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MAY, 1955 35c

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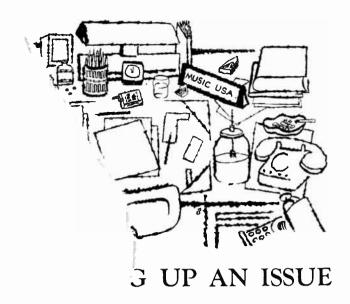
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A 144.

Music USA

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...iddle Pages

ast month we instituted a section of the magazine in which musicians may take their turns reviewing certain of the month's record releases. I conceive of METRONOME as being a kind of orchestra, and, following that conception, I believe that new soloists are apt to give it added vitality. To that end, we opened our *In Person* review section to Teddy Charles and Charlie Mingus the month, proving thereby, that critics aren't half as cantankerous as musicians, and providing you, we hope, with two interesting viewpoints on several musicians who are very much in the poll headlines.—B.C.

Those Fabulous Dorseys

BS took the photograph of Tommy and Jimmy which adorns our cover this month, but there was some doubt, right up to the last minute, that we'd be able to use it. By some trick of fate, the entire roll of films shot at our request, was sent on March 13th to Florida, still undeveloped. Frantic calls and telegrams located the films and assured their return, but, until the 21st, when we went to press, we still hadn't seen a picture. When they did arrive, Burt Goldblatt, who now designs our covers, drew a few dramatic lines, cut the picture as he wanted, and the printers began to swing. All of which explains the aspirin dispenser affixed firmly to our water cooler.

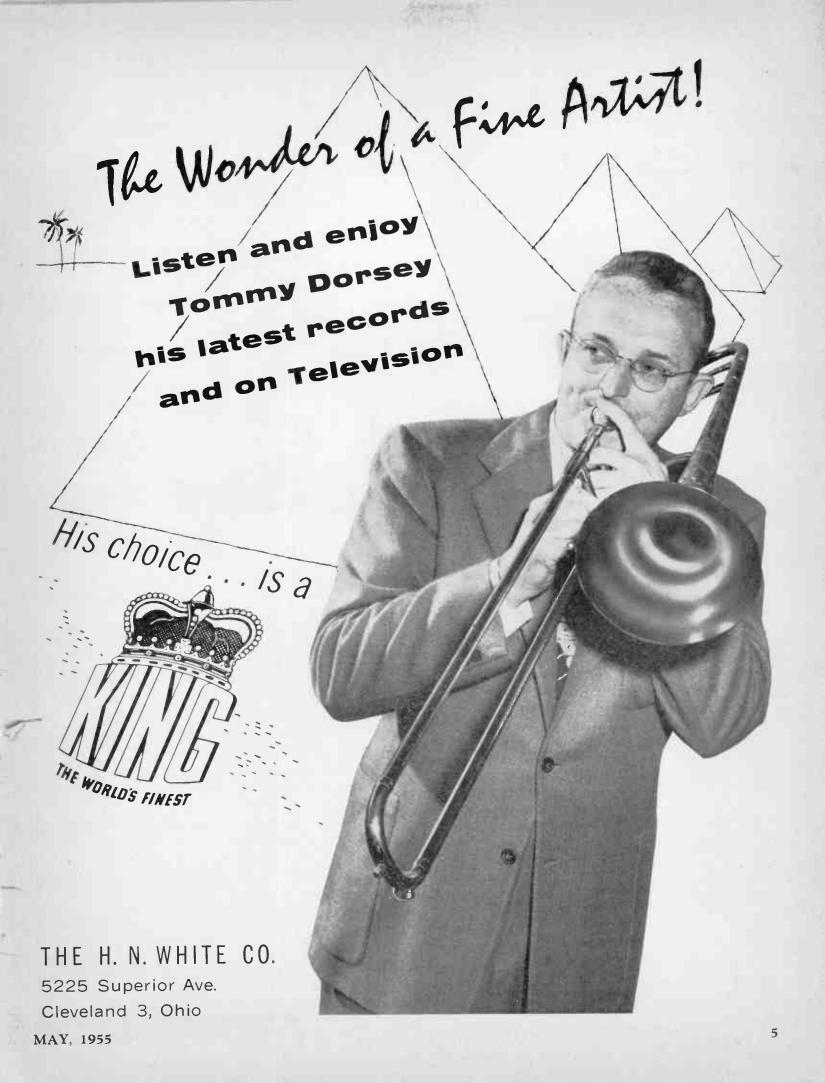
Next Month

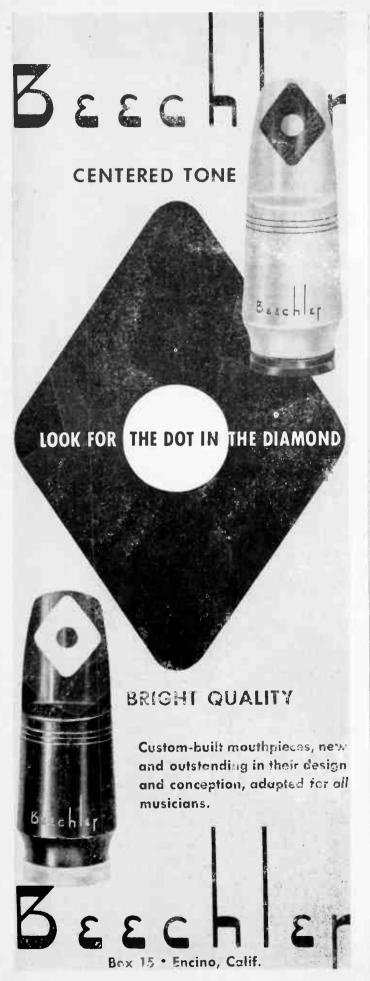
Without meaning to sound too mysterious, we can report that the June issue will be very much taken up with the most essential problem in jazz today and tomorrow, that it will inaugurate two new series of articles, give useful hints as to how to win Metronome's new contest (see page 8) and contain a provocative article by a man, far outside the world of music, who has things of importance to say to those who are deeply inside it.

Band Balloting

See pages 30 and 31 for details on the second half of our all star ballot, where you may vote for the big band, small band, male and female vocalist and vocal group. The ballot is on page 31.

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CHARLIE PARKER

1920 - 1955



hen last month's issu, appeared on the newsstands, a subtle irony appeared with it as telephone calls in this city assured us. Charlie Parker

was dead (dead two days earlier on March 13th), and our April cover, showing Bird and Dizzy, asked the question. Is Bop Dead? It was the kind of coincidence of which we are not overly fond.

Bird is dead. Newspaper stories, headlining him variously as *The King of Bop*, *The King of Cool*, interred his bones with circumspection if not with understanding.

Bird is dead. Record companies flooded our office with calls, all seemingly more concerned with their memorial albums than with the tragic fact.

Bird is dead. Photographers similarly inundated our office with claims of having taken the last picture of him.

Bird is dead. And not one line of the various stories written about him seems now to have captured what we felt of him as a person. And that is the sad thing about death. Nowhere did we capture the essence of the Buddhashaped man, the enigmatic smile, the heights and the depths of his music and person, the self-torture and frustration of a man whose very name claimed a necessity for soaring which is denied most men because of their own inadequacies and self-centered searchings; and Bird was no exception to these inadequacies for all the fact that his compelling drive brought him closer to both extremes than most men go.

Bird is dead. And the legend will begin to grow, making him all good or all bad, forgetting that he was a man, remembering only, perhaps, that eagle-like he cut huge and ragged holes in the air with his horn.

Bird is dead. May he rest in peace.

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MUSIC USA

The Eastern Circuit

Leona Anderson,

who sings horribly for a living, poses tin-type style after recording *Limburger Lover* for posterity. Her partners in crime are, left to right, Jack Zimmerman, Mundell Lowe, Don Lamond, Dick Hyman, Jim Timmens (arr.) Phil Bodner and Don Elliot.

No Bull

It's something of a tribute to one psychological school or another that we have been able to write about modern jazz for the last fifteen years without once mentioning Mexico. Yet no sooner did we report a visit from Senor Salas of Radio Milin our February issue, then Dr. Alisky sent us a detailed report on jazz in Mexico for our April issue, immediately followed by a welcome visit from disc jockey-magazine publisher-jazz promoter Roberto Ayala in March, reported upon in this our May issue. There may be something dead about Latin, but not about these Latins.

Ayala and his wife, a striking woman, mother of four - ("but we have maids") came to New York in March to demonstrate a new Ayala project: the making of jazz phonograph records) see page 36 for reviews).

Broadcasting from Mexico City (radio station XEW), Senor Ayala was the first disc jockey to play jazz there ("the manager on my original station almost tore out his hair"), is still one of the few who consistently plays jazz on the air as well as touting it in his magazine Selecciones Musicales.

No stranger to New York, he spent several years here, translating into Spanish for one of the major motion picture firms, meanwhile absorbing our music, only to take that interest back to Mexico City with him. About the three LP's, which he just recently produced, he says, "I just wanted you to hear what we were doing. We only sell them down there. I'm not really in the recording business. If I were I would be recording pop tunes, not jazz. This is love, not business "From his record and records. Mr. Ayala proves himself to be a good neighbor indeed.

Let's Be Negative

We're in a contest mood this month, a mood which will last from now

until July first. This particular contest has to do with photography, which excludes Bill Coss, who has only taken sixteen pictures in his life, all of which are interesting studies of his right forefinger, of interest only to law enforcement agencies and his mother. George Simon, on the other hand, takes such good pictures that he and all members of his family are firmly barred from this contest.

The rules are simple. Send any number of well-packaged 8x10, black and white photographs, dealing with jazz and/or jazz musicians to Metronome by July 1st. You do not have to include box tops or twenty-five cents in stamps or coin. Please, nothing but your photographs with your name and address, plus identification of your subjects, legibly written on the back of each print. (Of course, all photographs become the property of the magazine.)

Next month we will run an article by Eastman Kodak which will include invaluable tips on nightclub photography. And, also in that issue, we will name the contest judges. There will be no other rules than the few simple ones stated above.

Prizes will range from \$100 for first. \$50 for second, \$25 each for the next three winners, to twenty-five subscriptions for the next twenty-five winners. All photographs have a more than good chance to be published in future issues of Metronome. The winners will have their wares displayed in both the September issue and Jazz 1956, the next Yearbook.



Page 31 holds the answer to a bandleader's prayer – don't let him down-

The Big Goof

One of those show business stories came to an end last month at Birdland.

A young vocalist who has finally made it, and just as finally dropped the personal manager and press agent who helped him make it, dropped into that club, not realizing that both his former employees were watching him from a back booth.

The bandleader on the stand, who knew the situation, saw the grand entrance and announced the band's next number: "... written by two fine people" (the manager and agent, of course) "and dedicated to someone here tonight: the title, *The Big Goof*." End story: the singer got up and left.

Concertizing

The next performance by the little group which calls itself Developments in Modern Jazz, will take place April 23rd, Saturday evening at 8:40 in the evening at the YMHA, Lexington Avenue and 92nd Street in New York.

The concert will feature Charlie Mingus, Eddie Bert, Thelonious Monk, dancer Zandu, Teo Macero and others. Tickets can be obtained by mail or visit to the YMHA.

How High the Drummers

e're not sure just how seriously we should take a phenomena which has lately occurred on both coasts, but we'll report it for what it's worth.

Treading gingerly along 46th Street between Seventh and Sixth Avenue one night last month, we nearly stumbled over a score of citizens peering into Henry Adler's Music Shop window. By hollering "Press," and murmuring "Excuse Me," we managed to press nose to window pane only to see that Sam Ulano, drummer and business-

(Continued on page 10)





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Cliff Stone interviews Roy Harte during the latter's endurance contest

man, was sitting at the drums, attired in leopard skin and undershirt, beating happily away with something of a faraway expression in his eyes. Also in the window space were several signs: "Sam Ulano has now been playing for 36 consecutive hours," and "Sam Ulano is soon to open in Safari," and "Sam Ulano plays Gretsch drums exclusively." (It's obvious, of course, that he also plays Gretsch drums extensively and excessively at that rate.)

At the same time, unknown to us, drummer Roy Harte was engaged in a similar marathon on requested his absence because

that other coast. Moving from place to place to stay awake, Roy managed to keep going for 57 hours.

But our boy Ulano copped the title, regardless of what that bounder Harte may have said over radio and television the next day. Sam told us that he started off weak because of bad advice. His doctor had told him to rely on liquids for the ordeal and it wasn't until another doctor put him on a steak and chops. diet that Sam really found his groove. After 58 hours, the police

there was something of a traffic. Heath and Kenny Clark, playing jam developing on 46th Street. So Sam, switching to a street drum, meandered over to the Bob and Ray show for awhile. then fell into a studio at station WINS where he fell asleep after 67 hours. 11 minutes and 40 seconds of time-keeping. It hardly seems necessary to say that Sam was the leader on the gig.

Education

In Tempo

ules Colomby, a young man about music, with a record company, Signal, to boost it. has developed an idea for jazz educational records. Taking his cue from records made in the past ("they never really made it"), he has just released a 12" LP, with accompanying lead sheets and notes done by Hall Overton, which would seem to be an answer to the young jazzman's prayer. The first release (there are several more on the way). features a strong rhythm section composed of Duke Jordan, Percy

one whole side of the LP, offering, thereby, a foundation for young soloists to play with. On the reverse, Gigi Gryce joins the group, on the same tunes, to show how it could be done. So the record can suit either listeners or players.

Jules, who learned to play by listening to records, feels that his LP really captures the authentic feeling of jazz, "which none of the others have done." And, although he intends to record modern jazz of all kinds, he is rather dedicated to this particular idea for the moment because of its possible help to the musician of tomorrow who is learning today.

Jules is a welcome addition to the recording business. A wellschooled musician, whose father sang in opera, he has studied with Hall Overton for the past two years. In these new records he has attempted to give as natural a background to the new musician as he can: "There is a complete variety of music and form in each LP, but, basically,

(Continued on page 12)



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Loco men: Pete Terrace, vibes; bassist Julio Andino; Bob Flash and Luis Kant. Joe is in the middle.



they fall into a normal pattern of an introduction, a chorus, a layout and then fours." The records will be reviewed in the next issue.

Л

Just in case you haven't heard them all, you might be interested to know that there are now twenty-eight records of George Shearing's Lullaby of Birdland.

Call Him Loco

e spent one of the funniest evenings that we can remember with Joe Loco last month. Loco, who has a rather rectangular figure, is a very special brand of character—almost in the Dali tradition. And he, probably more than anyone else, is responsible for this thing we call the mambo.

"We were playing it here, in Harlem, in 1936," he says. "Nobody liked it. I did. That's why they called me Loco. But it had to go all the way back out of the States and then back here before it really made it.

"You know my kids don't ever play mambo records. They think I'm a square," and then comes the gargantuan laughter which is as much his identification as is the mambo.

Joe was the mastermind behind most of the early Latin bands in New York: Tito Rodriguez, Machito, Noro Morales, Tito Puente, etc. Yet his early beginnings in music were centered around dancing and the violin. He never made it with the fiddle, but he did play the RKO Keith circuit for awhile as a dancer. By 1939 he was playing seven different instruments as well as arranging and

composing, all talents which he used through a succession of jobs with a slew of name bands. Now he's set with a quintet composed of young musicians, most of whom are graduates of top music schools. Says Joe: "Every city we go to, classmates of my boys come to hear us. They can't make the clave, but they dig us."

The value of music was proven again last month when Patrick Mele, 17, on trial in New York for possession of a stolen guitar played Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, for the judge, who had asked him whether he could play the instrument. Mele's lawyer played Home on the Range for an encore and the judge dismissed the charges.

