin, I Thought About You, We'll Be Together Again, Makin' Whoopee, Swingin' Down the Lane, Anything Goes, How About You* (Capitol W 653)

With the impeccable arrangements of Nelson Riddle, Frank Sinatra proves again the man who can do no wrong, a master craftsman, be-hatted, tie-loosened, telling stories that happen to be connected with wonderful tunes with the kind of understanding companionship between material, artist and listener that is a complete gas. And it sounds better each time around.

**BOB STEWART**

Let's Talk About Love: *Caravan, Skylark, Look Down That Lonesome Road, If I'm Lucky, Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Come Rain or Come Shine, When the Blues Come On, Avalon, Laura, Moonglow, It's Mine After All, Blue Prelude* (Dawn DLP 1103)

A musicianly singer with fine arrangements and backing by Mat Mathews' Quintet. Bob's appeal is well founded in his non-gimmicky voice, a kind of straightforward performance that has a certain similarity to the Sinatra sound and delivery. In any case it's a good debut for this jazz oriented singer even considering the unexpected really bad intonation trouble on several of the tracks—time should take care of that. Mat does his usual excellent job.

**SONNY STITT**

*There'll Never Be Another You, The Nearness of You, Biscuit Mix, Yesterdays, Afterwards, If I Should Lose You, Blues for Bobby, My Melancholy Baby* (Roost 2208)

Personnel: Sonny with Hank Jones, Freddie Greene, Wendell Marshall and Shadow Wilson. Fortunately this record gives me an opportunity to renege on what I said last month about the Stitt release of that time. Both seem better at first play than they really are. The resemblance to

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Bird, the outgoing dynamism, etc., are all things to praise, and they seem startling on first play. Actually, however, there's not too much more from Sonny on either—although the first record is much better. Sonny's tenor didn't show the intonation defects his alto shows, and if these are to be excused as a bending a la Bird, then there has to be the greatness of soul of Bird to go along with them. On the contrary this is the Bird of the snarling, besmirching variety, unquestionably jazz, even good jazz, but not great jazz. Hank plays beautifully—the rhythm section is excellent.

#### MEL TORME

*Lulu's Back in Town, When the Sun Comes Out, I Love to Watch the Moonlight, Fascinating Rhythm, The Blues, The Carioca, The Lady Is a Tramp, I Like to Recognize the Tune, Lullaby of Birdland, When April Comes Again, Sing for Your Supper* (Bethlehem BCP 52)

With this record Mel moves even more firmly into that charmed circle of top musical entertainers, sings with ears, taste and musicianship. Marty Paich did the excellent arrangements for the *Dek-tette* which accompanies Mel, including many of Hollywood's top musicians, several of whom have excellent solos. The arranging, tunes and blowing at that level then, Mel's performances have to be compelling to measure up—and they are—whether on such a lovely ballad as track two or on the first tune, a swinging one. In short, this, like the Sinatra and Paris album, is an exceptional album from any point of view.

#### BRIEFLY NOTED

*Paul Smith—Cascades* (Capitol T 665) : 12 tracks with studio musicians like Abe Most and Tony Rizzi, playing "liquid sounds" in a mostly swinging polite way that is entertaining but only jazz by courtesy as a rule except when Paul blows freely. It's a nice album though with several attractive originals.

*Rene Touzet* (Gene Norman Presents, Vol. 14) is a composer, arranger and pianist in the Latin tradition so that this is very exciting music—only bits of jazz—but easily the best of this Latin jazz for dancing.

*Josh White* (Electra 102) with Sam Gary and bassist Al Hall in a romp through spirituals, blues and miscellaneous. One set of liner notes is pretty silly, but it probably represents what is wrong with this LP. The other is historically informative and Electra thoughtfully includes a booklet of the lyrics. Josh no longer can sing spirituals in my estimation, which leaves the charming moments, although thoroughly commercial, like *Meat Ball*; leaves them to be spoiled by the thumb-sucking mentality of *Jelly, Jelly*, which underlines his problem with the spirituals.

*Sol Yaged—It Might As Well Be Swing* (Herald HLP 0103), a nice, swinging set with a rhythm section that's overbalanced and too much presence on the vibes. Unfortunately, Sol plays too much like Goodman: the similarity is almost embarrassing, and just doesn't make sense in a musician of his ability. It's a nice date, though, with some delight taken in the return of pianist Ken Kersey.

## BLAKEY

(From page 17)

that an artist creates and is not merely a performer. It is also my belief that when an artist reaches this stage of development that the public as well as press should allow these facts to be highlighted as much as possible so such an artist can at least gain the financial security that he very well deserves.

Of the current crop of jazz ensembles in the country Art's Jazz Messengers are among the top five. Collectively speaking they project a tremendous moving feeling . . . with the help of the writing

of Hank and Horace . . . and the soul of Art. Art being a drum stylist must necessarily protrude to the extent that to some critics he appears noisy. This alleged offensiveness is a mistake. This is Jazz; which is on the verge of being lost in the profusion of experimentation. Blakey and drummers of similar caliber must be heard in order that the importance of their instruments may be brought out in the proper perspective. There are and have been very few drummers who fit this category. Let us not get too far away from the drums lest we lose the basic message and influence of jazz.

