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JULY, 1956 35c

DIZZY GILLESPIE IN PAKISTAN



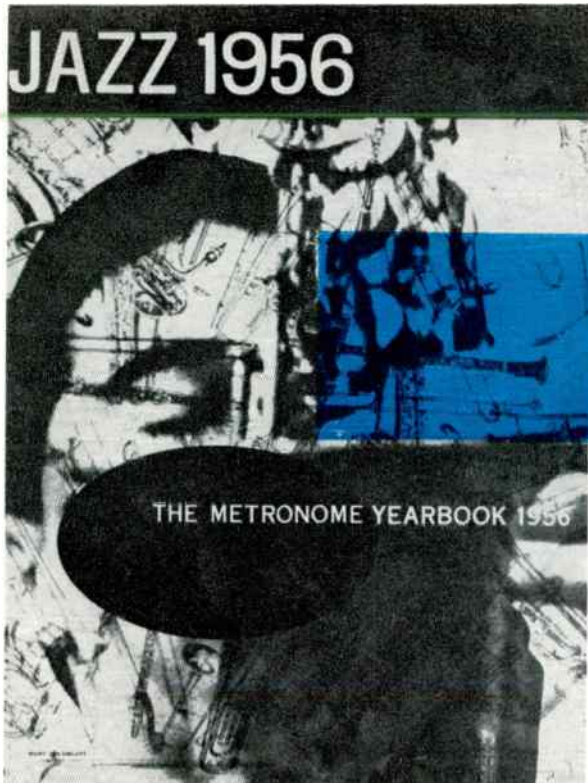
MUSIC FESTIVALS: A Cool Summer Around The World

METRONOME'S CHOICE: Contest Winners

ROCK AND ROLL: It Started With A Ray

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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.

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BRINGING UP AN ISSUE

We generally read the publisher's page in national magazines with a great deal of interest, imagining the strong currents underlying a simple statement such as: "Our Foreign Affairs Editor covered thirteen countries and three principalities last week to check rumors . . ."

Certainly we can't match that kind of drama; nor are we usually involved with rumors. But we do our share of traveling and we sometimes wonder whether our readers would be interested to learn just how a certain issue came into being.

This month, for example, the traveling was evenly split between the prosaic and the exciting as it so often is. Much of what you'll read here is dependent either on trips long past or on such as fifteen hours spent in the New York Public Library, checking festivals to be sure that the article on page thirteen would bring you as endorsable a list as possible.

Strangely enough, Jack Maher, who spent most of last month on the road, has only about fifty lines in this issue to prove that—the report on Pancho found on page sixteen. His itinerary, however, tells another story: three days in Chapel Hill, back to New York, back to Chapel Hill with Erroll Garner, back to New York, then to Pennsylvania, Toronto, Flint, Michigan and back to New York.

And next month looks as busy with Fort Dix, Newport, Stratford and Lennox on the list, plus a five-day road trip with one of the nation's leading jazz bands.

This, it seems to us, is where the publisher always makes his pitch about how it's this kind of footlooseness which ensures your being the coolest cat on the commuters' train because you're nestling on all the facts like a brood hen. But there's no pitch intended here—only a warning that you'll be exposed to one of those editor's tours in the near future.

For this month, however, we'd like to call your attention again to the cover picture showing Dizzy in Karachi, Pakistan, charming a cobra in the company of Melba Liston and Dorothy Sautler. Dizzy, back in New York, as we went to press, reported that this was a quiet moment: minutes later the reptile attacked. Fortunately, his time was way off. Diz went on to say that the first thing he wanted when he got back was a couple of hot dogs. That U.S. embassy people told him that the band had "made their jobs easier," and added a sociological note: "I never saw such poor people, like in Pakistan . . . you wouldn't believe it. I thought I had seen poor people before . . . but no . . ." The tour, which cost the government \$92,000 was of incalculable value, according to USIS spokesmen.

DATELINE USA

BURT KORALL'S

BACKGROUND MUSIC

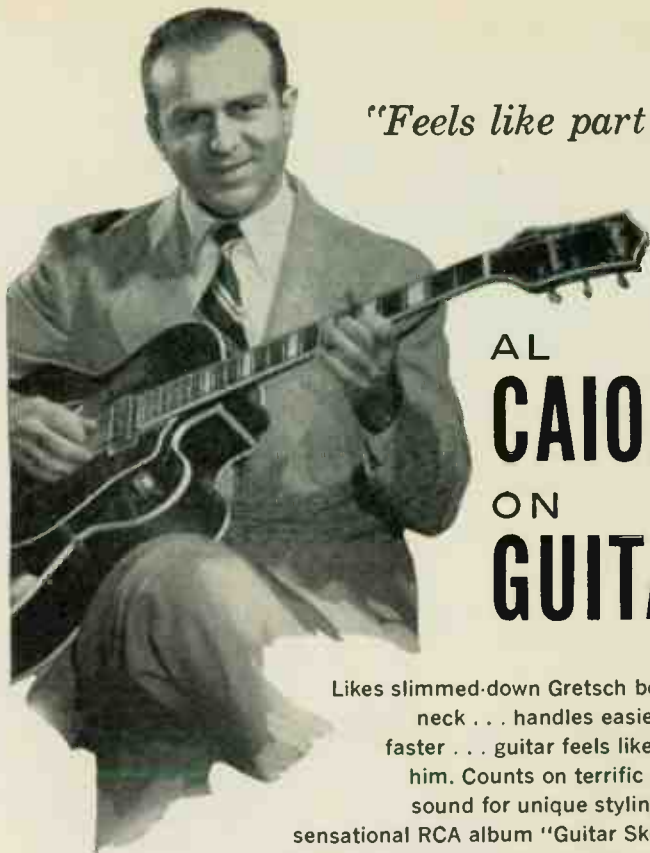
More than anything else, the recent Ted Heath outing at Carnegie Hall recalled memories of another era in our music. Memories of how the musical scene abounded with individual-sounding large orchestras that created an excitement and public interest that has never since been paralleled. Everywhere one looked in the late 'thirties and early 'forties, there were bands. Broadway presentation houses featured bands in their stage shows. Harlem was a veritable breeding ground for new bands, and the clubs uptown did their best to foster them. (The Savoy Ballroom was at its zenith, and its band battles and breakfast dances were unforgettable musical experiences.) The demand for bands on the road was plentiful . . . Fifty-Second Street was *The Street* rather than a haven for exiles from the burlesque circuit. The horn of plenty was overflowing for the jazz fan, for this was the era when big bands were in flower.

You may find it curious that an English band that has no relation to this period should call forth this set of memories and bring them so sharply into focus. However, it is even more startling that a European organization can now stand as a paragon and reminder of that fruitful time, while many of the originals are non-existent, and those active, not on consistently steady financial ground. With the exception of Woody, Stan, Duke, Les Brown and the ever-wonderful Basie band, the field has faltered almost to a halt . . . an ebb-tide that may never rise again unless the necessary interest is revitalized.

Heath, riding on the crest of interest created by his LONDON recordings, has a musical machine that bears definite relation to the highly polished organizations of that earlier period. It has been developed to a point of professionalism that rates way beyond the current impermanence of American bands of similar size. (Except for the few exceptions.) Through stability and permanence of personnel, mature leadership, authoritative arrangements and the obvious outgoing pride of its members has grown a distinctive orchestra of international proportions. Though it has attained a great degree of identification through its sound, one could not say that Heath is doing anything startlingly new. The secret lies within the confines of the performance. By giving its material first-rate interpretation in a sharply precise fashion, the band strikes the listener with a forceful, favorable impact. The Heath band has found its niche in an appealing modernity that has a great deal of color, and remains in that niche doing the most good for the many. The Les Brown band is a good analogy.

The Carnegie concert made it obvious that much of the Kenton and Miller arranging procedure had been vitally assimilated, that the Heath sidemen were aware of the strongest voices of influence, but in selection after selection, it was the snapping, precise ensembles that gave this unit its real strength. From the opening selection, Kenny Graham's *King's Cross Climax*, to the very end of the concert, the flexibility of the sections and the sensitive handling of dynamics was just wonderful. It stirred memories of that other time when musicians stayed on bands for long periods, and dynamics and sectional pre-

(Continued on page 8)



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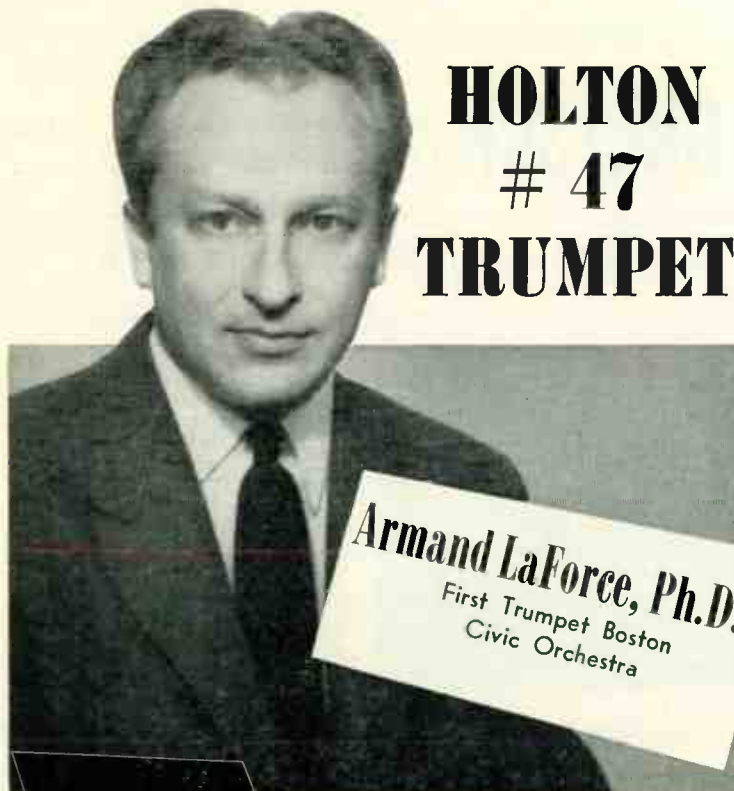
Rita Reys, a Dutch jazz singer, recorded by Columbia, shown here with Horace Silver and Doug Watkins.

The Eastern Circuit

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The hottest news story of last month concerned Dizzy Gillespie's return to the United States, followed by an ocean liner full of exuberant press and consular reports. Surrounded by reporters, Dizzy told stories about how two chartered planes had flown in from Bombay to East Pakistan for the concert, told us that he had secured good recordings of native music wherever he went, and reported that having spent that much time with Professor Marshall Stearns, who lectured during the tour, he had picked up on a lot of new words.

Marshall modestly avowed that fortunately one didn't have to make any speeches with the Gillespie band around, that he had been particularly happy that Diz had been with him in Yugoslavia because "the kids were interested almost only in modern . . . I would have been dead without Diz," and that in that country the militia had to be stationed around the bandstand to stop the enthusiastic fans from expressing their delight in person.

About race relations, Diz was eloquent with some of those new words from Marshall: "They only heard the bad things about us here . . . everywhere we went, they were amazed at the white guys in the band and they would ask me about them . . . funny, you know, they knew all about the Lucy case and things like that . . ."

A USIS spokesman reported that the concert had been taped in Athens, that other bands, perhaps even Diz again, would probably make other tours after this showing and that "the band made a patriotic gesture" in making this tour. If there were unpleasant moments, said Diz, they had to do with food, drink and sleep, all of which there was too little of—that because of the extreme poverty in most of the band's ports of call. About his band: "Now we've got to make some records, now that we're really cookin'." From the interview, Dizzy went to entertain President Eisenhower prior to returning to Birdland in New York City.

Other news stories were not as cheerful: Erroll Garner in the hospital, but recovering from a concussion; Serge Chaloff in a Boston hospital in a state of partial paralysis.

But some hopeful news for jazz: a new club opened in New York's Greenwich Village. Called *The Pad*, occupying the spot once known as the *Nut Club*, it opened on June 1st under the joint ownership of Lou Lawless and Bob Reisner, opened with The Jazz Messengers, intending to play groups such as that, with no admission but with a minimum. Lou, who says that he is as much interested in helping jazz as in making money, has eyes to make this into a "downtown Minton's," featuring many lesser-known groups. The club will be closed on Mondays and will feature Tuesday night Workshop concerts.

READERS PICK GOODMAN



If we caught Stan Kenton playing a Fletcher Henderson arrangement, we wouldn't be half as surprised as we were with the results of the poll conducted among our readers recently to discover their favorite RCA Victor recording, the winners to be included in an album called METRONOME's Choice. Benny Goodman drew the largest number of votes for a total of 12 tunes, and the contest itself reflected that interest in older jazz.

In order of preference the twelve records voted most for were: Benny Goodman, *Sing, Sing, Sing*; Bunny Berigan, *I Can't Get Started*; Coleman Hawkins, *Body and Soul*; Duke Ellington, *Main Stem*; Benny Goodman, *King Porter Stomp*; Louis Armstrong, *Rocking Chair*; Duke Ellington, *Warm Valley*; Tommy Dorsey, *Well Get It*; Met All Stars, *Victory Ball*; Gene Krupa, *Swing Is Here*; Dizzy Gillespie, *Manteca*; Shorty Rogers, *Doggin' Around*.

Prize-winning comments about these winning selections were written in the order above by: Cadet Gary Soucie, AF Academy; Edward Imamoto, Cincinnati; Roger Dunn, NYC; Paul Sanzenbach, New Mexico; Mrs. Margaret Gerlach, Pittsburgh; Chris Lunn, Walla Walla, Wash.; David Harris, Burgettstown, Pa.; Let Peterson, NYC; Gaylord Forbes, Berkeley, Cal.; A. Bibbo, NYC; Ted Sorrentino, Brooklyn; Maurice Boyd, Wilmington. Needless to say, that was the hardest part of the contest to judge and many other readers submitted excellent critiques.

The chances are that we will publish many of these, those by the winners in particular, in subsequent issues, partly because there are some interesting insights contained in them, but mostly because the second-half of the contest will not occur according to schedule. Prizes will be mailed out within the next few weeks, but there will be no Victor album released of this collection of records. Understandably, Victor believed that a totally modern selection would result from the contest; this unexpected turn of events interferes with the company's current and future releases. Consequently Victor has offered to record selections from *The Composers' Workshop*, which group has occupied much space in the last year or two of METRONOME's, in the belief that it will be doing more to further the cause of modern jazz than if it were to re-issue sides already or soon available in other Victor packages. Recording will take place in the summer, and the album will appear sometime during the winter. METRONOME wishes to thank its readers for their large if bewildering response.

JULY, 1956

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BACKGROUNDS

(Continued from page 5)

cision were a matter of personal pride. Another factor that relates back was the obvious happiness of the fellows in the band. There was not the lax, uninterested attitude that has been noticed in American bands over the past decade. The team feeling, as obviously corny as it might be to some, certainly made a forceful impression on me.

The soloists in the band are all quite capable, but are not quite as compelling as they might be. In a band of this stature, it is unfortunate that there is not a Getz, Sims, or Harris, etc., to give it additional interest . . . an interest that would complete the picture by having important soloists filling spaces as provocatively as the ensemble voices tell the main story. In any event, drummer Ronnie Verrell was quite stimulating, all four trumpeters (Duncan Campbell, Bert Ezzard, Bobby Pratt and Eddie Blair) were fine, and gave indication of evolving further. However, the tower of solo strength on records, trombonist Don Lusher, was a little too far over in Frank Rosolino's corner for comfort. Though a free-wheeling swinger, the derivative nature of his playing is certainly a limitation to be dealt with.

It is this writer's hope that Mr. Heath and his mighty men will do us the pleasure of a return visit in the near future.

PETERSON IN WASHINGTON

by Gene Feehan

WASHINGTON—Oscar Peterson's late April stint at Olivia Davis' Patio Lounge proved one point beyond dispute: that modern jazz of the highest technical complexity can be a thoroughly satisfying experience for a night club audience. At least, such is the inference drawn from the fact that Oscar was held over for a second successful week.

Parenthetically, it should be added that it takes two to tangle with the above thesis: a musician can't prove anything to an audience unless a night club owner gives him a chance. Miss Davis has done exactly that for some 18 months now on the Washington scene, displaying a good deal of courage and perseverance in her idea that jazz can draw an audience here. In a city where jazz is regarded by nitery managers as something akin to leprosy, the Patio Lounge stands out as a pioneering club, and is probably the finest jazz parlor in this part of the country.

Oscar broke into his first set with a frisky, Tatumlike ramble through his theme, *Tenderly*. Notwithstanding Ray Brown's powerful bassing, Peterson's left hand thundered like the combined effect of a Walter Page-Freddie Greene-Jo Jones section. Ray and Herb Ellis were taken over the high hurdles on *Carioca*, one of the toughest arrangements for bass and guitar in the trio's current repertoire.

The Continental showed off the group's emotional range most effectively. Oscar jauntily led the way into a series of crashing yet carefully-chosen crescendoes, then switched

AMPAR JAZZ ACTIVITY AT HIGH-POINT . . . Jazz A & R Head, Creed Taylor, in the midst of a period of frenzied recording activity, announced that these albums are slated for release in the near future . . . Candido, Vol. 1; Kenny Dorham and the Jazz prophets: The Josh White Story, Vol. 1; Leonard Feather's West Coast Men; and The Glory of Love featuring Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. Also in final stages, albums by vocalist Janet Brace, trumpeter Don Stratton, Lucky Thompson, The Tom Stewart Quintette and Sextette, ex Thornhill tenorist, Buddy Arnold, Foremost Guitars (featuring Jimmy Raney, Chuck Wayne, Joe Puma and Dick Garcia) and bassist Whitey Mitchell and his group playing the arrangements of Neal Hefti. In addition a *Know Your Jazz* educational series featuring instrumentalists Billy Taylor, Joe Roland, Al Cohn, Charlie Rouse, Tony Scott, Oscar Pettiford, Mundell Lowe, Kenny Clarke, Jimmy Cleveland and Donald Byrd is being prepared. At last report, the already released Dave McKenna, Billy Taylor and Don Elliot LPs were stirring quite a bit of listener interest with the McKenna finding the warmest critical reception. It is Ampar's hope to stir real lively interest in the label's jazz by discreet programming of albums and the utilization of deserving new and experienced artists . . . In any event, Ampar is in jazz at full-steam, and we certainly hope their LP's will be as important creatively and commercially as Creed is trying to make them.



into a sensuous, probing "break." His finale, a happy, hammering thing, avoided the pitfalls of another jazz piano giant who prefers the percussive approach.

