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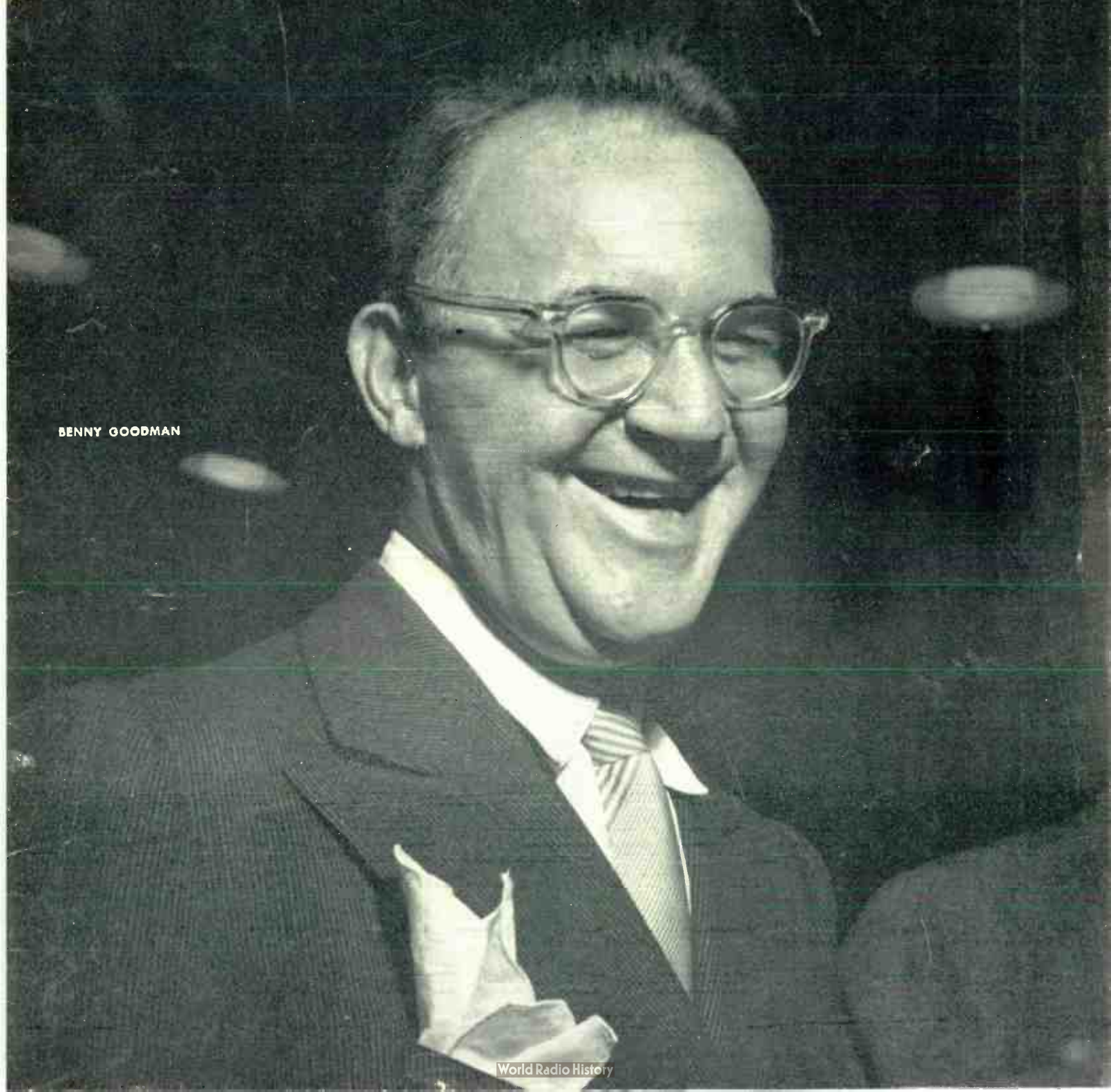
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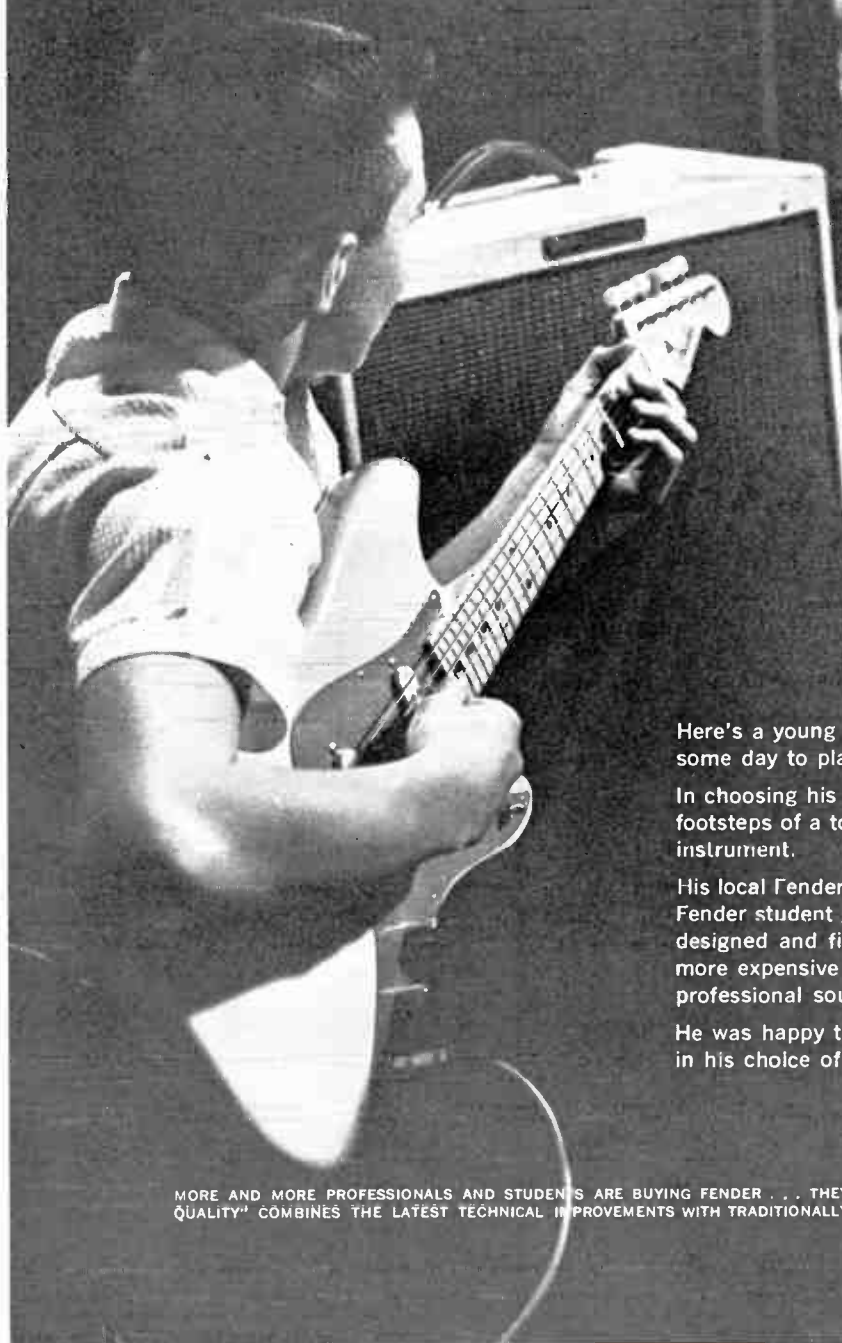
SWING INTO SUMMER

How To Enjoy Jazz In New York
Our Dozen Jazz Festivals
Benny Goodman On The Road



BENNY GOODMAN

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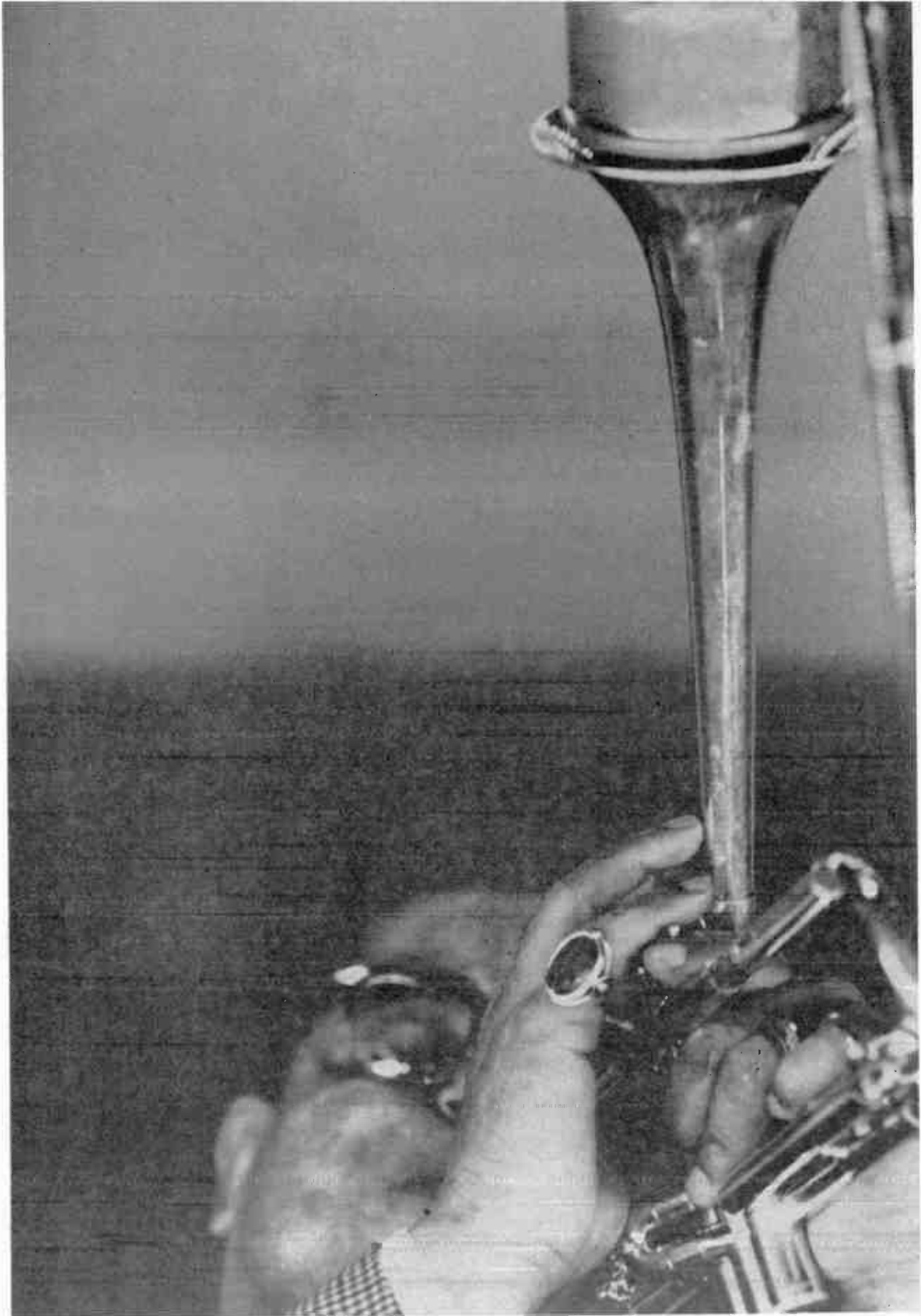
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Artist: James Paulus

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JAZZ PORTRAIT, Number 6 of a series: Dizzy Gillespie



New York is a summer festival

Last month, Benny Goodman swung into Spring on his annual Texaco program and then he swung smartly into summer with a road band which is pleasing dance crowds around the country. Our own swing is with Goodman and into Summer, but it is more localized in a salute to New York, where festivals seem always to be the order of the day and night. As a consequence you'll find an interesting photographic essay about New York's Metropole beginning on page thirteen of this issue, followed by three pages of how, what and when as they apply to other jazz, including jazz, in New York. Elsewhere there is a profile on a leading New York citizen, Bill Russo, part two of our series on New York critics and, in the record review section, some mention of the brighter lights among the jazz-type comedians. We won't insist that you have to follow our guided tour through New York and its entertainment, but it is there for you to sample. As for us, we are firmly of the opinion that New York is a great place to live, but we wouldn't like to visit there.

STAFF

Bill Coss, editor. Robert A. Perlono, assistant editor. George Kluge, hi-fi editor. Jack Maher contributing editor. Don Daily, advertising manager. Duncan Scott, West Coast advertising representative. Earl Umpenhour, general manager.

Frank Kofsky, San Francisco; Howard Lucraft, Hollywood; Felix Manskleid, Europe; Jack McKinney, columnist; Ed Mulford, columnist; Allen Scott, Washington.

PORTRAIT NOTE

John Birks Gillespie was born in Cheraw, South Carolina on October 21, 1917. He started on trombone at 14, switched to trumpet a year later, never studying the instrument formally, joined Calloway in 1939 and became in 1944 an important member of the bebop clique in the Billy Eckstine band. Since 1945, he has had his own bands and groups, always representing the strong jazz tradition in his most modern playing.

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ALL-STAR BULLETIN

Movement seems to be the order for these days in the counting of our *All-Time All-Star Poll*, the ballot and directions for which appear in *Jazz 1959*, THE METRONOME YEAR BOOK. Charlie Parker and Miles Davis continue in the first two places by healthy majorities. But Lester Young, Gerry Mulligan, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz, Dave Brubeck, Thelonious Monk and a lot of others, move in and out and around within the top ten of the listings. The only thing that is really for sure is that the final results will be published in our August issue, along with a number of other surprises.

THE FESTIVAL SCENE

Adding and filling-in on our festival notes of last month: The Thelonious Monk Orchestra is another of the many big bands which will appear at Newport during the July 2nd through 5th celebrations. The Wein-Sheraton combine's French Lick Festival will be held July 30-31 and August 1-2 on the grounds of the French Lick (Indiana) Sheraton Hotel and will feature such as Ellington, Kenton, Basie, the MJQ, Sarah, Peterson, Monk and The Dukes of Dixieland.

The Playboy Jazz Festival, which was unceremoniously dumped out of Chicago's Soldier's Field, has found a new

home in Chicago Stadium and will present five performances from August 7th through 9th. Among the performers will be Gillespie, Giuffre, Brubeck, Rollins (with Mort Sahl emceeing that Friday evening concert), Ellington, Peterson (and Sahl again), Basie, Teagarden (and Sahl) and the last two, Sahl-less performances, with Kenton, Freshmen, Christy, Armstrong, Nichols and Hawkins.

The first Boston jazz festival will be held in Fenway Park, August 21st through 23rd. Another Wein-Sheraton project, this one will star most of the regulars and will, in addition, present four scholarships to young jazzmen for the Berklee School in Boston.

On the same days and nights the Randall's Island Jazz Festival will present many of the same people, if everyone can keep his schedule straight and make the right train, plane and bus connections. Randall's Island also promises little extras such as cushioned divans, private boxes and fold-back relaxing seats, plus seating by states and/or countries, all of which should present some off-beat interest to the public.