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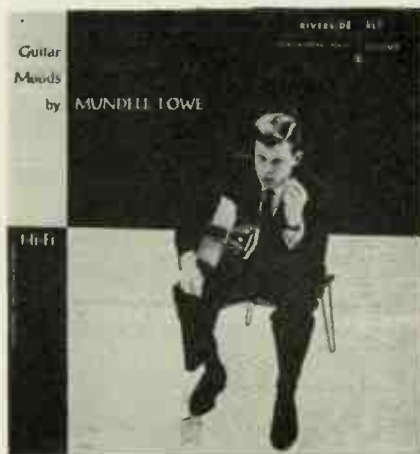
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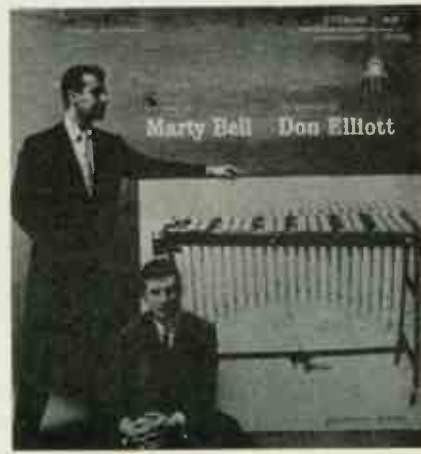


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# LONDON RECORDS



# THE CLASSICS

## Reviews by Hall Overton

**Walter Piston:** *Sonatina* for Violin and Harpsichord. Alexander Schneider, violin; Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. **John Cage:** *String Quartet*. The New Music String Quartet. 12" LP Col ML 4495.

Piston's *Sonatina* is impressively wrought, rich in melodic resources, and about as stylistically sure as any work you'll hear from an American composer. Mr. Piston has treated the harpsichord in a robust rhythmic way, particularly in the rousing last movement, and in the slow second movement has given the violin some beautiful song lines. The over-all harmonic nature of the *Sonatina* (typical of this composer) lies within the realm of tonality in the modern sense, establishing tonal centers by use of scale or mode and carefully contrived dissonant counterpoint which at the same time doesn't shun chords of the triad family.

Several furlongs away, aesthetically speaking, one finds John Cage's *String Quartet* offering a startling contrast to the Piston *Sonatina*. Long known for his experimental writing for percussion instruments and "prepared piano," Cage here writes for the traditional string quartet, but in a typically unconventional way. All four movements are played without vibrato, according to Cage, because "vibrato is associated with literature that moves towards climaxes, whereas this Quartet does not." There are literally no climaxes here and for great arid stretches no modulation, no counterpoint. In fact the lengthy third movement seems suspended on one undulating idea which exhibits little variation in its constant repetitions. To sum up, this is a music of cryptic statement, inward-looking without personal intensity, placid to the point of being virtually bloodless.

**Copland:** *Appalachian Spring*. El Salon Mexico. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, cond. Serge Koussevitzky. 12" LP RCA Victor LCT-1134.

These are the well-known Kousse-

vitzky performances originally issued on "78's" and here transferred to LP. Both Copland pieces are standard American repertoire and will no doubt be recorded many more times but even though the sound is not up to present-day levels the Koussevitzky "touch" lends authority to these versions.

**Wallingford Riegger:** *Symphony No. 3*, Op. 42. The Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra, cond. Howard Hanson. **Peter Mennin:** *Symphony No. 3*. The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, cond. Dimitri Mitropoulos. 12" LP. Col ML 4902.

Third Symphonies by two American composers of different ages and musical philosophies. Riegger, now in his early 60's, came into twelve-tone writing without knowledge of the modern Viennese dodecaphonists and although some of his music uses no serial devices and is quite tonal he has been identified primarily as a twelve-tone composer. Riegger's Third Symphony uses twelve-tone devices in an original way, mixing atonal passages with a curious use of whole tone scales and harmonies, resulting in textures often reminiscent of Impressionism. There is nothing Impressionistic in Peter Mennin's Third Symphony, completed in 1946 when the composer was 23. Mennin has an impressive melodic and contrapuntal gift which is combined with a brilliant type of orchestration which if it often invites comparison with Hollywood techniques, is none-the-less consistently effective.

**Hindemith:** "Mathis Der Maler" and *Symphonic Dances*. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Paul Hindemith. 12" LP Decca DL 9818.

Hindemith's version of "Mathis" is less dynamic than Ormandy's (Col ML 4816) but this disc is considerably enhanced by the inclusion of the *Symphonic Dances*, one of Hindemith's strongest orchestral works, vintage 1937. It is given here a stunning performance and the recording is excellent.

**Robert Schumann:** *Symphony No. 2* in C Major, Op. 61. The Detroit Symphony, cond. Paul Paray. 12" LP Mercury MG 50102.

Many conductors have taken it upon themselves to revise Schumann's Symphonic orchestration because of its thick textures, evidently feeling that the composer didn't know what he was doing in his orchestration. Mr. Paray makes no such assumption about the genius of Robert Schumann and respects his original intentions with excellent results in this stirring version of the Second Symphony.

**Bach:** The Goldberg Variations. Glen Gould, piano. 12" LP Col ML 5060.

Glen Gould, as many of you probably already know, is the young Canadian pianist who has received so much favorable publicity recently. I do not wish to quibble with the general conclusion amongst critics that he is an outstanding pianistic talent because it is obviously so. My only reservation is that he is too immaculate in his conception of Bach, too studied in his approach, too (if this is possible) well-prepared. But he is clearly a pianist of great promise whose future work will be looked forward to with anticipation.