The Helping Hand

The two correspondents listed below, have problems which they have tried to solve elsewhere. Perhaps some of our readers can be of assistance. Harold Sunners, Box 13, Brooklyn, New York is attempting to complete his collection of Bing Crosby records. Get in touch with him if you have knowledge of: I've Got the Girl (Co 824) with Don Clark, A Bundle of Old Love Letters (Co 2047), You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me (Co 2171), La Paloma (Co 50070), Christmas Melodies (Co 50098), Susianna (Ok 41228), Spell of the Blues (Ok 41181), I Found You (Br 6248) or any V-Discs and transcriptions of Bing's.

Moe Moss, The Marcolian, Marietta College, Marietta, Ohio, is doing a paper on Bunny Berigan, and needs any and all material about Bunny.

DATELINE USA

Boston Jazz In A Stable

clan. Music without misery can sticks. be an excellent quality of a Perhaps one of the most interthing so dynamic as jazz.

of a very noteworthy star in are not solely devoted to new Boston ears.

house in the small room with mosphere, and Groovin' High to fine demonstrations of what you name just a few. Even several might classify as modern swing. Count Basie numbers are in-Herb Pomeroy's warm and full cluded like 920 Special and voiced trumpet was a welcome Tickle Toe. sound once again in this area. Of course, changes will take Herb was with Stan Kenton up place in personnel. Probably by to last December, and when he the time you read this column decided to travel again, he may someone else may be part of very well rejoin the Kenton the group. But, the basic idea is crew. Another Kentonian, Varty what remains and what will per-Haroutunian, shared leads with petnate this type of club. These Herb with his sax's very wide musicians want to make sure tonal range. At piano, Ray San- that they produce music that is tisi, a very deliberate musician, not only harmonically and mewon the appreciation of very lodically sound but also perfect many in the audience in glowing from the rhythmic point of view terms. Bassist John Neves is the as they continue to offer this fourth talented member of the very acceptable jazz bill of fare. quintet. He plays with easy- The whole atmosphere of the understanding, and his is a very club is one of a relaxed session. tasteful contribution to the If you can picture it, it is like a group. His bass work seemed session in your own home to especially well suited to the which you had invited a number acoustics of this rather unusually of your friends. The lack of shaped room. Uncle Sam had cover charge, I suppose, adds exclusive rights to John's talents much to this impression. until last September. Then, be- A club like this does not spring

R elaxation has become one hind them all, in position only, of the intrinsic elements of was a real driving force in the modern day jazz. The so-called drum work of Jimmy Zitano. As "West Coast School" is especial- you might have surmised, this is ly notable for the calm and re- a group that really swings, and serve of much of the great jazz no small share of the respon-produced by followers of the sibility jumps on the Zitano

esting things about the ensemble This all leads into a discussion is the scope of repertoire. They Boston jazzdom-The Stable on sounds and standard jazz-horses. Huntington Avenue. Perhaps Some of their finest work is you were as unaware of the talent taken from quaint bits of musispotlighted in the Jazz Workshop cal offerings that go back a "full as I was before I dropped in for ten years or more" but which a set or two and finally spent most definitely still have a place the evening listening to some of in modern music. Some of the the most easy-going and top-numbers come from Charlie notch local jazz available to Parker, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, etc., with titles like Night Five men played to a full in Tunisia, Shawnuff, Dizzy At-

up out of nothing. Boston had a Jazz Workshop, which was a school of music and not a club, at one time. Charlie Mariano and Herb Pomeroy were the

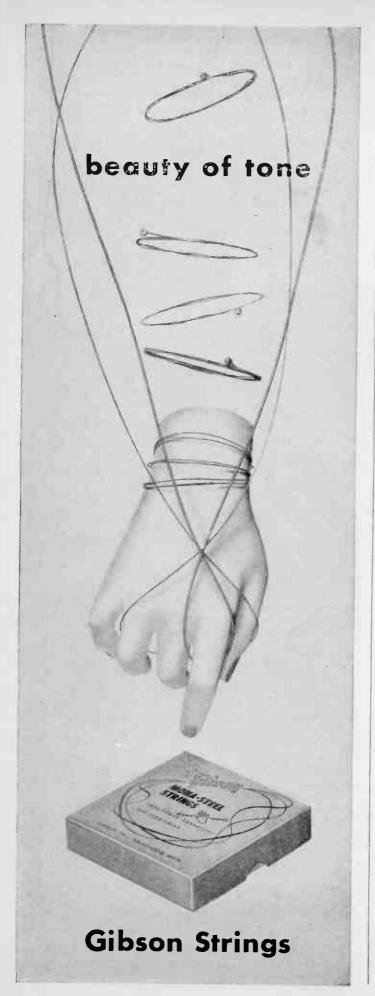
(Continued on page 14)



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THE MARTIN BAND INSTRUMENT COMPANY, ELKHART, IND.

Herb Pomeroy



prime movers of this organization. When they left Boston in April 1954 to join Stan Kenton, the school closed.

Dick O'Donnell had this room in the Stable where he had unsuccessfully experimented with almost everything before he tried jazz. He planned to give local musicians a chance to play and invited former members of the school over to the room in an attempt to turn out something commercial but not devoid of quality. When he turned to jazz. Dick stuck with it all the way through some pretty gloomy weeks until the present Work-

shop became the successful venture that it obviously is.

The modern sound of this particular group in a swinging motif is an experience well worth a night's listening. When Herb and Varty blow in unison. the effect is excellent because of their control and technique. Perhaps, the general presentation is a little too impersonal. Few in the audience really seem to know the sources of the various musical ideas because there is no attempt at introductions. But, musically, it's a good idea to swing to a night at the Jazz Workshop. Paul D. Coss



KEN HANNA

Hollywood

Bandleader

n these days-or should I sav in this daze-of finding something new in the band business-Ken Hanna out here in Hollywood has a courageous and commendable if-not-new approach to the business. As everyone and everything is automatically typed for the sake of identification, I would say the character setting for Ken's musical activities is his overall and thorough projection of the key men in his band: both instrumentally and arrangement-wise. While many leaders, in forming new bands, are concerned with their own styles. presentations, ideas. Ken is busily making his musicians and their respective works a living personal part of everything he does: putting the big accent of merit on individuals in the band. Let us not be confused. This is not meant to infer that Ken himself does not contribute in musical abundance to his organization. He does. And his arrangements are of such a racy, meaty calibre that it would be difficult or impossible for listeners or dancers not to remember him.

When I first saw Ken Hanna at a rehearsal, I thought he looked exactly like a business man: an accountant for a quite reputable and thriving firm of stock-brokers or something like that. Act two: same scene: He is a business man! He minds his own business (his band) with such care and (again I use the word) thorough understanding of all problems involved, that I doubt if any casualty would find him unprepared to meet the moment's demands. He's on the ball so much that he looks at times to be a bomb in abevance; withal, however, giving confidence that he knows where and how that ball is going. His meticulous attention to the human element, the personal details concerning the band, as well as business protocol could indubitably give him a priority to success over those with great talent who lack his tenacity.

The line-up of the band is certainly musically ambitious and leaves little to be required. Dick Nash that underrated, under-

(Continued on page 30)



Hanna trombonists: Dave Wells and Dick Nash

Trenton-

New Jersey Jazz

If there ever was a Gornischtville as lar as the cause of jazz was concerned, then New Jersey's state capital—Trenton—is it. Or maybe this observer should say "was." As Red Buttons used to say before he started changing his writers, "strange things are happening."

The sweltering drought that was the Trenton musical scene has been cooled to some extent by the energetic efforts of two Trentonians, one the brother of one of the most fruitful trombonists who ever blew; the other a local boy who has made good in the promotional end of show business and who is trying to hip his prune-ish home town.

The two in particular are Bob Jenny, whose brother Jack fronted one of the great bands of the '30's and whose waxing of *Stardust* was pretty far out for his day, and Don Palmer (nee Plumeri), member of a prominent Trenton family and manager of Charlie Ventura for nine semesters.

Jenny, blowing the same kind of rich train Jack was famous for, front, a pretty tasty four-piece outfit known as the Bob Jenny All-Starx at the White Horse Bowling Academy. This in itself would be phenomenal for my burg, the presence of a group producing something other than Dobzheh, Dobzheeh, Everybody—POLKA! or Pinto Pal O' Mine.

But even more remarkable is the way White Horse patrons have been showing up for Bob's Sunday jazz bashes which feature a "name" star backed by some exulerant local cats.

So far, such jazz diversities as modern tenor man Al Cohn, the fabulous Neets O' Day, and all-round clarinetist Peanuts Hucko have gigged here with Jenny on these four-hour concerts, and the results have been gratifying. Neets, for instance, drew 200 people one week.

Let's look at the Jenny group. Bob, himself, is a consummate swing musician . . . able to lend his horn either to driving uptempos or something soulful like Mood Irdigo.

While with Claude Thornhill he was on the Columbia Anthropology recording. Fran Warren's Sunday Kind of Love and a Icw other things. His band credits also include stints with Bunny Berigan and brother Jack.

Rounding out the group is Lou Mercuri, Burlington guitarist, definitely a modernist: Harry Lombardo, a fine accordionist, and Harry Dimmick, beat-conscious bassist who also sings in the manner of a middle-aged Mcl Torme.

Lou, an old time buddy of Tony Mottola, was Billy Butterfield's guitarist some time back: Lombardo (the wrong Guv. thank heaven), has been featured with various hotel and society combos and jammed with Mat Mathews when Mat first reached the U.S., and Dimmick plucked for Ronny

(New Faces) Graham in the days when the zany put down some modern piano and led a group known as the Four Guys.

The other jazz benefactor. Palmer, was responsible for Trenton's first big theatre jazz concert, the appearance of the big Kenton-Tatum-Ventura-Rogers package last Fall. Even Hurricane Hazel couldn't keep a goodly 2,400 away from the 9 P.M. show.

Palmer, in the booking business ever since he latched onto the management of Berigan's crew in '11, at this writing had arranged for Ventura and Mary Ann McCall to play the E. Front St. Town Club, a spot usually covered by the shakers, rattlers and rollers.

Sol Weinstein





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Letters To The Editor

Pro . . .

That new Yearbook-WOW! Gene Estrat Columbus, Ohio

... And Con

I have just completed a reading dollar. I wish to put before you some observations not at all intended as constructive criticism.

The editors of METRONOME have won their long and persistent battle ington (page 58). to secure a recognized status for jazz as an art form. However, this end has been accomplished, it is feared, at the expense of the emasof which was to stimulate, today succeeds only in mesmerizing the listener. As examples I offer: the

gentle cooling of Getz, Johnny Smith's vapid and limp sounds, the With Strings trash . . . and Sarah Vaughan's plagiarism of Patti Page . . .

We might also consider something as mundane as the clothing worn by the modern musician. In their Brook's Brother suits, musicians resemble bank clerks and of your latest entry (JAZZ 1955) in junior executives rather than the sweepstake for the consumer's esoteric artists. Unfortunately, modern jazz is tame and respectable, a fact implicitly recognized by Charles (page 53), Mingus (page 54). Rogers (page 55) and Wall-

Progressive jazz, the editors claim, is at a sane and listenable level with a commercial appeal it once lacked. When has sanity and culation of jazz. Jazz, the function commercial appeal been considered significant criteria in the evaluation of jazz. The type of jazz Met-RONOME is promoting can best be

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16

described as bourgeois jazz: similar in scope and depth to bourgeois cubism, wherein kitchen cabinets are painted to resemble a Mondrian. More people listen to jazz today not because they have realized a newly found appreciation in art, but because jazz has lowered its standards and in this the editors of METRONOME are implicated. Surely, aficionados always appreciated Les Brown's rather stilted conception of jazz, since he was pioneering good dance music in a hostile area. But to compare that brand of jazz with Woody's was to be both sacriligious and stupid. Obviously, Brown's conception of jazz has not changed significantly; hence, this must mean that the editors' conception has changed. In the twenties, I am today it is equated with "cultural advance-nent."

Among musicians I find that Kenton and Brubeck are foremost in the development of bourgeois jazz. They are also the most financially successful . . . Brubeck, the frateraity boy's Liberace . . . I am not enthralled by either Desmond's rodent-like squeaks or Brubeck's glance of rapture. And swing? Not if that group were soldered to a pendulum . . .

However, in all fairness, I must confess that the tendencies I have been deploring in fazz are merely a special case and illustration of the malaise in which all the arts are today . . in one respect I am in agreement with the editors: jazz is certainly the expression of the sentiments of the people—middle brow jazz for middle brow people . . .

J. S. Zawacki R. Hilbert

State College, Pa.

(Ed. Note: Without any doubt, the last paragraph of the above letter is as good an answer to the problem as any. We believe that jazz, along with other arts has been becalmed in a foldrum for the past several years, making each year's choices somewhat difficult in some categories. This malaise, natural to art as a whole, has seen musicians and listeners catching up, as it were, to the massive revolutionists of early bop (please see the April issue). For those several years there has been no musician of equal stature, say to Bird, who could propel and lead our music into new and fresher channels. What has happened (please see June ssue) has not been to the taste of many, including at least one member of this editorial poard. However, beneath the surface, there are beginnings of a fresh music, still in its developing stages. Ironically, the writers mention several of the new experimentalists (of he masculine approach) in what might be assumed to be a derogatory manner. Yes, we to believe that the cool approach has often been frigid. Yes, we do decry the lack of real swing—surely you don't mean to imply that the pendulum's swing is consistent to that of azz? No, we do not believe that our concepcion has changed for the worse, only that it is often frustrated. Our main quarrel with this etter concerns the primativist attitde which seems to underly it. Surely, you won't deny the musician his right to attractive clothes? Surely esoteric musicians need not always be in revolt against everything. Surely, there is no per se reason for jazz musicians to be esoteric; hence, "intelligible to a few." whatever your alleged purpose, we found your letter "constructive," and we thank you for it, wishing that we had the patience ourselves to accompany these brief words of advice: the change is coming and, as it grows, we will report it, salute it and heave one, great diatonic sigh for its having come.—B.C.)

Pen Pal Anyone?

I'm a Finnish boy aged 24 and should like to write with American boys and girls. Could you possible be so kind that you would tell it to the readers . . . Mr. Cayrie F. A. Mikkola, Weaksellsway 8, 2nd Floor, Eira, Helsinki, Finland . . .

Millions of regards from Finland to the country of jazz. Thanks!

Cayrie Mikkola

Helsinki, Finland

Al's Pal

I have just finished reading the February issue . . . 1 have read your intelligently written magazine for three years and, I believe that it is, in simple terms, the end. The reason that prompted me to write was Al Zeiger's seventh article on *The Criteria for Musica Understanding*. It is the most accurate analysis of the components of jazz that I have ever read. I would like to compliment his work and hope it continues . . . (Ed. Note: See next month's issue.)

Jack R. Gould

Portland, Oregon



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GIBSON, INC., Kalamazoo, Michigan

TAL FARLOW

Those

FABULOUS DORSEYS

by George T. Simon

The area directly in front of the bandstand was crowded. The area in back of the area in front of the bandstand was crowded. The areas on both sides of the areas in front of the bandstand and in back of the area in front of the bandstand were crowded. The place was packed.

The place was a well-known New England ballroom. Business had been just fair. But, "it's like old times tonight," said the assistant manager. "I haven't seen such enthusiasm since the good old band days. I've seen people here tonight I haven't seen in ten years. Then they were here on dates. Tonight they're here as married couples. Wonder where they got all those baby-sitters! Those Dorseys sure are bringing back the band business!!"

On the bandstand Tommy and Jimmy were taking turns directing the clean, well-modulated tones of their band, a band that was playing rhythmic, danceable music all night long, given a tremendous lift by the inspiring drumming of Buddy Rich, and obviously satisfying both the dancers and those who had come to look and listen.