Finally, there is the Monterey Festival in California, which doesn't happen until October 2nd through 4th, but which is offering special prices on advance-sale tickets right now if you will write to Jazz Monterey, P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, California. There will be five concerts and special events additional.

JAZZ PERSONALS

Mills Music is publishing Miles Davis' score for the French picture, *Ascenseur Pour L'Echafaud* . . . Duke Ellington has recorded a special collection of new compositions for the SESAC transcription library, available to radio stations, supervised by Red Clyde . . . Bob Thiele, who has moved in and out of many record companies after first forming his own Signature jazz label twenty years ago, has again begun a label, Hanover Signature Records Corporation, which has Steve Allen as a stock holder, and will release jazz on Signature, pop and such on Hanover. Thiele says that Allen will be one of the first artists to sign.

George Shearing is supposed to be debuting a big band, accenting brass, during his performance at Newport . . . Erroll Garner had to cancel-out one engagement in Massachusetts. The tent had too many holes in it, so jazz went back inside, to an auditorium in Cambridge . . . When he was in New York, Shelly Manne tried to talk us into buying horses, instead of riding drummers.



BECHET DIES

Born May 14, 1897; died May 14, 1959. Age 62. Cause was lung cancer. Place was Paris where he has lived since the end of World War Two. Bechet is really the only musician to have received great fame on the soprano saxophone, and his jazz followers in this country were always rabid. In France, he be-

came an almost Continental-kind of entertainer, a national figure with extensive magazine articles, etc. In the last few years, his jazz talents had noticeably waned, he had begun playing tenor again because it was "easier for an old man to play." A few years ago, an American friend in France wrote us a touching story about Bechet's weeping when records by Charlie Parker were played. Everyone thought, he wrote, that he was crying for Bird, but the sorrow went deeper than that, into the diminishing of his own powers and personal loneliness. He had been a forceful, an exuberant musician, perhaps not a *real* innovator, but a talented continuation of the old tradition, and, as some of his records reviewed last year will show, capable of high invention within that traditionalism. Jazz is a fickle art form and the greatest shock about his death is that his death is no real shock. R.I.P.

JAZZ SCHOOLS

From July 26th through August 1st, Indiana University is offering Stan Kenton clinics available to all music students fourteen or over and any and all school band directors. Stan is only one of the teachers. Other lecturers include Shelly Manne, Laurindo Almeida, Russ Garcia, Gene Hall (who is Dean of the clinic), Chubby Jackson, Don Jacoby and John LaPorta. The program runs like this: one hour each day with Kenton; one hour of instrument instruction and section work; one hour of workshop, two hours of band rehearsal; two hours every evening of entertainment, jam sessions, etc. Counselors will superintend under-age students; everyone sleeps, eats and studies on campus and all the university's facilities will be available. Special arrangements will be made for students to attend the French-Lick Jazz Festival if they wish. Classes will be formed of students of the same musical ability. Since enrollment is necessarily limited, interested persons should write to Ken Morris, president, National Stage Band Camp, Box 221, South Bend, Indiana.

FIRST JAZZ SCORE

"My score for *The Wild One* was the first modern jazz background in films with ad lib blowing," asserted Leith Stevens over lunch at Paramount Studios.

"My childhood and youth were spent in Kansas City," Leith said, "so I kind of grew up with the Benny Moten band. Count Basie was then Moten's piano player. I feel that Kansas City was really the point of starting of today's jazz. Chicago was the point of change."

"But why jazz just to point up violence in films?" I asked.

"These things go in cycles," he answered. "*The Wild One* started a trend. I'd very much like the opportunity to use jazz in non-violent films, if the story is suitable and the producer and director will go along. Jazz is very basic and often gentle music, even if the origins are, maybe, tied up with sex and sordidness."

The amiable, affable, enthusiastic, crew-cut Stevens is nearly 50 years of age, but you'd never know it. He's youthful and energetic and composes most hours of the day. He's been writing for pictures for about 20 years. His jazz background scores of latter years include *The Glass Wall*, *Private Hall 26* and the aforementioned *The Wild One*. When not writing Leith spends his time working for the Composers and Lyricists Guild. He was recently elected president of this respected body for the fifth consecutive year.

Leith just completed his work on the

Red Nichols biopic *The Five Pennies* starring Danny Kaye. This film has national release in July. Featured with Kaye are Louis Armstrong, Bob Crosby, Bobby Troup, Ray Anthony and Shelly Manne.

States Stevens: "Everyone will be really knocked out by the Louis Armstrong-Danny Kaye duet, in this film, on *When the Saints*. It quite defies description. In fact you could say that it's an entirely new conception!"—HOWARD LUCRAFT

NAMES IN CHICAGO

A recent influx of name attractions has enriched the quality and diversity of Chicago jazz. In a single week-end there it was possible to hear all of these musicians and singers: Benny Goodman, Miles Davis, Jack Teagarden, Teddi King, Horace Silver, George Shearing, Johnny Mathis, Georg Brunis, Keely Smith, Anita O'Day, Ahmad Jamal and Dakota Staton.

This activity was more in the order of a flourish than a tendency, however, for about half of the stars named were in town for one-nighters, rather than regular engagements. If a trend in Chicago is indicated, it is a trend toward week-end jazz, with the emphasis placed on established, risk-proof performers, rather than new stars.

Most of the larger clubs now adhere to this policy. Young or unestablished stars of ability, like alto-players Ira Sullivan and Andy Anderson, must rely for work on Chicago's wide network of small neighborhood bars, and on now-and-then jam sessions like those held at Northwestern and Roosevelt Universities by local jazz promoters.

Within the above economical limitations, jazz in Chicago is holding its own. The situation is sound, but not particularly inspiring.—NELSON OSBORNE

LUCRAFT'S HOLLYWOOD

Stars of jazz producers, Pete Robinson and Jim Baker, set Jackie Paris and Doris Drew as regulars for their new Hollywood TV series in the modern vein titled *Music For Fun* . . . Community leaders are expecting to get the OK on a new 10 million dollar music auditorium for Los Angeles . . .

Gene Norman followed his Basie plus Hendricks-Lambert-Ross booking with June Christy, Dizzy Gillespie and Gerry Mulligan at the Crescendo on the Sunset Strip . . . George Shearing is to record for Capitol with the Hollywood String Quartet . . . After closing for several months, Jazz Cabaret re-opened as Jazzville with jazz DJ Tommy Bee doing the booking . . .

The new and very exciting Terry Gibbs band (charts by Holman, Cohn, Albam and Flory) had the Jazz Seville

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Club here packed, most nights, with Hollywood celebrities . . . Doris Day threw a fancy champagne party for the press to launch the album she did with Frank de Vol called *Cuttin' Capers* . . .

Pianist Marvin Jenkins, with his Los Angeles City College band, won this year's Easter Week college group competition presented annually by Howard Rumsey at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach . . . Pete Jolly and Red Mitchell were a wild duo in a short stint at

Sherry's little bar on Sunset Boulevard . . .

Bassist Carson Smith replaced Scotty La Faro in the Kenton Orchestra . . . The Lionel Hampton crew is the summer attraction in the lounge at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas . . .

The Jack Millman band is being featured at Peacock Lane and other local clubs . . . Ann Richards is a frequent and popular attraction at the Slate Brothers' club on *Restaurant Row* . . .

Las Vegas show orchestras now have many West Coast jazzmen in their ranks and there are rehearsals for kicks after the shows almost nightly . . . Matt Dennis, top favorite of Hollywood's music and show business set, was retained at the Interlude for one of the longest runs in the history of the club . . .

Lou Robin and Concerts Inc., presented an exciting sell-out Kenton-Shearing concert at the new Santa Monica Civic Auditorium with Billy Root in Stan's aggregation and Jean Tilmans in George's group especially outstanding . . .

Ex-Mercury Records singer Kitty White, long a favorite with Hollywood musicians, is set for a big build up by GNP Records here . . . Aided by some magnificent advance publicity, Erroll Garner completely filled the Pasadena Civic Auditorium for his three hour *pas seul* concert and over 500 people were turned away.—HOWARD LUCRAFT

NO MAKE BELIEVE

Martin Block, the New York disc jockey, is currently celebrating his 25th year as host of the *Make Believe Ballroom*, on station WABC.

Block began his famous program on WNEW on Feb. 3, 1935. In January 1954 he signed with the ABC network in a combined radio-TV capacity. Through the years, Block has emerged as something of an innovator.

It was to describe Block, for instance, that the phrase *disc jockey* was first employed. Block presented popular recordings in an informal chatty manner. Previously, when records were presented, a studio announcer would merely give the title and the record would be spun by an engineer.

So influential did Block's broadcasts become that, through the years, numerous stars have given credit to Block for having been instrumental in their achieving fame. Among them are Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra, Harry James and Benny Goodman.

On November 12, 1954, after some 20 years of spinning records, Block adamantly refused to play a record that had climbed into the first 25 in national popularity. The recording was Rosemary Clooney's *Mambo Italiano*, which Block refused to play because he felt it was offensive to the Italian people. During the past few years he has frequently refused to play certain rock and roll records, because they were, in his words, "pure junk."

Block was also the first disc jockey to have his program beamed to overseas listeners through the facilities of Voice of America.

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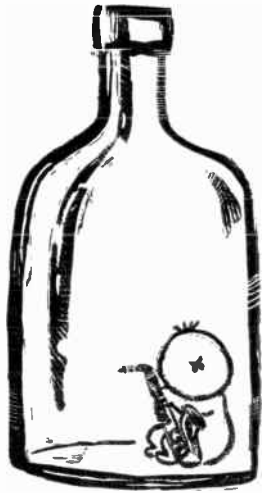
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Music Experience



Down T' Bunny's

by Jack Maher

An old man in faded hat and clothes that had seen better days came to the bar the other night and announced with a Shakespearean flair: "You can take the musician out of the traveler, but you can't take the traveler out of the musician."

Such an enigmatic remark meant nothing to me until another old man, nowhere near so tattered, told me of a protracted trip Rex Stewart was planning. On July 11, with the cooperation of Sabena Belgian Airlines and the American Tourist Bureau, Rex will lead an expedition of jazz enthusiasts on one of the grandest pilgrimages in search of the holy grail of hippydom ever seen.

The tour, euphemistically called the International Jazz Junket, will leave New York for 31 carefree jazz-filled days in Europe, to see just how much *progress* the people of the Old World have made in the arts of jazz.

Under the benign eye of Mr. Stewart, this happy little band of revelers will visit the clubs and the concert halls that abound in the major cities of the continent, and will be entertained by their guide and a group of hand picked associates in the most picturesque of settings. Among other things, Rex has planned a concert aboard a barge in Venice, a candle-light concert in either Germany or Italy, a riverboat concert in Paris and a jazz hayride. It would be appropriate indeed if Rex were to do a *Jazz Comes Up the River* monologue written by Hugh Panassie on that riverboat on the Seine.

In all fairness, though, a group of Europeans under the leadership of Hans Koller or Lars Gullin should make their way to this country to visit the shrines and the holy places here. The site Storyville once occupied in

New Orleans, the gaunt empty cellar that once housed the Royal Roost, and the parking lots of Fifty-Second Street, would make logical places in which to pay homage.

Then, too, a concert might be staged on a molasses barge on the Mississippi, a candle-light concert might be held in the Chicago stockyards, and, to top the whole thing off, a jazz subway ride might be held in New York.

One European has made the trip from there to here, but not to visit holy places. His name is Attila Zoller. He's a Hungarian-born guitarist who is a citizen of Austria, but gained most of his reputation in Germany. As if that weren't international enough, Attila is presently sweating out his Local 802 card with the hope that enough work will come his way to allow him to stay in this country a good part of each year.

Attila has toured the continent with the European jazz all-stars for the last few years and hopes to go back each year for their annual treks. He was with Oscar Pettiford on just such a trip when Oscar was injured in an automobile accident three months ago. "Ow-scar," as Attila pronounces his name, "was feeling much better when I saw him just before I came here."

• • •

The Half Note on Spring and Hudson Streets here in New York is planning a huge expansion this fall. The loft above the present club is to be decorated and made into another club. It will have no bar and will operate independently of the room downstairs.

• • •

This month's record news: Benny

Golson is at work on an album for brass. He also has an LP scheduled for release soon entitled *The Philadelphians*. Both dates will be released through United Artists . . . Mal Waldron has severed his connections with Prestige but they still have two albums of his on ice: Mal/4 and Mal/5; both are trio dates . . . Bob Brookmeyer has recorded a blues suite that, according to Shelly Manne, "captures all the mood and the richness of the New Orleans brass band without sounding old." . . . Shelly reports that Richie Kamuca and Joe Gordon have replaced Herb Geller and Stu Williamson as the sax-trumpet combination on his front line . . . Art Pepper, who recently signed exclusively with Contemporary, has done a date for the company, with Shelly and some other stalwarts, that uses only jazz original-standards (like *'Round About Midnight*) as its material . . . Blue Note will have a Lou Donaldson with The Three Sounds album on the market in a month or two . . . ABC-Paramount will not release a Bill Harris-Jack Nimitz date they recorded some time ago. This is sheer waste because of Bob Zieff's really unique arranging for the date. ABC seems willing to sell the master to another company, though.

• • •

When Phil Woods thought of putting music to a children's story, he asked the only logical people he knew to pick out the proper book — his children. His daughter selected A. A. Milne's *Now We are Six*. All three of the children acted as judges on his preliminary material, accepting or rejecting, so that now, as Phil says, "they know the tunes better than I do."

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**READERS'
FORUM**

Readers are invited to contribute to this department. All letters must be signed.

MINGUS ANGRY?

It was with great pleasure that I saw, in the April issue of METRONOME-MUSIC USA, two articles devoted to Charles Mingus, whom I consider to be the most likely to leave a lasting imprint on jazz.

Perhaps Jack McKinney should listen and observe with a more open mind. Concerning Mingus' personality, this author states, "Mingus has a tendency to alienate the audience with a strange breed of an inferiority complex and arrogance." I wish to reply that anyone in Mingus' audience who is possessed with a certain amount of perception is greatly moved by the warmth and sincerity that emanate from him. He is obviously trying to communicate and just as obviously angry at himself and at certain elements that prevent him from doing this to the extent that he would like. Mingus is not just angry — he is alive.

Sincerely yours,

Bruce Allen
New York City

JAPAN DEFENSE

Open letter to J. J. de Rijke:

You said (in the February issue) you have lived in the Far East for several years and that you have learned that there is no jazz in Japan. The point I don't agree with you is your "non-existence of real jazz in Japan," and to my regret you have been unable to listen to it during your stay in my country. Listen to me, J. J., we have very few but very much talented musicians who live to breathe only the air of real jazz.