You Are Too Beautiful, with its superb technique and classical overtones, gave evidence of what was to follow. *Lullaby of Birdland* was introduced in a solfeggio style, a device which, as Oscar explained later to this reviewer, allowed him to treat two independent melodies as a related entity, much in the manner of a Bach fugue.

Herb Ellis got a well-deserved chance to exploit his solo abilities in *Swinging On A Star*, with Peterson and Brown comping enthusiastically beneath his lines. Oscar's vocals on three ballads were something less than musical, primarily because of the narrowness of range and the rather perfunctory attitude.

The remainder of the evening assumed a classical cast. *The Surrey With The Fringe On Top* was presented as a two-part invention for piano and guitar, rendered all the more amazing by the tremendous tempo laid down by Ray Brown. In the middle of *My Funny Valentine*, Oscar swung rather oddly into *Moonlight Sonata*, then wound up the tune in straight sonata form.

Undoubtedly the prettiest melody of the evening was the touching *I Love You, Porgy*, a beautiful arrangement in which the intervals were perfectly handled.

Oscar introduced for the first time a ten-minute improvisation entitled *Daisy's Dilemma*, describing a girl's attempts to recall a tune she had heard on a music box. Composed

during the trio's first week at the Patio Lounge, the number opened as a Bach invention, progressed into a minuet, became a bit rhetorical at its climax, then swept into a fugal finale. Ray Brown's off-key bowing was a definite drawback here.

However, the group redeemed itself on the Oscar Pettiford composition, *Swinging 'Til the Girls Come Home*. Peterson's power-laden chords were alternated with the delicate, bell-like touch that characterized his approach all evening. It was, in every sense, the happiest program of jazz that Washington has heard in many months.

JAZZ IN CHICAGO

The *Jazz in Chicago* article in the May issue has been causing some raised eyebrows. (pro and con). I suspect the *Letters to the Editors* column will bear this out. Instead of commenting on the article, however, I rather would like to mention some additional musical talent, which through my incomplete information giving, were not included in the May revue.

Trumpeters, Gail Brockman, and Paul Serrano: Gail, now touring with the fine Horace Henderson Quintet, has played a major hand in moulding most of the young modern trumpeters developed during the past ten years in Chicago. He formerly blew lead on the original Billy Eckstine band, in a section that included "Shorts" McConnell, Bennie Harris, and Dizzy. His style still maintains a biting freshness, and has a lilting quality all its own. Most jazz record buyers probably are most familiar with his famous *Red Top* solo with Gene Ammons, made in Bop's early days: Serrano, is one of the most promising young instrumentalists of today. He not only plays trumpet well enough to have worked with Tony Pastor, Woody Herman, and The Chicago Civic Symphony, but has also held prolonged gigs on both tenor sax and bass; with his Mambo and Jazz playing talents keeping him in a constantly changing, but always exciting, musical environment. He combines warmth, swing, imagination and technical facility to produce good music. Others who should have been included are, two top-notch tenormen, Eddie Williams and Sandy Mosse, the inventive trio of pianist, Billy Wallace, with Bill Lee, bass, and Bill Hobbs, drums, all excellent modern jazz musicians, now a fixture at the near-northside club, "Easy-Street" (where Bill Russo's big band has open rehearsal concerts every Sunday afternoon).

Also "Trigs" Morgan, who doubles piano and valve trombone, who, through his sensitive and swinging two-horn writing (with Mosse on tenor), has created one of the most professional sounding young groups in the area, featuring Jerry Friedman, bass, and Billy Gaeto, drums. They work Tuesday off-nights in the Loop's Preview Lounge, and week-ends on the far Northwest side at the Ostrich Lounge, under the name of *The Modernists* . . . These were the major omissions.

The Norman Simmons Trio has been doing a superb job at the Blue Note opposite the George Shearing Quintet. The trio, Simmons, piano and arranger: Victor Sproles, bass: Vernel Fournier, drums, have just signed to record their own LP for the new Chicago Jazz record company, *Creative*, and were drawing real raves for their supporting work recently with Lester Young and Dexter Gordon at the Bee-Hive . . . Chicagoans are anxiously awaiting tenor man Johnny Griffin's first LP on Blue Note, with Curley Russell and Max Roach featured.

Joe Segal

JULY, 1956

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BOSTON: JAZZ ON THE CAMPUS

Quite recently, Brandeis University played host to the first Intercollegiate Jazz Festival under the direction of Milt Kray, WBOS disk jockey.

Several months ago, before WVOM changed its call letters and air policy, this column highlighted the activities of Milt Kray's daily *Jazz Matinee*. At that time, Milt was encouraging college jazz balloting much in the same vein as the familiar high school polling of popular tastes in music. Milt's original idea was to publish a compilation of collegian tastes at the conclusion of this sampling.

The Brandeis Student Council realized its splendid opportunity to be a prime mover in the line of a college jazz symposium and raised the necessary funds to obtain the Stable's band under the direction of Herb Pomeroy. The participating panel members were Fr. Norman O'Connor, Boston University; Newman Chaplin, John McLellan of WHDH and Bob Martin of WCOP. Brandeis, Tufts, M. I. T., New England Conservatory of Music, Boston University and North Eastern were represented by students.

Inasmuch as John McLellan's *Top Shelf* concentrates on music which is contemporaneous, Fr. O'Connor asked him to give his impression of the scope of Jazz—1956.

John expressed his opinion that there are "few sharply defined lines." But he felt that there was still much going on within the certain schools. He acknowledged that there is a definite revival of New Orleans music. That Dixieland is well played by some of the older negro musicians, a few white musicians but no new young negro musicians. "There is no further contribution or continuation in its progress."

While he holds that most of the giants of the swing era are sadly neglected today, he notes that the Kansas City influence is deeply impressed upon modern music due to Count Basie.

McLellan sees the Bop school strongly represented today. However, "there are too many cases of sterile leftovers." Brown, Roach and Blakey are outstanding exceptions to the latter statement. Cool jazz is continued especially in the musical designs of Miles Davis.

In the very modern school of progressive jazz, John finds the Modern Jazz Quartet as the true pacesetters "perhaps setting up the future of jazz through experimentation." He listed the so-called West Coast School as "a very sterile needless contribution" inasmuch as they have played their form to death.

Bob Martin spoke next on the jazz musician from an environmental point of view. "The jazz musician is under the tremendous stress and strain of his economic situation." This economic difficulty is exemplified in the necessary evil of one-nighters.

In Bob's opinion, the undercurrent from the swing era

is still very strong. Unfortunately, "jazz is not getting a good public relations job." Those who enjoy jazz "should devote time for fostering jazz."

Fr. O'Connor interjected the idea that jazz may possibly be hampered by its rather unattractive background. Jazz fans themselves may also hurt their music by the unnecessary use of groovy talk.

McLellan agreed that this was a touchy point in so far as jazz is like any product that has to be sold. He regretted the many sad cases where jazz has been turned into a vaudeville show. This is the form of commercialism as shown in the clowning of Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie.

Martin answered that Fats Waller was a clown and appealed to a wider audience by virtue of his presentation. He did this because he realized its importance from an economic standpoint.

The collegiate representatives followed with comments from the groups that they spoke for:

Brandeis. Unfortunately, there is not enough interest at the present time in jazz at the college. The few enthusiasts fall into definite categories and they will not hear any other form. This is because they forget the musical continuity of jazz. While vaudevillianism is a sad situation in jazz, this representative indicated that he felt that the opposite extreme, the negative approach of disinterest of many modern groups, is even more lamentable.

Tufts. The Jazz Club at Tufts was founded to extend general appreciation of jazz. The common knowledge is meant to be shared in order to foster the desire to spread interest in jazz.

New England Conservatory. This school is primarily dedicated to classical forms so little can be expected for jazz development within its walls. Students are advised not to reveal that they play jazz when they apply for teaching jobs.

Boston University. This college's representative found considerable interest in Southern influence on jazz. He pointed out Benny Goodman's part in breaking down color lines.

After several other student commentators and additional comments by the three main panelists, Herb Pomeroy's crew took over for thirteen numbers that were most enthusiastically received by the audience. Jackie Byard's originals and arrangements comprised the major content of the band's offering.

Space unfortunately prohibits further discussion of the afternoon's activities. But, it is encouraging to note the growth of interest in jazz among the senior citizens of the future.

Paul D. Coss



PHILADELPHIA TELEVIEWER

The Saddest Words from men or pen are those lamenting "it might have been"

The quotation of course is incorrect, but the thought when applied to those two semi-giants of television the Dorsey Bros., is quite appropriate. For those two historical jazz figures have been defeated on Television—but it didn't have to be that way.

Everyone knows by now, because of much newspaper publicity, that the Dorsey Bros. Stage Show on TV has been losing heavily in the audience research polls to a rival network Perry Como frolic. Even though these audience polls are generally so much rubbish (example—the Johnny Carson show—well liked and well watched but on its way out because of these poll reports) but in the case of the Dorseys' it's probably so, because the show has been a mighty poor one. Not because of the band however, but because the show has been a hodge-podge of mediocre vaudeville acts and just one number by the band. The band itself is certainly more than adequate containing such men as Charlie Shavers and Louie Bellson.

Meanwhile Lawrence Welk's orchestra of old-fashioned syruped slop is a rip roaring TV sensation. Why then is Welk's canine crew a success and a good orchestra like Dorseys' a TV failure? Well it must be admitted that the promotion organization pushing Welk (the same one that helped establish the Liberace fad) is a factor, but the reason the Dorseys' are a flopperoo is strictly programming stupidity. Had the Dorsey program been put in the hands of musical minded persons, it is quite probable that the Dorseys would now be as successful as Welk.

But, instead the program tried the worn-out variety trail. Even though the band has played some fine Ernie Wilkins originals, one good number can't make up for a ½ hour of poor entertainment. The capping braintrust was the booking of one Elvis Presly for four straight weeks—if ever two ingredients didn't mix, this was it.

Of all the horrendous Rock 'n' Roll performers (the trend is now completely out of hand with the kids) Presly must be the worst. Constantly displaying the worst stage prescience, he came up with such charming habits as wiping his mouth with his sleeve (repeatedly) and hollered and barked out some of the worst music (?) we've heard in 25 years of attentive listening to just about everything.

But as stated earlier—it didn't have to be that way. At the start of the Dorseys' TV adventures they had everything to fill an enjoyable ½ hour. Pony-tailed Lynn Roberts was an attractive stage ornament and Gordon Polk has a comedy way about his singing and fooling that was definitely commercial. When last heard of Polk (brother of Lucy Anne and guitarist Vernon) had a sluggish two man night club comedy act. Had Polk stayed with Dorsey and she show been strictly the Dorsey group—he'd probably be in the Gobel stage by now. Musically the Dorsey boys certainly had the po-

tential in their book—some Basie-like new things to mix with all the old favorites—Yep, it might have been.

But all isn't sad from a musical standpoint on TV. One show, and only one, does give good music a chance. This of course is Steve Allen's picnic (as if you didn't know) although it's generally necessary to stay up until 12:30 to catch the class jazz artists that Allen has the good sense to present.

And a tip of the hat to Allen for the most vicious yet highly humorous piece of satire of the year—by coincidence it

(Continued on page 16)

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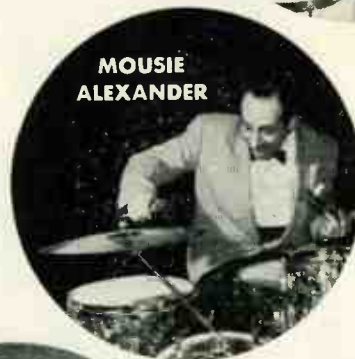
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SUMMER MUSIC FESTIVALS

AROUND THE WORLD

It's getting so that green grass, ocean breezes and anthropologists are as symbolic of jazz concerts as they are of anything else—this year is no exception as new jazz festivals add their weight to the always growing number of classical festivals given the world over. On this and the next page you'll find nearly a hundred of these concerts to choose from, starting with the jazz as we've started this page off with a picture from the Newport Jazz Festival, showing Teddy Wilson, Dizzy Gillespie, Billie Holiday and Gerry Mulligan being serious about the horn that Miles Davis sat on.

Newport is still our big jazz festival, running this year from July fifth through July seventh. Tickets for each evening's concerts are three, four or five dollars and are obtainable by writing to the Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, Rhode Island; housing can be located through Mr. Daniel Bolehouse of that city's Chamber of Commerce.

Tentatively the program lines up as follows:

Thursday — Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, George Shearing, Toshiko, Jutta Hipp, Charlie Mingus and a Dixieland group.

Friday — Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Kai and Jay, Eddie Condon All Stars, Jimmy Rushing and Buck Clayton.

Saturday — Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, Chico Hamilton, Gerry Mulligan, Frederick Gulda. In addition, on Saturday afternoon, there will be several groups including Phineas Newborn and the Teddy Charles Tentet. There will be additions to all those programs, of course, but that is the initial line-up with such before press additions as Miles Davis, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster and

Chris Connor.

In Canada, the Stratford Shakespeare Festival will begin its first jazz concerts on July 11th, giving a survey of the form, including marches, hymns, cakewalks, parade tunes, etc., featuring Cal Jackson, Phil Nimmons and Paul Draper in concert on the 24th with dancing to Calvin Jackson's group the next night. Probably the first time that jazz has been integrated into a classical music festival, the Stratford performances will have commentaries given on jazz by musicians and critics.

Back in New York: July 14th's Stadium Concert will feature the joint appearance of Louis Armstrong and Dave Brubeck.

And, two nights before, on July 12th, the Boston Arts Festival, which is held in the Public Gardens, in Boston Massachusetts, will present a jazz concert with Toshiko, Herb Pomeroy and Julian Adlerly.

While at the end of the month, July 28th, Sidney Gross will present the first Connecticut Jazz Festival in the Fairfield University Stadium Bowl, this one for the aid of the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra, a switch in itself.

Tickets are \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$5.00 and may be obtained at the Bowl or by writing to the Jazz Festival, 991 Broad Street, Bridgeport, Conn. Again our presstime made it impossible to obtain a complete program, but the focal point will be Duke Ellington's orchestra with a presentation written and to be emceed by disc jockey Gross in which many of the milestones of jazz are to be covered. Chico Hamilton will appear at the concert and such artists as Billy Taylor, Willie "The Lion" Smith and Coleman Hawkins are reported being approached.

Of considerably longer duration are

the folk and jazz festivals at the Berkshire Music Barn next to Tanglewood (send mail to Stephanie Barber, Berkshire Music Barn, Lenox, Mass.). A total of twenty-three concerts will be presented between July 1st and September 2nd and such artists as Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, Sarah Vaughan, The Modern Jazz Quartet, etc., while folk-singers will be heard in a series of afternoon concerts. During the last three weeks of the Summer, from August 12th to September 2nd, the concert schedule will be supplemented by daily lectures, round table discussions and demonstrations by musicians, critics and historians. As an added attraction, The Modern Jazz Quartet will be in residence at nearby Music Inn with other invited musicians to work on jazz experiments.

All this, of course, is close by the classical Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood in Massachusetts which runs 7/22-8/11. There are several works commissioned for the 75th Anniversary of the festival: Hanson's *Elegy* in memory of Koussevitsky, Copland's *Symphonic Ode*, Petrassi's *Concerto for Orchestra* and Piston's *Symphony Number Six*. Other contemporary composers will include Bartok, Honegger, Prokofieff, Strauss, Freed and Ernesco.

In Philadelphia the Robin Hood Dell Concerts run from 6/18 to 7/28. They are, of course, free, and tickets may be obtained by writing to the Department of Recreation, P.O. Box 1408, Philadelphia, Pa., enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contemporary composers represented are Hindemith, Prokofieff, Britten, Stravinsky, etc., and the special programs will include an all-Sibelius concert on June 19th.

Back to Canada again—the Stratford Shakespeare Festival really opens on July 7th with a performance of Britten's *Rape of Lucretia* and there is music, of whatever kind, until August 11th.

Colorado—The Aspen Music Festival, 6/27-9/2 in Aspen, programs devoted to vocal and instrumental soloists, chamber, orchestral and operatic music. Every Friday there is a Young Artists' Concert presented by advanced students in the school, located in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Contemporary composers represented are Babib, Bartok, Reger, Honegger, Berger, Milhaud, Hindemith, F. Martin, Mennin, Dello Joio, Toch, Janacek, Goeh, Fine, V. Williams.

Also in Colorado is the Central City Festival, 6/30-7/28, an operatic festival which will present Douglas Moore's opera, *The Ballad of Baby Doe Tabor*, based on the life of silver king, H. A. Tabor and his wife, Baby Doe, who recently died in poverty. This is bona fide Western Americana.

In *Washington, D. C.* there is the *American Music Festival*, 6/3-10, a series under the general direction of Richard Bales who will conduct the first performance of his Cantata, *The Union*, based on the music of the North during 1861-65.

Arkansas—Inspiration Point, Fine Arts Colony, Inc. (Eureka Springs), a six week summer session, which gives personalized, professional training for teenage students and an opportunity for solo performance. This summer, operas to be performed include Menotti's *Medium* and *Ahmal and the Night Visitors* and V. Williams' *Riders to the Sea*.

Vermont: a Four Festival Series of Concerts at the Malboro School of Music. At presstime, there were no programs available, but concerts will take place on the second and fourth week-ends of July and August.