**Bloch:** *Schelomo*. **Tchaikovsky:** *Variations on a Rococo Theme*. Andre Navarra, cello with The London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Richard Austen. 12" LP Capitol P 18012.

The work of Andre Navarra has been noted before in this column and he lives up to expectations in these two standard works for solo cello with orchestra. There is a quote in the liner notes in Bloch's own words which I should like to give in full for it explains his approach to writing a work like *Schelomo* better than anything I could say. Bloch says: "I do not propose or desire to attempt a reconstruction of the music of the Jews, and to base my works on melodies more or less authentic. I am no archaeologist. I believe that the most important thing is to write good and sincere music—my own music. It is rather the Hebrew spirit that interests me—the complex, ardent, agitated soul that vibrates for me in the Bible; the vigor and ingenuousness of the Patriarchs, the violence that finds expression in the books of the Prophets, the burning love of justice, the desperation of the preachers of Jerusalem, the sorrow and grandeur of the book of Job, the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in us, all this is in me, and is the better part of me. This is which I seek to feel within me and to translate in my music—the sacred race-emotion that lies dormant in our souls."

## MUSIC APPRECIATION

### Part Nine

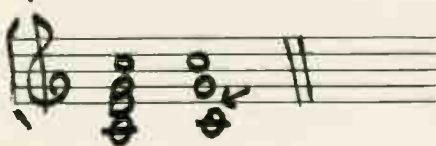
### HARMONY—V

The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries marked the beginnings of modern harmony which manifested itself in a movement known as *impressionism*. This music was a direct reaction against traditional romantic harmony, although it made extensive use of sensuousness. Impressionism has been aptly described as refined, delicate, vague and atmospheric music. French in character, it seems to hint rather than state and contains successions of colors which take the place of dynamic development. The following is a series of harmonic developments which grew out of previous traditional ideas. In a sense, it is a breakdown of the conventional harmonic system, however, these ideas are not wholly new in themselves.

#### (1) TRIAD CONCEPT CHANGES

Up until this point we have seen the importance of the interval of a third. The impressionist school generally omitted the third in a chord, which resulted in interval relationships of the fourth and fifth. (See Fig. I) A striking similarity may be found in our previous discussion of organum. The chord was looked upon as an independent unit in a color medium which could exist for its own sake rather than as part of a progression. It was enlarged to include intervals of the eleventh and

FIG. I



thirteenth. Alexander Scriabin's famous "mystic" chord in his orchestral tone poem *Prometheus* is a combination of five fourths, containing the tones C, F#, Bb, E, A and D.

#### (2) PARALLELISM PREFERRED TO CONTRARY MOTION

The tradition of contrary motion in voice leading was changed to one of extreme parallelism in which voices moved in the same direction rather than in opposite directions. (See Fig. II) Composers, such as Debussy, could

FIG. II DEBUSSY'S LA CATHEDRAL ENGLOUTIE



not understand why parallel fifths and octaves were forbidden. They liked the sound of parallel movement and this became the sole criteria for their use. The successive sounding of parallel chords resulted in another violation of conventional harmony. Dissonances could not be resolved in this type of voice leading. Again the sole criteria for correctness was the sound the composer intended for an effect which he was creating.

#### (3) USE OF THE WHOLE TONE SCALE

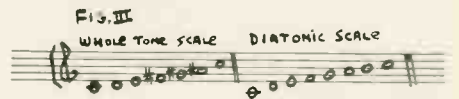
The whole tone scale differs from the traditional diatonic scale by making use of six steps instead of seven. (See Fig. III) Each step in the scale is of equal length, or a whole tone. In the diatonic scale, steps three and four

and seven and eight are half steps, or semi-tones, the rest consisting of whole tones. These half steps or semi-tones provide a centralization or resting place for melodies which the whole tone scale cannot do. The significance is that the whole tone scale suggests a vague, indefinite, misty feeling which lacks the properties of centralization. This scale provided an excellent means for the composer who was seeking the effect of atmospheric impression. Its use dates back to Mozart, who used it in *A Musical Joke* written in 1787. Although other classical composers had used it sparingly, it never became the basis for an entire composition or vehicle for expressing a musical ideal such as impressionism. The second Prelude of Book I (violes) by Debussy consists entirely of whole tone patterns, except for six measures.

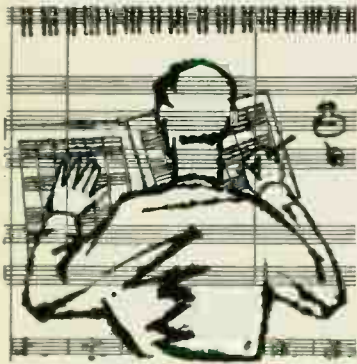
#### (4) BEGINNINGS OF POLYTONALITY

We have already seen a marked change in the tonal concept. With the expansion of the harmonic idiom, came a need for broadening the central key feeling. Impressionism suggested a vagueness and indefiniteness. The combination of two keys at once (bitonality) seemed to convey the same feeling. These tonal experiments were preliminary to later developments, which suggested several keys at once (polytonality) and finally, no key at all (atonality). Next month we will delve into some of these ideas.