Why had they acome? One of the big

reasons was because they had seen the band so often on their regular Saturday night television program, *Stage Show*, a Summer as well as sometimes replacement for Jackie Gleason, a man who has a tremendous love for good popular music, and who has been doing so very much to promote it. Beneficiaries of Gleason's interest have been the Dorseys, whom Jackie holds in high esteem musically and personally.

Tommy and Jimmy are extremely appreciative. "Let's face it," they agree, "without his help we wouldn't be drawing the crowds we have." Their band, they feel is good, probably better than either one has had in many years. One of the reasons it plays so well is because it is inspired—by the audiences which are receptive even before the band blows a note, and by the musicianship of men such as Buddy Rich, whom the Dorseys would not be able to afford without the help that their TV shows have given them.

"We like to think that the band business is coming back," is what they are saying these days. "We're doing well, but we don't get the most encouraging reports about all

the bands from all the promoters. Things are better than they were, but they're still not what they could or should be."

What they could be depends a great deal upon the exposure that dance bands are given. Joan Weber's Let Me Go, Lover, Bob Manning's My Love Song to You and Johnny Desmond's Hearts and Flowers were exposed to television just once each, and yet the demand immediately following their appearances for the recordings of their numbers was fantastic. Undoubtedly the same sort of exposure has benefited the Dorseys, even though they have no major record company to tie-in with. But it certainly has reflected in the business the band has been doing in colleges, in night clubs and even on the supposedly dying onenighter location circuit.

The public comes to see and hear in person what it has been seeing and hearing on TV. How many people come to dance is another matter. Says Jimmy: "They still don't dance the way they used to before the war. But they're doing more of it than they did a year ago." Says Tommy: "A lot of the kids just haven't been doing much dancing. They've been mostly listening. Give 'em a little time. They'll get used to it and they'll see how much fun it is. Just so long as we can get them there in the first place. That's what counts. At least they're coming around to see what it's all about."

The Dorseys will be back next Fall for a regular CBS series, again sponsored by Gleason, this time in the half-hour spot immediately preceding his regular *Honeymooners* sketch. Jackie, in the meantime, is preparing another shot in the arm for the band business with a different Summer replacement show this year: a full hour of dance bands, four on every program, each Saturday night on CBS-TV. Instead of the Dorseys getting the sole exposure, four different outfits will benefit each week. There's no telling how great the band business will be next year!



BIG BANDS

BUSINESS Is Better



Bandleader's Association: Stan Kenton, Orrin Tucker and Freddy Martin. Lawrence Welk, Les Brown, Harry James and Ray Anthony. Sam Donahue, Woody Herman, Leo Anthony, Jerry Gray.

Things are looking up for dance bands. There's an optimistic note, playable in every key, that's pervading the business these days and signaling the end of the drought that has been plaguing musicians, leaders, bookers, promoters, and all the other people connected with the success and failure of dance bands individually and as a group.

The success of the Dorsey Brothers, as detailed on the previous page of this issue, is the most obviously encouraging note of all. Their TV show and their careers have been enjoying tremendous success, so much so that the band has been signed for the important half hour preceding Jackie Gleason's regular program next season, while the summer replacement series, which was so successful last year when it featured the Dorseys, will now spot four outlits per week!

But big band record sales are also going up. The trend is more noticeable on packaged goods, on LPs and EPs, than on single records. Gala, high-priced items like the two Glenn Miller albums and now the Stan Kenton Era have proved that there is still much money around that will support big band enterprises. Woody Herman, who had been struggling along with mediocreselling single records, now has what he feels is his biggest seller in years with his new Capitol LP. Benny Goodman has also popped up with a new LP as a follow-up to his two very successful packages. Les Brown's Coral album did well. Harry James is finding his best outlet to be long-playing records. So are Santer and Finegan. And the same Dorseys, unsuccessful in their attempt at singles, now plan a whole series of LP releases.

One-nighter business is improving. Though still nothing compared with the great turn-outs of the late 'thirties and early 'forties, there are crowds these days, bigger crowds than had been appearing for some time, crowds big enough to hearten promotors who have had almost nothing but discouragement for the past years.

Things are looking up. Why? Perhaps it might make the entire picture clearer if we tried to figure out why things were looking down for so long.

People say "bands went out when singers came in." True. But why did singers come in? "Change in tastes," they reply. "You know, the cycle." There may be some truth in that. It's a nice, comfortable, abstract way to excuse the band business. After all, who can prevent cycles? "Just wait," they explain. "The cycle will complete itself. Bands will come back."

As convenient and as abstractly encouraging as the cycle theory may be, it is my contention that more positive (or in a sense, more negative, as you will see) factors played a major part in the decline of dance band's popularity. While bands were being heard, they were becoming increasingly more popular. When the war

came, there was a musician shortage to be sure, but there still remained many fine and successful bands like those of Woody Herman, Les Brown, Benny Goodman, Harry James, both Dorseys, and others. True, gas rationing hurt the one-nighter business, but bands could still have been heard just as readily on radio and records as singers were being heard if it hadn't been for the unfortunate and ruinously lengthy record ban. With that ban lasting as long as it did, listeners started to become less and less used to hearing bands and more and more used to hearing singers. Coupled with the sentimental moods achieved by singers, and other factors, such as the closer "me-to-you" mood that they were able to create, and which parted lovers were more easily able to identify with themselves and their loved ones, the absence of music by dance bands, which could have been used as ammunition in the fight to save the lives of these bands, was disastrous. An eventual settlement with the record companies came too late. The damage had been done, and now, more than ten years later, dance bands are still trying to mend their fences.

The unfortunate part of it all was that disc jockeys were becoming increasingly more powerful. Anxious to establish themselves first and then to hold their jobs, the disc jockeys naturally catered to the public's tastes. There were some who genuinely wanted to support bands, but they had neither new records with which to do it, nor the support of their bosses, whose primary aim was to satisfy their listeners, to encourage them. As the radio business is set up, disc jockeys follow trends, they don't set them.

Meanwhile, television was coming in. For awhile, there was some hope that this medium might help to bring back bands. There were several shows that featured big bands as well as small jazz groups. But the right formula never emerged. Television's disgraceful sloughing off of the sound problem probably did more than anything else to ruin band presentations. Today, this still remains a major problem, one which is too seldom recognized by those in television, and one which too few people connected with television are equipped to do anything about. No matter how good a band show may look, it's likely to have little emotional impact on the viewers unless it is accompanied by exciting sound. Once television recognizes this fact and does something about it, the future of televised music in general will be much

That the Dorsey Brothers show has been as successful as it has been can be attributed to several factors, not the least of which is Jackie Gleason's popularity. The show, itself, has been smartly produced with an aura of glamor possessed by few of several previous, similar attempts. And, let's face it, glamor of this sort can be a mighty effective convincer.

But, whereas television, which for such

Three of a kind. all royalty: Goodman, Basie and Ellington



a long time was considered a major factor in the fall of dance bands, is now doing so much to bring them back, it is going to take more than TV exposure to keep bands alive. Eddie Sauter, in another article in this issue, discusses the importance of participation when listening to music. Just as important is the participation when dancing to it.

Ballroom dancing has, in many ways lost popularity since the dance band era. The Arthur Murray exhibitions on TV and the mushrooming of dance studios have helped to keep it alive. But in almost all instances, the dancing has been to canned, rather than to live, music. There has been little attempt on anybody's part to show how much fun it can be to dance to live music—actually, how much more fun it can be. If any of the TV shows devoted to music were to concentrate on dancing, plus a live dance orchestra, dancing and dance bands would receive a tremendous boost.

In the final analysis, in order to reassert themselves into the public's consciousness, dance bands need promotion. They have been getting it, and will probably be getting it in even larger doses through television. Radio continues to be less kind, though there are number of disc jockeys who are concentrating more and more upon dance bands and who, in several instances, have developed such an avid following that their program managers have deviated from their usual routine and haven't told them summarily to "cut it out or get out!"

Record companies are trying to plug bands more, though their policy of defining their sphere of waxed activity to longplaying records has tended to keep dance band records off the air, thereby drastically limiting the promotion, via radio, of bands. The greater acceptance of packaged dance band performances has, in a sense, been a saviour for many outfits, which otherwise might not be recording at all, and the companies are to be commended for this partial solution of the problem. Yet, on the other hand, a bit more understanding and daring on the part of a, and r, heads can conceivably produce single records that would achieve as much an exposure as the many singing sides that are flooding the market.

The most disappointing members of the dance band business have been the booking agencies. These are strictly dollars and cents men. Few of them have too much vision. Theirs is a cut-throat business in which the quick buck is the determining factor. The biggest of them all, MCA, seems to be too big to be able to afford much time to the development of bands. William Morris, a huge organization, doesn't even have a dance band department anymore. GAC, the most successful, bandwise, of the three biggest offices, has tried to keep bands alive, but the fact that its head man and super-salesman, Tom Rockwell, has not been active in the band phase of the business for seven years is pretty indicative of just how important, or unimportant, dance bands are to booking offices.

That leaves just one important segment left: the dance bands, themselves. In a sense, they can do more than all others to promote themselves. TV, radio, records and the booking offices could each, or all together, promote dance bands more avidly than they have been doing. But tinless dance bands promote their own commodity, namely music for dancing, no amount of help will keep them alive with the public's consciousness.

This is the time for all dance bands, big names, semi-names, territorial, right down to the youngest high school outfit, to take stock of themselves. Let them ask themselves just how much they are doing. What are they doing to increase their own popularity and acceptance? Is their music winning friends or antagonizing people? Are their attitudes on and off the stand encouraging participation on the part of the public or discouraging it? Do they feel that they are always right and the public is always wrong? Are they permitting their own kicks to interfere with those of the people whose support they expect and, more importantly, need?

Honest and effective self-evaluation is probably the most difficult thing for any person or any group to do. It requires not only a willingness to accept what might be unpleasant for the time being, but also an objectivity that, without some sort of outside help and guidance, few people are ever able to achieve. The questions just asked might help as some sort of a guide, especially in the light of the conclusions previously drawn.

Obviously, many people in the dance band industry have been willing to face up to reality. Two of these people have always been the Dorseys. That they are being rewarded for their honesty, for their willingness to explore and try to understand an over-all situation is one of the most hopeful signs that dance bands have seen since the end of World War II. Already the Dorseys' success has been felt by others in the business. Success such as theirs is bound to spread. It can, to repeat, be hastened by intelligent and enthusiastic participation and promotion of all concerned to bring back a condition that will in the long run benefit all concerned. Crying cannot bring back the band business. Trying can.

-George T Simon

Joe Glaser Says

There's NOTHING



Wrong With My Band Business!

There's nothing wrong with the band business that bands and booking agents can't cure. From where I sit, in fact, there's nothing wrong with the band business."

That's Joe Glaser speaking, president of Associated Booking Corporation, the largest independent booking company. A wonderful, colorful guy whose personal dynamism makes him exhausting to be with—a guy who works from nine in the morning until twelve each night—Joe is as eminently quotable as is Dan Terry, whose story is on page 25. And I'll treat him in the same way—bowing out as of right now.

"Where's the trouble," he asked me, almost belligerently. "Look at these books. Look at those guarantees. Look at the percentages. What's wrong with the business? There's nothing wrong with my band business.

"Look, I've been in this business a long time. I don't want to make trouble. But if bands are in trouble it's because of the leaders or the agencies. My bands are doing better than ever." (They are) "But lots of leaders ask for huge guarantees. Then they don't pull. Who wants them? I don't. I let them go. And the agencies. How can so many of these other guys honestly feel that they can book bands when they specialize in other fields like radio and television? We specialize in bands. We have the best and highest paid men and we know how to book bands and where. That's why Woody and Duke and Lionel and Les are with us, and lots more are trying to get with us. Look at these books!

"I'll bet you a thousand dollars that no other agencies will show you their books like this." (Put down that phone Willard Alexander, I didn't take that bet.) "What do agencies have to do? I'll tell you what ours does.

"I've been in the business for thirty years, promoting friendships. If one of my bands doesn't draw and an owner is short on cash I don't turn him in to the Unfair list. It may be the fault of my band. I give him a break. Thieves are a different thing. For years, when I traveled with Louis Armstrong, we came out with money when we drew and came out empty when we didn't. Twenty years ago I onis was the first Negro attraction to play the Jacksonville Pier in Florida. Then, we all got sheepherded all over the place. They wouldn't even let me go to the toiler. Now things have changed. Louis' done a lot of that, both musically and because we treated everyone square.

"Leaders should get wise to this package deal. They shouldn't go out on salary. We book our packages, only expecting commission, with the leaders as partners with each other.

"Most times, I think, a bandleader has to be a good instrumentalist. But that's not necessary. What I'm looking for is a man who has great personality, who has complete control over his men and who plays danceable music—otherwise there's no sense being in this field—music that has individuality.

"Sometimes it's possible to make a success purely on looks or with money and a smart manager. There are a few guys now who are doing it well. Any guy who has those other things—what I really want—can get to me anytime, whether he makes \$5 or \$5,000. I'll talk and listen." (That's so. Joe is more available than anyone else in this business.)

"Guys who have that are Lombardo and Russ Morgan and Freddy Martin, They'll go on forever. And guys like the Dorseys and Harry James (I don't represent them), they'll always be successful. Basie's another example. Willard Alexander represents him. He's never had a better band, and he always does well.

"Other things? Sure! The way to build a band is to book it with a package. Look at what we did for Jerry Fielding. He can go back now and work the same places all by himself.

"Leaders have to watch the prices they ask. Les Brown does. For the few weeks that he can get away each year, we book him solid—no big gurantees, but good percentages. Les plays 60 to 90 dates and goes into percentage on 75% of the dates. He's already booked for this whole Summer.

"Singers don't mean anything with bands today. It finished with Doris Day. So leaders shouldn't depend on them.

"But agencies are going to have to wake up. They've got to watch what their bands ask for. They've got to get the publicity out. (I send 25 or more pictures on a band date, plus publicity and records.) And bands have to get to record men like Bob Thiele, Milt Gabler and Jimmy Hilliard—they really try for the bands, like Capitol is doing a great job for Duke. But some companies won't do anything but vocalists.

"Lionel Hampton is living proof, though, that you don't need a record to make it. He's the highest paid theatre band in the country, and the biggest band attraction in Europe; he's just getting back from a tour that lasted from October 6 to March 28 and he hasn't had a record since he left Decca.

(Continued on page 53)

METRONOME

musical band can always reach those interested in music. Such is the opinion expressed by Eddie Sauter, partner, arranger and part-time toy trumpeter of the Sauter-Finegan band, considered by many to be the most musically daring orchestra to come along in the past decade. Unfortunately, however, the number of "those interested in music" is rather small, so that Eddie does not wax too enthusiastic when discussing the commercial future of strictly musical bands.

But, the situation, according to Eddie, can be improved in two ways. It can be improved through action on the part of the bands, and it can be improved through action on the part of the listeners.

The usual prescription for a band is to "get more commercial." To this Sauter adds some additional ingredients. "There's the danger of bending over so far that you lose your identity and your musicianship. Then you become just another band that has nothing to offer music. You create nothing new. If that's what you want to do, then go ahead. Some of us, though, feel we have something to say. And we want to say it. But many of us have found, through experience, that you can't live in a vacuum. In order to exist, we have to give the people what they want, and what they want is dance music more than they do modern jazz. Modern jazz just doesn't lend itself to the type of dance music that people want, and so the logical conclusion is for a band of our sort to have two books, one for dancing and one for listening. This is something we've been working on for some time now, and I feel it's the only solution that will let us keep both our band and our self-respect intact."