Also in Vermont, the *Bennington Composers' Conference*, 8/12-25, where the aim is to provide composers with an opportunity to have their works performed and criticized by qualified musicians and teachers.

Almost every state has listings on other festivals being held this summer—write to the individual Chamber of Commerce—many of them on college campuses, many of them performed by amateurs, but these above are the major contemporary concerts to be held during the summer of 1956.

Europe, of course, is rich in festivals and if a listing of many of them may seem like needless offering of water to the parched man, perhaps it may convince you to save your loot for the year to come—certainly it gives some indication of the earth's musical scoreboard.

Italy—Venice, the 19th International Festival of Contemporary Music, 9/11-

23, advertised as the only festival entirely dedicated to contemporary, and one of the festivals included in the European Association of Music Festivals. It will feature the first performance of Stravinsky's *Canticum Sacrum Ad Honorem Sancti Narci Nominis*, conducted by the composer and instrumental works by G. Petrassi, A. Jolivet, F. Martin, O. Messiaen, H. Jelinek, G. Turchi, Hindemith, etc.

Also in Italy, the *Perugia Festival of Sacred Music*, 9/21-30, featuring the presence of religion in music and including the world premiere of Schonberg's *Moses and Aron*; also works by Petrassi and Francaiz.

Yugoslavia, a summer festival, 7/1-8/31 included in which will be a performance of Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*.

Finland, a Sibelius Festival, 6/9-18 in Helsinki, including seven symphonies, a violin concerto, solo songs, etc.

Sweden—The Stockholm Festival—which is coordinated with the World Music Festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music, featuring twenty-seven new compositions from nineteen countries (two from America), and including such works as *Rite of Spring* and incidental music for *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Dag Wiren, a contemporary Swedish composer.

Denmark, the Festival in Copenhagen at Hindagavl Castle, 9/12-19: chamber music, featuring works by Carl Nielsen, Poulenc, Sibelius, Bartok, etc., performed by the best known Danish ensembles under informal surroundings.

Poland, The International Festival of Contemporary Music, 10/10-20: a comparison between works of contemporary Polish composers with those of composers from other countries, these works to be performed in Warsaw by ensembles from different countries.

Germany, the Donaueschingen Contemporary Music Festival, 10/20-21, with Honegger's *Monopartita*, *Rugby*, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and works by Y. Lioriod, P. Boulez, O. Messiaen, etc.

Austria, the Vienna Festival, 6/2-24: R. Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Salome*, *Electra* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Berg's *Wozzeck*, Lehar's *The Land of Smiles* and Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*. Also orchestral concerts with works by Stravinsky, Bartok, Milhaud, Shostakovitch, Britten, Reger, Toch, etc.

Switzerland, the International Festival of Music, 8/15-9/6 at Lucerne with works including Hindemith's *Ite, angeli veloces* set to a Psalm of Paul Claudel, and works by Kodaly, Bartok, R. Strauss and an entire performance of O. Schoeck, including his *Second Violin Sonata*, *Second String Quartet* and compositions for piano (he's a contemporary Swiss composer).

Still in Switzerland, at Zurich, the

June Festival, 6/5-7/3 with operas by Honegger—*Amphion* and *Antigone*—orchestral concerts devoted to contemporary Swiss composers like Burkhard, Sutermeister, Schoeck and Honegger, the latter Zurich's most famous contemporary composer. A whole concert will be devoted to his works in memoriam.

Holland, the Holland Festival, 6/15-7/15, with two operas—Prokofiev's *Love of Three Oranges* and Britten's *Peter Grimes*—and works by Bartok, R. Strauss, Honegger, Britten, Hindemith, etc.

France: Aix-en-Provence: 7/13, Menotti's *The Telephone*; 7/23, Hindemith's *Herodiade* (first performance), Shostakovitch's *Concerto for piano, trumpet and strings*; Webern's *Variations for Orchestra*, Stravinsky's *Two suites for small orchestra*; 7/25, Jarre's *Passacaille*; Honegger's *Concertina for Piano*; Hartmann's *Symphony for strings* (first performance), Casella's *Serenade*—and so on, including works by Milhaud, Nono, Prokofiev, Debussy and the first performance of R. Callois-Montbrun's *Concerto for two clarinets and orchestra*, the soloist, Benny Goodman.

Scotland, the Edinburgh Festival, the best all-around festival with drama, ballet, art, etc., the music concerts beginning 8/19-25 with opera and orchestral works including several more obscure composers.

England, the Cheltenham Festival of Contemporary Music in Gloucestershire, 10/2-7, with first performances by Burt, Ireland, three new operas by Bush, Hopkins and Arne (as arranged by Horovitz) and works by Rubbra, I. Hamilton, etc.

Finally, the European Association of Music Festivals lists concerts, some shown above, approving performances held at Vienna, Strasbourg, Helsinki, Zurich, Holland, Aix-en-Provence, Besancon, Venice and Lucerne and lists others in its yearly book (called *Season 19—*) held at Wiebaden, Bayreuth, Munich, Florence, Bordeaux, Berlin, Granada which either feature no contemporary music or were over by the time this issue went to press. The organization has a Secretariat at Geneva, gives itineraries of the best festivals and their programs months in advance and seeks members who combine "characteristics of their own, tradition and local ties and international prestige.

And even more finally, as a kind of happy postscript comes this notice from the Brazilian government, which we had quizzed about music festivals in South America. There are no set programs as yet, read the letter, but festivals may arise any time when admirers of music get together. For us poor stay-at-homes, there's always that kind of attitude to take, friends to join with and records to play: a do-it-yourself festival is in order.

GILLESPIE IN ANKARA

Resounding Applause
From Turkey—
A Critical Essay
By Ilhank Mimaroglu



Dizzy
was met
at the airport,
by a Turkish band
led by trumpeter Muvaffak Falay.

ANKARA, TURKEY—The visit of Dizzy Gillespie and his Orchestra was an event of unprecedented importance in the jazzlorn musical life of Turkey. With the exception of a few Italian and German musicians engaged by local night clubs, and the isolated activities of some Turkish jazzmen, it was for the first time that the Turkish jazz fans had an opportunity to listen to flesh-and-blood jazz. Furthermore, it was their privilege to get to know, even before the U. S. public, the most recent enterprise of one of the top figures in modern music. Assembled for a tour partly sponsored by the American National Theatre and Academy, Dizzy's new orchestra is a superior outfit to its predecessors, and a strong competitor to Count Basie's celebrated band. I assume that the verdict of American critics and public will be as favorable as their Turkish counterparts. In fact, the reaction of the audiences (some 5,000 in three Ankara concerts, thrice as much for fourteen performances given at a smaller hall in Istanbul) was a heartwarming affair. Riotous applause greeted every number on the program. "Tremendous! Unbelievable! Superhuman!" were the comments an eavesdropper could hear during intermissions. The Press was interested enough to give the event front page coverages. Even the most hard-to-please critics used words of praise they seemingly had saved for worthy occasions. There were a few sour voices here and there, but they were overwhelmed by the general favorable attitude. One critic went as far as to state that "Ankara would be a city with a bigger heart and better brains, were concerts of such caliber more frequent." The weekly newsmagazine, *Akis*, the most influential journal in Turkey, had Dizzy's picture on the cover, and devoted part of its editorial to the visit, saying "We wish we always had on our cover pic-

tures of musicians, instead of politicians."

To many a cooler-blooded fan, however, the hearings were not as transporting as they were for the majority of the attendance. This was due primarily to some excesses in making use of the immediacy of jazz to hit the audiences with a no-matter-at-what-cost attitude. It cost jazz some of its more intrinsic values.

Also, the laying-out of the program was, at least for the first half, an inept one. To consecrate a span of more than one hour's time to an inevitably artificial presentation of the history of jazz was a waste, as far as the expectations of both the initiates and the profanes were concerned. The purpose in such a venture was, obviously, to get the latter acquainted with the past of an art which still is the victim of fateful misunderstandings, especially in these parts of the world. A most thoughtful project, of course, but the dissipation of the wrongs, and the shedding of a brighter light on the *raison d'ere* of jazz through an explanation of its historic development is the subject of a lecture, not of a concert (*). It is a matter of style above all, and we cannot expect even a representative of an earlier era to play exactly the way he did in his own time. Dizzy Gillespie and his cohorts had, as it seemed, realized the futility of the idea, and (adroitly should I say), they had turned most of the numbers included in the historical section into a display of com-icry.

Dizzy's well-known abilities of showmanship were evident in his impersonation of Louis Armstrong, though a more finely detailed caricature would have been desirable. Humor was also present in the Dixieland number (*When the Saints Go Marching In*), but more as an excuse for the stylistic estrangements of the soloists, than for its own sake.

The impersonation of Lunceford (*For Dancers Only*), Basie (*One O'Clock Jump*) and their alumnae was done in a much more serious fashion. After all, in the realm of big band jazz, isn't Dizzy Gillespie their direct descendant? Anyway, the work of the soloists as impersonators of their counterparts was not always successful. Ernie Wilkins as Lester Young, Jimmie Powell as Willie Smith, and Frank Rehack as Dicky Wells neither did present carefully drawn character studies, nor did they exist on their own rights. They simply hang in the middle. On the other hand, Dizzy was a fine Sy Oliver, and Carl "Bama" Warwick a convincing Harry Edison. The high point of the historic part was reached as could have been expected, when the band came to its own style in rousing performances of *Manteca*, and *Groovin' High*.

From this *ersatz* history, nevertheless, the assets of this distinguished group of musicians very clearly emerged. They were evident at the outset of the first concert when a piece called *Dizzy's Business* provoked the first storm of applause. Ingeniously scored by the ex-Basie sideman Ernie Wilkins, it was an excellent vehicle to disclose the out-of-ordinary merits of the group. Both as individual sections, and as a whole, the band plays with the utmost precision, a blood-boiling heat, swings tremendously, and has a propulsion which never lags. The trumpets have a sharp-edged brightness; the trombones are sober and smooth; the reeds achieve a tonal fullness as a group, and due colorations when combined with other sections. The rhythm falls a mite short

(*) Fortunately, critic Marshall Stearns was on hand. He gave two lectures in Ankara, one at the University, and the other at the State Conservatoire.

(Continued from page 15)

of the high standard maintained by the rest. It does not properly function as a three-man team. Pianist Walter Davis mostly draws himself reticently out of the rhythmical interplay. Nelson Boyd on bass has a tone which edges on roughness, and though his solo work displays considerable melodic continuity and logic, it lacks a flowing ease. Charlie Persip, an excellent orchestra drummer mostly fulfilling his role as the backbone of the group, tends now and then to fluctuate the regularity of his beat. Moreover, his long solo (which received a wild ovation) on Quincy Jones' *The Champ*, was slightly more than a superficial *tour de force*, and disturbingly evocative of Louie Bellson in Duke's *Skin Deep*. Anyway, it proved his technical prowess hinting at a brilliant future.

Among the laudable renditions of the evenings, were two arrangements by Melba Liston (*Stella by Starlight* and *Miss Liston* as trombone soloist, *My Reverie*), trumpeter Joe Gordon's excellent chorus in *A Night in Tunisia*, Billy Mitchell's forceful and driving tenor, and altoman Phil Woods brilliance as a jazz artist of personality, who could blend the influences of Bird, Konitz and Desmond in a way to avoid the accusation of derivativeness. As to Dizzy himself, the sincere artist in him overshadowed the showman when the solo spots came. His tone was softer, his phrasing more refined. There was a high degree of warmth and expressivity in his playing, as if to belie some opinions about the coolness and cerebrality of the kind of jazz he made.

The band vocalists were the Eckstine-ish Herb Lance, and Dotty Saulters whose style, though free from that phony sentimentality which even affects some superior singers of today, was a curious mixture of Tin Pan Alley, and down-to-earth south.

Besides the "official" concerts, the main soloists of the band (Woods, Mitchell, Wilkins, Gordon, Rehack, the rhythm section, and Dizzy of course), held a jam session during a garden party given at the Turkish-American Association. It provided a better opportunity to judge how well equipped they are, and where they do stand. Though hardly big names at present, there is every reason to believe that they shortly will be. Possibly the jazzophiles of ten years from now will look back to the Dizzy Gillespie Orchestra of 1956, as an all-star band.



EX-GILLESPIE VOCALIST PANCHO HAGOOD, FOUND IN MICHIGAN NIGHTCLUB

For the listeners around the Flint, Michigan area, we've received word that there's some jazz to be found among the carburetors, crank shafts, and automatic transmissions. The sounds emanate from a small, sort-of-roadside club called "The Royal Garden Club."

Old New York eyes were delighted to see Kenny (Pancho) Hagood, a name familiar to all frequenters of the Royal Roost, Broadway's first chicken 'n' jazz joint. Pancho does the singing and some M.C.ing and on the whole seems quite happy with things in Flint. Occasionally though, as he brought back names and tunes, he seemed to get that wistful, "big city" gleam in his eye.

The group that plays in back of and around Pancho, is a local band headed by pianist Phil Hill. It features Sherman Mitchell on trombone, Bob Pierson, tenor and flute, "Beans" Richardson, bass, and Bill Richardson, drums. Although "Beans" and Bill may be brothers in the rhythm section there is no other family relationship.

Musically the group seems, in one brief hearing, to be in the boppish groove. There was a great deal of spirit and drive from the group, but especially from the trombone of Sherman Mitchell. All things considered, the Royal Gardens seems a good place to go to hear something jazzical in Flint.

PHILADELPHIA TELEVIEWER

(Continued from page 11)

was the same Elvis Presley who Allen caricatured. Allen's side-burned, Sleeve-wiping, leather-jacketed imitation of Pressly's antics was the biggest roar yet.

Incidentally, my Cleveland spies inform me that many of these Rock 'n' Roll atrocities who are clicking with our teen-

agers (what goes with these kids anyhow?) can trace their success to Bill Randell, a disc jockey who has probably done more to lower the standards of young America's musical taste than anyone.

Ed Mulford

METRONOME



KELLEY'S CABLES

Hollywood From The Top

Ben Pollack:
The Goodman picture
didn't tell
the whole story.

This boy Barnet is doing it again. Eighteen pieces. But not for long. Charlie says: "I'm tired of big bands. I'll be happy with this little septet summering at Catalina." The (18 piece) band coming back to the Palladium June 20th, features Buddy Childers primarily. AND let's not forget the short he made for Will Cowan at Universal International. This studio (and Will) really burst at the seams to produce good jazz. To them it means something.

Frances Faye's *Interlude* date of nine weeks is jamming the joint. With her rhythm section of husbands, present and past, this gal joys everybody. Loud but laudable, her performance rips inhibition away from the audience like slicing easy cheese. They should actually have signs on the staircase to warn the late arrivals, because they just never make it. And, like my little girl drummer friend, Jill Swartz, says: "You may not approve of her sexcessful delivery, but boy . . . she's *truthful* anyway."

Freddie Katz, when returning to Basin Street in New York, will indubitably get that "old feeling". He—with Jana Mason, and the *Cat Girl*, etc., actually opened Basin Street. Booked for two weeks and stayed three months. This was around 1953. Patiagorsky told Fred at their recent party that he was gassed (he didn't say that), at his use of classic techniques that were, when he employed them, pure jazz. He had just never heard anything like it! (I think he was referring to the bouncing-spiccato-detache business he has happening quite frequently.)

Never, never, never, never will I forget the Official Opening of the new Capitol Records Building (the big wheel). As for undone-doings, it was the most! Everybody had a real bawl! Jane Russell stood on the side-lines watching in unacknowledged unacknowledgment, while Mrs. McGillicutty and the rest of the mob were spotlighted

out of their cars. Woody Herman stood in the middle of the big barn-type bar, looking unacknowledged and out-of-place with his charming young daughter. I think the expression on his face was something like "Why?" It was disorganized . . . the most. But even the meanest of critters in recording acknowledges these new studios to be the greatest. I have a feeling if it hadn't been for Jack Teagarden's coat-tails (which I was clinging to), I would still be going up and down those elevators.

And . . . how hungry can you get: with an all girl jazz group (Lorraine Geller, Jill Swartz, etc.), in a strip joint namely Duffy's.

Joe Maini busyng himself with rehearsals of his swinging Basie-stock arrangement band.

Ben Pollack's has the Strip screaming for mercy lately. The club just isn't big enough to get everyone in since Jack Costanzo and his group opened. The cover is unexpected and rough, though, and indubitably will scare away the usual who frequent the place nightly. But this band: Johnny Anderson, trumpet; Paul Lopez, trumpet and five rhythm is the most exciting thing to hit the Strip in a long time. One little thing askew however. As powerful as Johnny and Paul are on their horns, they really need another voice. Wish you could have heard it.

Joe Dolny's rehearsal band is still knocking out the populace in the three-block vicinity. And now he is starting a *work-shop* idea. Marty Paich, Bill Holman, Jack Montrose and those most interested in experimental jazz—are being encouraged to present their tomorrow-scores and let Joe's really sensational band work them over. Through the suggestion of a San Francisco disc jockey (Pat Henry), Shorty Rogers is actually considering putting out an album of rehearsal bands.

The Tommy Alexander Band is on tour featuring Dave Wells. And Wayne Dunstan has given up his own band and joined Tommy. Dave Wells incidentally, recently recorded an album for Fantasy where his pretty funky swinging is show-cased the best. Willie Maiden, ex-arranger for Earl Hines (also on the Tommy Alexander band): along with J. Hill, he did the arrangements for such beauties as: *Day is Done*, *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans*, *Calling Dr. Kinsey* (based on the chord progression of *You Don't Know What Love Is*), *Autumn in Rome* and some other superb selections. I'm very anxious to see this boy GO.

It was a real warm jolt talking with Georgia Carr the other evening and Eddie Beal. Discussing among other things the disappearance of that one-of-a-kind singer, Linda Keene. I wonder if Linda knows, wherever she is, how many people ask about her and miss her. Eddie Beal is just about the most enterprising musician I have ever met. He covers everything. And well. Right now he seems to be concentrating on vocal-coaching, but not the usual type. He actually develops the personality of the person. Mirrors their qualities and provides a map to go by. It sure is fun to talk to someone you have known for so many years and find them precisely the same.