The chief composer of the impressionist movement was Claude Debussy (1862-1918). Some of his work which may be heard on records are the three *Nocturnes for Orchestra*, the orchestral suite *La Mer*, the opera *Pelleas et Melisande*, and the pianoforte collections *Images, Preludes, and Etudes*. The other main representative was Maurice Ravel (1875-1937), another Frenchman influenced by impressionism whose work includes the *Mother Goose* suite, the ballet *Daphnis et Chloe*, the orchestral *Rhapsodie Espanole*, the one-act opera *L'Heure Espanole, La Valse, Bolero*, and many others. Some other composers whose work show impressionist influence are the French Dukas and Roussel, the English Delius, Bax and Cyril Scott, the Spanish Albeniz, the Italian Respighi, and Charles Griffes in the United States.







## Arranging

Charlie Shirley  
Choral  
Arranging

I believe that I stated, in last month's column, that I would give scored examples of choral writing. Well, I've changed my mind about that and I'll tell you why.

Writing for any musical medium is largely a matter of personal preference or style. I've steered clear, in this column, of giving a course in arranging but, rather, have given a series of tips and advice based on my experience in the field. You won't find many musical examples here. Examples for every type of musical problem can be found in any number of excellent books and I see no need to repeat them. I mention this now because the temptation to give voicing and other examples in manuscript form is very great when discussing choral arranging. I would rather feel that I've stimulated the reader to think for himself and that what he writes is a product of his own imagination rather than a stereotyped copy of some voicing example that was meant to exist for, say, four bars. Well, back to the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus.

The voices of a choral group are usually divided into four lines or parts. Soprano, alto, tenor and bass. How these four voices are distributed is important. The alto part shouldn't be more than an octave below the soprano. The tenor, in turn, shouldn't be more than an octave below the alto. There is an exception, though, when we consider the distance between the tenor and bass. The bass may wander further than the usual octave below the tenor. A phrase or two is long enough however, and then he must return. The rule of thumb is to keep each of the four parts within an octave of the part above. This is when writing in harmony, of course, and the exception is in contrapuntal writing. There you are quite free of the rules of harmony but up against the rules of counterpoint.

In dealing with triads we have a problem. The triad must be distributed over four voice lines. That means that one of the notes in the triad must be doubled. Here your harmony lessons help you. Do not double the third of the principle chords of the key. (I, IV, V.) The secondary chords (II, III, VI) sound best if you *do* double the third. Here, note that doubling the third of the secondary chords emphasizes the key as the thirds of these secondary chords are the I, IV, and V.

Need I add that parallel octaves or parallel fifths are verboten unless you are looking for an effect. They do not sound well to the modern ear and they destroy the motion of the parts when they occur. *Repeated* octaves or fifths are perfectly all right.

There are other approaches that you shouldn't overlook. Unisons are effective and give you a chance to rest a voice line here and there. They have a dramatic impact too. Try giving the melody to the sopranos and also to the basses two octaves apart from each other. Also, write the altos, tenors and basses in the usual four parts and then add the sopranos an octave above the alto melody. It can have a very weird effect. Don't forget solos and duets and even trios for a change of mood or sound. There are as many tricks as there are people to sing them so experiment. Given the general rules above and those in last month's column there is very little that you can write that will sound bad. Experimenting with a choral group is not as improbable as it sounds. There are many groups all over the country springing out of clubs, churches and schools. You can even organize one in your community. Most of them are tied to a limited library of commercial scores. The conductor of such a group is usually more than happy to rehearse and use original material. Take your arrangements to a group and not only can you hear your stuff but if you *join* the group you can sing it as well. The enjoyment of working with a chorus is rewarding enough and the ear training is invaluable. After a few rehearsals you'll be ready, and eager, to bring in a steady stream of scores for them to sing and there is no better way to learn choral writing than to sing with them. Mollie, hand me down m' pitch pipe!

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# Brass

Eddie Bert  
Discusses  
Buying a Horn



THE first step in acquiring a horn is generally a show of interest in the child. A small investment should then be made in a horn. After six months to a year, the interest has either disappeared or is burning much brighter than before. If burning enthusiasm is the case, the next step should be a better horn (assuming a cheaper one was purchased in the beginning).

There are many logical reasons for this investment. First, anybody with a definite, live interest in music should never be deprived of an instrument to express himself. Second, if it happens to be a trombone, you're in luck because the trombone is one of the cheapest of wind instruments. And last, when a good instrument has been acquired, there is a greater confidence in the instrument. The pupil may then concentrate on the ever-present problems of music.

When picking the horn, the pupil should try as many brands as possible, and there are many good ones on the market now. The choice of a horn is an individual affair, therefore, he should pick the one that suits him best. If his musical knowledge has increased enough for him to

hear if the horn is in tune, so much the better. He should test all the notes on the horn in relation to each other. All registers should be tested to be sure the horn feels good in all of them. The more horns you can try, the more understanding you'll choose one with. Every horn, even those of the same make will feel different. If you live near a factory, try them right there. This is a big advantage.

While trying horns, the same mouthpiece should be used. Once you find a mouthpiece that suits you, stick to it. It's best not to keep changing. Just concentrate on one and you'll get much better results.