For good music to survive, Eddie feels that there's another possible solution, one which will take more time but which will, in the end, prove to be far more satisfying to all concerned. "The trouble with most people is," he says, "that they think of music as a servant, as a lackey, which should stay strictly in the background and never intrude. Notice the way most people listen to music. They play their sets real soft, so that they can talk over it or do whatever else they want to without interference. But the real listener, the one who wants music, likes to hear it full blast, so that he can hear everything that is happening.

"The difference is that the first kind is listening for nothing in particular. But the second kind, who has some idea of what music is all about, and of what he should be listening to, does so because he wants, in a sense, to participate in what is going on.

"The greatest thing that can happen for music, and for bands of our kind, is to encourage listening participation through education. If the schools would only make music appreciation more attractive to their students, so that they would really want to

Eddie Sauter Says

PARTICIPATE

WHILE YOU LISTEN

learn about music, I think you would soon see a tremendous improvement in the musical tastes of the general public.

"After all, let's face it, music is not vital to most people. They're much more interested in the Top Ten, in what some of us call 'Sewer Music,' than they are in anything of quality. The average dance band listener wants most of all a raw melody, relentless pounding by an incessant beat, sort of an old-fashioned after-beat, like the Six Fat Dutchmen and groups like that.

"Yet, on the other hand, college students appreciate more advanced music. I don't want to sound snobbish, but it seems fairly obvious that the reason they do appreciate more advanced music is that the basic thing any college does is teach people how to think. It's not that every college has a wonderfully advanced music appreciation course, but rather that all colleges encourage students to open their eyes and their ears so as to extend their perception beyond the raw, basic emotions. Along these lines, I'd like to recommend a new book by Henry Pleasant called The Agony of Modern Music, which certainly will cause a lot of people to think."

Not that Sauter has anything against raw, basic emotions. What is probably the most emotional-sounding band around today, Count Basic's, is his favorite, "the most thrilling thing I've ever heard, except maybe his old band. Their musical perception, the way they play together, is fabulous. They should be voting Basie for President!"

The Basie band, though its rhythmic appeal is emotional, is not old-fashioned, does not concentrate on raw melody, ignores most of the Top Ten, does not play sewer music. Instead, as everyone knows, it plays great jazz, simpler than the music of the Sauter-Finegan band, and yet music that is not appreciated by the masses as much as it is by the educated minority. Which seems to bear out Sauter's theory, that it takes a desire for active participation on the part of the majority of the listening public for a band that plays good music to succeed-a desire, plus the opportunity to know how to participate, via education. Idealistic thinking? Maybe. And yet, probably the most realistic approach to a problem that has always beset musical dance bands, and which will continue to beset them, until the music educators of this country really begin to peer through the smog of smugness that surrounds them in their ivory towers, open their eyes and their ears, and become active in the campaign to teach their students how to differentiate between the bad and the good, between Sammy Kaye and Count Basie, between the Six Fat Dutchmen and Sauter-Finegan.

-George T. Simon





LENNY HAMBRO

LATIN

from Manhattan

A s'long as I can't have Machito's rhythm section, you can consider me as being an ex-Latin musician. Why? Because I can't play real Latin music without them."

That could very easily have been the finish to this story because I had contacted Lennie Hambro to do a story about how a jazz musician fit-in with Latin musicians, and here he was about to leave the whole scene and form his own small group, which would play American jazz almost exclusively.

But Lennie feels strongly about it. "The only authentic musicians in the groove," he continues, "are the guys who aren't Americans. It's a particular groove, this clave—that's what it's called—and those guys are born with it just as much as we are with the jazz feeling.

"They can't make our jazz any more than we can make theirs. Sure, there are a few exceptions like bassist Bobby Rodriguez with Machito and a guy I heard in Cuba, another bass player named Quique Hernandez. But most of the Latin musicians are really lost in jazz. You know what, though, down there they're wearing pants that are so pegged that they have zippers at the cuffs.

"If you want an example on records, listen to Chico O'Farrill's Afro-Cuban Suite. On the jazz part. Machito's pianist and drummer Don Lamond never jell, yet they're both great in their own grooves.

"It's funny. Now that I'm leaving the field I really feel that I've got the clave down. You have to keep pushing in Latin music. You can't lay back. I remember that a couple days after I joined Pupi Campo's band, the drummer finally took me aside and said, 'If you want to make this thing—get nervous.' I already was nervous, because this was my first Latin band after leaving Krupa's band. But I got a little more nervous, and, sure enough, I had it."

In terms of experience, Lenny should be the most un-nervous. Born in 1923 in the Bronx, New York, he began studying saxophone when he was fourteen, added clarinet when he was sixteen, playing in a neighborhood dance band with neighbors like Shorty Rogers and Stan Getz. At seventeen he joined Gene Krupa, and stayed with him until he was drafted in 1948, rejoining the band after he was discharged, but not before he put in almost a year with Bobby Byrne and some Schillinger studies.

By this time he was playing lead alto and jazz with Gene as well as flute, all of which led him to leave Gene in 1950 for more study. And it was during that time that he played with Pupi Campo, when the story, told above, occurred.

In 1951 he joined Ray McKinley, doubling on all the reeds (and flute) and adding road managership to his many talents. Since the band was working out of New York, Lennie had the chance to record with many groups (it's a very imposing list) and among these groups was Machito's rhythm section. They liked him well enough to recommend him to Machito, which led to a job and a "wonderful" relationship between the two which only ended last month, and only because Lennie feels that he must get out and build with his own group.

And, as he said earlier in this piece, it's not going to be a Latin group. "I can make it with the right section," he repeats. "I did on those records I made for Savoy. But, like I said, I can't have Machito's rhythm section on the road, so there's no sense trying to do it. There isn't any sense even recording with them anymore, because that isn't what I'm going to be playing in clubs. So why should I confuse the people that way.

"So, what I'm using is a quartet: pianist Wade Legge, guitarist Joe Puma, bassist Gene Ramey and Ray Alexander on drums and vibes. Sure we'll play Latin things. They can't be the most authentic, but I've written some things that may make it. And I'm working on some other things

with Walter Fuller. Who knows? I may give up the Latin completely. It wouldn't be too much of a loss, because our jazz, you know, as opposed to the Latin jazz, has so much more to work with. You know on a lot of their things you only have two changes to blow on and they take fantastically long solos—sometimes ten minutes—in Latin bands."

Which reminds me, I said, how about those piano-rhythm sections in Latin arrangements, that last for a half-hour or so? Am I missing something, or is it as miserable as it sounds? "No," he said (this is beginning to sound like a child's First Reader), "it can be pretty bad. But sometimes the things really jell, especially when they keep them short, but Latin bands usually don't keep anything short. When they do jell, it's tremendous."

For the past year or so, if you'll pardon this digression, Lennie has been our unofficial correspondent without portfolio in Cuba and points South. We could cover a short wall in our office with beautiful postcards from most of the Latin countries, cards mostly of nightclubs that look like Hollywood sets, but representative, so Lennie tells us of how they build for entertainment down there. He's also tipped us off on a big band in Carracas, Venezuela, led by Luis Alphonzo Larrine, "a Mulliganstyle big band with a pianist who writes very well."

Back now in the States, Lennie is going to put all his concentration into his own group. "Headaches! Sure," he says, "that's what being on your own means. But I can't drop out of the jazz scene. It means too much to me. With my own group I can play what I want. And that's what I want to do. That, and to build up some kind of security for myself." To which I'll add these few words of salutation, congratulation and hope for success. From what I've heard, he's got more things cooking than a short-order cook as 12:05, and all of them are jazz.

-Bill Coss

Dan Terry Says

BUILD BANDS

For 1955



The only way that you can have a great band business is to have great bands."
Dan Terry talking there. Dan Terry, who has alternately succeeded and failed with bands, always the most optimistic, certainly one of the most thinking of the crop of new leaders who hope to make the band business great.

So much thinking has made Dan eminently quotable, so much so that I respectfully bow out after the next punctuation mark.

"Sweat and tears," he says, "that's what bands are built out of. Success or failure doesn't stop you, or shouldn't. Music is my whole life, so I'm always going to be trying. Only now, after five years, I think that we're finally getting what I want.

"I say we, because I'm including the guys in my band and the arrangers. When you're charting a style for a band, you have to surround yourself with musicians and arrangers who see things your way. The guys who are writing things for this band—Marty Paich, Ernie Wilkins, Marion Evans (watch him!), Osie Johnson, Quincy Jones, Al Cohn, Billy Verplank and George Handy—they see it my way.

"A band must have a live, exciting sound; nothing ethereal; a big, fat ensemble with a simplicity that you can sell. That's why I'm always looking for young musicians and arrangers—that's where the basis of an orchestra is. And I have to remember that this is 1955, and we're building for that; not 1939 or 1965.

"Thank goodness for the r&b boom. I don't like the music, but it's been the basis for many bands in the past and it certainly gets the kids dancing. That's why I think that every young guy who has a band should hang on. It's tough, but things are coming our way soon.

"Al Collins and I have done the high school circuit just lately and the reaction was tremendous. We're trying to do away with those record hops. We give the kids swing and personality. That's what they

want. "But there are bugs in the business. If they were straightened out, it would make it easier for us. Take the booking agencies. They have such closed minds as a rule. All they can say is, 'Your band's too hip.' Ali they seem to do is book their dead wood over and over. They have to realize that a new era has to be built with and for the bands. In the Mid-West, they never stopped dancing. The ballroom operators have kept building out there. But, in New York, they think you're crazy if you tell them that you have an 18-piece band. What they don't seem to realize is that new leaders have to be encouraged and built-up. Then they'd have something to cash-in on.

"Of course, the leaders have to do something. They have to become personalities. But it's hard to develop that way unless the help is there from the business end of the business. If that is there, you'll find talent climbing out of the bushes. Take Osie Johnson, for example; he'll make it as an arranger, now that he's finally getting a chance.

"Record companies are another problem. Any leader needs a label which is really sold on him, not one that just releases his records. And, of course, the band leader needs radio and television shows. And disc jockeys. Only a few, like Collins, Conover, Walker and McKenzie, really play bands as if they meant it.

"A new industry is what it amounts to, with everyone building, not just waiting to see who will click with the public before doing any real promotion.

"Back to the leader's responsibilities, again. He's got to remember that personnel is as important as are arrangements. You must have sidemen who feel your way—guys who know that the band business is on the road, and who are willing to put up with that just because they love the business. They have to understand the industry's changes—that the band business depends so much on the visual today—everybody in the band has to be personable. And everyone in the band should be able to take a jazz solo. That's the way my band is now. It's the only way to have a really vital band.

"And one more terribly important point. A leader needs a personal manager. Sure, he's got to be a businessman, but he can carry that just so far, otherwise he stops being a vital musician himself. Building a band is so often just a question of hope and faith that your manager has to be a guy who really believes in your band. If you can get someone like that—someone like Kenton's Bob Allison, for example, or like Morris Levy, who has done so much for me—then the leader can be free to attend to his band and its music.

"I guess that's it—an outline of the way I feel about the business. You need great bands for a great business. Great bands are built with sweat and held-up for a long time, mostly by hope and faith. And a lot of that—sweat, hope and faith—has got to come from the agencies, record companies, etc., if a young leader is going to get a real chance.

"As I say, I think that we've finally found our groove. Now it takes that little break and we'll be in. The only trouble is that nobody knows what the break is or how to get it."

— Bill Coss

MAY, 1955



IN PERSON

New Jazz Benny Goodman Teddy Charles Duke Ellington

NEW JAZZ Carnegie Hall

The program, New Jazz at Carnegie Hall, had an introduction by Al Collins, who claimed that the performers were "pioneers in modern jazz."

I heard no new jazz. There was only one pioneer. In this company, Gerry Mulligan was Daniel Boone himself.

Chet Baker's trumpet and group opened. Back where I was seated with Mingus, excellent bassist Jack Lawlor was un-miked and unheard, which made for an even duffer performance of watered-down Miles and Zoot sounds from Chet and tenor Phil Urso. The apathy scemed to infect Russ Freeman's piano. It's hard to believe he's the same Russ who made those fantastically inventive duo sides with Shelly Manne. Peter Littman played good time, along with newly-joined, fellow Bostonian Lawlor, but repeated almost identical sets of fours in his solos, and most of these were Max Roach 1950.

Chet sang love songs shakingly with poor lyric conception, giving the impression that he didn't really want to do it, for which I don't blame him.

The whole group lacked conviction and direction. Chet at times showed sparks of his former fire, especially when more in Miles' groove. But then, as if aware of this, he died down to mere diatonic and triadic doodling. Chet has a genuine melodic gift. His lack of creative growth is all the more sad. But, as he said in his opening remarks, "I guess I should say that I'm happy to be here, but it wouldn't be right."

Carmen McRae came out swinging. With excellent accompaniment by planist Dick Katz and Brubeck's Joe Dodge and Bob Bates, she convinced me that *Love Is Here to Stay*. In a good, clear sound, she swung through nice interpretations of standards and an original by Tony Scott. Though I didn't care for the parallel major chords arranged for the first few bars, she im-

pressed with her version of the vocally-difficult Autumn Nocturne. She closed with Yardbird Suite, marred only by an uninspired bop-scat second chorus which didn't compare with what Ella and Jackie Paris can do in that style. In fact, the only unfortunate aspect of her pleasing performance was in talking sections of her repeat choruses; her so-clear speaking voice made her sound as if she were singing wrong notes.

Following intermission, Gerry Mulligan stepped out in front of Chet's group, but the reunion failed to achieve the freshness which I heard in their early group at The Haig.

Gerry's originals sounded good; Freeway, an especially inventive piece of writing. However, he was all by himself, saying more than the rest put together, even blowing Chet up a tree on Chet's own specialty. Funny Valentine. Gerry has that ability to step into a group and compose and arrange for it spontaneously. Not only were his solos inventive, but his group playing inspired the others to a livelier performance than in their first appearance. Good counterpoint between Chet and Gerry on Freeway.

Dave Brubeck and his group were hampered by an ailing Dave (he required medical aid to make the second show). Paul Desmond's alto, Bob Bates' bass and Joe Dodge's drums sounded uninspired with that group's catalyst. Dave, unable to get with it. I felt the usual group contact was missing and that is the basis of their style of music. They played a succession of popular tunes, which again made me wonder why Dave picks such slight materials for his improvising-or is that the reason for the group's astonishing popularity? It must work, for on the way out I heard people singing Trolley Song. Unlike other performances. I've heard, this sounded like nice cocktail music.

In fact, the whole concert would have been more ensertaining in a club with attendant noise and drinks.

It seems to me that a concert at Carnegie should challenge the performers to present more than their usual recorded wares. It should call forth their highest artistic efforts. This was all old-hat to me and very boring to sit through,

But the andience, which packed both shows, liked it, and proved that what is really popular in jazz today is not "new jazz," but, rather the interpretations of popular music and popular facets of the jazz of the 1940's.

Presentation and lighting were good, though there was some hokum with the drum solo lighting, and a dancer was foisted off on the second-show audience over the objections of the musicians. Al Collins unfortunately talked down to the audience, though he was nicely informal, and since it wasn't a "serious" presentation of jazz as an art, it probably doesn't matter.