Johnny Graas ready to record his 1st Symphony: subtitled "Jazz Symphony." And Thor of the Cincinnati Symphony is completely overjoyed at the work which will be performed in the Fall.

Generally speaking, jazz is flourishing out here. So many things happening, musically, it is rough to choose which to bring to you. But next month (I hope) will be packed with San Franciscan notes and their free-blowers: Brew Moore, etc. AND too, a verbal session with Wesley La Violette that I am sure will fascinate most readers.

I, WILLIS CONOVER

This is the second and concluding part of Willis Conover's unusual autobiography, rather a new departure in our publishing history, but part of our current, many-month series on the various elements in The Music Business. Willis was one of our original Jumping Jockeys, a kind of monthly award to our swinging friends. He presented, too, the band led by Joe Timer in Washington known as The Orchestra. Currently at a Virginia radio station, Willis does a jazz show, Music USA for the Voice of America and last year aided in that agency's recording of the Newport Jazz Festival.

Willis' perceptive article last month traced his early youth, his discovery of several natural talents, of jazz and of radio announcing. Then, with maturity, he discovered that much of what he had said and done in jazz had meant little largely because he "hadn't the foggiest true understanding." Then followed a period of reappraisal out of which came the rather searching adult of these articles, this second of which deals particularly with the problems of the disc jockey.



First is the minor problem of getting along with one's non-jazz friends and acquaintances—and if this reads old-hat, I'm putting it here anyway for such of those friends as may read it.

In answer to the common question, "Do you like anything else besides jazz?": my God, of course! In the first place, I don't like *all* jazz anyway. I like *good* jazz, according to my standards, and *good* classical music—to make the commonly-made distinction, here, so as to answer the question on its own terms. I don't like bad jazz, nor bad music of any kind: the fact that some music is written minus a strong rhythmic beat, using "symphonic" musical textures and devices, to be played on strings and woodwinds by a hundred men in tuxedos, doesn't necessarily make it good music, and certainly not if it's uninspired, derivative, and unappealing to intellect or emotion, or to anything but a vaguely snobbish sense of "respectability."

I like J. D. Salinger, Grace Kelly

(how could she do this to me!), The New Yorker, Saturday Review, Mr. Magoo, Peanuts, Ballantine Ale, Brolio Chianti, Hungarian goulash, pheasant, James Michener, Danny Kaye, Leonard Feather, Nat Hentoff, Marlon Brando, George Avakian, Steve Allen, Alfred North Whitehead, Robert Heinlein, Olaf Stapleton, S. I. Hayakawa, Paul Bowles, John Collier, James Thurber, H. L. Mencken, Volkswagens, Frank Sinatra, comfortable clothes, freedom, self-discipline, solitude, stimulating conversation, attractive women, and respect for the intellectual beauty and emotional honesty of musicians creating. Among other things.

At that, getting the question "Do you like anything else besides jazz?" is better than the tiresome business of hearing, "Hey, there, hep cat!" or "How's the jump and jive these days?"; to which I have learned to avoid responding with the points I'm making here, and simply to smile. Unwinningly, I fear.

Jazz is taken both too seriously and

not seriously enough. It's neither the end of all existence nor the dirty or funny noises it's popularly taken for. It should be treated as respectfully as any other art, science, idiom, or mode.

The differences between "good" and "bad" lies *within* the form, as within all forms.

And the serious jazz disk-jockey, I feel, has been one of the most misunderstood and maligned persons in radio's recent past. The lousiest, most insulting commercials seem automatically to be saddled onto his time, yet he has more discriminating listeners than the average "Top Twenty" popular-record program has. The sales department despises him because he can't or won't improvise lies at top pitch: the pop jocks keep asking him why he wants to play all that weird stuff (and he sees them being able to turn platitudes and slush into bankrolls while he operates somewhere nearer the average standard-of-living); and he wages constant though

diplomatic battle with his employer, who regards jazz as vaguely sleazy but who'll program any let's-rock-around-the-clock disk that made the hit list and gets a big charge out of Dwight Fiske or Tom Lehrer at office parties. Also, he's *typed* as a "jazz man," so he isn't considered suitable for handling a news commentary or a prestige airshot.

I've solved this problem this way: I have a job *outside* commercial radio (after fifteen opportunistic years) which pays my salary, and do my local jazz hour *free*. No loot—but no commercials, no interference, no pressure, lots of happiness, self-respect, and the satisfaction of learning about a slice of history that's happening *now*, and doing a little teaching along with the entertaining.

As last I understand something that evaded me years ago: why jazz musicians will leave a good-paying job in a dance band to blow in a small group for less money. Man, the extra money can't buy something you get free.

Two minor problems and one small carp, then one more big problem.

The minor ones are common to most radio announcers and people in the public eye and ear.

First, there's the problem of remembering the *name* of everyone who greets you with *your* name. If you've brought a girl along and you see someone approaching who you know will stop at your table, you've got to use a subterfuge like quickly and quietly warning your date, "Look, I'll just say to him, 'This is Miss', and you answer 'How do you do' real fast so I won't have to give his name."

Or if, to avoid this, you go alone, you always run into other guys you know who are there to listen to the music too—which is good, except that if you always sit with guys, some people start thinking you're queer.

Then there's the problem of the late-hour radio broadcast. You get phone calls from lonely women with appealing voices, and sometimes you're only human, and I suppose you're luckier this way than a lot of men. But this isn't the *way* you want to meet the kind of girl you could feel permanent about . . . or, anyway, temporarily permanent. Of course, the girls who attract you mentally, socially, emotionally, physically, and all the rest, are so often lacking one important quality: appreciation and understanding of the kind of music you've spent years mixing into your blood. And so often the pleasant pretties wo do talk some of the jazz language don't make it the other ways. I'm not talking about *you*, Dear. (Aside to self: Possibly they don't regard you as a total prize either, Will.)

Now the small gripe: I don't like the term "disk-jockey," though I've used it up to now for species identification. A "disk-jockey" selects popular records from a best-seller list, or has them selected for him, and uses them mainly to space out commercials. A guy who tries to do a good jazz program is *doing a program*, in the same way the classical-music stations use records to do programs. There's a definite relationship between records, a definite balance, some sort of underlying stated or unstated theme to the program. It isn't just male singer-female singer-instrumental. The sequence of records *means* something. After I've narrowed my record selections to a hundred or so to take along for the evening show, out of which maybe seventeen or eighteen will be broadcast, often the entire program is determined by the record with which I begin the hour. This record just naturally *must* be followed by *this* record, not that one—or by a record *like* this one rather than like that one.

Am I going to try to be instructive or entertaining tonight? Or both, and in what proportions? Selective, or comprehensive? All kinds of listeners are in the potential, so how will I balance traditional middle-era, and modern jazz? What about instrumental versus vocal, big band and small combo, familiar and unfamiliar, fast and slow, loud and quiet, one instrument and another instrument, or one instrument played by one musician and the same instrument played by another musician, or the same musician playing the same instrument at different periods in his development? What about the old versus the new? An old song or composition and a new one, or an old *performance* of that piece and a new performance? What sort of rhythmic, melodic, harmonic, structural, tonal, etc., balance should there be tonight to express the way I feel about it tonight? Suppose, tonight, I feel like playing some *non-jazz* records; where will my audience be tomorrow night?

These questions don't stop till the program goes off, and sometimes not even then.

So the guy in my job has to listen, study, think, edit, outline, and speak. And maybe run his own controls, at all three speeds. And when he speaks, he doesn't want to talk on and on, but he doesn't want to omit any interesting and informative bits, either. And, even though no two critics agree absolutely (since jazz, like all good music, is a *personal* experience), he's afraid he'll get his opinions and evaluations unwisely accented, or his personnels and dates confused. Or his fanny chewed by the boss for playing something "people can't whistle or hum." (Whistle

Ornithology to him, and ask him if he can whistle "*Begin the Beguine* from beginning to end.)

So "disk-jockey" doesn't fit, any more than "mechanic" fits a tool-die designer. Something closer to "auditor-editor," maybe, except in that form it's clumsy. Who has a name for us?

The last major problem for today: *Getting the Records!* I must gratefully admit a decade of entreaty has at last succeeded in getting my name and correct address onto most record companies' lists, but I still miss a lot of things I'd like to be playing, and I know most men in my field are starved for records!

When my own *I.P. House of Sounds*, came out on Brunswick, I managed to have eighty-five copies distributed directly to men doing jazz programs—sorry if I mised some, and I'm all out, now. I don't know how many companies follow the practice; but I know it's been over ten years of writing, phoning, traveling, begging, and pleading to get records to broadcast.

Will record firms and distributors please note:

The jazz broadcaster is alone in his radio station. He gets loads of free discs he doesn't want, and so few of the records he wants to play for your potential buyers. (Guess who *does* get the jazz discs—the *pop* jockey, as a *favor* from the distributor!)

The jazz musician has studied and worried and suffered for years to be able to play his horn and speak his heart. For years, he's hoped to put his best work into permanent record.

When you bring musicians into your studios, you pay rent, engineers' fees, musicians' scale, production and distribution and promotion costs, etc., etc., etc.—thousands of dollars to get a session on wax.

Jazz doesn't sell? Get the records to the guy who has built an audience for you!

If the records don't sell then—somebody goofed *before* distribution.

This essay, for the first time, wasn't written with technique, but with emotion. Hence I don't feel odd about putting a sloppy coda on it:

Please note the only address where I am sure of receiving records, correspondence, etc., sent to me: Willis Conover, Box 9122, Rosslyn Station, Arlington 9, Virginia. I do ten hours per week for international audiences, six hours per week locally.

Now I shall resist the strong temptation to go back to the beginning and read, edit, tighten up, and reshape this whole thing, or toss it out entirely, and will mail it off immediately, ad libbed, faked, and improvised as it is.

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JULY, 1956



THE TRUMPET

SECOND OF A SERIES BY DON FERRARA

Last month teacher-soloist Don Ferrara wrote of the importance of Roy Eldridge, and the influence of Diz and Fats. In this, the final installment of his series, Don writes on the changes that have taken place on the instrument.

Don Ferrara

MILES DAVIS

In 1946, when Miles Davis was playing with Bird, that year and the following three years were of great importance to jazz trumpeters. At that time, although he didn't have much facility, Miles had an idea about jazz that was to influence almost all jazz trumpeters in the years to come. During this period Bird was at his creative peak and his influence so strong that it is amazing Miles was able to retain his identity. The facility that Miles lacked in the beginning strongly and surely developed in about three years. Never had a musician improved so skillfully in such a short period. Miles really worked in a positive manner to increase his technique and expand his harmonic understanding. However, his lack of range, or obvious disregard of it, created an entirely new influence upon the saxophone-trumpet style. His lack of high register changed the personality of the trumpet completely. It took most of the fire out of the horn and restricted the total range of the instrument to that of the saxophone. Not only was the range affected but the entire conception changed radically. We now had the real birth of the saxophone-trumpet.

Miles must have regarded himself as an "artist" rather than just a "musician." He was able to search within himself intellectually and emotionally and emerge with a deep sensitivity. Although his sound was small, he achieved strength as an artist through his melodic ideas. Unfortunately those trumpeters who chose to emulate Miles sought after his sound and imitated his ideas rather than developing them.

CHET BAKER

Chet Baker arrived in 1953 with Gerry Mulligan's group. An immediate success, there seemed to be a real inter-

est and possibly a need for what he was offering.

His whole expression, because it is easier to understand, has more general appeal than Miles'. His ideas have a wonderfully simple quality. Simplicity is a virtue that few musicians possess. Prez had it; Bird with all his greatness didn't. Musicians and listeners respond to this simplicity, as they do to his warmth—which his trumpet gives freely.

Melodically, Chet has explored even more than Miles. He has a full sense of melodic expression which encompasses all that he plays. The ballad, a good test of a man's melodic growth, is played beautifully by Chet.

A disturbing factor of Chet's playing is his lack of full trumpet expression, that is, his small range. A trumpet player should have at least 2½ octaves in which to work consistently and with ease, a total of thirty-two notes. Chet works only in about 2 octaves, a total of twenty-five notes. His range stops where the high register starts. This limits and inhibits his expression.

In a sense Chet is closer to Roy than any of the aforementioned trumpeters. His whole expression within his limited range is somewhat like Roy's. That is, they both have an over-all musical quality. Of course, Roy's range was complete and his sound open and full. Chet, son to the father, is, too, expressing himself, but on a smaller scale.

In the reincarnation of the trumpet from its original conception to its present day status—that of the saxophone-trumpet—two factors stand out. One is the dilution of sound; the second is the saxophone style of expression.

In trying to analyze the development of the saxophone-trumpet, it is interesting to observe the relationships of

these five trumpet players to their fellow musicians and the effects of these relationships.

Roy, at his peak, played primarily with big bands—the featured soloist. And possessing tremendous power of expression, he was independent of the band members.

The other four trumpeters, however, each gained recognition at a period of their careers when they were attached to small jazz groups. And each of these jazz groups was strongly influenced by a saxophonist. To illustrate: Diz with Charlie Parker, Fats with both Bird and Allen Eager, Miles with Bird, and Chet with Gerry Mulligan. All four of these trumpeters were dependent, in varying degrees, on the saxophonist.

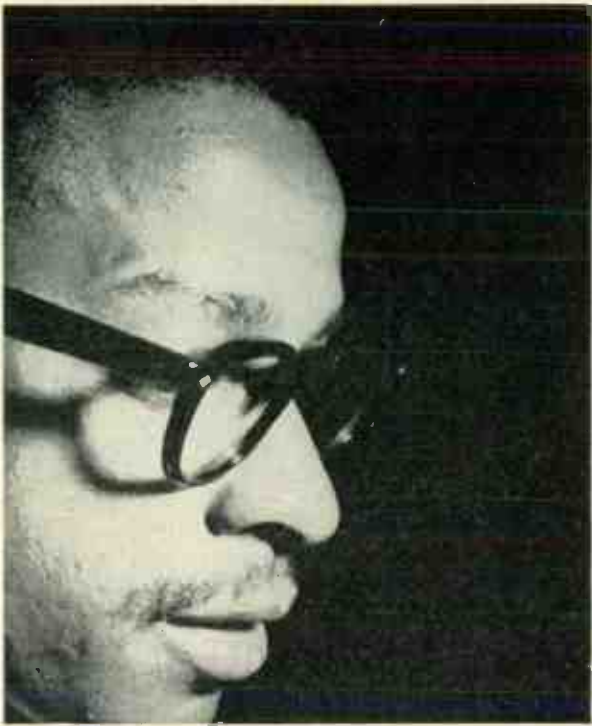
Thus it seems that this relationship between the saxophonist and the trumpeter led to the thinning of the trumpet sound. A man's sound should be determined by his personality, his concepts, and the nature and capacity of his instrument. The trumpet player should have that command of his instrument to soften his sound to blend with the saxophone, but then to resume his own identity when improvising.

Two of the five above-mentioned musicians, Miles and Chet, have placed so much stress on their melodic development that they have overlooked or else didn't desire to expand their sound and register.

Most of the jazz world today accepts the saxophone-trumpet without question, and the beginning jazz student, in particular, does not question.

Today, the beginning jazz trumpet player, seeking a contemporary idol processes of jazz, looks for obvious and easily understood principles. A basic and not fully realizing the creative

(Continued on page 29)



Teddy Charles, Charlie Mingus and Hall Overton



HARRY BELAFONTE

The April 24 pre-Broadway tryout of the Harry Belafonte vehicle, *Sing, Man, Sing!* at Washington's Constitution Hall pointedly demonstrated the inherent weakness of the "star system." For the Jay Richard Kennedy production repeatedly displayed the vast disparity between the abilities of a great interpretative artist and the revue which was so tightly molded around him.

Although hampered by a sore throat and an uneven score, Harry swung with high enthusiasm into the task of pulling the show up by its bootstraps. His gusto was a dominating yet vitalizing force on the entire company. He alternately belted and crooned 16 of the revue's 17 tunes with the particular mixture of charm and evocation that is his trademark.

The most striking—and certainly the loveliest—of the ballads, *Once Was A Dream* (somewhat in the mood of the Rodgers-Hammerstein *This Nearly Was Mine*), could become a standard. Perhaps the most beautifully staged song was *Eden Was Like This*, handled with almost breathless sensitivity in a duet by Harry and soprano Margaret Tynes.

However, such moments were painfully few. Miss Tynes, whose upper register was generally warm and clear, displayed considerably less assurance and competence throughout. Her dueting with Belafonte left much to be desired emotionally and metrically. Whereas Harry was gutty or gentle as the occasion demanded, Margaret seemed to coat everything with an operatic icing. Her

only solo venture, *I Don't Give A Damn If It's Sinning*, was noisy, boring and unmusical. It should have been cut in rehearsal.

A fundamental weakness of *Sing, Man, Sing!* was its plot, or, more correctly, the absence of a significant unifying theme. In essence, the revue traced man's development from creation to modern times. This loose structure permitted Producer-Director Kennedy to string together a collection of songs varying greatly in conception and quality. They ranged from a blues *The Blues Is Man* through a hoe-down (*Jump Down, Spin Around*) to a pseudo-philosophical opus (*I Found Me*) which dwelt rather mawkishly on the "everybody-is-lost" theme.

Musical Director Will Lorin's orchestra was occasionally effective. But Belafonte's carefully projected *The Blues Is Man* was drowned out by a heavy-handed rhythm section.

Dancers Mary Hinkson and Alvin Ailey were highly impressive in several interludes, especially inasmuch as the stage settings did little to complement their efforts to communicate. The remainder of the cast could have stood more rehearsal, especially when viewed in contrast to the liquid grace of Belafonte.

A comment overheard in the lobby summed up this reviewer's reactions: "I wish Belafonte had just gotten up there alone and sung for awhile."