The slide on a new horn will have to be lubricated before using and will need breaking in. If it's cleaned every day and well taken care of, there is no reason why it shouldn't break in right. I've explained the cleaning of a horn in the April issue of METRONOME. The tuning slide should have a thick lubricant, either pure lanolin or vasoline, so that it slides easily, but won't move once placed in tune.

A good horn should be purchased as soon as the interest has been established. It is much easier to play a good horn, than to waste a lot of time and energy on an inferior one. You deserve the best equipment to give yourself the best possible chance to succeed.

## Letters To The Editor

(Continued from page 9)

### CASA LOMA LUMINATION

You were, and are right, the guitarist with the old Casa Loma Band was Jacques Blanchette. The spelling and pronunciation have long since been changed to just plain Jack.

I came to Casa Loma from the Isham Jones Orch., to replace Gene Gifford when they decided to use him exclusively on arrangements. My years with Ish were from about the middle of 1929 to Dec. 17th, 1933, and included the period when Ish wrote such tunes as *Wooden Soldier* and *China Doll*, *I Can't Believe it's True*, *Why Can't this Night, If You Were Only Mine* and many more. It was wonderful working with the Jones Band, because my musical background, playing violin as well as guitar, and the type of music played, made my job a real happy one. When the offer came from Casa Loma, I thought this was my chance to play the new type of swing, so I talked with Ish and he said, "Go ahead Kid, they're hot."

December 17th, 1933, saw my start with the Glen Gray Casa Loma boys. It was the night before the first Camel Caravan show, when I very quietly slipped in alongside of Billy Rauch at the Essex House and the first tune was the trombones playing, *I'll Get By*. (Always been my favorite tune.) My final night with the band was also Dec. 17th, but a far different year, actually it was 1940, at a theatre in Hartford. Since that time I have been living in Kalamazoo, Michigan, working first for the Famous Gibson Guitar Factory, whose guitars I have always used and sold, then later on to the Chicago Musical Instrument Co., where I'm still selling them.

My years with Casa Loma were, to use a trite expression, fabulous. All the boys were terrific; Glen, the best boss a musician ever had. Kenny Sargent, and his *For You*. Sunny Dunham with his fancy trumpeting and trombone playing. Billy Rauch, a real high note trombone artist, Hutch, Joe Horsec, Denny Dennis, Pee Wee, Tony and all the rest. No doubt you know the Horse is with Pee Wee and doing real well. Tony, I have lost track of but I see Denny in a small town near Detroit, every now and then. Many of the others are so scattered it would be difficult to place them, but all were a part of the Great Band of Men. Glen is living the life of Reilly, I am told up in Plymouth, Mass. They were all great individuals, but collectively, they were Casa Loma, the introduction to "Swing."

The era of Murray McEachern was great, and I would like to add he is without a question of doubt, one of the country's

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# Drums

**Jim Chapin  
Gives Tips  
on Knowing Lyrics**

Lester Young, in a recent interview, mentions that he likes to know the lyrics of the tunes he improvises on, as well as the melody and harmony. This statement rings a bell for me.

A few years ago, I was working in a club with a good but obscure jazz trio. The boss indicated that he would be happier with the group if one of us would sing a tune occasionally. I was elected. At the end of the engagement I had hardly become another Nat Cole, but I did discover that my drumming had become more sensitive. My time-sense had become more like that of a horn; this because part of the evening, at least, I was playing rhythm for myself to "blow" with. Thanks to my heightened awareness of the structure of tunes, there was a lot more musical order in my solos and fill-ins. Since that time I've often practised by singing one chorus of a song straight, then singing a couple of instrumental jazz choruses, splitting a couple of choruses of "4's" or "8's" between voice and drums, playing one or two complete drum choruses, and then singing one chorus of the lyric to go out on. I find that this type of inspirational practise gets the drummer away from the stiffness of pure, technical exercises, yet gives him a measure of self reliance that he can't get from practise with records.

Often the conscious effort to play cleanly and evenly from beat to beat can result in a stilted, non-swinging sound, and the loss of the over-all continuity. Regarding the whole tune as of one piece, and playing it as though you really know it, makes for a sure yet fluid rhythm sound that is less compulsively drumistic. This "taking the long view" also influences the drummer to inject the most logical and cohesive punctuations. There is another advantage in knowing the words as well as the tune, besides the emotional lift that words tied to music can give. Though there are usually repeat strains of melody in a tune, the lyric is most often a poem with few repeats. The different words give each strain an individual character even though the melody may be identical.

When the whole song is firm in the drummer's mind, he ceases to be just an accompanist-timekeeper and moves right into the musical picture that the soloist is painting.

## LETTERS

(From page 38)

finest musicians—a tremendous talent. His playing brought a new interest to the band with unique phrasing, tone, interpretation of tunes were a lift. An inspiration to all of us.

I guess my outstanding memories of the band, musically were engagements such as the Essex House, Glen Island, The Meadow Brook, The Rainbow Room, N. Y. Paramount and our visits to California. Other than the musical memories—every one nighter trip we ever made via bus—talk about fun. There never was a band that had the brotherly feeling and the consideration for each other that we had.

Pee Wee, the Buckeye Nightingale, is still at it and doing real well. It was our pleasure to have him visit Kalamazoo last

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June for one day and evening. Believe me, we had my neighbors in stitches. He is still the great Pee Wee, playing a different type of music, but very happy and doing very well financially. It couldn't happen to a better guy.

Jack Blanchette

Kalamazoo, Mich.