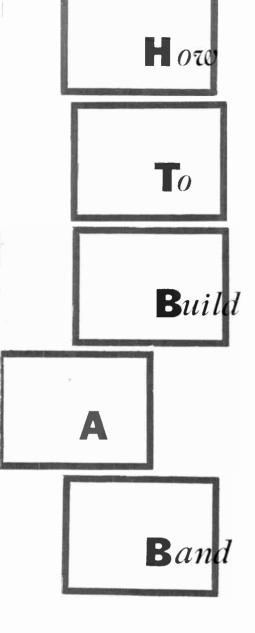
-Teddy Charles

BENNY GOODMAN

Basin Street

The octet with which Benny Goodman was playing weekends at Basin Street last month was partly wonderful. It had more spirit than Benny's recent outfits have shown, with Goodman himself, blowing more inspired clarinet. It also had four outstanding sidemen. Foremost was Urbie Green, who was positively wonderful, and whose showmanly ways in building his passages to a climax each time earned him the applause even of those who may not have appreciated everything the man was doing. Ruby Braff blew a volatile, feelingful trumpet, emoting with passion when called for, with a beat when that fit. Teddy Wilson was his usual suave, polished, tasty self. And Milt Hinton was a rock on the bass, playing with a great sound and with a forceful beat that did its best to compensate for a floundering Bobby Donaldson (who (Continued on page 41)

METRONOME



First of a Series

by George T. Simon

Every young musician wants to play in a band. Blowing a born, or beating a drum, or playing the guitar can be fun in itself, but it is nothing compared with the thrill of making music with others, of feeling and knowing that you are part of a joint effort to produce music that really means something to you and to your listeners.

Some young musicians want to play in brass bands. Others want to perform in symphonic groups. And still others prefer dance or jazz bands. It is this last group to which this series of articles is directed and dedicated, in the hope that it will help them find enjoyment and success just that much sooner in their chosen field.

How to build a band has baffled many young musicians. How do you start? What do you do? What sort of musicians do you select? What style do you choose? How do you rehearse? How do you get work? How do you improve? How do you cope with the everyday problems that arise in the building of a band?

There are no set answers to all these and to the many other questions that are bound to arise when a new band is being built. Each group has its own individual problems, based upon such conditions as musical ability, temperament of its personnel, community encouragement and/or interference, financial situations, and the many other factors that enter into the creation of any organization, musical or otherwise.

It is of primary importance, when starting to organize a band, to decide just what sort of a band you are going to form. Right at the start you must decide which is going to be of more importance: playing for kicks or playing for money. Not that it is impossible to do both, but so often conflicts arise between the two that it is most advisable to be sure at the very outset whether the desire to have fun or the desire to make money will be the paramount factor in resolving those conflicts.

Here again one person, the organizer, cannot make his decision in a vacuum. If, for example, he wants to build a jazz band for kicks, he must ascertain first whether there are enough musicians available who will join him in such a venture, and also whether they are equipped to do so. If, on the other hand, he wants to go into the band business strictly for commercial reasons, he must find out first whether his community can support his organization. Perhaps there may be room for another five-piece combo but not for another big band. Or, on the other hand, the town may be full of combos, but doesn't possess a first-rate big band that will play at its larger and more formal occasions.

Assuming, then, that a decision has been reached as to the primary aim of organizing the band, the next move, naturally, will be to go ahead and organize it. And so we come to the matter of personnel, a matter that has been of utmost importance

to just about every dance band ever or ganized. Undoubtedly, you have a few friends who are interested in playing in a dance band, musicians with whom you may have played in school, or studied with under the same instructor, or become friendly with at the local music store. Per haps you already have enough musicians to choose from, though, if you do, your case is the exception. Most bands, when they start, almost always have a need for at least one or two, often more, musicians And so they start looking around. "Sam just started playing sax a short time ago and we can put him on second alto"; or "Joe hasn't touched his trombone in years, but he can probably work up his lip a bit and fill in for us." Reasoning, or rationalizing, such as this is often used. It is just as often disastrous, for it is extremely inportant to remember that just one truly weak musician can hold up the progress of an entire band until such time as he catches up with the others. And since the others are also constantly improving, unless this musician comes along much faster than the rest (and this is possible, though not usual), the progress of the band, as a group, will be greatly impeded.

As much as possible, try to round up musicians who are in more or less the same class. If you don't know where they are, ask around. Talk to the men at the local music stores, at the phonograph shop, in the various instruction studios. Noise it about that you're interested in starting a band. Publicity can bring amazing results. Work through schools. Most of them have music departments. Not all music supervisors are sympathetic toward dance bands, though the day of this sort of narrow-mindedness is fast disappearing. But if you are confronted with some old fogies, then find out who the musicians are and approach them directly. In other words, use a little ingenuity. Your enthusiasm, especially if it is obvious, can be a big help.

A word of warning: be wary of musicians who are far ahead of you in ability and experience. It's possible that you may find one or two who have tremendous enthusiasm and a real desire to help young musicians get started. But musicians who have been around a long time and who. you feel, are just latching onto your group for kicks and maybe the chance to make a little extra cash, can also harm the morale of the group. Stop to investigate why they're not working on a job that's commensurate with their ability. Perhaps they can't get along with others. Maybe their personal habits are poor. Young musicians are easily influenced by veterans, especially those who have the ability to play good jazz, and they have a tendency to emulate them in more than musical ways. So if an older musician comes along with a line such as "Man, I used to blow for Tommiy Dorsey, but I don't dig that sort of music."

(Continued on page 45)





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Ken Hanna

(Continued from page 14)

heard, fabulous trombone player whose brother Ted everyone knows so well: not discounting the equally distinguished Dave Wells: Nick Scott, a smouldering bomb on tenor, who, though comparatively unknown, will be in the big scene ad infinitum because of his gracious and powerful versatility. Art Dephew, Bob Rolle, Ralph Osborne and Joe Dolny take care of the trumpet section. Graham Young, Ray Triscari and Clyde Reasinger appear on the premises to take over at intervals. Joe Dolny has written a number of boot-beat originals for the band which have a strawberry-soda Lunceford feel about them. He writes good. Real good. Mel Lewis the drummer is Kentonian and may go back with Stan. The guitarist, Ray Pohlman, helps project the Ken Hanna identity through the use of tremolo in unison or parallel with certain lead section work, giving a foreign flavor to the arrangement. Eastern: but you name the country.

And then there is this little little girl looking not much

bigger than the tiny scampering poodle, generally at her heelswho sings. And sings and sings. Shirli Sonders is just twenty and everything about her is unexpected. All four feet ten inches of her sing like she's eight feet tall. You are probably familiar with her on Joe Green's Chicken Road which Ken last recorded. (Shirli started out with Horace Heidt.) That tune incidentally typifies what Ken wants to gather in his book. Originals; and to get away from the moon-June tune thing in songs.

Not much to say about Ken personally, because Ken Hanna has very little to say about himself. His filing-cabinet personality guarantees security and stops questions. To get another side of this man, you should hear Shake Down, a fast blasting instrumental that he will probably record shortly. It's a great thing. Reminds you that he used to write for Kenton, I feel that I haven't been too verbose on the Ken Hanna subject. I guess it's because his actions speak so loudly for himself. And don't worry. You'll hear him, a lot, in the not too distant fur-flying future.

Fran Kelley

VOTE HERE

The Second Half Of The All Star Balloting

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

- I. Ballots must be postmarked no later than June 25th.
- 2. Only votes on this official ballot will be counted.
- 3. Vote *only* for individuals and groups you have heard this year, (This is NOT an all-time poll; it is a 1955 poll.)
- 4. You may vote for the same man in one or more categories, when he so qualifies.
- 5. Ballots must be sent directly to All Star Poll Editor, Metronome Magazine, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.

VOTE HERE



METRONOME



Willis Conover watches Diz and bassist Mert Oliver. while trombonists Rob and Earl Swope relax in tempo

Dizzy Gillespie Joins

The Orchestra

Orchestra of Willis Conover, Chano Pozo Manteca, includes lured Dizzy Gillespie back to a additional sections: Contrasta, trumpet section chair Sunday, Jungla, and Rhumba Finale, by March 13 after the man with the Dizzy and Chico O'Farrill. The elevated horn heard the D.C. work was so new to the Conover group polish off his 20-minute group that the disc jockey-entre-Afro Suite in spectacular style preneur brought a recording to before a jam-packed house at the the job to give many of his Club Kavakos with only a single, bandsmen their first introducincomplete rehearsal as a warm- tion to the number they would

tention last Fall.

The Washington, D.C. stay- The Suite, basically theme and at-homes comprising The variations on the Gillespiebe playing a few hours hence.

up. be playing a few nours nence.

The Sunday stint marked the The brief, pre-show rehearsal. beginning of a mutual admira- conducted by Prof. Gillespie in tion pact between the Diz and his Brooks Bros. tweed suit, the "busman's holiday" band could only be confined to rhythwhose House of Sounds Bruns- mic patterns and attacks, yet the wick LP created nation-wide at- concert take was rated by many (Continued on page 35)

BALLOT

Big Band
Small Group
Male Vocalist
Female Vocalist
Vocal Group
My Name
Address

Gretsch Spotlight

New hit album "Latin Beat" features rhythms of Al Caiola and his Gretsch guitar



Al Caiola and his Gretsch Guitar

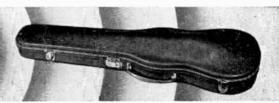
AL CAIOLA delights his many fans with superb recordings of "Cachito" "Mambo Jambo" and other Latin rhythm numbers in this new RC. Victor album. A top CBS guitarist, Al also plays a heavy radio and T schedule; appears on the Arthur Godfrey show, Toast of the Town, et Al says the "Miracle Neck" of his Gretsch Electromatic Guitar (with twi Gretsch-DeArmond built-in pickups) cuts down on the tension of hi heavy schedule, keeps his hands fresh for show-time: "Fastest, easies playing guitar I've ever handled." Write today for full information of the sensational Gretsch guitars and your free Gretsch Guitar Albun Address: Fred. Gretsch, Dept. M-555, 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y

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RECORDS



REVIEWS

by Bill Coss

Mae Barnes

You Turned the Tables on Me
1 Ain't Got Nobody
Rinka Tinka Man
1 ... n't Gonna Be No Topsy
On the Sunny Side of the Street
Old Man Mose
What Will the Neighbors Say
Laziest Gal in Town
Sweet Georgia Brown
1 Comes the Captain
Tape rating: M.B.+

I have to institute a new rating for this kind of music, evidently geared for entertainment, not for any real musical value. Mae is a very professional specialty singer with wonderful control, a rhythm that's almost ancient, but a toujours gai attitude that's oftentimes infectious. I have a feeling that half the fun is

mased by not seeing her work, but the sound

on this double-track tape is fine. (Atlantic Tape AT 5-3)

Tony Bennett

My Reveric
Give Me the Simple Life
While the Music Plays On
Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me
Darn That Dream
I Fall in Love Too Easily
My Baby Just Cares for Me
My Heart Tells Me
Old Devil Moon
Love Letters
LP rating: C+

Tony has improved while singing to Chuck Wayne's accompaniment, but he hasn't improved enough. At his best, tracks 4 and 5, he gets the Jackie Paris sound, but without the rhythmic sense. At his worst, he still whines (track one) and phrases weirdly ("dispense" on the same track), makes bad entrances (track 4), loses control of his vibrato (10), etc. The main trouble is that he's not a jazz singer and his attempts at rhythm numbers is too heavy handed, sometimes bouncing on the beat, but never swinging with it. None of the jazz soloists are especially inventive although all of them are welcome even if excessive echo makes them all sound most unreal Chuck Wayne's playing is good. (Columbia 12" LP CL 621)

Blowout at Mardi Gras

Stumblin'
Sid's Symphony
Sympathy
Sultry Senenade
Three-Thirty-Three
I Never Knew
You Tell Me Your Dream
LI' rating: C+

George Simon discovered this group and we have him to thank for the chance to hear trumpeter Thomas Jefferson, a particularly vital musician for this groove. Unfortunately there isn't enough Jefferson and there is too much of the rest of the band, all of which is good, but not up to his standards. Clarinetist Sid Davilla, who owns the club where the band plays, is featured pretty much, and prettily throughout. Both pianists are good with my vote going to Red Camp who manages contemporary conceptions from time to time. Trombonist Frog Joseph is not consistent, but his solo on track 4 is especially powerful and insinuating. Everyone else is good enough, but the trumpet, part Roy and part Louis, is the stand-out, and he sings like Teagarden and Louis on track 6. The recordis excellent, almost three-D and the liner notes, like most of Cook's, are very cute. (Cook 12" LP 1084)

Barbara Carroll's Lullabies in Rhythm

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To
As Long As I Live
But Not for Me
I Love a Piano
If I Had You
Garrow's Way
Come Rain or Come Shine
I Saw Stars
By Myself
The Lady Is a Tramp
Sweet Georgia Brown
I've Got the World on a String
LP rating: B

If the rating seems too low, it's because I remember the impish Carroll at Georgie Auld's who sang I Saw A Puppet Dancing

Be Bop and her own parody, You're the Bop, not I Love a Piano or By Myself; a girl who played a storm of piano, not this sharply articulated brand of Embers' jazz. It's good but I'm bored by things that are only good. The exceptional tracks are 2, 5, 6, parts of 7, 11 and 12. Most of these, especially the last two, are what Barbara can really do. For the rest, bassist Joe Shulman and drummer Ralph Pollack are excellent. If only Barbara had used all this recording room for what she can do, instead of playing short, commercial selections. One last thing: there's too much presence on the piano, of all things. It almost hurts your ears at times. (Victor 12" LP LJM 1023)

Kenny Clarke/Volume 2

Telefunken Blues B Klook's Nook B— Inhibitions B— Baggin' the Blues B—

Kenny is the best thing in this album. Like Max Roach he seldom records with people who are equal to his talent. Hence, though these sides have that wonderful, light, swinging quality, they haven't much else. Track 1 is an insinuating thing with Frank Wess blowing in the kind of snake-time groove that Al Sears used to feature, Milt Jackson (on piano) plays an indifferent solo, Wess' flute, for all its bad sound, swings as does trombonist Henry Coker who suffers here, as usual, from slippery intonation. Track 2 has that kind of 1945 bop ensemble groove that was on volume one by Kenny. Coker should pick up on his horn if he's going to stay in this business, but Bags plays well. Wess plays a slim solo and Coker returns for another poor try. Kenny kept this rating up almost by himself. Baritonist Charlie Fowlkes gets a good, big sound on Inhibitions, but he loses it soon afterward among the honks. Coker is awkward and Wess, though wailing, is short on ideas. Milt and Kenny star again. The last track is baggy in the ensemble, but it has better Coker and good Bags. This would have been a good date to have scrapped in favor of a duet between Klook and Bags. (Savoy LP MG 15053)

Al Cohn—Shorty Rogers East Coast—West Coast Scene

Inside Out B— Autumn Leaves B Serenade for Kathy B— Cool Sunshine B Loki B Elaine's Lullaby B

This LP is supposed to demonstrate the two styles, East and West, but I'll call a foul right now because Al Colm doesn't represent the East Coast, nor do the musicians whom he uses in his part of the battle (the first three tracks). Inside is old-fashioned writing (1948-50) with good Cohn, fair McKusick, roundhousing by Billy Byers, good Bauer, wonderful swinging by Eddie Bert and fine Milt Hinton. But nobody gets enough room to play in. And just where are the experimentalists among the eastern crowd. Or would that load the gun? Autumn is prettily done, more writing, fine solos, etc., but with extravagant claims, in the notes about the writing, that seem pretty ridiculous. Track three is more old-fashioned writing, with an adapted Four Brothers sound, and again with no room in which to get the soloists off the ground.