One night, for instance, very early this year I had a chance to hear a splendid session at the Fujiya Music Saloon in Tokyo. The regular of the night was The Keitaro Miho All-Stars, that was consisted of leader on piano, guitarist named S. Sawada, bassist and drummer. The final tune of the set was *Big Top*. The emcee announced we have a guest on the tune. His name was Akira Miyazawa, a Bird-Rollins-influenced tenor man. Until the day I had been under-rating jazz in Japan, so I listened to it very carefully. Great. Miyazawa played a dozen chorus on it, and he played his horn with the wonderful modern feeling, real jazz phrasing, sureness, color-

ful and rich idea, all in all nothing but jazz itself. He never played like JATP-type blowing, nor over heated Go-Go-Go thing. Other guys in the rhythm team played very well too, but the biggest was Miyazawa's tenor. I'm very happy knowing and having such a tenorist in Japan.

I hope now you can understand the existence of "jazz" in Japan, J. J. Real jazz artists have to play more and more commercial version than to play what they feel and think. But these few guys are developing very steadily, exploring their techniques, ideas and feelings.

To close this letter, I hope that we and foreigners in Japan can have much more chance to hear what very few jazz artists do.

Fujio Tsukui
Tokyo, Japan

YEARBOOK ORCHIDS

Just received my YEAR BOOK. JAZZ 1959, and it's the best yet.

G. Urban
North Troy, New York

YEARBOOK QUESTION

Skimming through the JAZZ 1959 YEAR BOOK, I noticed a serious attempt to make jazz respectable. I wonder if my viewing eyes of 1958 saw the same things?

Max Krozy
New York, New York

YEARBOOK EVERYWHERE

Thought I would pen this brief to clue you that your Jazz 1959 was like from everywhere, much worth my green George and two bits. Keep up the cool work.

Your man,
Don Kirby
Macon, Ga.

SESSION SAVED

I read in your April 1959 issue, in *Reader's Forum*, a letter from a Mr. Frank Lion and I was most concerned that not enough critics had covered the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn engagement at the Half Note.

I am not a critic, but I think I have the same attitude that Mr. Lion does. You may tell him I recorded Zoot Sims and Al Cohn live at the Half Note three nights in a row, and within the next month there should be an LP out, and I hope I captured all the pleasant memories that he had when he saw them.

Sincerely,
Jack Lewis
Director, A & R,
United Artists Records
(Continued on page 30)

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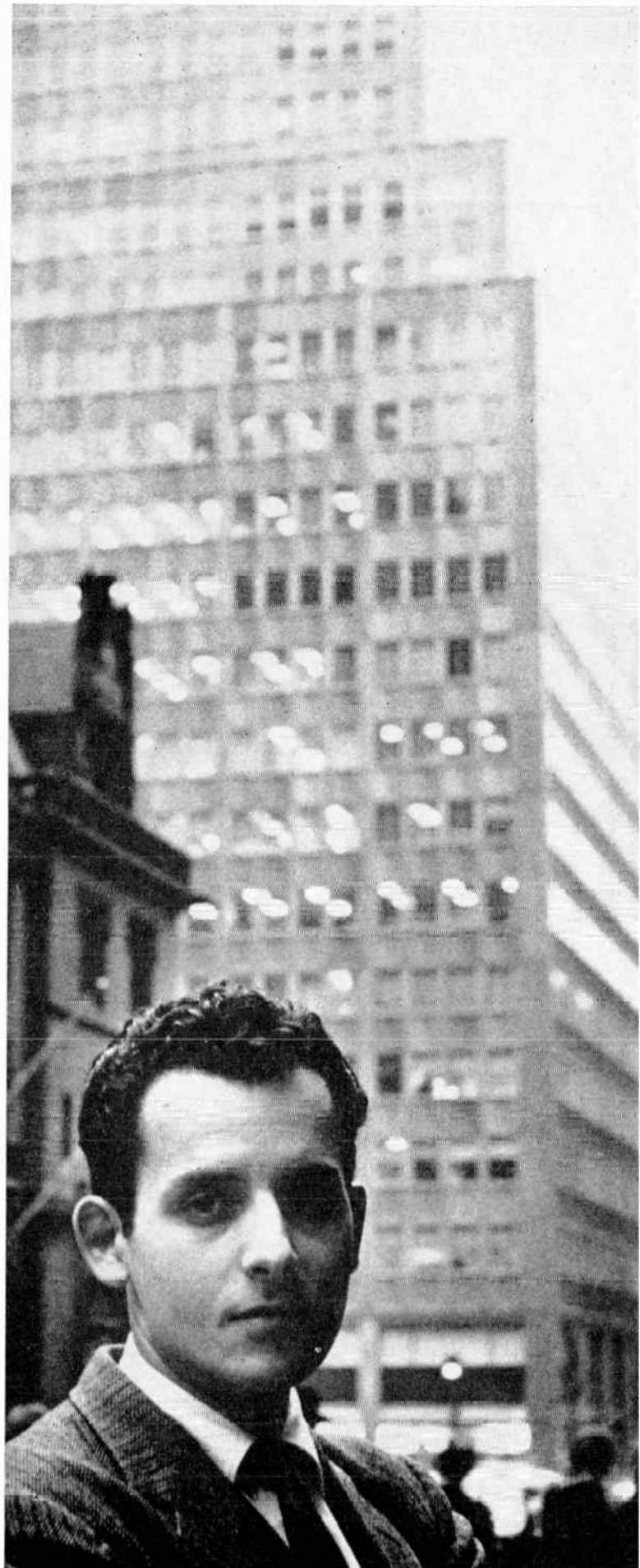
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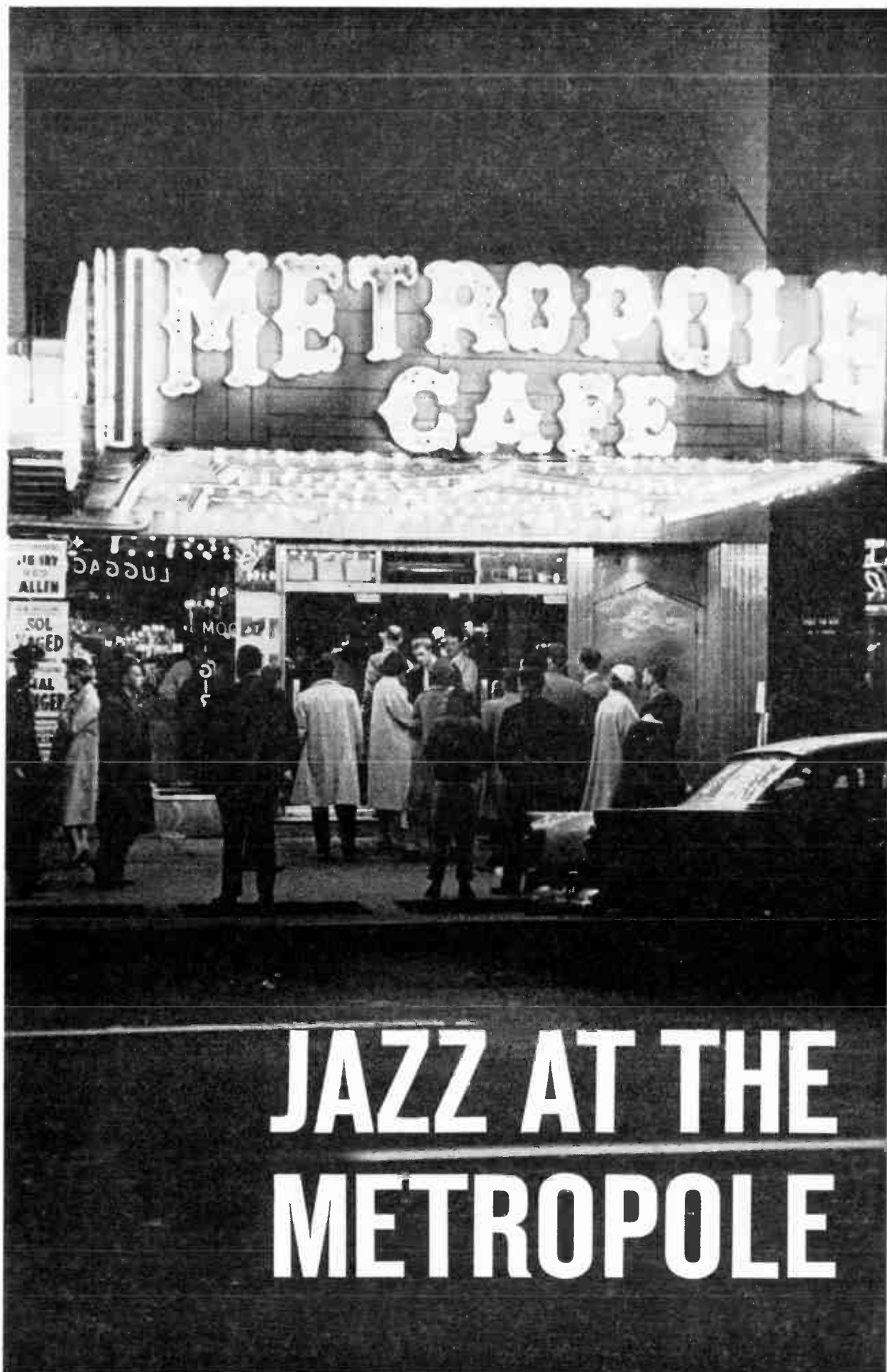
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JAZZ AT THE METROPOLE

The Metropole is a fascinating example of what happens when jazz meets Times Square. There is a hustle and bustle about it that makes the casual passer-by stop, look and listen to mostly mainstream jazz, played every day from three in the afternoon to three in the morning. Below, Sol Yaged's quintet draws a huge and enthusiastic gathering. On May 30, the Metropole enlarged its space and its policy with the opening of its upstairs room, where the jazz will be mainly modern.

Photographed by Herb Snitzer





Top right and middle left, Henry "Red," Allen, another Metropole favorite, mugs and plays for the customers and the would-be customers. Directly above are the two veterans, Buster Bailey and J. C. Higginbotham. At left is the complete Red Allen group, with Sam Price, piano, and Speedy Jones, drums.

New York is a Festival Town

Last year, someone in charge coined a phrase which appeared in nearly every window in this city: "New York is a Summer Festival." That someone might have been Park Commissioner Robert Moses, who tries always to lead us to a promised land, but whoever it was had in mind that more things happen in New York at any time of the year than can possibly happen anywhere else in the world.

This summer is no exception and, if, as is the case with many non-New Yorker's, you intend to pay a visit to our small planet during the warm months, we have prepared an unique tour for you which may make your visit especially pleasant and, hopefully, not too expensive.

We've planned on the fact that you probably won't have too much time to spend, that you'll find such things as zoos (there's a vest-pocket one in Central Park) and museums by yourself and that you've come to New York with a recommended place or two which you must try.

Certain ground rules will add to your fun. Two magazines, *The New Yorker* and *Cue*, carry listings of what is happening in the city. Both are limited (although the first has a good list of the current jazz clubs): the first by what it considers taste, the second by another kind of selection-system, but you'll find that it, *Cue*, gives you the word on hundreds of restaurants including some hint of what they are apt to cost you. If you insist on going to the cinema, stay out of those theaters which are in the East 50's and 60's — they are too expensive. Look for second-run films at such theaters as the Gramercy (on 23rd), the Waverly (6th Avenue and 3rd) or the Greenwich (at 12th).

Food and drink can cost you too much in New York, or you can shop around and save your money for other things. We've included a list here of reasonable to ex-

pensive places for your convenience, but you can really eat as cheaply as you want in this city. One ground rule is to remember that charge-account places are always more expensive than other restaurants.

Finally, unless an address is very important to you, avoid the biggest hotels. No one article could ever make recommendations to you about living accommodations, but nearly everyone knows that they spend little time in their rooms in a city like New York, so there's little sense in paying mid-town hotel prices when you can get anywhere you want in the city with very little trouble.

TURN EAST AND FACE DECCA

One of the things that seem to bother new visitors most about New York is how to find your way around. Until you get into Greenwich Village, it is really quite simple (down there strange things happen, so that Fourth Street, which is normally and sensibly between Third and Fifth on the East Side of New York, winds itself into neuroticism as it crosses the Village and ends up above Twelfth Street on the West Side of the city).

The best thing to do is to get yourself oriented right away. If you stand facing Birdland (and everyone seems to know that it is on Broadway between 52nd and 53rd Streets), you are facing East, and facing Decca. Coral and Brunswick, which are some blocks away on Park Avenue. If you kept walking East from Birdland, you would cross Seventh Avenue, Sixth Avenue (which is now known as the Avenue of the Americas), and come to Fifth Avenue, which is the mythical dividing line of the city. Remember now, you've been going East all this time, but from now on, once you cross the avenue, you are on the

The days of the middle and late 1940's (as shown below and at the right) are certainly gone. Fifty-Second Street, Swing Street (below) became a dance street for exotics, many of whom are since moved to the village area . . .



East Side of New York, all the addresses are marked that way and the prices go up accordingly, especially from 50th to 70th Street. Central Park is at 59th Street (and so is the Plaza), between Fifth Avenue and Eighth Avenue (at which western extremity are the Coliseum and Columbus Circle).

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

G. K. Chesterton once said of the twitching and crackling neons of Times Square, "What a beautiful sight this would be for someone who couldn't read." A kindly, generous man, Mr. Chesterton didn't object overly to the rat race of Times Square and the fact that the entire area is filled with examples of bad taste and that many of its restaurants are only glorified delicatessens with comfort at a minimum and prices at the other end of the scale.

Nevertheless, here, on the East and West Side of Times Square (roughly from 42nd Street to 48th Street) are most of the big-time movies houses and all of the on-Broadway legitimate theaters, one of which, The Henry Miller (at 43rd, East of Seventh Avenue) has a jazz quartet on the stage accompanying a confusing play about Bohemians, who are labeled beatniks, but behave outside that genre in a way more as the title implies — *The Nervous Set*.

TIMES SQUARE JAZZ CLUBS

Birdland of course is the usual jazz target for most modernists. It is the only club in the city where a big band can play. Most of the bookings are for two week periods (Maynard Ferguson is there from June 4th to 17th; Stan Kenton follows the next night for two weeks). On Monday nights the regulars are off and Symphony Sid runs one of his jam sessions with local musicians. (Few people know it, but the food at Birdland is good and inexpensive.)

One block East on 52nd Street brings you to the Hickory House where pianists such as Don Shirley or Marion McPartland play on an elevated platform within the bar and you could eat a late meal (as is the case with all jazz clubs, the jazz doesn't begin until after 9:30) while listening to

the music.

The one exception to the late-start in jazz clubs, is The Metropole (on 47th and Seventh Avenue), the subject of a picture essay in this issue. You can hear jazz there from three in the afternoon until three after midnight. On the week-ends, it all starts at one-thirty in the afternoon, and always there is much of the good, solid, swing with liberal dashes of Dixieland. Now there's an upstairs room too, but its emphasis is on modern jazz.

Across the street is the Copper Rail, where many of the Metropole musicians hang out between sets. Birdland musicians prefer the tiny bar besides Birdland and many New York musicians are patrons of Junior's (something of a prototype for Jack Maher's *Bunny's Bar*) which is on 52nd just West of Broadway. Due to open in the middle of June was The Arpeggio (114 East 52nd Street), which promised good food and two modern groups.