## AVAKIAN TO THE RESCUE

May I come to Ed Mulford's aid in his appeal for information on the Casa Loma personnel, and to thank him with great amusement for a new verb, "to Avakianize," although I hope that next time he describes his reminiscences with his own word they are as accurate as I hope mine are when I hark back.

This is the personnel Ed is seeking:

Bobby Jones is the trumpet player who led the brass section with Grady Watts (who played second cornet) and Sonny Dunham (who later played some wild trombone solos in addition to third trumpet). At first Grady took virtually all the solos. Walter Smith and Frankie Zullo came into the section after a while; Jones was the first man to leave, and then Dunham, but Sonny soon came back to replace Smith. This was in 1936, and the band was making the Paramount Theatre stage shows and Sonny began taking some of the old Watts solos (such as on *Casa Loma Stomp*) and doing all the high-note stuff.

Murray McEachern didn't come into the trombone section (doubling on alto sax, by the way) until quite a bit later (1938).

## LETTERS

(From page 39)

The third trombonist of that period, who joined the band about the time they switched from Brunswick to Decca, was Fritz Hummel, who doubled violin. Billy Rauch took all the sweet-trombone solos and played lead; Pee Wee Hunt sang the fast tunes and played all the "hot" solos.

In the reed section, Glen Gray (whose name was actually Knoblach) played first alto and sat in the middle of the front row. He was an unusually tall, dapperly handsome man, known to the musicians as "Spike." The band was a co-op unit, and was always known as Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra—never "his," until near the end of its career. Clarence Hutchenrider played third alto and took all the clarinet solos, and Pat Davis took all the tenor solos. Kenny Sargent played a little tenor so he could sit in the section (he was carried as a vocalist, actually, and was the predecessor of all "boy singers," as they were then known, like Sinatra with Dorsey and so forth), but the real anchor man of the section was Art Ralston, who played baritone and alto sax primarily but doubled on virtually everything, especially bass clarinet and bassoon. (He once said he took up new reed instruments to pass the time while laid up in hospitals with broken bones; apparently he was quite a hard-luck guy.) Joe "Horse" Hall and Tony Briglia are correct on piano and drums, and Jacques Blanchette was the guitarist, replacing Gene Gifford, who had turned entirely to arranging by the time the band got famous. (Score one for Mrs. Mulford, and a minor demerit for Ed's French spelling; names Ed had are repeated throughout here because there were several spelling errors.) The bassist was Stan Dennis. Mel Jensen conducted, since Gray didn't front the band. Mel played a very infrequent violin solo, but after the versatile Danny D'Andrea came into the sax section in 1936—which was about when Hummel joined—that gave the band three violinists for a little occasional section work on ballads. This would happen several times a night, and Dunham's doubling also made some fine four-trombone choruses possible on ballads, too. *For You*, Kenny Sargent's big vocal number, started off this way.

The band's big period began in 1934, when it broke all records for college one-nighters, and began fading fast in 1938. The line-up listed above stayed pretty set during that time, but a vast overhaul took place late in '38, affecting about half the band.

A word about the band's early history; it started as the Orange Blossom Orchestra, was handled by Jean Goldkette of Detroit, who had the Mid-West band business pretty much under control in the 'twenties, and got its name from an engagement at the Casa Loma, just outside Toronto. When Bix Beiderbecke tried to come back in the Spring of 1931, he made a few nights in Connecticut with the band, but couldn't take the pace.

To supplement the Camel Caravan information, I'd like to add that Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd did the comedy on that fine program for two years before Walter O'Keefe, and that the band's set sequence for the broadcasts was four tunes, not three; the second number was invariably a medium or up tune with a vocal by Pee Wee Hunt. Stoopnagle and Budd were the predecessors of Bob and Ray, and if airchecks of their shows with the band were available today I would bet they'd stand up as well as the music.

Well, this is an offhand reminiscence which I think is pretty thoroughly on the nose because I followed this band far more closely in 1936 and '37 than any kid at the Horace Mann School for Boys had any right to, and somehow details picked up in that period of life tend to be more accurate than at any other time. I don't suppose the information can be checked in print, but Glen Gray is still around (living in Plymouth, Mass.) and Tom Rockwell, who, with Corky O'Keefe managed the band throughout the 'thirties is busier than ever in New York. The band, as Ed points out, certainly deserves to be remembered because it paved the way for Benny Goodman and just about everything else that happened in big band jazz, which in turn popularized combos. I've often thought of reissuing some of the Brunswicks which are in the Columbia Record files, but until now I rather thought I was the only Casa Loma fan who might buy such a set.

Comments, anyone?

George Avakian

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# Reeds

John LaPorta  
Discusses  
Jazz Memory

Two articles previous to this, I mentioned that I would write about the use of memory in jazz. Memory plays an all-important part in improvisation. It is necessary to know the melody and the general outline, rhythmically and harmonically, of the tune that is being improvised. You should know them the same way that you know where you live. When you move to a new neighborhood, it is necessary to use certain guides in order to find your way home. You may keep in mind that there is a grocery store on the corner and that your street is two blocks in from a well-known business section and that your house is the third past the house with the green shutter. After a few times, it isn't necessary to actively concentrate on these guides as you get to know them without thinking, the same way you know how to walk. At this point, you just go home and your mind is free to think of anything it cares to.