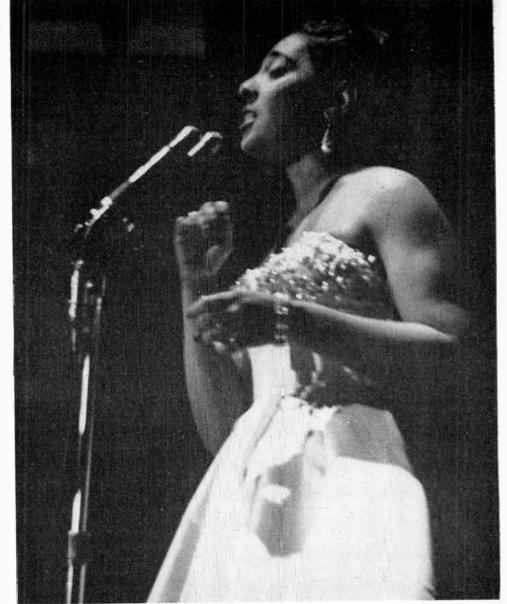
Shorty takes over on the reverse side and cuts the ground from under Cohn with sheer vitality (that last track is better than its rating might seem). Don't try to follow the notes, the order of soloists is all mixed up and no one is identified. But the Coss baedecker runs: pianist Pete Jolly, Bud Shank, Milt Bernhart, Jimmy Giuffre (the galloping ghost on clarinet), Barney Kessel, Shorty Rogers, Zoot Sims, Herb Geller, Joe Mondragon. Who knows? Anyway, it's well played and it swings, even though it's old-fashioned Coast writing as is the next track. On this latter track, Bob Enevoldsen makes an entry. Track 6 is the best in the album. It's a rich ballad line by Shorty with fine trombone, very good alto, etc. It just wasn't a fair match Mr. R.C.A. (Victor 12" LP LJM 1020)

Pete Dailey's Dixieland Special

There's a Quaker Down in Quaker Town
Swanee River
Closer Walk with Me
Make Love to Me
Lazy River
Hindustan
Loveless Love
High Society
Tape rating: C+

The first four are slap-around Dixie, wasting a tuba on rhythm parts (and he plays well), with Pete playing a Louis-like cornet, but without real vigor. Track three gets into a real groove and there's cute tuba-trombone writing for the introduction of the fourth, but that's all.

The second set of four is by Johnny Lucas and his Blue Blowers. The heavy rhythm on River might drive you North, but Matty Matlock's clarinet is lovely and trombonist Mike Hobi plays in the Teagarden manner. Love is the best side, especially after the vocal chorus. Society the How High the Moon of Dixie doesn't get going until Matty drops his un-swinging flute for his clarinet. Then they dig in. (Jazz Tape 4003)



Paul Desmond

Icrucian B—
Baroque B—
Eut Happy B—
Misty Window B
Warm Cradle B
A Garden in the Rain C
Soon C
Winky C
Will I Know C

Paul plays the first four tracks with considerably more vitality than I've heard from him in the past, possibly because they're David Van Kriedt's arrangements, and it's Van Kriedt's tenor which is laying the law down instead of the Brubeck piano. The first is obviously a tribute to Gerry Mulligan. It swings, but too gently. Bob Bates bites a bit, but trumpeter Dick Collins seems only to waver. Collins plays the melody of the second while Dave and Paul play counterpoint against it. Happy is a fugue with an uneasy moment or two. Kessel should have been used on this side instead of on the other and instead of Collins. Tracks 4 and 5, for their kind, are excellent. Dave's solo on the first is a searching thing and the last is more down. Van Kriedt is the star on these sides.

Then turn the record over and be appalled. Desmond, six voices and Barney Kessel wander almost aimlessly through the most pastel arrangements you've ever heard. Paul sounds especially unattractive against the full voices. and the blunt edges of his sound (especially on Soon) are physically painful. Then, too, Barney is never really used. His few solo spots are so short that he never gets off the ground. And I still can't figure out why the singers are there except to announce the tunes, a la Sammy Kaye. They're not really given anything to do. And with Loulie Jean Norman and Gloria Woods you have voices which you can do something with. Read the album notes, though. They're wonderful, off-beat Desmond: "Van Kreidt develops themes like some people develop pictures." But that's almost all there is. (Fantasy LP 3-21)

Buddy Defranco— Oscar Peterson Play George Gershwin

Porgy B
I Was Doing Alright B
'S Wonderful B+
Bess B
Strike Up the Band B+
They Can't Take That Away from Me B+
The Man I Love B+
I Got Rhythm B
Someone to Watch Over Me B
It Ain't Necessarily So B

I suppose that the purpose intended must determine the ratings on these sides. It's all good, but generally dull, with Oscar winning hands down over Buddy because he's so much more a jazz musician. The fourteen strings get a big, lush sound, but this hampers the solos more than anything else, and the workmanlike arrangements by Skip Martin and Russ Garcia are oftentimes over-done for the quality of the tunes. Oscar's solos are generally responsible for the higher ratings. Buddy blows beautifully as usual, but it's only on the occasional tracks that he really gets off the ground in terms of swing and feeling. (Norgran 12" LP MGN 1016)

Lou Donaldson/Volume 2

After You've Gone C+ Caracas B— The Stroller C Moe's Bluff B

In some ways this LP is reminiscent of Kenny Clark's. It's mostly old-time bop, and, again, the drummer (Art Blakey) runs away with the show, although here there's occasional thouble with the rhythm, none of it Art's fault. Kenny Dorham wasn't with it for this session: fluffs and indecision and not much swing. And Lou Donaldson gets hung on the fast tempos, obviously not thinking fast enough, too often trapped in phony interpolations. Elmo Hope is a no-left-hand bopper; trombonist Matthew Gee swings but has little to say. Percy Heath isn't with Blakey on three of the sides. This is another album which would have better been scrapped in favor of something else. (Blue Note I.P 5055)

Stan Getz At the Shrine Auditorium

Flamingo B
Lover Man B+
Pernod B+
Tasty Pudding B
I'll Remember April B
Polka Dots and Moonbeams B+
Open Country B
It Don't Mean a Thing B

We'll Be Together Again B Feather Merchant B

I'm tempted to remove these ratings altogether. All the sides are a bit better, excepting Lover and Pernod, than I've indicated, but not quite good enough. The secret of Stan is that he's more than ordinarily influenced by whomever he's playing with, and, here, Bobby Brookmeyer, does the influencing with good results. The down sides are those with the higher ratings, plus a few more, which suffer from uneven rhythm, most often due to Bill Anthony's bass, because the unevenness remains on the last two sides when Frank Isola replaces Art Mardigan. Stan and Bobby play understanding counterpoint, but Bobby is generally the better soloist in some grooves, and Johnny Williams impresses on several tracks. I'm more than a little impressed by the consistent quality of solos throughout the whole album. The folio of Getz pictures is attractive, but Stone Martin's feathery cover, is a travesty of that style. (Two Clef 12" LP's 2000-2)

Virgil Gonsalves

Bounce B—
Out of Nowhere B—
Too Marvelous for Words B
It Might As Well Be Spring B
Yesterdays B
Love Me or Leave Me

This is bright jazz, West Coast, with baritonist Gonsalves the low man on the totem pole as far as solos are concerned. Unfortunately, no one really has time to develop a solo and this is a shame in terms of what Buddy Wise, Bob Enevoldsen and Lou Levy can do. Gonsalves has a nice sound, but he's short on ideas and long on notes. Buddy Wise isn't consistent on his solos and the rhythm has its rough spots, but it's pleasant listening. (Nocturne LP 8)

Joe Gordon

Toll Bridge C Lady Bob B— Grasshopper C+



Jazz
in Mexico:
drummer
Contreras,
bassist
Pajos,
tenorist
Hallal,
and
pianist
Jaimes
(see
page 36
for
review)

Flash Gordon C+

Trumpeter Gordon and tenorist Charlie Rouse play in a bop-time that's disastrous from my point of view, and, again, Art Blakey is the one who keeps this from falling flat on its 33 and one-third. Pianist Junior Mance plays fleetly but so tritely, ensemble sections are generally better than the solos, but, again, this is old-time bop, and it just won't do today. Lady is the best side, with a happy, almost r&b feel, a groove in which Joe plays better. but they throw it all away with a Tympany Five ending. Here, as in several of the records this month, there's a use of Percy Heath's figure from the Modern Jazz Quartet's Django. This time, Charlie Rouse plays it. (EmArcy LP MG 26046)

Gigi Gryce's Jazztime Paris

Brown Skins B La Rose Noire C+ Deltitnu C Bum's Rush C Keeping Up with Jonesy B Quick Step C

The rhythm is logy here, and that drags down some of the ratings. Clifford Brown's showcase, the first track is well done on his part, but it has sometimes awkward writing by Gigi. Then, the band, which is composed of French and American musicians, is so underrecorded that it sounds terribly unnatural when it's brought up for blasts. Pianist Henri Renaud plays better than any of the other French musicians; there's a trombonist with the widest vibrato ever recorded. Quincy Jones' tune, track 5, is the best use of the band, marred only by the alto. (Blue Note LP 5049)

Milt Hinton's East Coast Jazz/5

Mean to Me B
Pick 'N Pat B+
Over the Rainbow B+
Milt to the Hilt B
Don't Blame Me B
Katz's Meow B
Upstairs with Milt B—
Ebony Silhouette B
Cantus Firmus B
These Foolish Things B

I'm tempted to be more liberal with these ratings, for Milt, if not overly inventive, is such a rich, tasteful bass player, with a beautiful sound and a propelling swing. But this is only good, not great, jazz, and part of that is Milt's fault, not because he doesn't play well, but because he doesn't play quite enough-as his somewhat dated interpolations show-or with the forcefulness of Pettiford or Mingus, which happens to be my idea of what should be done with the bass. But, for all that, it's a good album. A. J. Sciacca (Tony Scott) switches from clarinet to bass clarinet and back again, especially good in tracks 2, 4 and 9, only falling down on the furiously uptempo Upstairs. Pianist Dick Katz comps well and contributes several really down solos, especially tracks 4 and 9, intruding only once. during Milt's solo on track 3. Drummer Osie

(Continued on page 36)

Stan Getz, his latest recording reviewed on page 34, blows here with Max Roach and Ray Brown



Washington

(Continued from page 31)

of the musicians present as the best-yet effort of the Washington group. A happy Dizzy described the result as "immense." Coming off best were the opening Manteca and the swinging Jungla which showed the blasting ensemble to best advantage. The latter section also found the visiting trumpeter in his best

A six-piece Afro-Cuban group fronted by pianist Ed Dimond joined the 13-member Orchestra for the Gillespie feature. Superlative drumming by leader Joe Timer and a masterful job by the trumper section of Marky Markowitz. Bob Carey. Ed Leddy. Charlie Frankhouser and Bunny Aldhizer provided the necessary framework for the Gillespie horn which was in good tone and control through the entire program.

The guest appearance grew out of a Conover interview in

which Diz confessed a homesickness for the big band sound. The WEAM disc jockey capitalized on the obvious situation by suggesting The Orchestra as the panacea for such an ailment.

Off and running with the Manteca opus, Dizzy joined the trumpet section for a quartet of originals by chief writer and arranger Bill Potts and leader Timer A Gillespie vocal was also interspersed in the choruses. Sitting in at the same time was Al Porcino, late of the Herman Herd, giving the D.C. group as talented a horn section as you're likely to find on any gig.

Among the scores trotted out during the afternoon were a booting Bantam Weight and moody Song Is You by Johnny Mandel, a flock by Potts including the brass canon-fugue Playground, screamers Upen Downs, Willis, and Pillbox; an introspective 4ll the Things You Are by Ralph Mutchler: and the driving One for Kenny by drummerleader Timer.

In a band where each sideman is a competent solo'st, numpeters Markowitz and Leddy: tenors Angelo Tompros and Jim Parker; trombonist Earl Swope; drummer Timer and his rhythm section compatriots pianist Larry Eanet and bassist Mert Oliver stand out. Allen Scott

The young Sarah (see page 38)

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Johnson is the epitome of accompanying taste. Obviously, it's Milt's album and he does it well. I'm in total agreement with liner-writer Bill Simon: Rainbow is rhapsodic; more in my particular groove. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP 1020)

Jay and Kai/Volume 2

The Major B—
Yesterdays B—
Riffette B—
Boneology B
What Is This Thing Called Love B
The Boy Next Door C+
Speak Low B—
The Carioca B—

Except for the first track on each side (i.e., tracks 1 and 5), this is Jay and Kai, not Jay with Kai. Savoy merely added some old sides from its catalog to two sides left over from volume one, and made an album. But that won't do, because, judging these sides today, only Boneology stands out among the reissues. Combined here with baritonist Leo Parker (obviously the idea of two low register instruments has appealed to him for a long time), Jay plays an attractive bop line and solo that's really down. Hank Jones plays well on all these. Unfortunately all three of Jay's tracks are badly recorded (they must have been re-recorded from the original records.) Kai's contributions (tracks 6-8) are not as good. Six has a maddening echo on the trombone which distorts the sound. Seven is typical Winding, the lush, Innovations sound, with a bad re-entry by Kai and some vibrato trouble, Major, a new side, probably should never have been drafted. Actually Billy Bauer and Charlie Mingus show up best, but the group doesn't get any really cohesive feeling. Love is more in the group's current groove, more down than the first track, but with too many fluffs for a really first rate side (Savov LP MG 15048)

JAZZ IN MEXICO

Hector Hallal

How High the Moon
I Surrender Dear
Stompin' at the Savoy
You Can Depend on Me
Don't Blame Me
All the Things You Are
I.P rating: B

Mario Patron

Minuetto En La
Mambo En Blucs
Cucrdas Tristes
Yesterdays
Begin the Beguine
Everything Happens to Me
Pennics from Heaven
Jechers Creepers
LP rating: B

Trompeterias

You Are a Sweethcart Cuando Vuelva a Tu Lado Silenciosa Vacilando Volvere Contigo En La Distancia I'm in the Mood for Love Rumbola

LP rating: B-

From all accounts we can expect something from Mexican jazz. Judging by these sides, Hallal (saxofon tenor) is the most richly endowed of that country's instrumentalists. Like the others, however, he is too often a carbon copy of State musicians, running from Byas (track 2) to Ventura (track 3), Prez and Getz (tracks 5 and 6) to Bob Cooper, present on most of these tracks, excepting the last two, But he's a facile saxophonist, probably only beginning to develop. Here, he's accompanied by pianist Pablo Jaimes (oftentimes Shearinglike), for whom I have a bit more regard than Mario Patron (album number two), perhaps only because I didn't hear as much of him. But he swings especially well on tracks 1 and 6, with an impressive stop-time solo on track 4. Victor Ruiz Pajos (hajo) is a walker, and a good one. Drummer Fortino Contreras impresses more on the other albums. Here, as on track 3, he seems obsessed with a little tattoo, which intrudes a bit on other solos.

Mario Patron (pianist), is probably more in a class with Hallal, for all my having given the nod to Jaimes in the paragraph above. And, again, he's probably just beginning to develop on his own. What is here is largely based on Shearing and Powell, but it's good, sometimes inventive playing. The first track swings, second has a weird rhythm that really makes it. Track 3 has pensively bowed solos by bassist Pazos; more good bowing on track 4. Several of the sides are really down and Patron shows fine technique throughout.

The Trompeterias LP features trumpeter Cesar Molina, a Chet Baker-like trumpeter, too close to the latter for my comfort. Actually the rest of the group—Patron, Ruiz and Contreras—make for the best listening within these eight grooves. Molina does well on tracks 3, 4 and 7; but not so well on 2 and 8. His intonation is sometimes off, but it's mostly a question of pure imitation that just isn't inspired enough to have any life of its own.