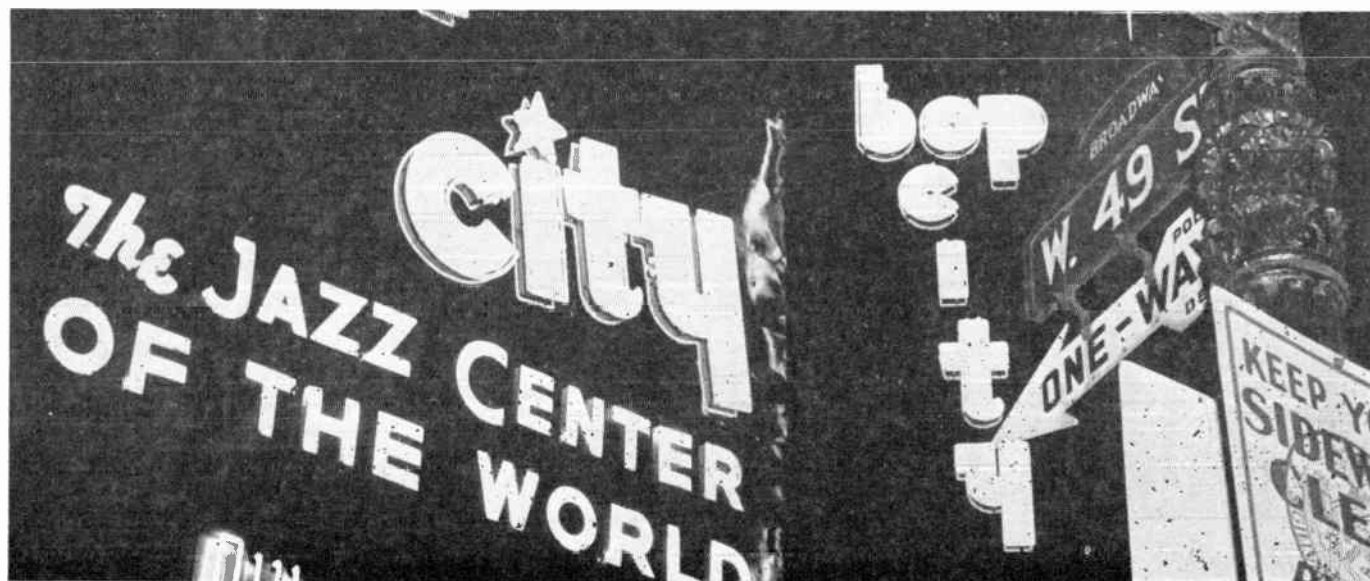
AND AS YOU TRAVEL EAST

Or, just as you begin, if you insist on eating there, you'll be most successful in one of the many Chinese restaurants, of which The Good Earth (51st East of Sixth) is the best, or in the Italian Restaurants, of which we prefer La Strada (46th Street East of Seventh), both relatively inexpensive.

On the East Side, or near it, you will find several jazz clubs which operate on the two, quiet-group policy. One is the Composer (58th East of Sixth), where George Wallington, Tal Farlow, Bill Evans and such are often in residence. The food is good and the prices are getting into the East Side bracket. Further East, The Embers, on 54th East of Lexington Avenue, has good food and musicians such as Teddy Wilson, Bobby Hackett, Jonah Jones, etc., and the major drawback to the place, aside from prices, is that most of the patrons seem to have come to talk.

Newest of these rooms is The Roundtable (50th East of Lexington) can also be noisy, but it is bigger and so are the bands that play there. Drummer Ray Bauduc leads riverboat colleagues there until June 21st when Jack Teagarden comes in for a four week stay. And, if you want to go nearly all the way East, to 330 East 56th Street, you

... only Jimmy Ryan's is still left playing jazz. Bop City has been replaced by Birdland, all the clubs happily replaced by a dozen others, so that jazz in New York is still as strong as ever, only it requires more travelling.



can check on the Condon Irregulars, who are powerfully aware of times past.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal of Dixieland in New York. The last jazz club on 52nd Street's Swing section is Jimmy Ryans (just East of Sixth), and Wilbur Del'Paris is seemingly and happily ever-present there.

Down in the Village (10th Street and Seventh Avenue South) is Nick's, where they have sizzling steaks and the music called Nicksieland. And places like Central Plaza have much of the same on the week-ends.

THE VILLAGE AND VILLAGERS

Several rewarding clubs are in this area or near it. Just up Seventh from Nick's is the Village Vanguard, which frequently mixes big-time jazz singers with comedians (for example, Carmen McRae and Irwin Corey will be there for the whole month of June). Further downtown, at 289 Hudson St., is the Half Note, a fine place for hero sandwiches and a number of musicians who seldom play elsewhere, such as Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and Herb Geller. Sonny Rollins will be there in June and so will Lennie Tristano.

Back uptown a bit (at 185 Thompson Street) is the Village Gate, a huge beer hall where flamenco guitarists, Larry Adler and many others may be. On Monday nights the emphasis is on beer and the jam sessions. Considerably East (5 Cooper Square) is the Five Spot, which is somehow come to be accepted as the hangout of the beat generation, although we never thought of it as such. It's harder to hear though and the music is very hard bop. But there is pianist Mal Waldron, and that is an impressive amount of love among the hate. Sundays, the jazz begins at 5:30 in the afternoon.

THOSE FRINGE BENEFITS

Finally we get to the outside of the definitions and to those nightclubs which feature entertainment which is somehow allied with the thought or tempo of jazz, at least in our opinion. New York is full of them, many called Supper Clubs, almost all of them on the East Side.

On the West Side, but with the undeniable E. S. flavor are the RSVP (55th West of Fifth), where Mabel Mercer haunts the dreams of love, the Bon Soir (40 West 8th), where the lovely Felicia Saunders does similarly until the middle of August, the Versailles (Sixth Avenue at 9th), where excellent food (offbeat desserts such as chestnut sundaes and offbeat appetizers) are complemented by lady harpists on a jazz kick and singers such as Helen Merrill, and the Left Bank, which often has polite jazz and good vocal quartets (it's at 309 West 50th).

Almost on the East, and certainly there in terms of entertainment, are the Upstairs at the Downstairs and the Downstairs at the Upstairs (both on 56th East of Sixth). Julius Monk runs it all. Upstairs there is a miniature musical which features bright comedy and special songs. Downstairs anything can happen from folk singers to the present one-man show by Ronnie Graham.

Further East is the Blue Angel (152 East 55th) where such as Roger Price and Dorothy Doudon lead cultured and clever tours through media. And, downtown a bit, on Madison Avenue at 37th, there is the Den at the Hotel Duane, in which Lenny Bruce is currently attacking the world with any and all weapons at hand.

That is not to forget the Waldorf-Astoria, where, from June 1st on, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie alternate with Beli Babai and his Gypsy Ensemble (no kidding about that) in the Starlight Roof Room (two shows, one at 9:30, the other at 12:15), or the Copa, where anyone may be and where the shows are terrible but Sammy, Frank, Dean, Nat, Peggy or someone else like that makes it all worthwhile.

Nor should we forget that the Appollo on 125th Street often has shows that are worth seeing and hearing, that Minton's Playhouse, books varied groups including Charlie Mingus, that there is much jazz in the suburbs, as seen in the daily newspapers and that the Randall's Island Jazz Festival will take place on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 21st through 23rd, promising all sorts of extras, including special divans, extravaganzas and jazz.

AND FOR THE INNER MAN

Jazz and sightseeing aside, there comes a time when all of us have to settle down for food and drink. You can combine sightseeing and drinking by early visits to the Penthouse Club (Central Park South with a breathtaking view of the park), the St. Regis penthouse, or the Beekman Towers, which overlooks the East River and the U.N. building. But when it comes time to eat, your choices are in the hundreds. Everyone has his own favorites. We've already mentioned two of our own — La Strada and The Good Earth — those that follow here, may not be the best in New York, but they are places where we are most apt to take our personal friends, among whom we number you.

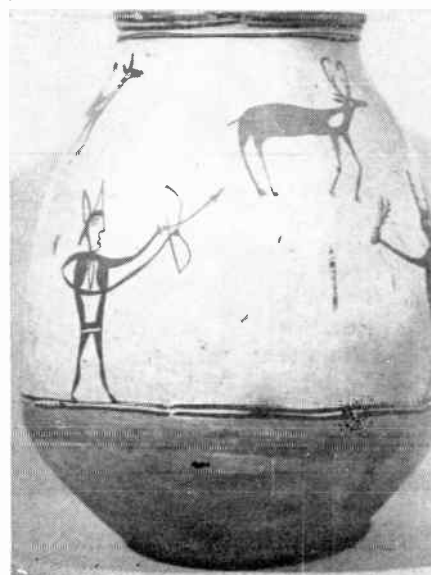
First on the list is Reidy's, at 54th just West of Madison. Its choice is conditioned by the fact that it is nearly the best inexpensive restaurant to which we have ever gone: steak is \$1.88 and everything else is scaled accordingly. Two people can *really* wait there for a ten dollar bill. Close to that, but on an exotic kick is Sevilla (62 Charles Street in the Village), where the spice is as high as an Elephant's eye. Only a few blocks away, you'll find the Jai-Mai, where Basque food is served. Further downtown, at 24 Fulton Street is that wonderful seafood restaurant Sweet's, justly owned by a Miss and Mr. Lake, where everything is choice including the prices. In the Village there are hundreds of Italian restaurants — just avoid the ones with the coy atmosphere and, if you are concerned about prices, remember our advice about staying away from the charge account places.

Further uptown, at 36th East of Sixth, is Keen's Chop House which is thick with remembrances of old-time New York and just as thick with steaks and mutton chops. At 57th, beside Carnegie Hall, is the Russian Tea Room, small, crowded, somewhat expensive, but filled with deep accents, delicious food and the sedate presence of Erroll Garner drinking tea from a glass. Way over on the East (50th and Third) is La Cloche D'Or, where for minimum prices you can live like a rich Frenchman with flaming crepes too. And elsewhere you will find fine Chinese food at the Peking (45th and Second), good steak at Manny Wolf's (49th and Third) and bankruptcy at Chambord (right next door) or at The Colony (61st of Madison), which has probably got the height of service in New York. To all of which, with some concern for calories, we now add a quiet so-be-it, trusting that you will do well within our summer festival.

We manufactured the scene in the outside column of this page, and we manufactured it badly. Somebody cut off Bill Russo's right hand, which is holding a cigarette, the ashes from which are supposed to be falling into the ashtray below, which represents the fact that Russo is a man of taste and a man who knows his way around the world of ancient artifacts. Now that you know what it all represents, I don't feel nearly so badly, but on the other hand I am quite sure that the explanation will not satisfy Bill at all. He is a man of positive thoughts, which is fortunately a far cry from positive thinking as it is usually practiced. Since he is also an articulate man, possessed of a high degree of courage, his public statements often have a bite to them which raise scars and tempers throughout the music world. For example, he wrote for us at one time: "Although I have been working in jazz for some time, I cannot fail to see that our music has some serious defects. They exist not only in that jazz which is striving to become an art-music, but in all types of jazz. The most serious among these defects are: loudness without cause, loudness without relief, fast and frantic tempos, the use of instrumental technique for its own sake, an almost continuous quality of strain, a deliberate lack of regard for the whole, unintegrated effects and an over-concern for performance co-existing with an under-concern for content (that which is being played) . . ." That was not a blanket condemnation of jazz: in the same article he suggested a partial list of musicians who avoid those pitfalls, then went on to make suggestions for the improvement of jazz. For it should be pointed out immediately, that Bill Russo is not at all negative. In anything, he is more positive than jazz and its friends can comfortably bear. When he says that "jazz has suffered by its associations with senseless, primitive passion on the one hand and esoteric intellectualism on the other," he is lobbing shells into both camps with cool indifference about the result. His own interest in the music — for he stands between two musical worlds — is as simply stated: "In jazz, I find simple construction material similar to the principles of composition found in Baroque music. I believe that in the best of jazz there are pure, usable elements capable of returning music to a level achieved by the composers of a pre-secular age." That is a neat, intelligent, self-assessing statement, but it too raises hackles. The problem is that all of this makes Russo a kind of target. What is satisfying is that nothing seems to stop his directness. Like young man river, he just keeps rolling along, busily engaged in a score of projects, directing his finely and variously trained mind to areas of scholarship seldom touched by musicians, jazz or not, disciplining his knowledge and his skills to a high degree. And in the midst of all this he has time to write for many record dates, rehearse an unusual jazz band (which includes for cello and is antiphonal), which had its debut late in May, teach a successful correspondence course, write for various magazines, teach at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts, compose many works for different kinds of groups and a symphony, *The Titans*, which was presented by Leonard Bernstein on April 16th. The title of that symphony is expressive of the spirit in which the music was written: "I see Man as potentially great — even heroic — not as an ant, instinctually driven and powerless in the world." It is also representative of the spirit in which Russo works and speaks, the reason for his determination and positiveness. It is fortunate that all of this is so because Bill is an unusual kind of man to find in our field, a force for concepts seldom consciously understood or accepted, a young man of real talents, whose special training gives him an extraordinary stature in the musical world.—BILL COSS



Bill Russo In Profile



The Jazz Critic, Part Two

In last month's chapter of our continuing *Jazz Thesis*, man-about-music George Wein wrote extensively about critics, and their faults. The thesis itself, which has provided the matter for this series thus far, devotes one part of a chapter to jazz critics and writers, part of which will be included below. But, first, it seems to us that we should devote time and space to reviewing Mr. Wein's points; agreeing, disagreeing or amplifying as the case may be. (And we again add the note that all generalizations should be carefully accepted as such; that the thesis is meant to present a social profile, with all the faults possible to such.

Mr. Wein's major thesis is that "of all the men writing in jazz in America, or in the rest of the world, none has the qualifications to deserve the title 'jazz critic.'" He defends the position by examining two points: "the awkward position of the jazz critic relative to the entire jazz scene"; and, "the flaws in the basic aesthetic conceptions of the gentlemen writing on jazz today."

About the first, he stresses the little known fact that no jazz critic is that exclusively; that all of them are also concerned with the gathering of news and with the problems of interviews and the mechanics of editing, even if their total work is primarily in jazz. In addition, there are a number of critics whose general work is primarily outside of jazz.

The reason why this constitutes a problem is because the jazz critic may have little time to take the time for the creative thinking necessary for the best of criticism. Mr. Wein goes on to admit that "jazz is a very young animal," and that "the maturing of jazz will result in comparable maturation of the companion criticism."

About the second, he asserts the critics are too often ready to support the new and damn the old; that the critic's excitement about the new often drives a much-lauded youngster to extremes; that the jazz critic is often a professional jazz fan; that there are sometimes monetary interests which conflict (although he insists that jazz critics have, "as a whole, as high a degree of ethics and devotion in their field as any comparable

group"); that they use descriptive words in criticism which mean little or nothing.