—Gene Feehan

CAPSULE REVIEWS

The Teddy Charles Tentet (see picture above) performed for the Jazz Clubs of City College of New York last month. The record review section of this issue includes a detailed report of the major balance of the music presented in this most successful, musically important concert.

Pianist Phineas Newborn (photo at left, top) made his debut at Basin Street last month, provoking a number of varied responses. A well-schooled musician, I can't imagine a pianist with *ten-er* fingers. Phineas suffered from a real lack of accompaniment, largely responsible for the feeling of those who described him as being without feeling. In spite of all this, however, the fact is that he is an exceptional talent on many levels. Given one tour around the jazz circuit and a new group and all this will unfold to scare you half to death.

Erroll Garner, who is now in the hospital with a concussion, played a very successful concert at Town Hall last month, made up mostly of Garner standards but with the pacing and peculiar audience participation which characteristically enfolds his audiences. Not so Billy Taylor, also at Town Hall, who was hampered by bad balance on the piano, an over-long program and some generally bad pacing. All of this was doubly unfortunate because Billy's musical approach certainly can support concert performances.

Billy, at The Cameo was something else again.—B. C.

FOOTNOTES ON JAZZ

It started with Johnny Ray



DIRK SCHAEFFER

Jazz, to coin a platitude, is where you find it. Or at least, all things are more or less interrelated. Let's talk about that scourge of American civilization, rock 'n' roll, crazy lock-un-loll.

Firstly, it seems necessary to differentiate between that which we today call rock 'n' roll, and that which used to be called rhythm-and-blues. Rule of thumb distinction: r and b can be valid, r and r is uniformly nauseating.

Such a distinction makes it very easy for us, but a bit of discussion seems necessary. Rhythm and blues, as practiced by the great blues shouters, by Basie, Rushing, Williams, by Washington and even Jackson, by Jacquet and Bostic, is quite definitely a valid form of jazz expression: according to some, the most valid, as it is the most easily and directly traceable to the origins of jazz in spirituals, work songs, blues, etc. What happened to that, how did it become the entirely unexpressive, invalid, and stultifying nonsense we call rock 'n' roll? The answer, of course is that easy scapegoat, commercialization: the weeding out of a few gimmicks—a lock-jaw tenor saxes, frozen piano chords, castrate vocals—and elevation thereof to the main, virtually unalterable body of the new "Art" or craze.

It all started with Johnny Ray. Of course, r and b had been around a long while before then, but Johnny—who should not, incidentally, be classified with the rock 'n' rollers—Johnny's intense abandonment and violent popularity began paving the way for similar gimmicks that had also been a part of the r and b repertoire. Then Bostic—a grossly underrated technician, we've always thought, and possessed of a sense of humor that served at least to alleviate the deliberate tastelessness—and McNealy, the sweetened *Sh-Boom*, and finally rock 'n' roll as we know it today: Sam the Man, Elvis, and *The Great Pretender*.

Elvis, of course, is a rather special point, standing as he does midway between r and r and hillbilly: the absolute nadir of musical taste, although Presley

himself evinces an occasional nowhere-near-saving grace. Looking at trends, we find that the gradual adoption of hillbilly materials predates rock 'n' roll on the one hand, and represents a far broader campaign on the other. *This* growth-into-respectability started with the tentative and much too successful adoption of hillbilly tunes by Tin Pan Alley—notably *Tennessee Waltz*—and was followed gradually by hillbilly-cum-folk—beginning with the Weavers, actually, and extending through Ernie—by that plus saccharine—Guy-Mitchell-Miller—and finally hillbilly-cum-folk-cum-Art—Rex Allen, of whom we have not heard the last, by a long shot. The ultimate merger with rock-and-roll (culmination of the other time of the fork sprung by the *Tennessee Waltz*), at the hands of Presley, among others, was fairly inevitable, their relative monotonies suiting each other so cozily. (Hillbilly music, incidentally, has adopted Tin Pan Alley independently and more or less simultaneously—the extension of the repertoire to include pop songs, and the extension of the combos beyond electric guitar, fiddle, and rhythm, to include, tentatively, some jazz instruments.)

The point of this whole discussion, however, is: where do we go from here? An old truism of the music industry—or most any industry—is that trends, while not always predictable, *do* telegraph themselves. This won't equate with prediction, of course, because generally five or six different trends hopefully telegraph simultaneously, and it seems to be mainly a question of blind luck as to which ultimately makes it.

Nevertheless, rock 'n' roll is on the way out, as anyone could have predicted it would be, as early as the beginnings of its popularization, and this time next year will quite definitely see no more than the most barren vestiges of its current favor. Question is: what's to replace it?

The obvious assumption would seem to be that times of extreme excess (which r and r has certainly represented)

are followed by times of relative stability. There's a minor reason for not accepting this blindly however, and the much more important question of what form such stability will take, to be considered.

The trouble being, of course, that the extreme excess of rock 'n' roll was at all times coupled with an extreme conservatism. If *Great Pretender* was No. 1 on the hit parade, *Poor People of Paris* or *Lisbon Antigua* or *Moritat* were No. 2. Aside from that obvious index, let's look at what else has happened during the reign of r and r. Instrumentals, as indicated, have leaped to unheard-of proportions, completely upsetting the industry truism that a song virtually *must* have a vocal to be a major success, a vocal to offer the square-on-the-street a skeleton on which to drape the body of the melody which currently gasseth him. A raft of sweet-voiced vocalists have appeared: James Southern, the Misses King, to mention only a very few: all doing quite nicely. That most tasteful of musicians, Sinatra, has been boosted to the top of the heap again and with him, Perry Como, also noted for taste. The nightclub acts, offering a sophistication diametrically opposed to the banality of r and r, have come out of the nightclubs and into the living-room: Torme, Dennis, and Verdon, notably. All in all, the popularity parade, the top ten, have never looked so good as they would today if not marred, scarred and blotted by the blight of rock 'n' roll. The stabilization has been inherent in the excess, or at least, coexisted with it.

Still, rock 'n' roll being an extreme, the only place the music business can go from here is to further extremes—and what in the name of Heaven could *those* be?—or back to some semblance of the wishy-washy, routine gimmicky normalcy. The extremes that suggest themselves are hillbilly-cum-Mitchmiller on the one hand, South America on the other. Both of these have more or less shot their bolts: Mitch may come up

(Continued on page 28)



Shank, Perkins, Mitchell, Hawes and Lewis out soon.

RECORD REVIEWS

By Bill Coss

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Ambassador Satch: *Royal Garden Blues*, *Tin Roof Blues*, *The Faithful Hussar*, *Muskrat Ramble*, *All of Me*, *Twelfth Street Rag*, *Undecided*, *Dardanella*, *West End Blues*, *Tiger Rag* (Columbia LP CL 840)

Enthusiastically played and received in-person recordings from Louis' European concert tour of 1955 with Trummy Ed Hall, who is an immense improvement over Bigard, Billy Kyle, Arvell Shaw and Barrett Deems. *Hussar* is a melody Louis picked up in Germany and pretty much the low spot in the album except for Billy and Arvell who are not content with its chopiness. As a matter of fact, my score card reads—Kyle and Shaw and Edmond Hall, who is too good a musician to fall into the clarinet trap present in this band: Trummy, who comes out of his buzz-saw rut only once or twice, most notably on parts of *Undecided*; and, of course, Louis, who rises over (and I suspect in spite of) himself more here than in recent club appearances, so that the band is generally saved from the funny-hat category it is fast falling into. Most of the saving is by Hall, Kyle and Shaw, though. But Thelma doesn't sing a note and that's worth quite a bit.

BOB BROOKMEYER

Under the Lilacs, *They Say It's Wonderful*, *Potrzejebrie*, *Rocky Scotch* (Prestige

LP 214)

This is the album, the ten-inch LP no less, with Jimmy Raney, Teddy Kotick and Mel Lewis about which enough has been said to make this late review seem like a bit of follow-the-leader. But Bobby is a leader to follow and the record shows that altogether different kind of authority that he has on both piano and trombone—dig, for example, how he fills in behind Jimmy's solos and his solo on the last track. Jimmy, one of the very few legitimately modern guitarists, is a perfect foil to all this besides his several excellent solos, his one bright line (track 3) and his major part in the excellent rhythm support.

TEDDY CHARLES

Vibrations, *The Quiet Time*, *The Emperor*, *Nature Boy*, *Green Blues*, *You Go to My Head*, *Lydian M-1* (Atlantic LP 1229)

Easily the most important jazz record of the month, its personnel: Teddy, Peter Urban (Art Farmer), Gigi Gryce, J. R. Monterose, George Barrow or Sol Schlinger, Don Butterfield, Mal Waldron, Jimmy Raney, Teddy Kotick and Joe Harris: its composers—Mal Waldron, Jimmy Giuffre, Teddy, Teddy, Gil Evans and George Russell, in that order.

Teddy's otherwise excellent notes state rather wistfully that this is an album that you can just listen to, or really listen to, but it's far more than that and requires a good deal of creative listening, all of which

will pay back the listener with dividends. Mal's tune has the perfect combination of *down home* and modern setting that only comes with true grace, in the two meanings of that word. Unfortunately, Gigi's solo doesn't match that two-level experience for me—no preaching in other words. Giuffre should be gassed by this performance of his almost *perfect* composition—the word which best describes its linear dance. (Teddy calls it "crystal clear," and that's what I mean, too, but neither of us really have the right word.) *The Emperor* is a fantasy about Bird, obviously, and an overpowering one.

Nature Boy, heard before on the Miles Davis LP for Debut, is augmented here: its main feature is in the harmonic changes which give it an engrossing jazz totality. *Green* convinces me that Teddy is really striking or striding out in what is thus far most thoughtful, *experimental* piece, one in which development rises on top of development, building to a far from obvious climax and, then, to a perfectly anti-climactic resolution.

Gil Evans' arrangement of the standard has all the structure of a new composition, proving again, if it needed to be proved, that his is one of the richest minds around. This is how dance bands could and should sound. *Lydian* requires more listening than anything else in the LP until the pieces begin to fall into musical place—again a rich mind.

(Continued on page 27)

JULY, 1956

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A MAJOR CLEF



Johnny Hodges—
a whole note.

Readers of METRONOME should know the musical tastes of Norman Granz by now, so that this collection will come as no surprise, no more than that loaded headline above which signifies our acknowledgment that herein are many of the heavyweights of jazz—reviewed as a package again this month to cover as much ground as possible.

The Count (Clef MG C 685): twelve tracks by Basie, of course, issued singly or as 10" LP's in 1954—the same big, swinging, virile band; one to feel as well as to hear, including such Basie standards as *New Basie Blues*, *Paradise Squat*, *Sure Thing* and *Why Not*.

Lawrence Brown (Clef MG C 682), subtitled *Slide Trombone*, featuring two separate groups and two arrangers—LB and Ralph Burns—and standards like *Rose of the Rio Grande* and *Caravan*. As to be expected, Brown gets most of the credits: especially for *Down* and *Where*; Ernie Royal, Phil Sunkel and Hank Jones pick up nice assists. Sam Taylor, somewhat stale of conception, and the arrangements prove the main debits in what is essentially a good LP. But it's to be hoped that Lawrence will be forced to work harder—with better arranging and more uniformly good co-workers—on his next album.

Diz and Getz (Norgran MGN 1050) on eight tracks, originally issued as two 10" LP's. The initial recommendation still stands: a wonderful pairing of diverse musicians produced higher than usual performances by both. The accompaniment includes the Peterson Trio with Max Roach or Mabley, Legge, Hackney and Persip, not to be confused with an advertising agency.

Johnny Hodges—Ellingtonia '56 (Norgran MGN-1055) consists of seven tracks and two Ellington units led by Johnny. The first (and first side) includes Nance,

Brown, Carney, Hamilton, Strayhorn, Woode and Woodyard (who's often too strong on these tracks). These have the relaxation but not the flow of the older *Bluebird* sides, and none of them really come to life; the sinuousness of Hodges is their main attraction. The second side of the LP includes the entire Ellington band except for Duke (Strayhorn continues as pianist). Cat Anderson wrote the first track on this side, a kind of collection of styles and stale riffs, all of it falling flat. The second is better despite the exhibitionism in the trumpet section. I'd like to hear the walking *Walk* after the band has played it for a month or so. Johnny's line, the last track, is the best of the LP—John the seemingly effortless, always graceful soloist that he is throughout the LP.

Tal Farlow (Norgran MGN-1047): twelve tracks, again re-issues, of long lines, modern rhythm and exceptional sensitivity. You should have this.

Hampton-Tatum-Rich (Clef MGC-709): seven tracks of good, moderate jazz, much like others in the *Tatum with*—series which Granz has been issuing: Art proving again that he's not a good comper, nor as swinging as you might wish, but still an exciting soloist. So are they all: Lionel and Buddy, that is.

Billie Holiday (Clef MGC-686) on twelve tracks with two different groups, including such as Shavers, the Peterson Trio and Eddie Shaughnessy, or Quinichette, the Peterson Trio and J. C. Heard: the tunes are rich evergreens, several of them Holiday classics like *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*. Again, this is a heartily recommended album—the mature performer is here—and there's a heart-rending jazz story in each line: the sobering sequel to earlier records. Tell me, for example, if you've ever heard anything quite like Billie singing *Autumn in New York*.

The Jazz Giants (Norgran MGN-1056):

Young, Eldridge, Dickenson, Wilson, Greene, Ramey and Jones on five tracks. A harder Prez is one of the major features of this LP—the first time that Lester, Roy and Vic have recorded together. Vic plays as he really can when confronted by this kind of competition; Teddy sounds more like Cafe Society days than he has of late; Roy is happily Roy. All in all, a fine LP of its kind—that kind being an older but not dated jazz (though there are times when it has an almost stolid feeling that really detracts).

New Jazz Sounds (Norgran MGN-1044): seven tracks, two of which include Dizzy, five of which include Bill Harris, the Peterson Trio and Buddy Rich, two of which drop the horns with two separate rhythm sections, all these tracks featuring Benny Carter. Diz' are the best—the Eldridge influence is evident—and they swing. But so does everything else. This is probably the best of these *All Star* dates in some time and Peterson's eclectic style fits perfectly throughout. Only Buddy pushes a bit too much. But Carter is sheer pleasure.

Oscar Peterson—Plays Count Basie (Clef MGC-708): ten tracks, all Basie standards with his Trio and Buddy Rich. I don't believe that there's a real attempt to play in the Basie manner—at least I hope not. Over-all, though, it's a swinging, though never down, LP among the various Peterson styles and rather pleasant.

Charlie Ventura—Mary Ann McCall (Norgran MGN-1053): ten tracks with several vocals by Mary Ann and two different Ventura groups which include Bob Carter, Dave McKenna, Sonny Igoe, Lenny Hambro, Kai Winding, Charlie Shavers, etc. The first side is Mary Ann's, emphatically so, reminding me, at least, of what jazz singers really should sound like and what we miss in her all but complete disappearance from the scene.

Almost as impressive as all this is the quality of musicianship, particularly drummer Joe Harris, trumpeter Art Farmer (listen especially to *Emperor*), Jimmy Raney, George Barrow, Mal Waldron, J. R. (interestingly enough, as Teddy points out, he sounds and phrases like Giuffre on the latter's composition—at the end—although he's quite the opposite kind of musician generally) and, of course, Teddy, who continues to grow excitingly in jazz.

KENNY CLARKE

Klook's Clique: Volcano, La Porta-Thority, I Hear a Rhapsody, Will Wail, Yesterday's. Play Fiddle Play (Savoy LP MG-12065)

Personnel: Kenny, John LaPorta, Donald Byrd, Ronnie Ball and Wendell Marshall. LaPorta listeners may be a bit confused by this outing, with John in something of a Bird-mood, though with bits of Hodges and much more of himself thrown in. But, despite two characteristic lines (tracks 2 & 4) the LaPorta imprint is not really as definite as it usually is. Basically it's a swinging bop album, good of its kind, a free session with an absolute minimum of writing, but with an exuberance that's felt and played upon by everyone except Donald Byrd, who seems a bit hung on those two LaPorta lines among other things; probably the reason for such slim lines to begin with. Too, Ronnie Ball never seems to consistently reach the brilliance which is occasionally evident in both his comping and blowing—but that's still more an exhortation than a criticism.

JIMMY CLEVELAND

Here Ye! Hear Ye!, You Don't Know What Love Is, Vixen, My One and Only, Little Beaver, Our Love Is Here to Stay, Count 'Em, Bone Brother, I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You, See Minor (EmArcy LP 36066)

Quincy arranged for the three sessions herein which include such musicians as Ernie Royal, Cecil Payne, Paul Chambers, Max Roach, Osie Johnson, Joe Harris, Lucky Thompson, Hank Jones, etc. It's one of the best trombone albums of the year, excellent rhythm, good solo support and Jimmy, who is almost always in firm control of his extensive technique and precise in the evolution of his ideas.

Quincy's arrangements are more unobtrusive than they needed to have been, though, more distinctiveness would have added greatly to the album's worth. Still, it's a good, swinging set with some exceptional solos—most of them by Jimmy.

NAT COLE

Piano Style: *Love Walked In, My Heart Stood Still, Imagination, I Never Knew, Stella by Starlight, What Can I Say Dear, I Didn't Know What Time It Was, Taking a Chance on Love, April in Paris, I Want to Be Happy, I See Your Face Before Me, Just One of Those Things, I Get a Kick Out of You, If I Could Be with You, I Hear Music, Tea for Two* (Capitol W-689)

I'm sorry that the Nat Cole Trio can't be resurrected now, but this (with Nelson Riddle and a pretty alto) is a very pleasant album. Nat occasionally showing patches of cleverness, showing, too, that he's been away from the piano for some time. Overall, then, a hard album to classify or even to criticize, other than to say that it's musical, jazz-oriented entertainment, almost but not quite of the inner-quality of the recent Sinatra albums.