None of these albums is currently available in the United States, although a sufficient demand would probably make them so. My general thought about all of them is that, with these excellent beginnings, the musicians concerned should devote more effort along their own cultural lines, as was done on several tracks herein, thereby giving their jazz a distinctive quality within which they could more freely develop. It's exciting, though, to hear such quality from jazzmen more-or-less still in their infancy. (Roberto Ayala: 3 10" LP's, JM 101, 103, 102)

REISSUES

Hoagy Carmichael's Old Rockin' Chair

Rockin' Chair
Barnacle Bill
Moon Country
Sing It Way Down Low
Bessic Couldn't Help It
Georgia On My Mind
One Morning in May

Lasy River

LP rating: For collectors

All except tracks 2 and 5 are Carmichael compositions, all recorded between 1930 and 1934, none especially interesting for my taste unless you like to listen to old-type commercial jazz. The first track is sung in questionable taste, Joe Venuti shows up, at least on track 6, as a down musician. That track is my favorite in the album, although there are bits of Bix, Jack Teagarden, Bud Freeman and the Dorseys through the album, some of which are easy to listen to. Track 7 was recorded with a Sammy Kaye contingent, has no vocal, but does have a peculiar quality missing from most recordings of this era. One warning: you'll have difficulty recognizing this Hoagy with the one of today. (Victor LP LPT 3072)

Jazz Sampler

Bechet: Jelly Roll Blues Norvo: Slam Slam Blues Bird: Relaxin' at Camarillo Tatum: Dark Eyes

Clayton: B.C. Blues Hawkins: Iloneysuckle Rose Teagarden: Serenade to a Shylock

Garner: Trio

Herman Woodchoppers: Moon Burns Rex Stewart: Basin Street Blues LP rating: Well edited sampling

I can't imagine a better, ecnomy-dictated introduction to jazz than is included here, although I would have changed the order of the sides. True enough, there's nothing of an experimental nature, but I'd suspect that that is to come on future discs. Track 2 has Slam and Bird and Dizzy. Three is Bird's familiar hallelujah chorus, marred by so-so balance. Dark Eyes combines Slam and Tiny Grimes with Art for that old Tatum mascara. Track five has fine Buck, insinuating Flip and preaching Slam.

The excellent Hawkins track, with Billy Taylor, Milt Hinton and Jo Jones, was done especially for this album. The Teagarden Serenade was once available on Commodore. Garner's Trio is one of his very best. Trumpeter Sonny Berman is featured on Track 9, with a contingent from the Herman band, including Bill Harris and Serge (excellent solo).

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This was available on Dial under the title Nocturne. Rex Stewart's track, probably recorded in a Dixie club, The Savoy, in Boston (with crowd noise and all) is somewhat listless Dixieland with only fair solos from Rex's companions. (Jazztone Society

McKinney's Cotton Pickers

Stop Kidding I'ut It There Milenberg Joys Nobody's Sweetheart Some Sweet Day Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble It's Tight Like That

There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder LP rating. Only for collectors

This big band jazz of the 1920's, more syncopated than swinging, is very hard to take. One trumpeter, John Nesbitt (tracks 4 and 8) is interesting to listen to. A friend of Bix's, he's in the same groove, but a bit rougher. For the rest, these 1955 ears have no eyes. (Label X LVA 3031)

Phil Moore's Music for Moderns

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra B Oh, Lady Be Good 1 Can't Get Started Blues in the Night Lover Blue Skies Laura Second side rating: B-

Calvin Jackson is the featured pianist on these tracks; the last six titles featuring him exclusively on celeste, piano and bar-room piano; all excessively iced, patty-cakes. Here Calvin plays like a kind of studied Erroll Garner, without the impish gaiety, but with all sorts of technical wealth which probably determines his emphasis on novelty and technique, rather than on expression, especially jazz expression. Laura takes the best to this kind of ornamentation.

The Concerto is a fine example of Phil's basic thinking that soloists should exercise their freedom of expression within a wellconstructed framework of composition. It's very well recorded, but hardly startling for all its obvious integrity, partly due, of course, to the fact that it was written and recorded a number of years ago. Much of it is too sleek, partly due to Calvin's own sleekness, and the best section is a la Ellington with muted, swinging brass, and Cal, too, in the Duke-ish mood. Only Ellington does it so much better. It's a good item for your collection nevertheless. (Clef 12" LP MG C-635)

Our Best

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Getz: Stars Fell on Alabama

LP rating: Exhibit A's from Granz

Granz recognizes that these may not be the best sides which he has issued, but he does feel that they're among that number, and so do I. For me, the best tracks are 10 and 12, especially Billie's. But tracks 1, 5 and 7 would be tops in anyone's catalog. The emphasis throughout is on excitement, but it's mostly well-considered excitement which produced some moments of high artistry. (Clef 12" LP MG C-639)

Roost's

Five Year Anniversary

Machito: Cubop City Smith: Moonlight in Vermont Powell: Somebody Loves Me Getz: These Foolish Things Taylor: Cu-Blu

Konitz: Ballad for Ruth Auld: Taps Miller Stitt: Sweet and Lovely Winding: Sleepy Bop Eddie Davis Bewitched Bonnemere: Autumn Leaves Gillespie: I Can't Get Started LP rating: Exhibits B+ and B

Roost made a few gratuitous selections for this otherwise excellent collection: selections like Bonnemere-where is he? And there are better Winding sides in the company's catalog. But, aside from this disagreement, and the notes, which reach a high point of naivete, I'd recommend this as an excellent collection for anyone. Brew Moore joins with Machito on the first, and, while he doesn't really make the Latin clave, he plays well. Johnny's Moonlight defies classification and will probably always be tasteful, especially with the Getz noodling. Bud's track is engaging. Track 4 is top-drawer Getz. Track 5 is a Taylor-made classic. The ballad is a melancholy one, demonstrating Lee's early departure from Bird.

Track 6 is cooking bop with a sometimes screaming Auld and budding Rosolino. Stitt's side is surprisingly lovely. Track 9 is just so-so Kai. Davis plays a subdued Bewitched and Bill Doggett catches that mood, Diz' track is much different from his Columbia release, all Diz and very interesting. (Roost 12" LP 1201)

Sarah Vaughan — John Kirby

It Might as Well Be Spring Serenade I Can Make You Love Me The Peanut Vendor You Go To My Head Ripples I'm Scared Sextet for Lucia

LP rating: Excellent, formative Sarah

Only tracks 1, 3, 5 and 7 have vocals by Sarah, but they're lovely examples of a young girl with a style already formed, but yet to mature. Made for the Crown label, their main differences with today are a less full voice and more simplicity. For me, the first track is very excellent. The other tracks are Kirby and company by themselves. This small band, which functioned in an age when everyone had big bands, had and has (on this record) too

much of a penchant for delicate tracings, but the tracks are worth listening to. (Riverside RLP 2511)

Joe Venuti-Eddie Lang

You Can't Cheat a Cheater Gettin' Hot Doing Things Wild Cat The Wild Dog Really Blue Mean to Me My Kinda Love

LP rating: For collectors

This album is in many ways more distinctive than many others in this series. It's interesting, for example to hear the early use of the guitar in jazz by Lang, the man who quite possibly was responsible for its having replaced the banjo. And interesting to hear the Dorseys play: Jimmy is much more recognizable than Tommy. Ventuti continues to impress me, when I can manage to project myself that far back (1929) into jazz history, but, all in all, there's little here to interest the usual listener. (Label X LVA 3036)

Young Fats Waller

Numb Fumblin' Love Me or Leave Me Sweet Savanah Sue Valentine Stomp Smashing Thirds Baby, Oh Where Can You Be My Feeling's Are Hurt Turn on the Heat

LP rating: The dating doesn't hurt You'll have no trouble recognizing the

young Waller on these 1929 solo sides: he had only made two solo records before these. Track 6 has never been issued before; tracks 2 and 4 are previously un-issued takes of records that have been issued. There are no vocals, but there is the infectious Waller bumptiousness and a walloping swing. (Label X LVA 3035)

George Simon begins his end of the alphabetical reviewing on page 39.

johnny smith brew moore machito stan getz bud powell sonny stit billy taylor georgie auld bonnemere kai winding lee konitz dizzy gillespie eddie davis



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REVIEWS

by George T. Simon

Marion McPartland at the Hickory House

I Hear Music
Tickle-Toe
Street of Dreams
How Long Has This Been Going On
Let's Call the Whole Thing Off
Lush Life
Mad About the Boy
Love You Madly
Skylark
Ja-Da
I've Told Every Little Star
Moon Song
LP rating B+

It took Capitol almost a year to release this album. Why? Nobody knows. It certainly is good enough to have been released at any time. Coming out as late as this, it no longer does the trio justice, for in that year it certainly has improved.

Still, as it is, this is a superior package. It shows Marion in her various moods: in her buoyant, spirited style on the opening track and on the fifth one also; in her dainty, swinging manner on the second and tenth; in her lovely, moody way on the sixth and ninth. It shows her as a really talented pianist, always jazz-wise, always tasteful.

Show-cased also are her two worthy com-

patriots, bassist Bill Crow and drummer Joe Morello. Both appear to special advantage on Lester Young's *Tickle-Toc*, with Bill's uncanny eveness of tone, plus his selective notes, and Joe's great drum breaks quite evident. *Love You Madly* also displays their special talents; this time Bill's driving beat and Joe's brush breaks. The final *Moon Song* contains another example of Crow's sterling mastery.

The album isn't consistent. Though it has all the good things just noted, it also has four sides that utilize cello and harp to little advantage—by itself the trio sounds so much better integrated. Though the fourth track has some nice changes, the tempo is uncomfortably fast, while the pretty Moon Song, even though it swings here, deserves a slower treatment. Generally, though, this is a very good LP, the most typical of the trio yet released, but probably not as good as the next one will be. (Capitol T 574)

Carmen McRae

Easy to Love B+
If I'm Lucky A—
Old Devil Moon B+
Tip Toe Gently B+
You Made Me Care B
Last Time for Love B
Misery B+

They All Laughed A-Keep Me in Mind B

The first seven sides comprise an LP; the last two a single release. All show why this gal is getting so much attention these days.

(Continued on page 44)



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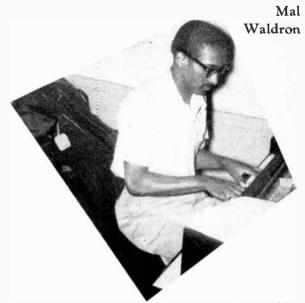
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The Musicians Corner



A Musician Reviews Records

ontinuing this month our regular series of special reviews by visiting musician-critics, and harking back to Chopin, who introduced last month's edition of the section, I can quote further words of his on and about criticism. "A composer," he wrote, referring to Schumann, "should not undertake to be a critic. For then he will either be a bad composer or a stupid critic; after all, one man cannot have talent for everything." But then, like the rest of us, Chopin paid no attention to what he had said and went on to compose and to criticize.

My particular feeling is the composers may have particular biases which will hurt their objectivity in criticism, but that very bias may produce an interest and illuminating

sort of criticism.

This month Mal Waldron, pianist and composer, joined me for six hours of high-fidelity listening to four music packages chosen for their alleged musical worth. Mal is a fine pianist, a composer of real vigor and a frequent contributor to off-Broadway ballet performances. A graduate of Queens College's Music School, he is a keen student of the evolution of jazz. For purposes of identification, my infrequent comments are printed in italics—the ratings were all designated by Mal. —B.C.

Leonard Feather's Best from the West

Santa Anita B+ Santa Monica C+ The Blindfold Test #1 B Culver City C The Blindfold Test #2 B Hooray for Hollywood C

The first track has a swinging figure; more than I expected from the West Coast. This couldn't be typical. Harry Edison's trumpet isn't typical. Even the rhythm section keeps moving. I kept waiting for some cold, Pacific music. Piano comping (Lorraine Geller) is nice. Trumpet ideas are older style, but cooking.

Monica has a nice figure. You expect a lot, and then you get let down right away by the haritone (Giuffre.) who seems hung with one idea. Trumpet and alto are cool, but I

really like the trumpeter (Conte Candoli).

The Test isn't as well recorded. Yes, the engineer brings that rating down, but it's a nice figure (Shorty) and I like the alto (Mariano). This isn't representative of the West; the piano has Milt Jackson's kind of feeling—he knows Horace Silver too.

Culturer has a cooking tempo, good Birdlike alto (Mariano, again), nice trumpet (Conte), but the French horn (John Graas)

is weak on tone and ideas.

Track five gets nice mood for the guitar solo. Tenor has shades of Lester. Good piano; John Lewis has an idol. And the flute is very effective. I keep expecting a chorus of girls on this last one. Can't imagine why they made it. Nothing happened except the tempo. The trombone is outstandingly weak (Enevoldsen). The alto has the best luck with the tempo. (Blue Note LP 5059)

Teddy Charles' New Directions

Violetta A— Night We Called It a Day B+ Jay Walkin' B+ Speak Low B Relaxo-Abstracto A— I Can't Get Started A

The good earth caught Teddy on the end of his solo . . . Nice groove on the tune. All musicians who want to play without pianos better get bassists like Charlie Mingus. The Night is too restrained for me. I keep thinking of what Milt would have done. You know I expected Teddy to go somewhere but he doesn't. But there are beautiful harmonies when the lines pass each other.

Did you notice the playful quality of Mingus' bass line behind the vibes—then he settles to a nice groove behind the tenor solo (J. R. Montrosc). The tenor does some nice things.

This (Speak) is the least of the sides. Yes, Mingus hits the groove on the end of his solo, but there's a very effective interlude by Mingus.

Montrose shows a Sonny Rollins influence on *Relaxo*. The ending sounds shaky after a second hearing—that's a rehearsal problem.

But it has wonderful form, the transitions are good and the interlude, too. Montrose's solo is the most effective.

This is the top jazz side (Started) of the past few months as far as I'm concerned. They get a wonderful quality on the melody. Nice earthy touch coming in on the first choruses' bridge, but the tempo feels weak behind the bass solo. That's a nice transition from slow to fast behind the tenor solo, and the last eight bars get an exceptional feeling that you'll seldom hear. (New Jazz !, P 1106)

Frank Comstock's Jazz Lab

South of Brazil B+
Passion Girl B+
Taylor Talks C+
Languid Latin B—
The Grabber C+
Frantica C+
I.aurel C—
Footloose B—
Starlight C+

Less Sand More Cement C-

(1)—a nice, playful melody, fine contrast, of highs against lows, good alto execution and fine trombone; down, earthy style (Ted and Dick Nash, respectively).

(2) shows wonderful control on flute with drum figurations in good taste. (3) tried to use guitar as substitute for piano, and it isn't. The introduction and the backing on the guitar (*Tony Rizzi*) solo was very good. But soloing is not their forte. (4) has a nice contrapuntal feeling, good backing behind the guitar again which had an earthy solo, and he does some nice rhythmic things in his solo on (5). The line was nothing in particular. I wonder why they bothered recording it at all?

(6) has a nice flute solo and that's all. (7) sounds like a steal from two or three other ballads I know, and that weakens the number for me. There's a nice, linear feeling on (8) with a good swinging groove and a nice counter-melody behind the alto. (9) is a warm sounding melody and (10) has a nice interplay behind the trombone solo.

(Continued on page 42)

In Person

(Continued from page 26)

was obviously trying much, much too hard to impress), and for a Perry Lopez who didn't seem to have the slightest idea of how to fit his guitar into a rhythm section and who didn't seem to care much, either. Paul Quinichette, capable of blowing good tenor, was pushing too hard, repeating notes. playing cliches, and, in general, seeming to blow for the crowd rather than for the musicians (which would include himself).

The octet played some head things and some arrangements. Some of the former were quite fine, and when Benny played with Teddy and the rhythm section, there were also some great moments. But several of the arranged bits were obviously insufficiently rehearsed, so that an uncomfortable stiffness pervaded through everything.

However, it was good having Benny back, blowing more like his old usual self, and giving opportunities to young musicians like Green and Braff, who certainly should benefit from their association with the great man.—G. T. S.