All these points are well taken. Moreover, Mr. Wein is far more kind than is that section of this thesis which deals directly with the critic:

"The writer and/or critic poses a similar problem [similar to the disc jockey] for the jazz musician. He is seldom equipped to deal with either the music or the musician. Like many of the persons in the jazz field, he may be nothing more than an amateur, fortunate enough to be able to type. He is often involved in the lunatic fringe of the business, and his personal choices, which may determine the work-potential of any number of musicians, to say nothing of his effect on morale, are sometimes determined by petty considerations. He can do a great deal of good, and some



critics do, but he is, most often, a negative factor, who makes his living writing about musicians who do not make a living, and he causes tensions due to his position as a kind of demagogue. Nevertheless, the jazz musician is often very dependent on him (to whom else can he turn as a general rule?) and he must make the best of it . . ."

There are however, several points in Mr. Wein's article which need some further comment, and we will deal with them one at a time.

1) It is implied that the traditionalists are a valuable and necessary part of jazz criticism; that they preserve the standards and traditions necessary to any art form; that, to the contrary, the *avant-garde* critic pays little attention to standards and traditions and may often hurt musicians because of his interest in the new, the young and the modern; that, finally, when the new artist does not progress as the critic hopes, "the

critic, disappointed by the failure of his pied piper to lead the flock, now looks for another."

We must agree that traditionalists do preserve standards and traditions. But they may preserve some and not others. There is faulty logic in assuming that because a man is a traditionalist he is necessarily above selecting only those things which satisfy his needs. Then, too, the traditionalist may preserve a faulty representation of standards and traditions. That this is so, is easily seen from the excellent contemporary research which has shown some of the past history of jazz to be inaccurate, charmingly so perhaps, but nevertheless fiction rather than fact. Too many times the traditionalists have preserved the desires of adolescence in opposition to all else.

Too, there is some importance as to what is being preserved. No one, at least no one we know, is much concerned with the antiquity of pancakes and one would hardly preserve them except, perhaps, as an unimportant representation of eating habits during a particular era.

Yet, there are those who would preserve many jazz pancakes. At least, the description fits some early jazz in comparison to the scope of the form itself and the music currently available in that form.

For it should not be so glibly assumed that we are always dealing with art when we are dealing with jazz, no matter what the apologists may say to the contrary. It is not the purpose of this thesis to define art, but it seems obvious to us that much of early jazz, even some of today's jazz, hardly fits the more generally accepted descriptions of art — certainly not of our own.

We feel, much to the contrary, that there were and are some jazz performances which were and are artistic, and that there were and are some jazz musicians, who were and are artists. And there, the matter very much rests.

We suspect further, that Mr. Wein has come to the heart of the matter when he states that the form may not yet have reached the area of puberty. He expects that the critics may mature as jazz does. And that statement needs further amplification.

It may be that jazz could not now support the kind of critic that Mr. Wein, among others, is asking for. That is not to say that such a critic

Amplifier Survives Ordeal

may not exist, or that he is not now writing in the jazz field, but, rather, that most of jazz today is still at such a level that the critic of today must in fact be a *jazz critic*, that is one who, like the music itself, does not expect too much, is out for an *exciting* time, counts heavily on the entertainment, etc. In short, it may be that criticism as strict as that practiced in other fields, as relative as that may be (although, for some reason, no one notes that), would lead to a basic condemnation of most of the musicians and the music of jazz; that the critic himself would be largely confined to writing only about a dozen jazzmen at best.

In line with this, we find two general camps among the jazz critics: the one dealing with the excitement, the interest and, *sometimes*, the value of jazz; the other more concerned with the worth and *future* of the form itself.

The former group fits more closely into the pattern of all jazz. They are the jazz fans, whether traditionalists, historians, the *avant-garde* or whatever. The other group finds itself in a difficult position. Often accused of not having roots in traditional jazz, it may, quite to the contrary, have *artistically* sound roots (which are not always the same as mere roots), which force it into a position of being more solicitous of the art than of the artists, less concerned with the *jazz* than with the jazz music, if you will permit us a certain literary license in the terminology.

When this happens, and it is apparent in the work of two jazz critics, and occasionally evident in some others, a certain maturity has been reached, or so we believe. It comes after the first, second and third flushes of jazz innocence have worn-off. It is a disillusioning process because it requires the critic to do exactly as Mr. Wein quotes from George Bernard Shaw: "His hand should be against every man . . ." only, hopefully, with more charity than Mr. Shaw would permit himself to show. He must then begin to judge by the finished product, not by the nostalgia, excitement, background — the whole jazz atmosphere. He can no longer be concerned with the problems of the artist, but only with the art object, at least insofar as his criticism of it is concerned. And there is some doubt in our mind that jazz could afford much of this kind of criticism.

This particular frame of reference is applicable too, to the problem of vocabulary in jazz criticism, what Mr. Wein cites as the use of words which mean nothing to anybody except the critic. It should be noted immediately that we believe that an analytical, musical description is generally of only limited value, since many are pre-called and

(Continued on page 30)

Our two *intrepid* record reviewers, Bill Coss and Robert A. Perlongo, are still hard at the business of checking current record releases and, at the same time, putting the audio components mentioned in last month's Music USA issue through their paces.

A new component has been added to the array. This is the G.E. Stereo Classic amplifier model XMS-4000 priced at \$169.95. This new dual 20 watt (40 watt on monaural) complete stereo amplifier and pre-amplifier seems to have a lot of flexibility plus some rather good specifications.

Since we hooked it up with our two Heathkit S-2 speakers and plugged the Weathers turntable and cartridge into this amplifier, the boys have been having a lot of fun learning how to operate a new set of controls. "Very simple," Bill tells me. Judging from my last visit to one of their record-review sessions, everything seems to be performing first rate.

This Stereo amplifier by G.E. has five inputs, three of which are dual for Stereo, one for monaural phono and one AUX high level. This allows for extreme flexibility in any but the most complex stereo set-up.

On the model we tested, which is the same one the boys are now using, we noted that the tape recorder outputs were taken off the circuit *after* the volume and tone controls. This error in design has been changed in subsequent production runs of this fine amplifier.

We were pleased to note that a full compliment of operation controls appears on the front panel with only one control (the speaker phasing control) located on the rear panel. Since this need be adjusted only once at the initial installation time, we found its location not objectionable.

In actual use, the G.E. Stereo Classic model XMS-4000 seems to provide plenty of gain in all modes of operation. This is important for our *Torture Corner* mentors, since they feel, like most record company A & R men do, "that you've got to have the volume up if you're really interested in doing a critical analysis of any recording."

Of course full-range fidelity is also necessary and they report that the above combination of the G.E. amplifier, Weathers turntable and cartridge plus

the two Heathkit SS-2 speaker systems seem to be delivering whatever frequency response the record company who produced the record put into its microgrooves in the first place.

Our all-pervading interest remains of course — to find an amplifier which combines perfect, simple operation and maximum (relative) efficiency. It makes no sense to compare this excellent amplifier to the one used last month — it was an outdated component, one which has since been greatly improved by that company. This G.E. amplifier combines our necessary pre-requisites with other excellence; so much so that, without knowing why, we know that we now have excellent power and separation in our stereo rig — much more so than we had before.—Editors

On some of the stereo jazz sides reviewed, I noted the boys found and used the G.E. amplifier reverse switch, which, in effect, moves the right section of an orchestra to the left and vice versa. Thus a simple control can keep our normal association of instruments in their proper location and perspective.

—GEORGE KLUGE

Space permitting, we will attempt, each month, to answer letters pertaining to high fidelity. Mr. R. C. Wallace of Milwaukee, writes: "I have a Pickering Unipoise tone arm with the stereo Fluxvalve cartridge in my new stereo system and just recently I purchased the latest Pickering stylus assembly. Since it is supposed to have a slightly higher output I was disappointed to find that a slight degree of distortion showed up on one stereo channel since I've been using this new stylus. I've re-checked all the other associate equipment and have been able to pin point the problem to the cartridge. What would you recommend?"

Answer: "I think you'll find that this new Pickering stylus, a slightly higher stylus force is recommended than what you used with the original stylus. Merely move the weight adjustment knob on the under-side of the Unipoise tone Arm forward (toward the cartridge) to the next white index dot or until the distortion vanishes."

Quality Turntable Tested

For this month's coverage, we were fortunate to receive the Thorens TD-124 Transcription turntable which has a list price of \$99.75. Precision-made by Swiss craftsmen, this quality component represents one of the finest turntables available regardless of price.

From the moment we unpacked this unit from its well designed shipping carton we were impressed by the meticulous care and detail which obviously had gone into its construction.

As far as we know, the TD-124 is the only turntable providing accessory pickup arm mounting boards which are held in place on the turntable base by three screws. A 12" board is included with the turntable. However, additional boards may be ordered in either 12" or 16" tone arm size.

If you've ever mounted a tone arm on a turntable base, you'll really appreciate this fine feature. We have three tone arms of different makes and sizes which we like to use on occasion and, since we've now mounted each on separate Thorens tone arm base boards, they can be interchanged at will without disturbing the original turntable mounting and without leaving unsightly marks or holes.

For monaural reproduction tone arms, a two lug terminal strip is fixed on the

underside of the unit plate providing a ground terminal, base plate ground and a center conductor connection. We found that if a three-wire stereo cartridge and tone arm combination are employed, this same terminal strip can be used by merely clipping one jumper wire on the strip. Four contact terminal strips are also available.

The TD-124 may be mounted on any wooded panel 1/2" thick or better. However, we used the accessory base which was designed for the turntable and sells for \$9.00.

To assure no acoustical feedback, four rubber shock mounts are provided and are simple to install by following the detailed manual which is included with each unit.

LEVELLING MADE EASY

A built-in spirit level attached to the top side of the turntable base makes levelling a simple matter. Four knurled knobs protrude from the periphery of the base plate. Reached from the top, they can be adjusted so as to center the bubble in the spirit level. This assures the owner that an absolute level operating position is maintained.

The top side speed selector and off switch allows for 33, 45, 78 and 16 rpm speeds with a total of three off positions

available since it is recommended that the unit be turned to an off position whenever the entire system is to be shut off. This prevents flat spots from developing on the idler wheel.

On this same control a variable 3% plus or minus dial provides the proper, precise speed adjustment according to visual strobe viewing with the record in position on the turntable and the tone arm and cartridge in playing position on the record. Thus, adjusted perfect pitch reproduction is assured.

This feature is important for critical musicians and proved handy during our test demonstrations when some of these perfect-pitch musicians were in our listening group.

The Thorens Roto-Drive is actually two turntables in one, which results in 3 to 12 db less rumble and 3 to 9% less wow and flutter. Basically, it consists of a continuously running heavy 10 lb. rim, concentrated cast iron lower table or fly wheel that provides high inertia (three times as heavy as aluminum; actually outweighs 16 inch aluminium turntables).

This fly wheel effectively shields the pickup from strong hum fields. A light aluminum cover table with attractive mat forms a precision rotating surface, allows for fast starts and stops (2/3 of a rev. max) and prevents attraction of pickup magnet to flywheel.

This cover table is friction-connected (through an ingenious clutch assembly) to the heavy fly wheel allowing for fast starts, cueing and spotting of records as well as for starting a record after the tone arm and stylus has been placed on the record.

FEATURE AIDS DUBBING

We used this clutch feature in dubbing some of our LP discs on to tape with excellent results. End result: no noise from lead in grooves and no cutout or splicing on the final tape.

The TD 124 shock-mounted motor is completely vibration-isolated by limp, extremely compliant belt drive and large idler wheel assembly.

Only 2 3/4" of clearance is required below the mounting board for easy installation with a mere 15 1/2" x 12 7/8" required for top surface area when using the 12" mounting tone arm board.

We found the TD-124 to be one of the most silent turntables we've yet tested.

The Thorens TD-124 turntable easily qualifies for the highest quality in design, workmanship and dependability. It represents a wise choice for the audiophile who seeks the finest. Outstanding for both stereo as well as monaural reproduction, we suggest you compare its many fine features with other quality turntables before you make your final selection.—GEORGE KLUGE



The Thorens TD-124 transcription turntable

Stereo Cartridge Is One Of Finest Available



For our turntable evaluation this month, we had the new Electro Sonic Gyro-Jewel stereo cartridge and Gyro-Balance S-1000 tone arm combination on hand to compliment the Thorens TD-124. The following is a brief run down on what we found.

Contrary to one consumer's products-testing magazine, we found the Electro Sonic Gyro-Jewel stereo cartridge an excellent choice for the stereo perfectionist. The same cross-section group of listeners, referred to in the Weathers Speaker story (Music USA, May), also liked the sound of this cartridge.

As is true in the selection of loud speakers, personal preference is important in the selection of stereo cartridges. There are many cartridges available and each has its own sound *picture*, so the audiophile should listen to as

many as possible and then select the cartridge he likes best.

Note: Listen to a number of quality Stereo discs too — you'll find some surprises when you do. In other words, the final selection is up to the consumer, not the magazine writer.

For our listening evaluation of this Electro-Sonic Gyro-Jewel stereo cartridge, we used an Electro-Sonic Gyro Balance S-1000 tone arm. Employing precision workmanship throughout, this high quality tone arm can be classified as one of the finest available.

Because of its well engineered construction, it is possible to have an arm motion independent of gravity. Vertical stylus force applied by spring force adjusting wheels is also independent of gravity. Consequently, turntable leveling is not at all critical. The arm will

never slide across the record even if the turntable base is at an angle of 90° from the table surface.

This tone arm-cartridge combination is a four-wire system. Two separate channels from the cartridge, through the tone arm and out to a terminal block facilitate easy hook-up to a stereo pre-amplifier, which in our case was the Madison Fielding 340. We used the recommended ESL cartridge transformers since this is a low output cartridge.

Switching back and forth with other stereo cartridges in the \$50.00 price range, which also employed transformers, we could detect a slight edge of cleanness and fidelity with the ESL Gyro-Jewel.

However, this could be our personal preference — so by all means have a competent audio demonstration of these two Electro Sonic products along with others before you make your final selection.

Installation Note: With this cartridge, as well as with any high quality stereo cartridge and tone arm, mounting and installation instructions supplied by the manufacturers must be followed exactly. Short cuts here will only result in unsatisfactory results, and even possible harm, to precious new stereo records.

However, with proper care at installation time and during normal operation of sound equipment, the ESL Tone arm and cartridge will supply its owner with remarkably high quality reproduction. With the TD-124 Thorens this was simple.

The S-1000 ESL tone arm is priced at \$34.95 while the Gyro-Jewel C-100 stereo cartridge, with transformers, is priced at \$84.95. Admittedly, it is one of the most expensive on the market — but with good reason when you consider the workmanship and ultimate performance.

—GEORGE KLUGE

Singer Bill Hayes Goes For a Monaural Hi-Fi Rig

Currently appearing on NBC-TV Thursday, 8:30 to 9:00 p.m. on the *Oldsmobile Music Theatre*, Bill Hayes is one of the busiest young singers around these parts.