MILES DAVIS

Squeeze Me, There Is No Greater Love, How Am I To Know, S'Posin', The Theme, Stablemates (Prestige LP 7014)

The cover reads, "The New Miles Davis Quintet." Fortunately, it has the same old Miles Davis because everything else is much below par. There is too much echo on all the soloists, the ensembles are generally bad; the tenor, on the Rollins-Stitt kick is even more out of tune; Paul Chambers plays well though still with some intonation trouble; Philly Joe Jones is often too busy; Red Garland's piano is a nice single line, though the two-handed bit is too close to Garner for comfort. Miles on the ballads is worth the price of the album. *Theme* will be the track to receive the most notice. But none of it would have any real value except for Miles who seems, almost in spite of himself, to be building to a new maturity.

DUKE ELLINGTON


Historically Speaking: *East St. Louis Toodle-O, Creole Love Call, Stompy Jones, The Jeep Is Jumpin', Jack the Bear, In a Mellow Tone, Ko-Ko, Midriff, Stomp, Look and Listen, Unbooted Character, Lonesome Lullaby, Upper Manhattan Medical Group* (Bethlehem LP BCP 60)

Thirty years of Duke—1926 to 1956—all, excepting the last three tracks, recreations of the original arrangements, unfortunately none of them with the vigor of the originals on Columbia, Brunswick and Victor. The basic difference, it seems to me, is that the center of swing in old Ellington bands used to be in each section, very much unlike the Basie emphasis on the rhythm section itself. In recent years, Duke has allowed the more conventional rhythmic approach. I miss the other, especially since none of his drummers have been sufficiently fluid to move this band in its natural groove. That's an item about these tracks. On the credit side are Harry Carney, occasional Hodges, Ray Nance, a wild bit of Armstrong from Cat Anderson (*Stompy*), the biting, richly scored *Ko-Ko* and Willie Cook (on the last track). The three newcomers are slight: track 10 is awfully familiar; *Lullaby* is literally jammed with orchestral colors and the last track has a perfect title for a characteristic tune that matches others of this intention.

Showcase: *Harlem Air Shaft, Serious Serenade, Clarinet Melodrama, Blossom, Theme for Trombone, Gonna Tan Your Hide, Falling Like a Raindrop, La Virgen de la Macarena, Don't Ever Say Goodbye, Big Drag* (Capitol T 679)

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BRIEFLY NOTED

As per last month, records are included in this section which either do not really fit our particular stress in music or are rather below par, though necessary to note.

Joe Bushkin (Capitol T 711) plays rhapsodic piano on twelve tracks with a large, lush orchestra commanded by Glenn Osser: attractive music for musing.

Pee Wee Erwin, The Land of Dixie (Brunswick BL 50411)—an enthusiastic, though obvious, concoction; extended play Dixie which strikes us as building on marshland.

Carl Fischer's Reflections of an Indiana Boy (Columbia CL 788), comprising nine reflections from a piano score by the late Carl Fischer, Frankie Laine's friend and accompanist, as orchestrated by Paul Weston. A very attractive though Hollywood-picturesque tone poem, is as much a tribute to the Fischer personality as to his gentle talent.

Art Harris—Jazz Goes to Post Graduate School (Kapp KL 1015) is not at all what its title might imply, as pianist Harris, Clyde Lombardi and Jim Chapin play somewhat listlessly through a dozen tracks. Harris is rich in musical knowledge, but there is little inventive and less that swings here—another example of the classically-trained pianist invading jazz unsuccessfully.

Harris-Leigh Group, New Jazz in Hi-Fi (Epic LN 3200), a now-familiar approach on the jazz fringe with an especially varied program here, as always the attempt "to elevate jazz to a new position," in the words of Harris. It's not so much an elevation as it is a musical cul de sac—with charm, of course, but practically no jazz. On four numbers there are ten voices written for in orchestral form, which is, again, very attractive.

Al Hibbler Sings Love Songs (Verge MG V-4000) with accompaniment by Hodges or Basie or Leroy Lovett, in what amounts to an even-tempered, musical LP with less gimmicks than in the past, more on-the-nose intonation. If you like Hibbler, this is a good buy.

Dick Hyman (MGM E 3280) on piano and organ with Eddie Safranski and Don Lamond swings through twelve tracks, all of it good, little of it with the inventiveness which jazz should demand today.

Marian McPartland After Dark (Capitol T 699) with Bill Crow and Joe Morello augmented by a non-swinging cello and harp which hurts the work of this usually moving trio: which, alone, deserves more listening than this review might imply. Unfortunately most of the nice grooves that they achieve are too altered by cello and/or harp to keep going, and Marian is some what damped personally by that it would seem.

Joe Loco-Vaya (Columbia CL 827): 12 tunes with the usually exciting Loco piano and various size bands, certainly the most exciting over-all among the Latin bands, as much because of variety as anything else.

Wally Rose, Cakewalk to Lindy Hop (Columbia CL 782) with vocalist Clancy Hayes on 4 of the 12 tracks. It's an interesting collection of jazz that's been or is being danced to. Excellent notes by George Avakian and Hayes' vocals are, as usual, charming. Obviously it's mostly Dixie.

Stan Rubin's Dixieland Bash (Victor LPM 1200) could stand a word change—to brash—for this is the least of Stan's albums without even the unexpected, for these are arrangements, to make up for the commercial Dixie that it is. Even in this era, there are seldom such brash examples of recording without license.

FOOTNOTES

(Continued from page 24)

with one of his gimmick-laden stunts from time to time, and sell a million, but they will be—as they have, ever since the Weavers, been—isolated phenomena rather than trends. South America has been trying with sporadic success for years now, and has established for itself, we feel, a degree of familiarity without excessive popularity that makes it easy for the general public to largely ignore it, rather than respond as it would to some new gimmick. The answer then would be wishy-washy-dom after all.

But again, the specific: what form of wishy-washy-dom? Generally, we would guess as follows: the decrease in r and r popularity equaled by a proportionate upswing of "quality" numbers for a while, these interspersed with gimmicks which could range from *Nature Boy* to *Chickeree-chick*. This followed

by a period of complete nothingness, with *Doggie in the Window* and the type of thing at which Nat Cole seems to excel setting the pace. "New" singers will go on being discovered: Carmen McCrae, at long last Sylvia Sims, Teddi perhaps, and Mar-Lene may all find themselves with million-record-sellers on their hands. Torme, perhaps Manning, we hope Damone, could easily rise again, while Tony Martin and Frankie Laine will probably regain some of their standing; Sinatra seems indestructible. The big band will come back: if Basie's *April in Paris* had been released a year later than it was, it would have been right at the top: as it is, his chances are good. Finally, we have a very cherished suspicion that that most neglected of all groups, the small combo, may make it too.

There must be some reason for the

fact that since the swing days of Goodman and Shaw, only one combo has received public acclaim: Shearing's five of the late 'forties. That reason being, without digging at it too intensively, that the nature of the combo is such that, if at all, commercialism comes to it, rather than it to commercialism. Goodman, Shaw, Shearing, and Brubeck were all honest jazzmen of their times, before two-Cadillacitis set in. And commercialism is slow in coming because combos seldom receive the benefits of extensive bally-hoo, because, again, they do not seem to be and have not been, big money-makers. Goodman and Shaw existed more or less within their reputations as band leaders, Shearing did not last long, and the college boy's Liberace hasn't ever made it on a popular level, despite considerable success among the demi-jazz circles. In the face of this, we must admit that we hang our suspicion on one very slender thread.

Currently enjoying quite a bit of popularity among hit parade instrumentals is the Stoloff sound-tracking of *Moon-glow and the Picnic Theme*, and that popularity we find as encouraging as surprising. The *Moonglow* melody is here stated only in the vaguest, most improvised-sounding terms: so vaguely, in fact, that we can hardly picture the average square-in-the-street's identifying

it on unaware hearing. Here then, we have, for the first time, we think, one of the intrinsic and most telling aspects of jazz appearing on the pop level: the doing-away-with of the simple melody; and our square is letting it happen! From here, only the shortest step to Brubeck's acceptance on popular level, and to the breakthrough of a number of other groups: Don Elliot perhaps, Chico Hamilton, and any others willing still to give the melody some emphasis. All it would take would be that one surprise record, that one lucky break to follow up on Stoloff's paving of the way. The small groups, the tenor saxes of rock-and-roll have paved the way also, of course, but their main contribution may be considered to have been the shaping of a musical climate reaction to which has allowed things like Stoloff, Torme, the Threepenny Opera, and the nightclubs to appear and be favorably received.

Summing up then, it seems that all swords have two edges: the monstrosity rock-and-roll has opened the doors for, first by reaction, sweet sounds of quality (lament the passing of the Smith-Getz quintet) and second by implication, a popular acceptance of jazz that would not surprise us overly much if it went far beyond jazz's wildest dreams. Maybe people will even start buying Alec Wilder again.

THE TRUMPET (Continued from page 22)

quality which he can understand, regardless of the extent of his perception and sensitivity, is volume of sound. He hears a trumpet which is soft, and, especially since it is difficult to develop one's volume of sound and range, he adopts that credo of softness for his own.

Since each of the last four trumpet players has followed Bird, all have, naturally, been affected by that man's power. All have played Bird's lines—lines which were conceived for a saxophone, not a trumpet. In further extending and improvising on these lines, they have, creatively, looked for inspiration in a saxophone creation. Of course, they have gone beyond this source of inspiration in adapting this saxophone music to their own horns, and have established their own identity. Each of the five trumpeters had his own idea of jazz and played it with meaning and conviction. But the beginning trumpet player hearing the very obvious, hears only the saxophone-style influence. He hears the lack of volume and register and imitates this as the "new" trumpet sound. And this "new" trumpet sound is not, in itself, a complete and true picture of

the instrument's capabilities.

Within the saxophone-trumpet movement there is a sharp line of division. One group, headed by Diz and Fats, has a power of sound and range that is not evident in the group led by Miles and Chet. Roy, of course, stands alone in the history of the trumpet as a distinct and huge contributor to the full and articulate voice of the trumpet. While listening to his recording of *Rockin' Chair*, I thought how well this man had stood time's test. This recording, made eighteen years ago, is more meaningful and has more life than most present day records. And I wondered how well would his successors weather that test.

It is important that not only the beginning jazz trumpet student, but the professional as well, look within himself for a thorough understanding of what is essential to his creativity, and to explore all facets of the tool that produces the creation, the trumpet. By weighing and re-evaluation the contributions of these five men, perhaps the function and future of the trumpet will gain new dimensions, and the girdle of restraint that has been tightening about the horn will be lifted.

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1953 and 1955 recordings with much the same rhythmic failing for me as above. Clark Terry performs beautifully on the first; the second is Carney's rich excursion. The *Melodrama* opens like a concerto with beautiful, full-toned Hamilton, then goes through a variety of moods and rhythms, the clarinet still impeccable, but my interest is pretty much centered in Jimmy's clever structuring. *Blossom*, despite some rough ensemble, is the lovely, poetic Ellington on paper and at the piano. *Trambean*, written by Hamilton, is supposedly a tour de force for trombonist Britt Woodman but, unfortunately, it's more a tour de Lawrence Brown. *Hide* is Duke's sketch for drummer Dave Black—a pretty nowhere, many-handed and footed display complete with train and battlefield imitations. *Virgin* sets Cat loose, fighting the bull. *Raindrop* is another lovely Ellington tune, as is *Goodby*. *Drag* is a riffy finisher, pretty much a paraphrase of his most familiar tunes, whose swing is its most credit. All in all, an interesting album from one who has to be magnificent to live up to himself—a difficult responsibility to live with.

With Rosemary Clooney: *Hey Baby, Sophisticated Lady, Me and You, Passion Flower, I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, It Don't Mean a Thing, Givin', Blue Rose, I'm Checkin' Out, I Got It Bad, Mood Indigo* (Columbia LP CL 872)

Columbia's Irving Townsend deserves high credit for producing a commercial LP by Duke that still has integrity. Unfortunately, it doesn't quite come off, at least not all the way. Tracks 1, 2, 7 & 10 utilize Rosie's warm, breathy style well and she almost represents the lyrics. On tracks 3, 5, 6 & 9, however, there is a real discrepancy between the music and the lyric

reading—not her fault, but, rather a question of personality (and I hope I'm not being too vague—a record review is probably not the place to go into cultural problems). Where the combination does work though, as on track 11 and, especially, on track 8, it's charming. Duke wrote 8, *Blue Rose*, for her, a wordless vocal, and it portrays just what I've always imagined her to be, precisely the reason why there's some trouble with some of the others. The band plays very well and there are several fine solos.

JANE FIELDING

Embers Glow Our Waltz, Key Largo, Along with Me, In Love in Vain, 'Round About Midnight, Too Marvelous for Words, Make the Man Love Me, Right Boy for Me, All Dressed Up Tonight and No Place to Go (Jazz: west JWL 5)

What musicians like about Jane is her naturalness of delivery as well as the resonant voice and phrasing. In this album she's straightened out some of her intonation problems and she swings more, but there remain a few bugs: the nagging amateurism—the illogical entrances, the lack of down-ness, some flat vowels—all things that could be ended by a good vocal coach without hurting the vitality and naturalness. Kenny Drew with Joe Maini, Ted Efantis, Paul Chambers or Leroy Vinnegar and Lawrence Marable provide generally good backing.

BOBBY HACKETT

Coast Concert: *I Want a Big Butter and Egg Man, New Orleans That's a Plenty, Basin Street Blues, Muskrat Ramble, I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan, Royal Garden Blues, Struttin' with Some Barbecue, Fidgety Feet* (Capitol T 692)

Bobby was imported for this 8th annual Dixieland Jubilee run by Gene Norman in October, 1955, held before 8,000 people. The album, cut two days later, includes a really all star Dixie group, almost perfect of its kind: Bobby, Jack Teagarden, who hasn't played this well for some time, Matty Matlock, a much overlooked clarinetist, Abe Lincoln, Don Owens, Nappy La Mare, Phil Stephens and Nick Fatool. One drag, however, is the way they shy away from ballads, almost as if on purpose, and, with Hackett, Lincoln and Matlock there would have been more to write home about if they had. Nevertheless, it's excellent Dixie and Hackett.

PEANUTS HUCKO

A Tribute to Benny Goodman: *Let's Dance, Bugle Call Rag, Don't Be That Way, King Porter Stomp, Someday Sweetheart, Sweet Georgia Brown, Whispering, China Boy* (Grand Award LP 33-331)

Still another—this one's main credit lying in the fine drumming of Don Lamond. Basically, it's the same as much we've reviewed in the last few months among the Goodman releases, many of the same musicians, all of it well played with several excellent solos, notably Butterfield and McGarity divided between big band and small band tracks. It's unfortunate that

it's last in the long line of "tributes," because we're getting tired of rendering to Cesar. Within that framework it's a good job that perhaps wasn't worth doing.

HARRY JAMES

More in Hi-Fi: *The Mole, Autumn Serenade, Sleepy Time Gal, Crazy Rhythm, Melancholy Rhapsody, September Song, Carnival, Strictly Instrumental, Blue Again, Doncha Go Away Mad, These Foolish Things, Somebody Loves Me, Street Scene* (Capitol LP W 712)

This is a better album than Harry's first in this series: a nineteen piece band (9 strings added on some) recorded in December, 1955 and January, 1956, with arrangements by Billy May, Neal Hefti and Ernie Wilkins among others. With a cast including Willie Smith, Juan Tizol, Corky Corcoran, Dick Nash, Gozzo, Herb Stewart, Joe Comfort, etc., this one has less of the hit parade emphasis and better arranging, not really modern, but in that direction, notably Coniff's *September*, Hefti's *Foolish* and Ernie's *Somebody*. And, like the first, this is a remarkably professional band, taking advantage of all of its potential in dynamics and colors. Too, whether you like the James trumpet sound or not, it still sounds like a trumpet.

STAN KENTON

In Hi-Fi: *Artistry Jumps, Interlude, Intermission Riff, Minor Riff, Collaboration, Painted Rhythm, Southern Scandal, The Peanut Vendor, Eager Beaver, Concerto to End all Concertos, Artistry in Boogie, Lover, Unison Riff* (Capitol LP W 724)

Recorded in Hollywood during February, 1956, a kind of Kenton's favorites program, there are some new-old soloists added like Vido Musso, Don Paladino and Milt Bernhart. Over-all, it's a lesson in what recreation should be, the most exciting of the Kenton standards with several of his most exciting soloists in the band, the arrangements brought up-to-date and made more swinging than most of them ever were.

Many of the old criticisms are readily available, but so are all the good points. So you have an exhilarating jazz package from the man who seems to own that particularly indefinable word, progressive. Incidentally, for me, these are so much more a logical extension of the brash Balboa band than were the originals.

MARLENE

I Think of You with Every Breath I Take, Accent on Youth, Snuggled on Your Shoulder, Some Other Time, If I Love Again, We Could Make Such Beautiful Music Together, Deep In a Dream, Two Cigarettes in the Dark, Without a Word of Warning, You Leave Me Breathless (Savoy LP MG 12058)

Jazz singing, which is now judged in a number of peculiar ways, seems to be more a matter of personal choice than is allowed for an instrumentalist, so I hesitate to say whether Marlene is a jazz



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singer. But a singer she is with perfect diction, nearly perfect intonation and excellent phrasing—high-enough recommendations. And she's surrounded here by Joe Wilder, Herbie Mann, Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall and Kenny Clarke—still other recommendations. She sounds fresh, normal, almost mature and very much like herself. In addition she sings fine songs. In short, this is an excellent vocal album, as good as almost anything else on the market. And it's close enough to jazz to satisfy all but its hide-bound characters in that department. What's missing is that indefinable business we call soul—no criticism, now, she's a young'un. That will probably develop. For the moment meet and enjoy a very musical singer.