The same type of memorization is true to improvisation. The first thing is to learn the melody. The best thing is not to attempt a memorization of any single note as such, but to memorize in phrases of approximately two bars. Read the first phrase very carefully, as it is very important *not* to make any mistakes in the notation or rhythm. Then turn away from the page and play the phrase from memory. Go back and check on it; then read it from the beginning and play the first two phrases. Turn away from the music and play from memory the second phrase. Check it. Then play the first two phrases from memory. Check it and start from the beginning, adding another phrase continuing the same process. As a guide, compare the similarities. For example, many standard popular tunes are in eight-bar sections. Usually they will have a melody for eight bars, which we will call A. The second eight bars will be exactly the same except for the seventh and eighth bars. The middle, or bridge, of the tune will be entirely different and the last eight bars will be the same as A, except for the last bar or two, which are changed to make the tune end properly. Instead of thirty-two bars to memorize you will have eighteen or twenty bars that are different.

After you have discovered the similarities involved, it becomes easy to remember where the melody changes. I have not developed this topic fully, so I will continue it in next month's column.

## SIMON SEZ

(Continued from page 5)

bandleader or musician doing a combination dramatic and musical show, because, most of the time, the people connected with it haven't had much of an idea of what the situation really was, and/or were so anxious to make a good rating that they'd sacrifice truth as well as the reputation of their subjects. Here's hoping Woody and his show, if it does come off, will be doing jazz and jazz musicians a real service!

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Another guest editor: this month Sasha Burland who, in the last four years, has finally found himself in a position to do something about raising the level of music in commercial advertising. A long-time jazz fan, Sasha's first jazz commercial was a big band swinging for Scott and Lucky Strike, the "It's the toasted . . . cigarette" song. In addition to that and to the Schaefer date below, he's done tracks with musicians like Nick Travis, Osie Johnson, Sahib Shihab, Jon Eardley, Johnny Williams, Teddy Kotick, Billy Taylor, etc. Currently, he's done something for UPA films which he says turned out to be fifty minutes of inspired blowing. Sasha is one of those dedicated fans responsible for the growing interest in jazz. Perhaps others will heed and take heart after reading his open letter below.

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

This "open" letter concerns several meaty remarks by Jimmy Cleveland in his Blindfold Test in the January 11th issue of *Down Beat*.

I don't know Jimmy, but let me shout a loud huzzah for his rare musicianship! A superb example is his solo in *I Get a Kick Out of You* on one of Dinah Washington's EmArcy dates. That tune, by the way, gets the funkiest beat I've heard among the great spate of recent jazz recordings. I imagine it's due, to a large extent, to Quincy's magic touch with a small group and Dinah's swinging drive and command.

But to get to the point, what prompted this letter was the bit under "Afterthoughts by Jimmy" in which he wonders why jazz "hasn't been used more for commercial things, like Schaefer Beer and things in that groove." Being the writer-composer of that series of Schaefer 8-second spots, and having pushed hard for the past three years for more like them, I am both heartened and flattered that they should come to Jimmy's mind. How those spots were made might be interesting to Jimmy and might sound a reasonably optimistic note in an otherwise fog-bound situation.

I am TV-Radio jingle writer and producer working for a large Ad agency. The Schaefer spots were done about a year and a half ago for another agency. The session was done with the following musicians: Billy Taylor (who has done many swinging dates with me), Art Farmer, John Collins, Earl May, Jim Buffington, Joe Ricatelli, Lou McGarity and Jimmy Carroll. Lou was a more than able substitute for Bennie Green who had been called for the date. Bennie got hung up by a silent alarm clock and didn't show until the very end of the session. Still in his hat and coat, he blew mightily on a three-minute group "blues" that finished the date. A tape of this is available if anyone has eyes (or better, ears). Farmer, especially, is fabulous!

Later, an acetate was played at a big agency-client meeting, and aside from

the few stalwarts who had been enthusiastic about a jazz approach beforehand, there was never a greater collection of quizzical expressions in one room! All except Rudy Schaefer. He (for lack of a term more appropriate to a business man of his stature) flipped. My appreciation and admiration for that man is undying.

I hope more agency people and the host of specialists that always seem to become involved in their things are encouraged by the success of the Schaefer spots. And they have been appreciated by a large number of people, many of whom wouldn't recognize jazz from a bagpipe and autoharp marching band. Much more use of good, contemporary jazz will be made when the right people discover *what it is*, when they realize that jazz in a balance of emotional and intellectual appeal can leave a lasting commercial impression, and when they realize that good, jazz musicians are the most flexible, creative and enthusiastic guys in the world to work with. When that happens, a lot of disinterested hacks will start worrying and a lot of talented guys may not have to depend so heavily on smoky gigs that last till 5 in the morning. Good jazz, played well, is *quality*. And when the product and the situation is right, jazz should be used, played by the guys who live it and shape it.

United Productions of America and Storyboards, two very hip animation houses are exploring the use of jazz tracks with great enthusiasm. A couple of months ago on the coast, I talked with Shorty Rogers and Shelley Manne and they told me they were doing a number of commercials and many more were in the planning stage.