Recently Bill decided to re-do one room on the top floor of his attractive Garden City home. This was to be Bill's combination office, library, music score filing room and high fidelity listening area. Since the room was very small and stereo was not deemed necessary, a monaural system was decided on.

After built-in bookcases, filing cabinets for sheet music and opera scores had been designed and installed, Bill selected components for his sound system. A McIntosh M-60 power amplifier with the McIntosh C-8 pre-amplifier took care of power and control functions. The Scott 330 AM-FM stereo tuner was selected since it would adapt to stereo should he ever wish to make the change.

In the record playback department, Bill selected the Thorens TD-121 transcription turntable with a Fairchild tone arm and a Fairchild 225A monaural cartridge. The Thorens CD-43 changer was selected for its speed constancy, silence of operation and its unique intermix feature, along with manual opera-

tion features plus an adjustable *pause* feature between records.

A G.E. VR-11 cartridge was employed here, since Bill has a large collection of 78 rpm collectors' items, as well as hundreds of acetate *air-checks* of himself, which he wanted to listen to in the quiet of his own room. Naturally, diamond stylus assemblies were used throughout.

Working closely with a local cabinet maker, a rather novel and efficient cabinet resulted. Since a built-in cabinet for sheet music had previously been installed the only remaining area in the room that could accommodate the Hi-Fi equipment turned out to be the area on top of this existing cabinet. Consequently Bill designed a compact walnut-finish sliding door unit to house the components.

To assure adequate ventilation for the power amplifier it was housed behind cane-faced panel, at the left of the cabinet. Pre-amplifier and tuner were mounted in their own cabinets and merely installed on shelves within the cabinet.

The turntable and changer were mounted on separate mounting board bases using templates and hardware sup-



Bill Hayes at his controls

plied by the Thorens Company. Back space was provided to allow inter-connection of equipment plus plenty of ventilation.

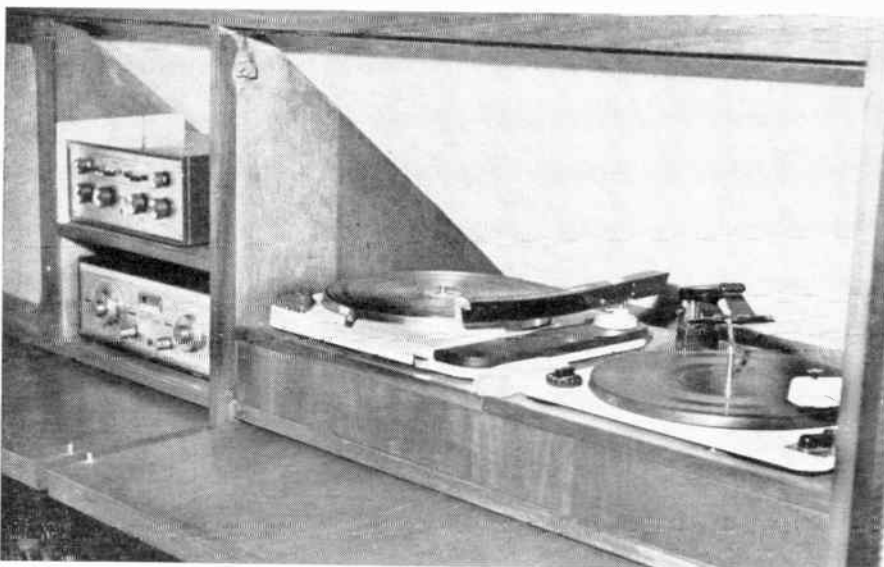
The disappearing doors on piano hinges serve two useful purposes. In the closed position, they not only add to the decorative design of the over-all cabinet, but they also protect the equipment from inquisitive small-fry hands, and dust. When open, these doors provide useful shelf space for record jackets as well as desk space on which to jot down information concerning Bill's work.

The speaker selected was the AR-2, referred to many times on these pages. Standing free at the moment, it too will soon be mounted in one of the bookshelf areas as soon as the ceiling has been covered with acoustical tile. After listening to a number of quality speakers Bill decided on the AR-2 because he liked its over-all smoothness with its good clean bass reproduction.

With the above-mentioned sound equipment Bill Hayes has found new pleasure in his extensive library of recorded music. He has been able to apply critical analysis to his *air-checks* and rework his club material within the confines of his own home.

Future plans involve changing over to stereo, with the possible addition of a quality tape recorder. Bill also talked about feeding sound from this room to other rooms in the house. Both would be simple to accomplish and no doubt we'll have a chance to cover that change-over when it occurs.

In the meantime, Bill is content to listen to quality reproduced music on a group of first rate components in his third floor study.—GEORGE KLUGE



With cabinet open (the doors slide beneath equipment), most of the component parts are visible and available

High Fidelity Products For You

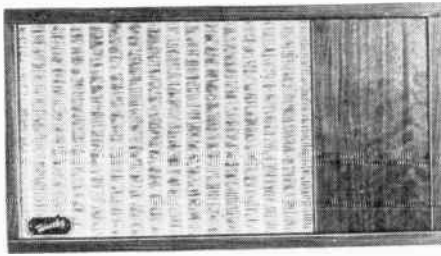
In keeping with our policy of comprehensive stereo and hi-fi coverage, we call your attention again this month to products, new and almost new, gathered together on this special products page, for quick, handy reference. For further information about any of these products, check the key number at the end of each caption, then circle the number on the reader's service coupon on page 34.



H. H. Scott's new 24-watt stereo amplifier, Model 222, has dual 12-watt channels, with D C operated preamp heaters, inputs for stereo or monophonic recorders, tuners, phono cartridges and tape heads. Sub-sonic rumble filter prevents overload from noisy changers or turntables. An exclusive center-channel output allows the use of one's present amplifier for 3-channel stereo for driving extension speakers. Separate stereo tape recorder outputs are another feature. Master volume control adjusts volume of both channels simultaneously. It also functions as automatic loudness control whenever desired. Price \$139.95. Key: J-3



Reeves Soundcraft Corporation has recently released an exclusive 30-minute "Bonus" recording on one of the two 7-inch reels of tape in its new premium pack. The recorded stereo tape in the set is called "Sweet Moods of Jazz" and features Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen and others. Price of this special set is the same for two regular tapes, plus \$1.00. Key: J-4.

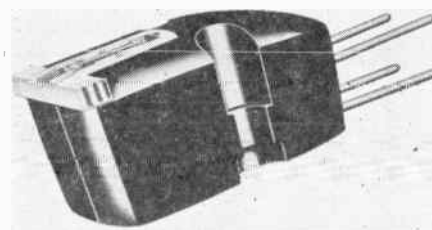
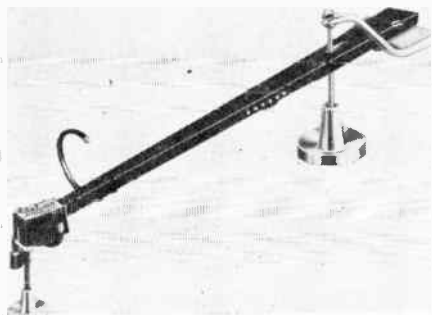


The Hartley Capri shelf speaker system has several unique and significant features, including a "polymerized" weather-proof cone. The size of the enclosure is 24" x 13½" x 12" and is made of oil-finished walnut with splined joints. A five-year guarantee is provided. Price: \$120.00. Key: J-1



Pilot Radio Corporation announces the production of a new control-amplifier, model 240, a Features include automatic shut-off after the last played record. Set measures 4-13/16" x 14-11/16" x 10¼". Price: \$129.50. Key: J-5.

**USE
HANDY
KEY NUMBERS**



Pickering and Company has announced a new stereo "fluxvalve" cartridge (Stanton Model 371—7D) and a new "unipose" arm (Stanton Model 196—7D), with an integrated stereo fluxvalve pickup. In a press release, Walter O. Stanton, president of the company, stated: "The responsibility of being the finest demands that the consumer be given continued assurance of everlasting trouble-free performance with the finest quality of high fidelity music reproduction." Cartridge and arm, with pickup, have a lifetime warranty. Cartridge price: \$29.85. Arm price: \$59.85. Key J-2



A new extruded aluminum shelving, called "Plak-Rak" has been made available by Brewer Associates. It is finished in black satin and contains four grooves for storing two albums to a groove, or eight deep. Kits come complete with mounting screws and instructions. There are three models. Model 50108-1, with two 12¾" lengths, retails for \$2.19. Model 50108-2, with two 24¾" lengths, retails for \$3.95. Model 50108-3, with two 49½" lengths, retails for \$6.59. Key: J-6.



RECORD REVIEWS

BEST OF THE MONTH

- COUNT BASIE:** *One More Time* (Roulette—page 26)
EDMOND HALL: *Swing Session* (Commodore—page 27)
EDMOND HALL: *Petite Fleur* (United Artists—page 28)
HAMPTON HAWES: *Four* (Contemporary—page 28)
ANDRE PREVIN: *Songs by Vernon Duke* (Contemporary—page 30)

Reviews by Bill Coss, Jack Maher, Robert A. Perlongo

COUNT BASIE

One More Time (Roulette 52024)
It's quite sensible when writing for Basie, or any other band for that matter, to pick the one asset, the one great quality of that band and build your arrangements around it. Quincy Jones has done just that: he's taken the one great quality and amplified, reinforced it as well as any other arranger-composer has ever done. That one asset is of course — POWER.

Through all but two of these tracks, the band yells, stomps, and shouts but it never screams (Basie bands have never screamed). On some of them like the swing-ballad *Lena and Lennie*, the middle tempoed *Quince* and *Big Walk*, and the bit brisker *Meet B.B.*, the power is less obvious and non-shouting, but it's there in the massed sections kind of shoving and pushing with quiet strength. *Rat Race* and *A Square at the Roundtable*, at much quicker tempi, show the unleashed dynamo at work, and at total capacity.

Jessica's Day, however, is something else again. This is one of Quincy's most engaging tunes and is a little unusual for the Basie book. The band, here, though, plays splendidly and gives Jessica a gentle nudge in the ribs every once in a while. *I Needs to be Bee'd With* is a bluesy plungered-tromboned speech by Al Gray that's good fun, an affectionate parody of the Ellington band, the late *Tricky Sam Nanton* and *Quentin Jackson*. Again this is out of the usual Basie style as is the original

Jones ballad. *The Midnight Sun Never Sets*, which features Marshall Royal on high, melodic alto.

The solos are solid, *in-context* improvisations by Joe Newman, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, Billy Mitchell, Al Gray, Thad Jones and the numble, inimitable Basie. Two of the most outstanding solos are by Benny Powell and Frank Wess on alto (for only eight bars) on *Roundtable*.

The point arises here, as it does so often with Basie records, that little if anything is strikingly new with the band and its material. Listeners who have an overwhelming preference for the Basie brand of jazz will like this LP enormously. Those who go for more complex things will find it too much like Basie material of the past. As for myself, I almost always find this precise, joyous though limited band an exhilarating experience. (JM)



Stan Getz: rhythmic steam

STAN GETZ

The Stan Getz Quartet — *The Steamer* (Verve MGV-8294 uses *Blues for Mary Jane*, *There'll Never Be Another You*, *You're Blase*, *Too Close for Comfort*, *Like Someone in Love*, and *How About You* as the material to be vaporized by Stan. Only two tunes, however, generate the kind of pressure that might be called dangerous.

You're Blase is hardly the kind of tune that might be called a cooker. It is, instead, a wispy ballad that brings out much of the loveliness in Stan's sound. The one tune that really does deserve the *steam* connotation is *How About You*, which romps with a gleeful, turbulent excitement and brings out the best in the Getz imagination.

The rest of the album has Stan in a number of complimentary poses, but just about all of them show him leaning more on the rhythm section than standing on his own imagination. That rhythm section incidentally, is a good one; it consists of Lou Levy (piano), Stan Levey (drums) and Leroy Vinnegar (bass).

This is far from being a bad record. It's just that knowing what Stan is capable of, makes the listener expect more than he's entitled to. (JM)

BENNY GOLSON

Benny Golson and the Philadelphians (United Artists UAI 4020) is, as you might already have guessed, Benny Golson surrounded by a quartet of players

Contemporary Records Celebrates Tenth

from his home city — Philadelphia. Besides Benny there are Lee Morgan on trumpet; Ray Bryant, piano; Percy Heath, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums.

The outstanding characteristic of this date is the emphasis Benny has put on the lyricism and the melodic quality of the material. Each of the tunes has a basic simplicity, and a flowing unity that gives the improvising horn men a concept and a feeling on which to base their solos. Nor has Benny hogged the ball with an album of only his own work. There are outstanding examples of the composing skills of Gigi Gryce (whose *You're Not the Kind* deserves lyrics if it hasn't gotten them already), John Lewis (*Afternoon in Paris*), and Ray Bryant (*Calgary*). His own compositions *Stablemates*, *Thursday's Theme* and *Blues on My Mind* all reflect this same attention to mood and lyricism, warmth and dramatic value that are so much a part of the other compositions.

As a player Benny has a terse but warm tone, sometimes plays too many notes but has a fine feeling for melody and time. Lee Morgan performs creditably, and Ray Bryant has one of his better days, playing with sureness and life. (JM)

EDMOND HALL

Swing Session with Edmond Hall (Commodore 30,012) is a re-release on LP of some of the outstanding work this brilliantly, individualistic clarinetist did in 1943 and 1944. The session, which is really two sessions in one, is composed of tracks that feature two different groups: a sextet and a quartet.

The sextet sides (*Downtown Cafe Boogie*, *The Man I Love*, *Uptown Cafe Boogie* and *Coquette*) have a fine jazz feeling. I have no doubt that they belong in the library of anyone interested in well-played and well-felt music. They demonstrate not only the fine playing of Hall, but of trumpeter Emmett Berry whose playing is robust, Vic Dickenson one of the slickest and cleverest men with a trombone, and a jumping rhythm section under the power and control of guitarist Al Casey and drummer Sid Catlett. Eddie Heywood on piano and bassist Billy Taylor complete the group.

The other six tracks (*Caravan*, *Night and Day*, *Show Piece*, *Sleepytime Gal*, *Shanty in Old Shanty Town*, *Where or When*, *I Want to Be Happy* and *It Had to be You*) demonstrate the superb Hall clarinet and the facility and imagination of pianist Ted Wilson, in front of Taylor again and drummer Art Trappier.

Unfortunately, Edmond is one of those unsung, musician's musician players who never seem to get the recognition they deserve. His playing has a harsh reedy quality, but unlike some

This year is the tenth anniversary of Contemporary Records. It's not really, but it IS the tenth anniversary of *Good Time Jazz Record Company, Inc.*, which began its operation in 1949. Since Contemporary is owned by Good Time Jazz, and, since it is the more dominant of the two labels, the company is going to celebrate its birthday by honoring the younger child.

That is more than fitting, for Contemporary is a dominant label in or out of the parent company, a record label which compliments well-conceived modern jazz albums with excellence of sound and handsome packaging.