JOE WILDER

Wilder 'N Wilder: *Cherokee, Prelude to a Kiss, My Heart Stood Still, Six Bit Blues, Mad About the Boy, Darn That Dream* (Savoy LP MG 12063)

Trumpeter Wilder, currently in the pit orchestra of *Silk Stockings*, with an immense background with big jazz bands, became the *inside* rage among a few recording executives and critics last year, but this is his first solo LP for which credit should go to Savoy's Ozzie Cadena. Here, with Hank Jones, Wendell Marshall and Kenny Clarke, Joe does as he always does: his the big-toned, the trumpet approach, the singing lines with a modern, not really advanced, context. For me, this is most successfully made into a whole in the ¾ time *Blues*. The Savoy rhythm section is similarly excellent, making this a record to hear, perchance to buy.

JOHN WILLIAMS

Baubles, Bangles and Beads, Shiloh, Good Morning Heartache, Flamingo, A Sleeping Bee, How Strange, Manteca, Someday My Prince Will Come, Like Someone in Love, Good Morning Blues, Okcefenokee Holiday, The Girl Next Door (EmArcy LP MG 360061)

John with Bill Anthony, Chuck Andrus or Ernie Farrow on bass, Frank Isola or Jack Edie on drums, perhaps supplies the key to his problem in his liner notes when he says that he wants to play Sims-Cohn type piano, a thoroughly laudable ambition. Unfortunately, because of piano action, the unbending of notes and, perhaps, a development which will come, Johnny's swinging style becomes too emphatically percussive much of the time, losing practically all lyricism, giving a kind of chop-piness to his lines. You have the feeling that it's a rich talent yet to unfold, but I'd make a recommendation away from the particular rhythm guys he always chooses because they aid not one bit in the direction in which he says he wants to go. Too, I'd suggest a development of the left hand, because at least two of his favorite three among these tracks—*Manteca* and *Someday My Prince Will Come*—are excellent examples of what he calls "soaring," and they're interesting enough, though derivative, to hope that John will concentrate on his equipment, both hands

and piano, to the extent that he develops in the way that he always is *suggesting* that he is about to do. This isn't enough.

IN PERSON

WASHINGTON—Sonny Stitt and Hamp Hawes exploded a myth on their opening night, May 14, at Olivia Davis' Patio Lounge. For it is a truism locally that a performer must either have the "name" draw of a Shearing or big advance promotion to fill a jazz club. Yet, despite the fact that the arrival of Sonny and Hamp received no notice by Washington night club writers, the Patio management had S.R.O. signs ready by 10 P.M.

The bill fully merited the enthusiastic turnout. Hamp's group, which included the facile Red Mitchell on bass and Chuck Thompson on drums, displayed a wonderful ensemble spirit throughout. The trio's romp through the Miles Davis number, *Walking*, clearly demonstrated the combo's cohesion: Hamp's angular, imaginative ventures were tightly backed by the rhythm section. The Hawes version of *I'll Remember April* brought a highly unusual harmonic approach to this oft-played tune. Hamp's runs were a constant source of amazement, his fingers skipping rather than slurring in a continually new series of ingenious moves.

A lush, Peterson-like intro on *All The Things You Are* proved as surprising as the tough, funky sound Hamp produced on the second chorus. However, the persistent lack of warmth in this and other numbers which he had apparently sacrificed in favor of technique was a drawback.

Sonny Stitt, backed by Larry Eanet, piano, Billy Taylor, bass, and Eddie Phye, drums, alternated on alto and tenor in each of his selections. His *Pennies From Heaven* poured out a virtual flood of ideas, basically in the conceptual approach of Charlie Parker. *Stardust*, which he introduced on alto, was piercing in its strength yet somehow gentle on a soaring second chorus.

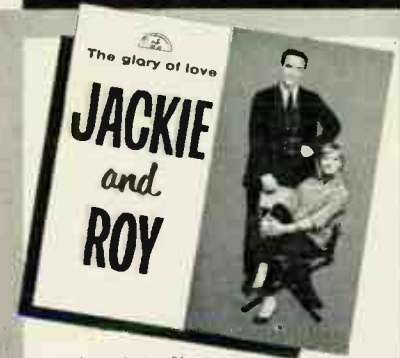
Just Friends borrowed Bird's famed intro, then launched into a cascade of fresh, ingenious runs, gummy and meaningful. Although Sonny experienced considerable difficulty in working with pianist Eanet, he fared much better with the hard-driving duo of Taylor and Phye.

The *bigness* of Stitt's horn was the most impressive factor in all of his playing. The scope of ideas, the large tone, the complete grasp of all its swinging potentialities—these qualities made his work the most memorable of the evening.

—Gene Feehan

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THE CLASSICS

Reviews by Hall Overton

Charles Ives: Violin Sonata No. 1.
Quincy Porter: Violin Sonata No. 2.
Rafael Druian, violin; John Simms,
piano. 12" Mercury MG 50096.
Charles Ives: Violin Sonatas, No.'s 2, 3
& 4. Rafael Druian, violin; John Simms,
piano. 12" LP Mercury MG 50097.

Since Charles Ives' death in 1954, more and more of his music has appeared on records and these current Mercury recordings of his violin sonatas are a welcome addition to the catalogue, particularly since they are played incomparably and the engineering is top level. The violin sonatas are, I think, a good introduction to Ives' musical personality, his rugged New England individuality with its transcendentalist literary overtones. There are many unique features in Ives' music; his tendency to start with complex fragmentation of themes and gradually work towards clarification of the complete theme, his use of hymn tunes as codas, and his strange harmonic concept which mixes the strongest dissonances with the palest of triads. On paper it looks dangerously weak but in performance it is tremendously effective. In spite of these disparate elements Ives' music flows along, carried mainly by the singing quality he manages to give to his hymn tunes and country dances. The Quincy Porter Sonata is of a much later vintage modernism than Ives' music. It is surprisingly dissonant in contrast to the moderate harmonic concepts of this composer's later work, but I found it an extremely skillful and rewarding piece. There are, incidentally, excellent notes by Lou Harrison.

Gesualdo: Madrigals, Vol. I, presented by Aldous Huxley. The Singers of Ferrara, cond. Robert Craft. 12" LP Sunset LP 600.

Three centuries span the distance between Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venesa, and Charles Ives, yet in some respects their lives suggest a strong parallel. Both were far ahead of their time in their music. (See Book Review: "Charles Ives".) Both made their most striking contributions in the area of harmony. Of the two Gesualdo was perhaps the more fortunate in that he

lived at the height of the Italian Renaissance and at least received acceptance for his creative efforts, whereas Ives suffered from an almost complete neglect during the major part of his creative years. The difference is reflected in their work. Gesualdo, regardless of the twentieth century sound of his harmonies, is a polished master of sixteenth century polyphony. Ives' music, in contrast, shows rough edges at times and imperfect technique which is undoubtedly due to his lack of audience contact.

To turn to the music in this album, I would like to recommend it wholeheartedly as one of the finest, if not the best, examples of recorded early music to my knowledge. The singers, under the sensitive direction of Robert Craft, are a marvel to hear, for they execute the extremely complex and sophisticated vocal lines with unerring intonation and expressiveness. Of value also is the erudite essay on the back of the album by Aldous Huxley on the life of Gesualdo and the madrigal form. English translations are included for all the madrigals.

Honegger: Pacific 231; Rugby; Mouvement Symphonique No. 3; Prelude pour "La Tempete." Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London, cond. Hermann Scherchen. 12" LP Westminster Laboratory Series W-LAB 7010.

The first thing that strikes one about this record is the high quality of sound reproduction. The Westminster Laboratory Series is carefully produced and expensive as records go these days but, judging by this record, the results seem worth the price. Pacific 231 (1923) and Rugby (1928) represent Honegger's early experimental style. Both are programmatic. Pacific 231 depicts a locomotive and Rugby was suggested by the famous English football game. In the long run they will probably rank as curiosities typical of early twentieth century modernism, but they also are of value since they contain the germs of Honegger's later mature style. The "Mouvement Symphonique" and Prelude for (Shakespeare's) "The Tempest" are in fact further along in the evolution towards works like King David. The Second and Fifth Symphonies and the Symphony For Strings.

Mozart: The Magic Flute. Maria Stader: Pamina. Rita Streich: The Queen of the Night. Lisa Otto: Papagena. Ernst Hafliger: Tamino. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau: Papageno. Josef Greindl: Sarastro and supporting cast. The RIAS Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, The RIAS Chamber Choir and The Berlin Motet Choir, cond. Ferenc Fricsay. Three 12" LP's Decca DX-134.

Of all Mozart's operas The Magic Flute is perhaps the strangest. Although it is on the surface a simple fairy tale, it has an underlying political meaning relating to the struggles and persecutions of the Freemasons under the reign of Leopold II. Both Mozart and his librettist, Schikaneder, were members of the "brotherhood" and it is clear that they intended The Magic Flute to symbolize the ultimate victory of the brotherhood of man over the forces of the evil aristocracy personified in the Queen of the Night. But politics aside, I believe that if Mozart hadn't written some of his loveliest music for The Magic Flute it would long ago have been off the boards, for its surface plot is childishly simple and its internal political allusions are too remote from our own times to have much meaning. The music itself is another matter. There is not a single lapse in the inspiration. It moves from beginning to end with an unearthly beauty. Rita Streich handles the difficult role of the Queen of the Night with conviction and amazingly good intonation in the "wrath of hell" aria, and I also liked the musicality of Fischer-Dieskau's Papageno.

Bartok: Mikrokosmos (complete) Gyorgy Sandor, piano. Three 12" LP's Col. SL-229.

Bartok's striking set of piano pieces have become a standard part of piano teaching literature and have often been used in teaching composition, for they embrace and illustrate many of the compositional techniques of the present in a beautifully lucid manner. More than this, they show how a great musical mind pursued the problem of unearthing new material out of the most familiar elements of music. Pianist Sander does a magnificent job of recreating Bartok's tiny but infinite cosmos.

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Part Ten

HARMONY—VI

The ingredients of modern harmony in the twentieth century resulted in a mixture of conflicting tendencies. Music retraced its steps in some areas, adopting old concepts in a new way. The prefix "neo", meaning new, was attached to romanticism and classicism. *Neo-Classicism*, evidenced in the works of Paul Hindemith and Igor Stravinsky, returned to a classical point of view, economizing orchestration and simplifying material and form. Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and Hindemith's *Lulus Tonalis* were essentially contrapuntal, containing a good deal of dissonance as well as clarity of texture. *Neo-Romanticism*, steeped in the tradition of emotionalism, continued its advances in harmony and orchestration in the works of Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. The term, expressionism, which was intended to mean an expression of the inner self, or subconscious, as opposed to impressionism, an impression of external things, came into being with Arnold Schoenberg as its foremost exponent. A departure from the conventional major and minor scales led to the use of old church modes in a new harmonic setting, known as *Neo-Medievalism*. Stravinsky passed through a phase of *Primitivism* in his *Rite of Spring* in which he depicted the customs of barbaric peoples in dissonant, bewildering harmonies and rhythms. Considering this brief review of some modern developments, let us examine some of these techniques.

We have already seen the enlargement of the basic triad, free use of non-harmonic tones and the general tendency toward the composer's need to break away from a central key feeling. Atonality was the logical result of these developments. The twelve-tone system devised by Arnold Schoenberg avoided any suggestion of a tonal center (atonality). The twelve-tone scale consists of every chromatic tone within the octave. Instead of having one key center, there are twelve independent tonal centers. The thematic basis in the twelve-tone system is the *tone row*, in

which no tone may be repeated until all twelve tones have been sounded. This avoids the feeling of a key center. It implies absolute tonal equality of all twelve tones within the octave, although it does not have to stay within the limits of one octave. The tone row may have a good deal of rhythmic variety and melodically may be altered by such devices as mirrored inversions or crab patterns. This principle thrives upon dissonance. The atonalists avoid the doubling of any tone in a chord, so that each tone must be different from the others. Another principle is to have a tone matched by a dissonant counterpart. For example, C would be matched by C \sharp or C \flat .

Polytonality is the direct opposite of atonality in the sense that composers write in two or more keys at once, rather than forego any key feeling which the atonalists do. Igor Stravinsky has been credited with the first significant use of polytonality in his famous *Petrouchka* chord, composed in 1911. In this chord, the keys of F \sharp and C major are represented simultaneously. Actually, polytonality is an extension of a traditional device used in the twelfth century, known as "organ point" or "pedal point." An organ point consists of prolonging a tone, generally in the bass, while the other harmonies change above it. As time passed, composers began to use more than one tone as a pedal point. Full chords of three or more tones were sustained while other harmonies passed into various keys. In Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, a dissonant chord and its resolution is sounded at the same time producing a *polyharmony*, which is the sounding of two or more chords at once. As a result of these developments, the path for modern polytonality was paved.

The American modernist, Henry Cowell, has been a leading influence in the use of tone-clusters. A tone-cluster is the sounding of whole blocks, or groups of tones, simultaneously. Cowell explains his elaborate scientific acoustical theories in his book *New*

Musical Resources. His piano playing includes the palm of his hand as well as striking whole sections of the keyboard with his forearm. The same principles have been used by Leo Ornstein, who was not as logical in his approach. The American composer, Charles Ives, has written chords that must be played with a board or ruler. Ornstein justified this approach by claiming that it was physically impossible to play these chords in any other way.

There are some composers who feel that the wealth of tonal combination has been exhausted. As a result, they have divided the half-tone into smaller intervals, called quarter-tones, so that the octave will have twenty-four tones instead of twelve. Alois Haba, a Czechoslovakian composer, has written two operas along these lines called *The Mother* (1929) and *The Unemployed* (1932). Julian Carillo, a Mexican composer, has invented special instruments to play eighth and sixteenth tones in his *Preludio a Cristobal Colon*, which is recorded on Columbia Records. Actually, this idea is not new, since it stems from Oriental music. This eastern civilization is quite comfortable in playing and singing these intervals with exactness. Their rhythms are so complex that it is almost impossible to notate them. Notation of quarter-tone music and smaller intervals presents an extremely difficult problem, although Nicholas Oboukov and Nicholas Wischnegradsky have developed systems of notation for their works.

It is my hope that the reader will conclude from these articles on harmony, that modern music and techniques are an outgrowth of previous developments which stem from the beginnings of music. Music written in our time should reflect our era and not seek to imitate any other period. This means that the composer is almost by necessity about fifty years ahead of our present "listening ears." He has changed his vocabulary to suit his needs of expression, although as we have seen, it is not completely new. It is our duty to give him our undivided, sympathetic attention, for he is all we have to represent the art which will reflect our way of living.

Al Zeiger

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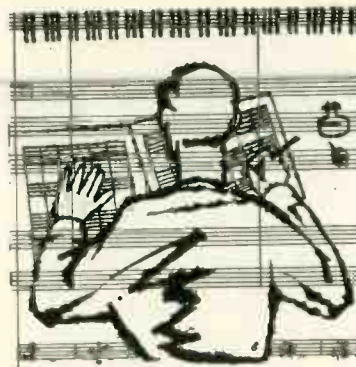


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Arranging

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I'd like to bring to your attention, and discuss with you, a tendency I've noticed in novice or non-professional arrangers over a period of some years.

This tendency was again brought to my mind during a discussion with a musician friend, a short while ago. He had brought several scores to rehearsals of the orchestra he is currently playing with. He is primarily an instrumentalist and the arranging he does is incidental. The orchestra is a popular dance outfit. They ran down his arrangements but he was disappointed because they weren't incorporated into the orchestra's library. He wasn't asking to be paid for his work but did want the satisfaction of hearing and playing his own scores regularly. I was curious because it is a very sometimes thing to see a band leader turn down free arrangements. The caliber of this friend's musicianship is of the highest and I knew that what he wrote would have merit.

In questioning him, the picture began to clear and I recognized a situation which I had gone through myself (too many years ago) and one I've observed others thrash around in. It goes something like this . . .

When the amateur arranger brings a score to an orchestra it represents a lot of work and thought on his part. He is proud of his ability (rightly so) and also fearful because he's not yet sure of his writing and is afraid that he will be exposed to the musicians in the orchestra as a musical fool. They will laugh at him and that is the pain unendurable. On the other hand, he hopes that they will respect him for being a notch above them musically, and be in awe of his arranging prowess—if all sounds and goes well. In fact, if we were to examine closely the motives that drive people to become arrangers, I think this last would appear high up on the list.

Now, with these fears and hopes plucking at his innards, what type of arrangement will our young arranger bring in? Will it be a simple, well-written score or will it be a model of over arranging and complicity? The last, you can be sure. He will be so anxious to "knock out" the musicians in the orchestra that he will lose sight of basic common sense. His score will be overly ambitious and probably beyond what his experience will allow him to do well. He will have forgotten to find out what the orchestra needs most in its library. Probably he's neglected to take into consideration the separate capabilities of the musicians. Most of all, he has overlooked the fact that he is *not* writing for the musicians but is writing for the public that pays to dance and listen to that orchestra.

Usually, the sort of thing an arranger will sit down and dream up to "gas" musicians has very little appeal for John Q. Public. If the orchestra leader wants to stay in business (and this is a very, very practical world), he will keep to a minimum, material which bewilders or is

(Continued on page 35)



Drums

Jim Chapin
Gives Tip
On Soloing

Because of the changeable nature of drum heads and the instrument in general, the drummer should be able to overcome the difficulties caused by the weather, and the varying playing conditions in different halls. One of the reasons that one-nighters are such excellent experience is that the drummer invariably encounters strange and wonderful acoustical problems. One night the band will be set up in the middle of an armory, with the rafters lost in the clouds and an echo that may last for several beats. You can stomp the drums right through the floor and still sound as though you're playing with toothpicks on a matchbox. The next night you play a small, select party at an Elks Club in a 20 x 40 room with an 8-foot high hard plaster ceiling and tile walls. If you merely touch the drum with the stick, it sounds like a rifle shot. You are playing the same music with the same band, but how differently each night must be approached!