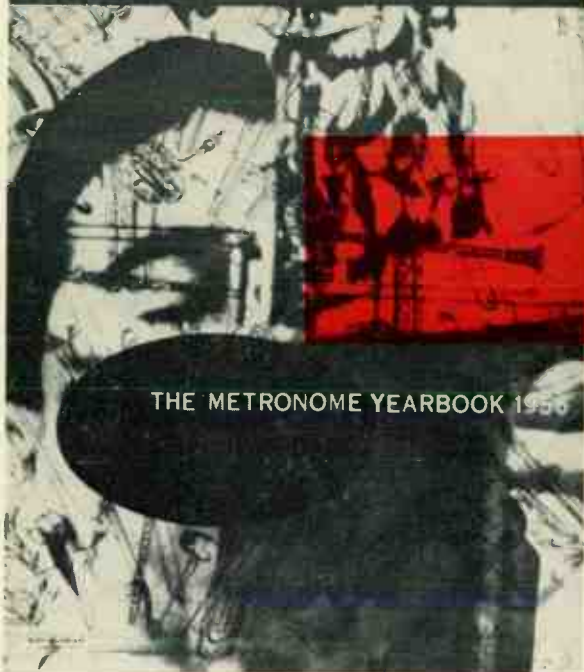
So, there is some activity and generally, things are looking up. And I'm confident that the many guys who love jazz will find ways to use it well and repay the guys who have given and are giving so much of themselves to keep jazz a vital, exciting expression.

**Gran Burland**

**METRONOME**



# JAZZ 1956



**NOW** AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

## THE NEWEST NEW STAR IN JAZZ

The best advertising copy we could run about our current yearbook, *JAZZ 1956*, would be to simply print the letters which are continuing to pour into our office. There are two of them, for example, on page 9 of this issue.

If we were to sum them up, they would paraphrase something like this: "Cheers for the Parker story, for the overall layout, for Burt Goldblatt's picture gallery, for the history and choices of the year, for the numerous other articles and stories, and, in particular, for the informative essay on how to buy high-fidelity equipment."

Something like that we say because some of the letters show a preference for one thing over another, but all are in accord that this METRONOME institution, THE YEARBOOK, is the best of them all.

We'd like to hear from you too, so, if you've not yet bought your copy, take one of the three opportunities listed below and wail with us.

**ONE DOLLAR** at your newsstand

and from your local music dealer  
or from METRONOME MAGAZINE  
(see coupon on page 40  
for your ordering blank)

# MICRO ANNOUNCES THE 'ACOUSTIVEX' SAX PADS

At last.....a **SCIENTIFICALLY** designed pad for your Saxophone that eliminates "TONE MUFLING".....!

The Saxophone has the largest tone holes of any wind instrument . . . and . . . by the same token, it has the largest area of soft, sound-absorbent, material . . . namely . . . the ordinary felt and leather pad.

In the past, the method used to overcome the sound blotting effects of the pad was to surface it with a flat, metal disc. However, it was only a partial answer because the sound waves were reflected back, directly into the tone holes.

Now, at last, the scientific answer to the problem. A convex disc, instead of a flat disc is fitted to the pad surface which deflects the sound waves and evenly distributes them. This action eliminates the muffled tones so undesirable in good saxophone playing. The new MICRO Acoustivex discs do not, in any way, interfere with the instruments intonation!

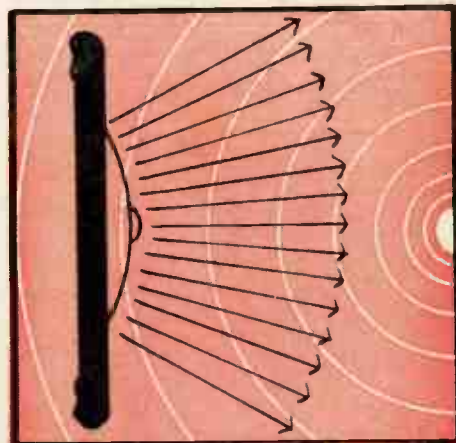


Only the finest of skins are used in MICRO ACOUSTIVEX Pads. The extremely important role of the Pad in Saxophone efficiency makes anything but the finest of materials a deterrent to good playing. Ask for your ACOUSTIVEX Pads under the MICRO Label. It is your guarantee of genuineness and quality.

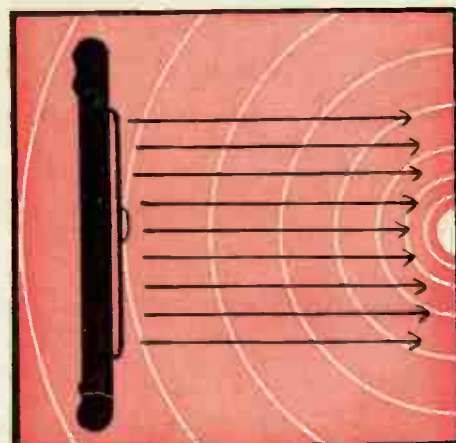
**ASK YOUR  
DEALER FOR  
MICRO  
ACOUSTIVEX  
PADS**



THIS IS THE SECRET . . . The Micro Acoustivex Pads have convex shaped tone deflectors which evenly reflect and distribute the sound waves.



THE ACOUSTIVEX WAY. Sound waves are re-distributed evenly in all directions, as shown in the diagram above.



THE OLD METHOD merely reflects the sound waves back into the tone holes thus failing to eliminate the undesirable tone muffling.

**MICRO MUSICAL PRODUCTS CORP. 10 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.**