In 1954, President Lester Koenig outlined for us a brief history of the company, and that outline (in excerpt form) still will serve today to inform readers of the early years: "... Our first *Firehouse Five* records were enormously popular [he is writing here of the Good Time label], and within a few years we had a fairly large staff, etc. ... Good Time Jazz specialized in traditional jazz because I believe that a small label must maintain an identity. Many things of interest were passed by because of that. Contemporary itself was an outgrowth of my interest in modern music, an interest which was encouraged many years ago, in the middle 'thirties, by Mme. Lydia Hoffman-Behrendt, the pianist, who was then playing works of Hindemith, Toch, etc.

"... David Stuart, who joined us in the Fall of 1953, after a five year stay in Europe, is in charge of our advertising and promotion. He is an old friend — we were partners years ago in starting the *Jazz Man* label and recording the Lu Watters band. ... I plan the general operation, supervise all our record dates on both labels, and follow through personally from editing all tapes, assembling the LP's, cutting the masters, to checking the actual pressings. Quality has always been important — we've always used the finest studios and the best engineers in town. It is not unusual for us to make masters over two or three times to get the most out of our tapes. ... There are so many new jazz LP's coming on the market, I feel we have to be extremely selective, and put out only things we feel are really first rate. ..."

Those 1944 words about quality and selection have been followed carefully

by the Los Angeles firm, to such an extent that Contemporary has consistently ranked high (and sometimes highest) in our record choices of the year. Because it so gingerly releases albums, it is difficult for figures to adequately demonstrate how consistent is its quality. But, if you consider that there are several hundred record labels by now, over fifty of which release jazz records — and then learn that we listen to most of these — it should prove impressive to learn that, out of thirty-four *Best of the Month Records* picked during the last five months, seven were released by Contemporary.

That is impressive — only one or two other companies come up to that kind of rating percentage. It is even more impressive — or, perhaps, more understandable — when you realize that the company operates with only a small roster of exclusive artists, concentrating mainly on such as Shelly Manne, Andre Previn, Hamp Hawes, Barney Kessel, and a few others, plus occasional single albums by other musicians of stature.

Perhaps it is because of the intimacy of the in-group at Contemporary that so few can do so much. Shelly Manne has told us that "Les is open to all sorts of selections. Sometimes he'll say that he doesn't think one of my ideas is so great, but he's the kind of a guy who will throw every bit of energy behind the thing once he's decided that he'll let me do it, no matter how he first felt."

Lester Koenig is certainly the biggest part of the answer to success. As is the case with most determined men, he is not the easiest person in the world to get along with and we have had argumentative differences of opinion with him in the past. But the arguments have not been about his product or the way in which he produces it. For those things we have nothing but the highest respect. In our opinion he has made no compromises with quality — he has been wrong of course, but he felt that he was right, hence no compromises. But, as with too few other executives in the recording business, he has both excellent taste and the ability to produce what that taste dictates.

He is a credit to the industry and his company reflects that. He, Good Time Jazz and Contemporary deserve ten times ten congratulations and long life to continue a service to jazz which is above and beyond the normal.

musicians that employ this, his tone is never thin. He has control and a fullness that always makes him a pleasure to listen to. (JM)

EDMOND HALL

Petite Fleur (United Artists UAL 4028) consists of eight tracks, including six originals, an Ellington medley and Bechet's title song, played by Hall, pianist Ellis Larkin, Milt Hinton and Jimmie Crawford (on four tracks, Emmett Berry and Vic Dickenson are added). It is a wonderfully alive album which is swinging from start to finish. Emmett and Vic are especially excellent and the rhythm section is very strong. Edmond's sound may concern some modern listeners — it often has a burr to it (though it can be sweet too) —



Edmond Hall: wonderfully alive

but it is so personally expressive and strong that all but die-hard modernists should be moved by it. The Duke medley was included because Edmond said, "I wanted to show that I can play others things besides *Muskrat Ramble*." It is an unusual album of delightfully *free* and enthusiastic jazz. (BC)

HAMPTON HAWES

Four (Contemporary C 3553), the four being pianist Hawes, Barney Kessel, Red Mitchell and Shelly Manne, playing five standards and two originals. Like the best of the Parker-influenced, Hamp plays with a tumbling conception. The advantage to this snowballing method is that it picks up much as it rolls. The disadvantage is that much trash may be absorbed. On this record, it is nearly all advantage: Hamp is so evidently growing and his associ-

ates are excellent and inspiring musicians. So the rhythm is exceptional, Kessel, Mitchell and Manne are sheer delight, and Hampton Hawes is nearly in that same league as his expanding and more disciplined inventive abilities have made his worth more obviously evident both in solo and in his accompaniment of the others. (BC)

PAUL HORN

Paul Horn's *Plenty of Horn* (Dot DLP-9002) proves once more that he's more concerned with playing music of differing emotional styles than he is in sticking to a certain, well-defined rut. He demonstrates again his width of ability and versatility by playing five different instruments of the generally accepted reed family in a variety of orchestral settings.

Chloe has Paul playing with the basic rhythm section of Red Mitchell (bass), Shelly Manne (drums) and Billy Bean (guitar). *A Parable* showcases Paul in two moods on three pipe-like instruments: piccolo, flute and alto flute. *Blues for Tom* has Paul playing alto in a hawking fashion that's novel for him but not uncomplimentary. Larry Bunker joins the basic group here on vibes.

The next track, *Romanze* by Fred Katz, shows an abrupt switch in content and mood. This is a piece planned for clarinet (Paul), piano (Katz) and cello (Ray Kramer). It's semi-tonal and romantic all at once, bending and straining within itself. Paul returns to flute and the fundamental group of track one for an up-tempo *Yesterdays*.

Paul uses all of his five instruments on *Moods for Horn* (confusingly titled *Moods in Brass* on the label), a composition by Allyn Ferguson in four parts. Each part gives a brief exposure to Paul's aptitude on the various instruments and augments the small band with trumpets, French horns, trombone and tuba. Although there are a few moments that show Paul's creative powers, most of the composition seems to hamper Paul more than aid him. If its purpose is to showcase the range and the technical prowess of Paul's playing, then it succeeds magnificently.

The Smith Family is a complete contrast to the crescendo-laden *Moods* thing: it's a guileless, *down on the farm* line that swings off into a simple blues theme. *Tellin' the Truth* has Paul on alto surrounded by Bunker and the rhythm section.

Two things become overwhelmingly evident in this, Paul's second album for Dot. The first is that Paul has acquired a much harder, aggressive sound on alto, and there are moments when, strangely enough, he seems to have picked up the brisk shrillness that was an identifying quality of the late Jimmy Dorsey's playing. The second point revolves around a certain tightness in the programming of the material here. Although Paul has included more obviously rhythmic material than ever before, his solo space is short and somewhat self-conscious. In some spots, I felt as though Paul were trying to *prove* that he does play jazz, when no proof at all was necessary. (JM)



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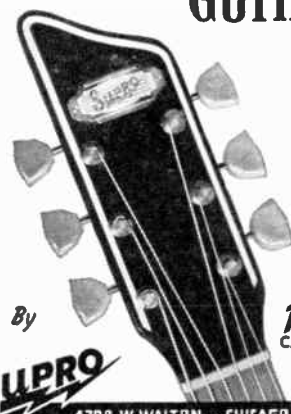
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JULIUS MONK'S DEMI-DOZEN

Six of one is half-dozen pleasures

MORT SAHL

Not the best of the best

Until a few years ago it was difficult to find anything jazz-like in the entertainment world except for jazz. Jazz writers, sculptors and painters had been around for some time, but the entertainment field often asked for more sentimentality and compromise than jazz could support. Suddenly, and almost without evident cause, we have been happily inundated by Americanish commentators, some of them updated Will Rogers types, with whom we can make immediate identification.

SHELLY BERMAN (Verve MG V 15003) is a fine, though perhaps not so obvious example of that. His prop is a tele-

phone, his area frustration; the reasonable man, sometimes involved with more than he can bear, trying desperately to make himself understood, loved or obeyed. This record which has truly wonderful moments is much behind Shelly's current nightclub routines which approach a kind of sheer artistry of situation and dialect almost impossible to come by.

LENNY BRUCE — *The Sick Humor of* (Fantasy 7003) — is harder to assess. He is undeniably hip, frequently and uncomfortably funny, because he delves into depths which are terribly sensitive and not as easily written, or spoken-off. The important thing is that Lenny is commenting on mores, folkways, on taste too, without ever offering anything positive of his own. This is more than Mort Sahl's disintegration, because this is total destruction which Lenny preaches. Perhaps one should accept, as a kind of aside, that everyone should be good — and that would straighten things, but, at the same time there is nothing really interesting, really satisfying and really acceptable about an obviously large talent which prescribes taste without having any taste of its own. For if there is anything that Lenny Bruce lacks, and there are many things, it is the discipline to know about all the things he is talking, and to exercise the discipline and the discretion needed to really and adequately (for the mature individual) discuss them as things one regrets and would like to change, not as things and people one would like to demolish.

STAN FREEBERG: *The Best of the Shows* (Capitol WBO 1035) is much milder, no difficulty, no problem here of whether you can or should communicate to the artist involved. Stan is a very clever man, a past-master of that satire which communicates itself to the largest amount of people, from kidding of the advertising people, through equally funny kidding of the high fidelity experts, to wonderful interviews with such as the Abominable Snowman and tuned sheep which play *Lullaby of Birdland* when hit upon the head by their shepherd. These tracks are from CBS shows with Billy May's orchestra and Jud Conlon's Rhythmaires. Two LP's were perhaps too much; editing might have slendered and improved this to a point where there would never be a dull moment. As it is, if you'll deal with The Snowman, The Werewolf, the tuned sheep and the high-fidelity, you'll have a batch of fun for any and every party.

RONNY GRAHAM's *in Take Five* (Off-beat Records O-1013) is, as is the other

record in this section (*Demi-Dozen*), proof positive that Julius Monk's nightclub is a place to attend. This is the better of the two records, filled with very high sophistication, with clever lyrics from *Roger*, *The Robbit* and *Gristedes*, to the musical and lyrical cleverness of *The Gossiping Grapevine* and even into the hard-to-take, but nevertheless roaring humor of *Harry the Hipster*.

Interviews of Our Time (Fantasy 7001) is a potpourri of humor, etc. There are the wonderful interviews with Sholem Stein and Shorty Petterstein (neither of which you should miss, as reviewed much earlier). In addition there are hilarious monologues by Lenny Bruce, which include an interview between a hippy jazz musician and Lawrence Welk, a Count Dracula (turned club musician) and his wife arguing about success ("Russ Morgan stole all my key men"), a tribute to Helen Hayes, and, if you are really hip to old movies, a magnificent put-down of prison-type pictures, called *Father Flotski's Triumph*.

JULIUS MONK'S *Demi-Dozen* (Offbeat Records O-4015) is this year's *Upstairs* review and, although it is not as good as last year's, it is still better than most anything else that you might see and hear in this city at any time. There are bits of complete madness which are bound to get to even the most jaded tastes, and there are, as always, some lovely ballads, even such strange and understandable lyrics as *One and All*. In any case, although our taste has been somewhat tightened by past Monk reviews, so that we may be critical of present ones, you would find this one, filled with enthusiasm, wit and wild sophistication.

MORT SAHL: three albums — *The Future Lies Ahead* (Verve MG V 15002), *Mort Sahl at Sunset* (Fantasy 7005) and *Look Forward in Anger* (Verve MG V 15004), all of which, despite his own feelings about the Fantasy album, demonstrate his lightning and lightning way to deal with most topics, dealing then with the kind of enthusiasm and candor and self-satisfaction of jazz. We have our own qualifications about Mort and jazz, asking for some particular kind of charity which both of them are strong enough to give, but, despite that, all of these records are hilarious, all of them positive proof of the fact that Mort is a perceptive, sensitive commentator on the modern scene (much in the way that Will Rogers, and in a lesser way Fred Allen was), with quick and steady intelligence.—BILL COSS

RED NORVO

Red Norvo in Hi-Fi (RCA Victor LPM-1711): twelve sides including *My Last Affair*, *Garden of the Moon*, *It's Wonderful*, *I See Your Face Before Me*, *Some Like it Hot*, played by Red Norvo on vibes with an unidentified orchestra; Helen Humes sings on all but four tracks. The warm swinging vocal style of Helen Humes saves what might otherwise be considered just another record by a band — and a not-overly-inspired band at that. Helen's sound is reminiscent of old Ella Fitzgerald records, with a touch of Mildred Bailey for good measure. But there is enough of herself in her style for this not to matter too much. Her phrasing on standards like *I Hadn't Anyone Till You* and *They Can't Take That Away From Me* makes for pleasur-



Helen Humes: fun-type singing

able, fun-type listening. The band behind her is another matter. The arrangements are weirdly old-fashioned and the ensemble playing tends, at times, toward muddiness. Norvo plays competently, but it sounds very much like it's just another gig for him. Because of Helen, though, this album is highly recommended. Richard Gehman's album article, incidentally, is pretty inane, and has very little to do with the record it is supposed to describe. (RAP)

ANDRE PREVIN

Plays Songs by Vernon Duke (Contemporary C 3558), plays them solo, including the better known such as *Cabin in the Sky* and *Autumn in New York*, as well as the less-known Duke melodies, ten in all. There is less obvious jazz here than in Andre's records with *His Pals*, more of the extraordinary technique (more, thus, of his allegiance to Tatum than you may have heard for some time), but none of that should frighten away the good listeners. This is in no sense an experimental album, but one which probes deeply, sensitively and unexpectedly into really superior music. Mr. Duke must have been pleased with such jazz variations on his themes. (BC)

READERS' FORUM

(Continued from page 10)

BOMBAY QUERY

There seems to be a critics' war in progress in the States from what I gather from the jazz press. What's the trouble about? Hentoff, Martin Williams and Company seem to have generated a considerable amount of opposition to their views. What do you think? We are only mystified from the distance.

kindest regards,
Yours sincerely,
Promodh Malhotra
Bombay, India

COLUMBIA CORRECTION

I just read your review of Frank Comstock's Columbia Album *Patterns*.

Please accept this letter not as a criticism but just correct information. I know that the record jacket said that this instrument is a contra-bassoon. However, it should have read that it's a Selmer Contra-bass Clarinet. The clarinet is played on the recording by Chuck Gentry.

I guess I don't have to tell you that record jackets are sometimes incorrect!

Tony Rulli,
Professional Manager

POWELL DISSENTER

In your discography (Jazz 1959 YEAR BOOK) Bud Powell's Verve LP *Blues in the Closet* is entered with the following comment: "The best Bud Powell released this year, this shows completeness and confidence which takes violent, impatient turns." I beg to differ. Bud Powell is one of the greatest instrumentalists in the history of jazz. On his early Blue Note recordings he shows a combination of swing, technique, emotion, and conception. His recent Blue Note trio LP (*Buster Rides Again*, etc.) is also excellent, although not as startling as the 1949-51 sides. Listen again to the opening track of the *Closet* LP. This is very poor. Also there is the fumbling, unswinging, ludicrous playing on *Now's the Time* — a performance in which Bud can't even play the simple line properly. And don't tell me it is "completeness and confidence" taking "violent, impatient turns." It's just bad blowing. To praise this LP as highly as you have is more than a mistake, it's a misleading absurdity.