If a drummer sits in a lot he should also be able to cope with bad sounding cymbals and drums, uncomfortable pedals and unfamiliar setups. This is quite a challenge. Years ago I used to hear Buddy Rich sit in with various groups on some pretty weird sets of drums. He always seemed to be able to "play through" the inadequate drums and produce his own individual sound. Part of this quality, of course, comes from his extraordinary flexibility and vast experience, but the fact that his resiliency makes his technique free from dependence on the "bounce" gives him the ability to play on surfaces of varying response, with no loss of effectiveness. I am told that he used to practise drum solos on pillows. When Shelly Manne was first starting to play professionally I heard him at quite a lot of sessions. He also developed this consistent quality under all sorts of conditions. There are many tricks that may help, like playing with the toe on unresponsive pedals, but the main quality to bring to one of these "Fibber McGee's Closet" drum sets is a firm mental refusal to be dragged by anything, and a resolve to project your drumming personality right through the morass.

ARRANGING

(From page 34)

over the heads of his customers. Of course, there is a time and place for all things and you'll get your chance to write "musician's arrangements" in due time. I'm trying to point out that the tendency to overarrange in order to impress the second trumpet player is not the way to have your scores played more than once. If you're arranging for "kicks", alright, but if you want to make a living at arranging you'll have to learn, sooner or later, that your audience is the buying public and not the band. The music consuming public, today, has been educated to more and more jazz sounds and, although there is room

(Continued on page 37)

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Brass

Eddie Bert
Discusses
Improvisation



The primary concern of anyone interested in improvisation is to play with a group of instrumentalists who are also interested in playing jazz. If you can't get to play often, and freely, you are unable to progress jazzwise. In order to improvise freely you must actually work and play with other players. With all the different styles in jazz today it's hard to be yourself in all styles, but the more you play the more you should become yourself. Always try to concentrate on what you're playing.

In a city like New York, you can generally find groups with which to rehearse, or sometimes play jobs. If you look around long enough and get to know enough people, that is. But even here at time it's hard to find a whole rhythm section at once.

In small towns it's generally out of the question to find anyone really interested enough to go out of the way to rehearse (or even interested enough)!! Therefore, for any one in this helpless situation I would like to recommend getting a rhythm section accompaniment record to play with. Even though this still is not live contact I'd like to recommend one album that is about as close to it as possible. The piano, bass and drums were actually playing with a soloist while the whole thing was recorded two ways. One side has the alto saxophonist, Gigi Gryce, actually heard with the rhythm section. The other side is the exact same rhythm section background, except the soloist is eliminated by an engineering trick. Therefore, you can play with the rhythm section as they actually backed someone up. It's about as close to live as you can get. For someone in the difficult situation of not being able to play with anyone, it really is a tremendous help. The rhythm section of Duke Jordan on piano, Oscar Pettiford on bass and Kenny Clarke on drums is great and very easy to play with. Duke comps great and with Oscar's bass notes you can't go wrong. Quite a rhythm section to have to blow with, huh?

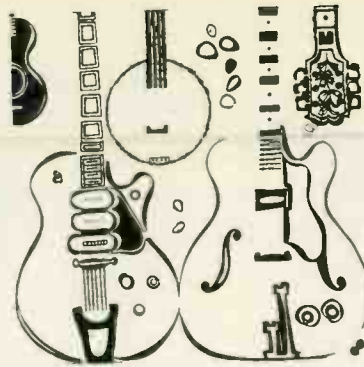
The tunes are "Sometimes I'm Happy"—"Embraceable You"—"Jordu", an original composition by Duke Jordan in C minor, and a Blues with plenty of room to blow (even fours with drums). You can listen to Gigi Gryce's interpretations of these tunes on the other side. There is also a chorus of Gigi's written out note by note, on "Embraceable You" that you can try.

A pamphlet comes with the album written by Hall Overton which explains many chords and their uses. Quite an interesting album for the serious jazz performer. This album is titled "Jazz Laboratory—Vol. I" Signal Records number S-101. There are other accompaniment records on the market, but I like this particular one because someone was actually playing with the rhythm section as it was recorded and is reproduced to show you, more or less, what it should sound like.

You can't do enough improvising if you really want to be a competent performer in jazz. The more you blow the more you'll get to know your horn and become yourself.

Guitar

Tommy Kay
Introduces
A Guest



This month we have a few well-chosen words from a currently popular guitarist who has been enjoying some success from his recent recordings.

I happened to come across his new book on chords and found it to be quite a nice volume on the subject. It is one that should prove helpful to both beginners and advanced students. Its author, Sal Salvador, is a former Stan Kenton star who is now performing with his own group. After going through the book I thought it would be good to include some of Sal's thoughts, so I asked him if he would send a message to you students through my column.

If you like this sort of guest appearance, let me know and I will do my best to get some of the other leading players to do the same. Don't forget to write.

Tommy Kay has asked me to write a few lines of advice to students of the guitar who are just starting out.

First of all I'd say learn your instrument and learn it well! The mechanics of the picking hand as well as knowing the fingerboard inside out are very important, so that they won't be a hindrance when you come across difficult musical problems as you become more and more advanced.

Equally important is reading. A few years back some bands used to carry their soloists apart from the reading players. These men would either sit on the sidelines until solo time or else they'd play a relatively unimportant chair in the band just so they'd have something to do. At this same period guitar players were notorious for their inability to read. A guitar player who could read then was looked upon as something wonderful. After all, until the advent of the guitar amp the guitar player did little else but accompaniment.

Today, the situation is entirely different. One is expected to read right along with everyone else even in little jazz groups. Those who run away from it will eventually wish they hadn't.

Lastly, I'd like to say, don't make practising a laborious thing. The feeling of accomplishment you get from playing things better and better as you practise them should give you a great amount of pleasure and satisfaction. A lot of it is in your outlook. Music played well is a beautiful thing and the practise and striving to achieve this can be fun.

So long for now.

Sal Salvador

P. S. A good teacher can save you a lot of frustrating trial and error!

**HANK LANG
AND HIGH FIDELITY
COME TO GRIPS
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE**



Reeds

**John LaPorta
Discusses
Jazz Memory**

Last month I started an article on the use of the memory as a necessary fundamental requisite for improvisation and was unable to finish it. I think I touched on the fact that there are certain basic fundamentals that have to be realized either intuitively, or, if necessary, by memorization. These are the basic structures of the tune being improvised upon and its original melody.

Some musicians have a strong, instinctual aptitude for realizing the basic rhythmic structure of the tune they are playing and never seem to have any trouble with the addition or loss of beats.

Too often, through a hasty desire to become jazz virtuosi, would-be musicians have neglected to take care of these fundamentals in the beginning and have established for themselves a rhythmic ambiguity that makes it impossible for them to progress. This license with the regularity of missed time is one of the worst pitfalls a student could fall into. Playing wrong accidentals, bad intonation, etc., often become evident to the student because they are heard, but misdirections in time is not so much a matter of hearing but one of feeling. Therefore, if one has established a lack of control with judgment of time, it is usually very difficult for him to ascertain. Without help of a very conscientious teacher and arduous practise with a metronome, it can be almost impossible to eradicate.

The best method for avoiding this is by being exceedingly careful to begin with so that the habit of rhythmic disproportion doesn't become established.

When learning a tune, section it off into musical sentences, if necessary. First, be sure to take a tune that is simple in structure, one of thirty-two bars, sectioned off into four-eight bar musical phrases, which form the equivalent of a sentence in English. A very simple tune will have the first two eight-bar phrases practically identical, the third eight-bar phrase as a contrasting phrase and the fourth eight-bar phrase, the same as the first, except for the necessary change to end properly. The important thing to remember is that you must always be aware of the rest of the first beat of each bar and the proper relationship of the notes in each bar will become much clearer to you.

ARRANGING

(Continued from page 35)

for plenty of improvement. there is a large field for interesting arrangements.

Before you bring a score to an orchestra, try to capture its style. Above all *make it simple!* Not trite or corny, just use common horse sense. Pick your material well, too. Don't duplicate something already in their books, but do find something at least a little familiar and give it a new twist. If the orchestra has to play it down more than three times to make sense out of your score, I'm willing to bet you've lost the interest of the leader and probably the musicians too. You're making *them* look bad then and you know how that feels.

JULY, 1956

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Talking with Kenton sidemen last week during a record session, all of them looking at least five years older after their strenuous European trip: Stan said there were evidences of battle fatigue, most of it overcome by the pleasant boat trip back. Trumpeter Ed Leddy told about the audiences in England—"many older people, all of them so attentive . . . I never saw anything quite like that"—Stan said that they'd sometimes play an early evening concert in one city, then hop on a bus, drive a hundred miles and play a mid-night concert.

Later, with coffee, they talked about the cities they had seen and people they'd talked to; about an American musician who threw a fit in the main lobby of one airport surrounded by newsmen who only withheld the story out of their regard for jazz and its musicians. And about a bandleader who is "leaving a trail of blood and delinquency behind him with the rock 'n' roll concerts that he's playing, giving jazz a bad name everywhere . . . people asked us in different cities just how much he represented American jazz . . . The government would be doing us a service by bringing him home . . ."

All that happened just days after I had come back from Wesleyan College, where, with Teddy Charles, John McLellan and Miss Dana Suesse, I had enjoyed an afternoon of jazz paneling for a critical but appreciative audience. I intend to cover some of the more interesting parts of that discussion in later issues, but some isolated comments are worth repeating now in the hope of provoking some letters on the subject.

It was posed, for example, that jazz may not really be an art form as we so glibly assume: 1) it became one with, say, the advent of Coleman Hawkins; 2) it is only now becoming one; 3) it isn't one at all, but it is a legitimate form of expression and individual performances or compositions within it are real art. Secondly, it was suggested that early jazz was geared for a hard-working community (i.e., a work-culture), a gay, energetic music for those people. That what we have now is a music geared for a play culture: 1) not good enough for the concert hall; 2) not good enough for the dance hall; 3) trapped in between. Thus, jazz having abandoned the folk, the folk must turn to other work-culture music, such as rock 'n' roll. Although, perhaps, the jazz of tomorrow may be finally resolved in adult rhythm bands (triangles, etc., of kindergarten days), everyone participating with no spectators. It was a provocative panel

as you may have gathered—more of that later though.

Still rambling about: Fantasy Records added new laurels to its crown this month with another list of releases for its imaginary subsidiary, *RCA Irving*. Among the releases are *The Poor People of Paris* by the Rich People at Capitol; An Ira Gitler Production: *Ozzie Cadena plays Rudy Van Gelder originals* under the personal supervision of Burt Goldblatt.

Item: Our circulation department leaves little notes around the office these days in the midst of its survey of YEAR-BOOK sales. One last week showed a kind of resignation we've expected for some time: "Checked store outlets. Grand Central branch requests additional copies; had twelve copies, all of them stolen. Checked again. Manager claims jazz records are stolen regularly, too, but never lost a classical record yet. Suggest you change the book's title next year."

Rambling again: I went to a record session last week where, with ten minutes to go (overtime was impossible), one last tune had to be recorded. After four false starts, it seemed as if they had a perfect take until a tired trumpeter began to snore loudly. Everyone covered for him; the a. & r. man still doesn't know what was making that strange noise.

Item: Trumpeter Don Ferrara felt that it wasn't within the scope of his recent two-part article to go into arranging for the trumpet, but I'd rather not let this subject drop because I've met too many arrangers who have never considered the fact that few people write real trumpet parts. Sloppily paraphrasing Don, I'd say that most arrangers write drum parts for the trumpet section; few, if any, lines. If you'd like to hear how it can sound listen to the short section part that Don wrote for the Herman trumpet section to play on someone else's arrangement of *Ninety-Nine Guys*.

Oh, Didn't He Ramble? One last ramble, this one a kind of thinking out loud. We received more letters about Glen Gray and The Casa Loma Orchestra than we have about anything or anyone else, including Kenton. It was fascinating to sit here and watch the letters flow over our desk as reminiscences piled on one another and perfect strangers struck up acquaintanceships because of a common bond. Among bands of that kind I had a favorite—the swinging edition of the Jan Savitt band and, particularly, singer Bon Bon. Can we build another pyramid?—B. C.

JAZZ GOES 'ROUND THE WORLD



Every night at 7:45 John Cameron Swayze hop scotches the world for headlines . . . once a month you can find the results of our hop scotching: articles and reviews of jazz on a world-wide basis.

Exhibit A in our case is the picture above: Diz in Ankara (that's Turkey man!). And you'll find the review of that concert on page 15 of this issue.

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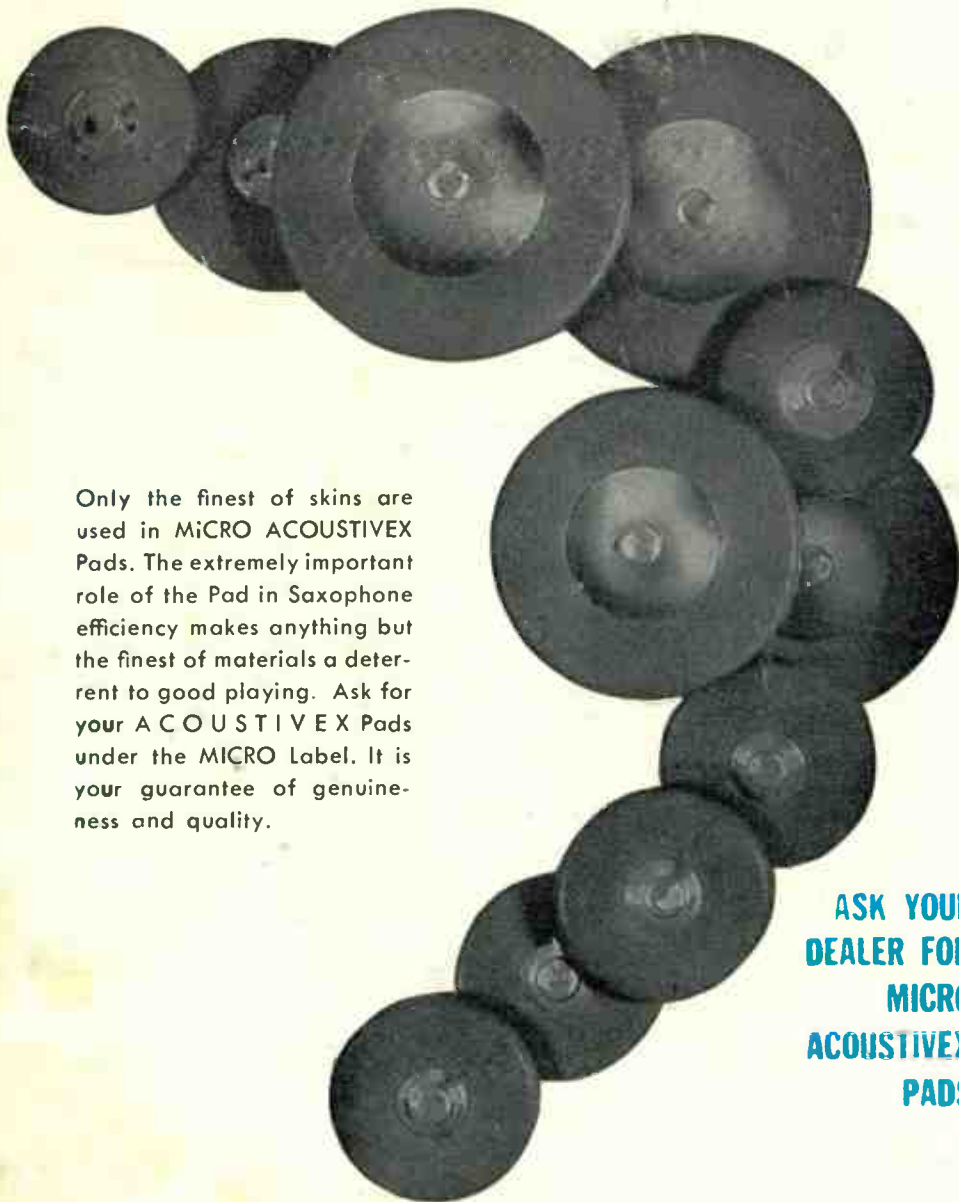
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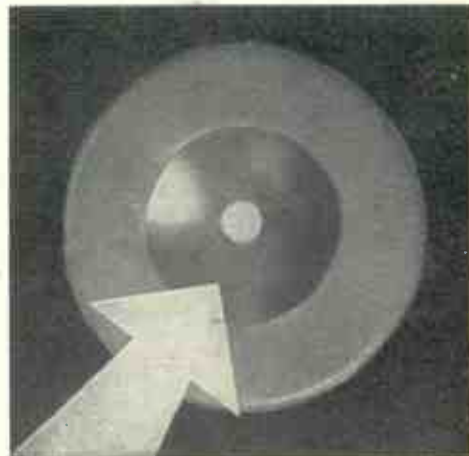
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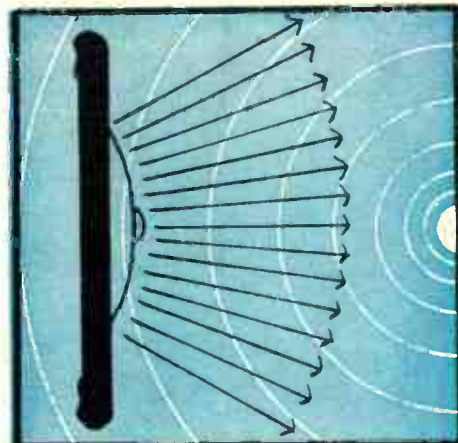


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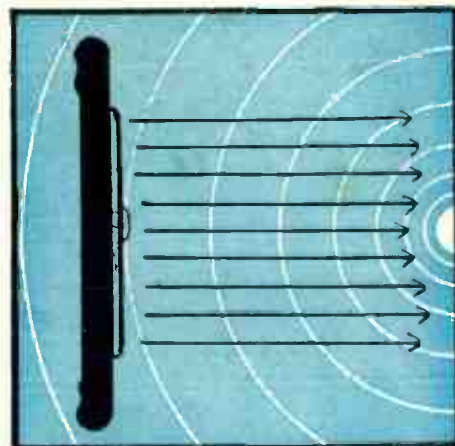
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