The pictures of Lester Young were great, and very welcome.

On the whole your YEAR BOOK was excellent, as usual. Thanks and best wishes.

Ned Spring
Stanford University
Stanford, California

JAZZ THESIS

(Continued from page 21)

few are well-chosen. In any case, it should be obvious that the analytical approach cannot really help the layman and is not needed by the musician.

Secondly, the many-times superficiality of much of jazz leaves little room for careful analysis of meaning or purpose. Thirdly, it seems the nature of criticism to couch its suggestions and descriptions in terms as nearly approximating the musical- and thought-value as is humanly possible.

Obviously, there is a great overuse of *picturesque speech*. But then, so much of jazz is little more than that. And the overworked jazz critic, confronted with a dozen descriptions to write of a dozen performances, at least nine of which are much alike, tends to fall into the easy and understandable trap of writing so that his readers will both like and understand what he writes (for it is true, or so several editors inform us, that it is the musicians and other critics who criticize descriptive techniques, not the usual reader).

This is different from any of the other art fields where, not only are standards clearly drawn, but, also, there is available a huge reservoir of observation available on all the technical questions involved.

It is not enough to claim that jazz musicians have ideas. Of course they do. But how many times in this infant form is one confronted with an idea of any magnitude, an emotion of any great dignity or a perception which stimulates any corresponding thought on the part of the listener?

This is the problem that confronts the mature jazz critic, whatever his era or area. It is not easily resolved. It pits him, much against his will, against musicians, critics and fans alike. He cannot be concerned with lives or livelihood in the fulfilling of his duty. He should be aware of the past, examining the present and wary of the future. But it is to the future that he looks, not to present new stars or to debunk the old, but because this is where the art is working to — toward becoming a consistent art of worth — and this must be his primary concern; not so much to safeguard and comfort the old, as to counsel the new.

That kind of critic is an ultimate. He is not easily come by. Aside from all of Mr. Wein's criticism, there is the missing of this one point. That the real critic would take much of the jazz (the stuffing) out of jazz. Whether he would find it more difficult to make a living than do jazz musicians is the corollary of that point, because, as again with Shaw: there would be "... every man's hand against his ..."

Twenty-Five Years Later

Goodman Swings Into Summer

When the Benny Goodman orchestra took to the road in 1935, no one, not even Benny himself, could have predicted that in twenty-five years its leader would be a world-wide celebrity. For that's exactly what Benny Goodman is — a world figure. He is one of the few musicians genuinely associated with jazz to be lionized and idolized throughout the world; a personage of such stature that he has twice been chosen to represent the American people on world tours: in the Far East and in Europe.

With twenty-five years of big band experience between then and now, Benny is once more on the road. This Goodman band is a good deal like that first organization and most all of the others that have been fronted by him: it's well-rehearsed, more than competently manned and a reflection of Benny's middle-of-the-road taste and inclination. The faces of the band members have changed of course, even the sound of the band has altered some, but, for the most part, this is a band that reflects the *best* of past Goodman success: it plays a book that brings back memories of other times and the great arrangers that molded them.

Benny has always been aware of trends and patterns in the big band business. Two years ago he told this magazine that the day was coming when bands and individual musicians would make world tours as they now make one-nighters in the States. It is his basic premise that a good musician, a good leader and a good businessman must go to the people. He must use every media possible to advertise and support his music and then play in a place that's convenient to the audience. Following his own strategy, Benny has used, at one time or another, records, television and the movies to build interest in forthcoming tours.

Everyone knows how severely hotels and ballrooms have restricted big band music; how movie house stage shows are practically non-existent, and that the people who once made the dance band a phenom in the entertainment industry now sit quietly staring at their television sets. Their youngsters, though, are the people who can make or break a big band today. Those young people

are in college: they go to proms and dances, concerts and festivals; they are the audience for the big band of today, and, if the only way to reach them is through proms, one night concerts, dances and festivals, then the bright and enterprising leader must do this.

The astute Mr. Goodman has realized that these young people must be reached through the one nighter, and, further, must be educated to the Goodman brand of music. He has, therefore, capitalized on movies and television as advance publicity for his tours.

Instead of complaining about the way these media have taken bread out of the bandsman's mouth, Benny has taken advantage of the publicity and the fanfare that these entertainment vehicles create. His tours and his bands have been given advance publicity through records, *The Benny Goodman Story* (which is revived every once in a while in the hinterlands), and Benny's annual TV show, *Swing into Spring*.

This show, which promises to appear with the same regularity as its green-faced namesake, is of immediate and incalculable importance to the band's current tour. It reminds millions of listeners and viewers of the Goodman brand of music and tells them of the forthcoming road trip. Benny has made a special point in both annual shows of emphasizing the fact that youth and

spring and his music are all unalterably united. The last show, as a matter of fact, pictured the band as it would appear at a dance on the college circuit. In this way he has turned the so-called TV monster to his own purpose creating audience interest for his concerts and dance performances.

This year's *Swing into Spring* show was immensely successful, the music was generally of a high caliber, and Benny, Shelly Manne, Lionel Hampton, and Andre Previn played some really fine music in the quintet segments of the telecast. Ella Fitzgerald and Peggy Lee were a real delight, and the show as a whole was a striking example of good taste in material and decor. But the main action of the show took place around Benny. He introduced the tunes and the acts, did some commercials and in all, tied the show together. It was, after all, Benny's personal popularity that gave the show its appeal.

The personal magnetism and aura of the celebrity can not be under-valued. Guitarist Turk Van Lake, presently on tour with the band, tells of the amazing way audiences greet Goodman.

"You know immediately that it's Benny they came to see. They cheer *him*, the music that the band plays seems almost secondary."

(Concluded on next page)



Benny Goodman and Ella Fitzgerald: two of many stars

Although Benny is in no way an obvious showman, he is a master of pace and timing. He knows the exact split second to begin a tune, how to plan his repertoire so that the audience will be kept in suspense. He sets his audience up for each of his *big* numbers by presenting lesser but familiar things before and after. This way each hit tune becomes something of climax.

This showmanship, and the knowledge Benny has of tempo and material, and the shrewd use of publicity is fast returning the sound of the Goodman band to hundreds of thousands of dancers and listeners in colleges and concert halls. If the pattern follows in the direction it appears to be headed, Benny will probably be making tours of one sort or another for as long as he is willing and able to take to the road.

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JAZZ IN CHICAGO

Recently, as part of its newly re-established policy of hiring *name* performers, Chicago's Preview Lounge, featured a whole month of Jack Teagarden followed by a similar period of Dizzy Gillespie.

Teagarden, the night we saw him, was predictably perfect. His sextet included a 22-year-old drummer named Ronnie Greb, trumpeter Harold Peppie and clarinetist Joe Barufaldi.

There were very few surprises of course. Jack played all his Teagarden standards, from *Stars Fell on Alabama* to *Basin Street Blues*, singing in his best lovable husky voice on both of these, and playing, always, with great mellowness and professionalism.

As for the boys in the band, Harold Peppie seemed to be the most consistently pleasing performer: he was often as eloquent as Teagarden himself, within the Dixieland frame of reference. Barufaldi's clarinet solos, though brief, were usually quite ambitious. Practically everyone, it should be noted, got a good chance for soloing during the course of the evening.

When *the Saints* was memorable for, among others things, Greb's unbelievably long and vigorous drum solo. There was much to be desired about this solo in terms of inventiveness and freshness, but for sheer energy it was probably unsurpassable.—NELSON OSBORNE

JAZZ ON WATERFRONT

The Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop had something of a heyday in New York recently, appearing at the Half Note for a protracted three-week engagement, and in a poetry-and-jazz session at the Living Theater.

The Half Note performance showed little that was new for the Mingus group: as always, the most distinctive thing about the workshop's demonstration was the unmistakable imprint of the leader's firm hand. The tumult, the restlessness and the tense peace, all underlined with a certain quality of near-morbidness, were again the most moving things about the performances.

The front line of John Handy (alto) and Booker Erwin (tenor) did not seem completely at ease within the highly personalized and dramatic Mingus view of life. This is nothing new for Charlie; his music is so fiercely an expression of his own personality that other humans must, of necessity, have trouble saying the things he requires them to say.

Most successful for Handy and Erwin were compositions that did not adhere so completely to the individual Mingus touch. Charlie Parker's *Billie's Bounce* and a more or less standard blues called *Battle* contained their best efforts.

This same *Battle* was the best thing performed at the Living Theater. Both Handy and Erwin played tenor and, although I personally thought Erwin won the battle, both musicians created an atmosphere of electric excitement.

John Handy displayed much versatility that night, handling some extremely diverse chores on alto, tenor and flute (behind Kenneth Patchen's reading of his own poetry). A short, well-built young man, who wears glasses and a quizzical smile most of the time, Handy made remarkable readjustments, moving from wild barreling phrases on *Battle* to a warm commendable re-enactment of Johnny Hodges in the slow middle section of *Duke's Choice*.

Kenneth Patchen, who has a rather long sorrowful face, not unlike that of a Bassett, read from his collected and uncollected works, the bulk of which showed signs of sophomoric unhappiness with a liberal sprinkling of wit and common sense. Most of the attending jazz, which seemed to have a schematic plan that constantly went awry, was remarkably unsuited to the reading and had a tendency to drown out the poet's lullaby of words. Both the Mingus group and Mr. Patchen perform much better alone.—JACK MAHER

PEERLESS VALVEMAN

When Bob Brookmeyer followed Mingus into the Half Note, almost everyone familiar with his work knew what to expect and few were disappointed. As a valve trombonist, I doubt if Brookmeyer has any peer. As a composer, his music appeals to almost every-

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EDITOR'S PAGE

It is not often that we devote the editor's page to a record review and an educational institution, but exceptions are born to be made and in this case the record was made by the students of that institution, Boston's Berklee School of Music. And the record arrived at our office at approximately the same time as a tribute to the school from the Music Committee of the United States, advising the President's Committee that "The Berkeley School . . . has carried out some of the most effective international work of any music organization with which the Music Committee has had contact. The School has carried its own expenses in preparing jazz arrangements for the specific instruments available to individual foreign combos, in sending tapes and scores of this music and carrying on a heavy correspondence with the many foreign groups. This has added up to a unique and heavily effective hands-across-the-sea effort through the medium of jazz and young people having mutual interests in music . . ."

The report goes on from there to ask for governmental assistance for this program, something which is hopefully forthcoming. But we too would like to add our praise for the project as thus far presented, all the more noteworthy because Berklee has never tried to use its good works for self-praise.

The record is *Jazz in the Classroom, Volume Two* (Berklee Records, Boston, Massachusetts), a twelve-inch LP completely written for and played by students at the school, led by Herb Pomeroy with additional coaching by Charlie Mariano and Everett Longstreth, all three members of the faculty. The students are from Vienna, Hungary, Tokyo, Oklahoma and Missouri and include such as Toshiko, arranger Arif Mardin, whose works have been heard by many jazz audiences, guitarist Gabor Szabo, a member of last year's International Band at Newport, and pianist Joe Zawinul, who is currently playing with the Maynard Ferguson orchestra. All the ten selections are originals, five of them by Mardin, a dedicatory album liner is by Father Norman O'Connor, the songs are discussed on the back

of the album and a special Berklee press sheet accompanies each album, stating that the arrangements are published and available.

Mardin's five compositions — *Sermet's Dream*, *Blue Print*, *Yesteryears*, *The Long Wait* and *Sweet Talk* — lead off the album. Anything over a ballad tempo provides some difficulty for the young rhythm section — a usual problem for young rhythm men who need much maturing to be able to fully control their many functions.

These are not among the best of Arif's pieces, although all of them are undeniably professional, all of them showing off the discipline given to the sections by their teachers. Among the soloists are baritonists Ed Morgan and Nick Brignola, vibist Monty Stark, pianists Charlie Bechler, and Bob James, guitarist Szabo, bassist Gene Cherico, trombonist Dick Wright and Ed Morgan, tenorist Dodge Terlemezian and trumpeters Dan Noland and John Hening. Also present are altoist Charlie Mariano and, perhaps, the other faculty members lend a helping hand.

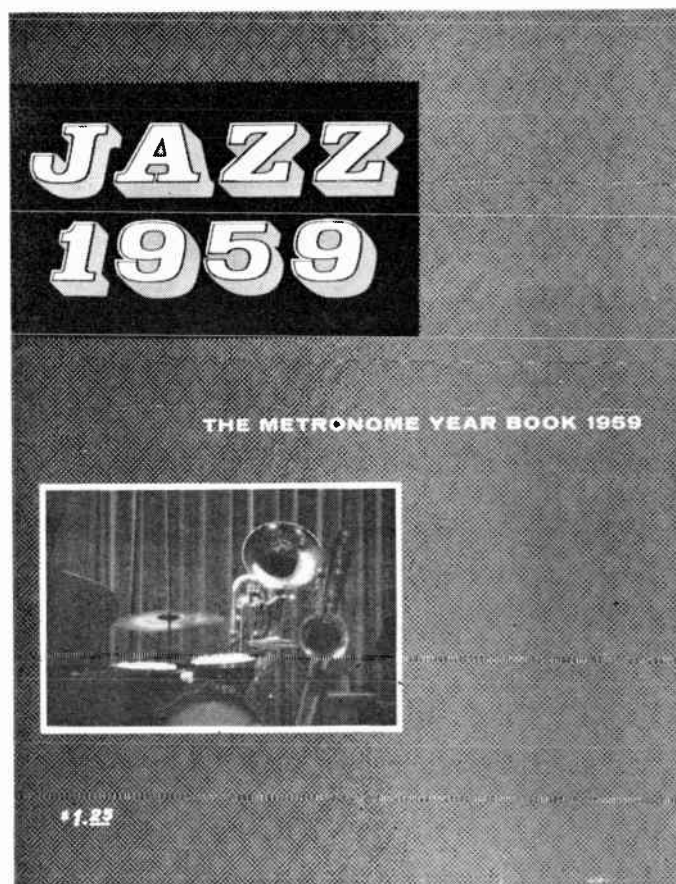
Charles Bechler's *New Warmth* starts the second side, composed for and played by Charlie Mariano. Toshiko's *My Elegy* is for a small group with solos by bass trumpeter Dick Wright and baritonist Nick Brignola. Robert James wrote *Blue Beau*, a wistful ballad which features trombonist Dick Wright. Richard Wright's *Deep Six* has a number of soloists including Nolan, tenorist Osiecki, Wright, Brignola, drummer Harry Brown, and bassist Cherico. James Urogrig's *I Would If I Could* is an exciting big band selection.

Brignola and bass trumpeter Wright seem, from this listening, to be the most talented members of the student body. But, considering the unevenness of performing talent which must be present in a group this large, considering too, the inexperience of most of the students, these are good performances, and what is essentially a noble experiment, regardless of the outcome, is also productive of some rewarding music. Another medal, with clusters of applause for Berklee, its faculty and students.—BILL COSS

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