TEDDY CHARLES

The Composer

Teddy Charles' trio with Charlie Mingus at The Composer was one of those In Person delights, so seldom encountered in jazz club listening. The trio had two different drummers during its engagement (Willie Jones was the better of the two), but the entire focus was on the seemingly casual, but intensely drawn interplay between Charles and Mingus, a monumental meeting between two of the richest minds in modern jazz, which captured your complete attention.

Teddy's new album is suggestive of the club engagement, an almost Gestalt production in which anticipation and redevelopment played such a large part. Best of all, the cerebration was neither self-conscious nor limiting. Rather, it added to the almost constant down quality of the blowing. Frankly, I was gassed. B. C.



Carnegie Hall

asked Mingus to review this Ellingion concert for two reasons: first I believed that it would be a good concert and that Mingus, whose affinity to Duke seems only to be seen to me, would be unusually perceptive about the music; second, that our readers might be interested in Mingus' prose, which has an interesting character. For he reviews music in much the way that Saroyan writes about his own people. And, for that reason, you will have to forgive my parenthetical phrases which will elucidate program development within his review whenever it seems necessary.—B.C.

othing happened during the first half of the concert (compositions of a trite nature by Don Gillis, played by The Symphony of the Air). Obviously the composer hates jazz. (As the program notes) Duke Ellington was born in Washington in 1899, now living in New York. And now he's getting a chance that he's too tired to do anything about, except to wear the finest clothes. I'd rather see him rush in in levis and apologize for his attire, and pass out a well-conceived chart that would give proof of what I and the partly filled Carnegie House know that Duke is capable of.

But, if Duke wants to lean on his past laurels, then he should step down, not let us down... You were a genius but if you don't get moving, instead of scratching formulas for Luther Henderson (who did the symphonic orchestrations of Duke's compositions), or showing pianist Don

(Continued on page 42)



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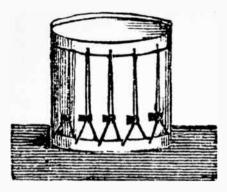
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The Vega Co., 155 Columbus Ave., Boston 16, Mass. Grossman Music Corp., 740 Bolivar Road, Cleveland 15, Ohio Pacific Music Supply Co., 1143 Santee St., Los Angeles, Cal. them. But Night Creature was he'll get his second-wind.

Musician's Corner

(Continued from page 40)

For me the big question is why did Constock confine himself to this kind of thing. He had musicians with tremendous facility. but with minor solo capacities, and he lets them blow instead of writing more for them. I can't understand guys throwing away a chance like that. (Jazztape

Modern Jazz Quartet

Diango A Two Bass IIit B Milano B La Ronde Piano A-Bass B+ Vibes A Drums A-

John is very refreshing on Django. He uses the classical technique so well, and with a jazz feeling—they even get Django's sound in there. The West Coast guys can never make this kind of record. I agree, but I don't like these abrupt transitions from rhythm to the original material. It seems as if John just didn't know what to do when he got there. I agree. I would do it differently, but he may use that abruptness for purposes of shock. That way he dynamically shows you what he's done with the material with which he started-just throws it into your lap.

Ilit is Percy's showcase. He plays some choice notes, but his solo is restrained. As if John had dictated it. And it's the arrangement that really holds it up to that rating. Milano is more good taste. Milt Jackson sure has a beautiful, soulful quality—the essence of jazz. Going back to the second track, you can say that Percy doesn't cut Ray Brown's original solo, but the whole thing was done so well. They even got a part of the big band impact by building each instrument slowly.

The piano section of La Ronde is very typical John, so sharply articulated. Like his arranging is. And here you can really see that he restrains all the others. And, of course, restraint works both ways. But I like it; it's so polished and complete.

When I listen to John, each note is so perfectly where it should be that I feel that I could walk out of the room and come back without worrying about what was happening. You could never do that with Bud.

The bass part shows Percy doing more this time. But the arrangement still is the basis for its success. Milt's section is very moving. Kenny Clarke makes very clever use of the solo spaces on his part. That kind of thing would have hung lots of other drummers. (Prestige LP 170)

Ellington by Charlie Mingus

(Continued from page 41)

have been written.

I didn't get a program until

serious jazz, so meaningful apart or together, that it almost made Shirley a few choruses of what it possible to forget the big proyou want (Don was the soloist in duction piano concerto (Greig New World a 'Comin') instead I would call it, but Duke calls it of writing it out completely, New World a 'Comin'). And then you're only hanging your- Shirley dragged me, playing it as if each note was written al-According to the program, though a friend in the band Don's improvising in spots made hipped me that it (the piano it jazz. But Don can't make im- score) was all scratched out and provisational jazz. That's why played more or less different at I said that the piano part should each performance. The overall thing was a tired Duke.

(This bitterness is well-conafter the concert, to find out that sidered). Duke should never do the first three pieces, which I this (excepting Night Creature). thought were separate composi- He has no right to be sloppy or tions, were all one (Night Crea- disinterested. His talent means ture). This was the only com- too much to jazz and to us. You position that made it. I won't should print the titles so that even mention the others and he'd have to write something maybe Duke can salvage the titles new for his next concert. Now and write some music to go with the only thing is to hope that

METRONOME

Most high fidelity experts are very glib about specifying that "the amplifier should have a response of 20 to 25,000 cycles per second, and the speaker should have a response of 30 to 15,000 cycles per second." A bit more attention should be given to the actual frequency response of musical instruments, frequency response of rooms and frequency response of ears before flatly stating what an amplifier or speaker should do to be considered "Hi Fi." Is should be kept constantly in mind that high fidelity is not a conglomeration of technical specs but is simply an end result. The best possible high fidelity would recreate music that was identical to the original. Now suppose a man had hearing deficiences so that he could only hear frequencies from 50 cycles per second to 5.000 cycles per second. A Hi Fi system to him would be any system at all that could reproduce that range and he could hear no difference between a: the original, b: a super Hi Fi rig and c: a cheap table model radio.

Now let's go to the musical side: recording studios are usually pretty good frequency wise but the average night club where jazz is played is very unusual if the frequency response goes much over 6,000 or 7,000 cycles per second, and the better the quality of music the poorer the high end response-since there are more customers soaking up the upper frequencies. Hence the difference in sound on a well recorded jazz record and the original music: it isn't that the record lacks response, but just the opposite, the record has more response than the live show in familiar surroundings. Far be it from me to suggest that the quality of recordings should be cut-but for original reproduction it may be necessary to turn down that treble control when listening to some types of music. On the other hand, orchestral music is usually played in fairly live rooms with extended frequency response-here the full range of the recording can be used to simulate the live performance.

As far as the low end of the frequency range is concerned, it's simply fol-de-rol to talk about response around 32 cycles per second unless you happen to listen exclusively to selected organ recordings. Let's take the trombone: Even in circus bands the lowest note is usually above 90 cycles per second-or the bass sax in the new trick arrangements: Lowest note-60 cycles per second. Now before someone quotes someone else on the piano, the lowest note on the concert grand is at 27 and 1/2 cycles per second but when A is struck, there is about 2% of the fundamental tone and all the rest is made up of harmonics, or overtones. If we leave out the harp, the pipe organ and the larger electronic organs, we can forget about frequencies below 45 cycles per second. Next if we confine our listening to music that was intended for small rooms-Jazz, chamber music, etc., we can forget about everything below 60 cycles

SAVE MONEY

Acoustics, Ears and Better Values

per second since the original very seldom had frequencies below 60 cycles written into the score. The reason for this is the same reason it is difficult to reproduce these frequencies. The rooms generally cut off below 50 or 60 cycles, so why write music that can't be played. If you live next door to an organ enthusiast all you hear is the low low notes. All the notes above the low end are staying in the room with him. but the walls are transparent to the lows and while he loses them, you gain them.

Put all these things together and a superb Hi Fi rig (to you) may cost you only a fourth as much as the usual expert would recommend. It will pay you we'll to check your hearing first. Now it isn't everyone who has an audiometer tucked away in the attic, but again some rules of thumb may help. If you hear conversation clearly, the middle ranges are getting through all right. If you're over thirty, forget about frequencies above 12 or 13,000 cycles per second. If you're over 45, forget everything above 10,000 cycles. Of course there are exceptions and to make sure a trip to an audio room in one of the retail outlets will help. Don't make the very common mistake of thinking that your hearing is good to 15,000 cycles because you can hear it when the gain is really turned up. In music the upper octave is only a small fraction of the loudness of the middle ranges-so have the level set at 1,000 cycles to a normal listening loudness and then switch to 10 or 15,000 cycles without pushing up the treble control or volume. If everything goes quiet don't worry, you're saving money on your system.

Some of the savings can be put to good use in going overboard on the really important parts of a Hi Fi rig. Instead of getting the cheapest amplifier, get the next most expensive. Chances are the distortion will be lower and the power output will be closer to the advertised claims. Instead of spending a fortune in the search for 16 cycles, get a smoother small speaker and build your own closed box for it. The Altec 755-A I spoke of last month is excellent from 85 cycles to 12,000 cycles. There is a Danish speaker, the Ronak, which is good from 65 cycles to 15,000 cycles and is exceptionally smooth, and the Permoflux Royal 8 is good from about 70 cycles to 13,000 cycles. All three should be in closed baffles of about two or three cubic feet in size. And all three will still be good when you decide to expand down an octave with an additional speaker.

An FM tuner addition doesn't cost a much as you'd think. There is at least onfor under \$40, the Realist, that outper forms most tuners in the \$100 range, often recommend the Zenith table mode AM-FM set as a tuner, especially for area not too far from FM stations. The signa can be taken directly from the speake voice coil connection in the table set and put into your Hi Fi amplifier. The range is excellent and there is the added ad vantage of having a spare table model to move around by simply pulling the plus from the amplifier.

There are rafts of record changers around, some good and some not so good. If you use a GE or some other type of reluctance cartridge, you'll have to be more careful about hum and rumble. A four pole motor is a must and the turntable will have to be pretty heavy. If you've decided on a cartridge like the Ronette, you

(Continued on page 45,



George's Reviews

(Continued from page 39)

She is a musicianly singer throughout, full of wonderful phrasing, a rich, resonant voice, impeccable enunciation and an ability to adapt herself to whatever mood she is trying to create.

Note the great phrasing on Easy, which is just slightly marred by a bit of intonation trouble. Lucky establishes a lovely, warm mood-it's a good deal better than Carmen's more elaborate Decca record of the same song -and shows off the gal at her best, aided by top-notch accordion-playing by Mat Mathews, fine fluting by Herbie Mann and great work by an unbilled guitarist and bassist. Moon is fine all-around, done with a happy, convincing beat. There's much warmth on the Tip novelty, which, because of Bethlehem's superior pressing, sounds even better than it d d on the original shellac, and which spots a fine tenor, presumably Al Cohn's, and more good guitar and Mathews.

The next two tracks are less attractive; the first is a clumsy song with some ludicrous echo-chamber effects for Tony Scott; the second nice singing of a nice melody that's bogged down by trite lyrics. The finale of the LP is a real sad mood piece, elegantly sung, with sympathetic, if not expert, piano accompaniment by composer Tony Scott.

Laugh, full of spirited, musicianly singing—sort of a mixture of Ella and Maxine Sullivan at her best—is easily the better of the two single sides. The reverse suffers from a few crying tricks, but still has lots of spirit, plus an effective band accompaniment. (Bethlehem BLP 1023 and Decca 29398)

Joan Regan

Danger, Heartbreak Ahead B Don't Be Afraid of Love C+

Ordinarily, Miss Regan's record might not receive this much attention, but hers is such a welcome sound in the midst of the horrendous shouting that even otherwise good singers have been waxing in order to score in the r. and b. sweepstakes, that her effort should be noted—especially as straight and pleasant and musical attempt as her rendition of the good *Danger* song. Joan shows more good qualities on the reverse, except when she lets out and her voice becomes hard, but the quality of the material isn't as good. (London 45-1539)

Joe Roland Quartet

Gene's Stew B+ Spice B+ Music House B Joyce's Choice B

Joe's vibing sounds much improved: lighter touch, more ideas, more of a beat. He and pianist Wade Legge, who wrote all four tunes, share honors on this well-recorded LP, exhibiting an amazing affinity for each other's ideas on the first track, which swings well and has some good chase choruses. The second is a very pretty rendition of an equally pretty number. Track three is somewhat less interesting writing and playing. The final has quite good Roland, some boppish Legge. Bassist Danti Martucci and drummer Ron Jefferson

lend sympathetic support. The notes, while rightfully commending recorder Rudy Van Gelder, could have been a great deal more informative. (Savoy MG 15047)

Socarras

Exactly Like You B— Caravan B—

Two mambo versions of two jazz standards blown by a cutish, flutish group, which does well enough technically, but which might have had more to offer musically if its arranger had listened less to some early Wayne King jazz attempts. But it's quite pleasant. But who is Socarras? Sounds like a transcription service. (Victor 47-6060)

Roy Stevens

Beauty and the Beat B— Park Avenue Patter C+

It's hard to understand just what Roy was driving at here. He hired Don Redman to make some scores, and Don made some good ones. But in each, especially in the first, Stevens suddenly goes off into a meaningless trumpet cadenza, with some old-fashioned drummer hanging on. It doesn't make sense. Still, the Redman writing and some of the playing are worth listening to. (Original 530)

Cal Tjader Plays Afro-Cuban

Goza
Panchero Mambero
Alegres Congas
Mambo Moderno
Afro-Colorombo
Ritmo Caliente
Mambo Inn
Alegres Timbales
Mucve La Cintura
Bernie's Tune

These are interesting Afro-Cuban selections, which I'm delighted to comment upon, but which I don't feel I know enough about to offer any sort of authoritative rating. Highlights, so far as I'm concerned, are the relaxed swing and Cal's vibes on Panchero; Jerome Richardson's flute and the relaxed approach of Moderno; the interesting use of 6/4 time on the next track; Cal's swinging vibes on Inn, and the over-all feel of the final Tune. Credit Ralph Gleason for the informative notes. (Fantasy 3-17)

Cal Tjader Plays Mambos

Yesterdays B
Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen B+
Wachi Wara B+
For Heaven's Sake B—
Fascinatin' Rhythm B
I Concentrate on You B—
It Ain't Necessarily So B—
Mambo Macumba B

The first four tracks are with rhythm section only; the last four include a trumpet quartet of Dick Collins, Charlie Walp, Al Porcino and Johnny Howell. Highlights of this octet of tracks are the swinging vibes on,

and the light and amusing approach to, Schoen; Cal's fleet playing and wonderfully light touch on Dizzy's amusing Wachi; Dick Collins' short solo on Rhythm; the four trumpets and the over-all swingingness of Macumba. Less attractive is Tjader's apparent passion for allowing his vibes to ring out on ballads, as on Sake, a good tune that doesn't lend itself to a mambo beat anyway. The liner notes are totally inadequate; simply two blurbs praising Tjader's Afro-Cuban LP. (Fantasy 3-18)

Julius Watkins Sextet

Linda Delia B— Perpetuation B I Have Known B Lecte B+

This LP gets better as it progresses. The first track, a Latin sort of thing, has some exciting French horn moments from Watkins, but also a few unpleasant fluffs, some sensitive Perry Lopez guitar, but some raucous Frank Foster tenor, and an annoying preponderance of echo on the horn, but none on the rhythm, so that it sounds almost like two separate groups playing. Perry's fleet guitar stands out on the second, which has some good unison writing that Julius doesn't quite make, some pretty good George Butcher piano and more harsh Foster tenor. Julius and Perry blow prettily on the lovely Known ballad; Frank chooses nice notes but hasn't the tone to match them, and Julius's fluffs are bothersome. Watkins plays his best jazz chorus on Everything I Love-oops sorry, they call it Leetewith Frank much improved, Oscar Pettiford adding a fine bass chorus, and the entire affair coming across as an optimistic sounding sort of piece of modern jazz. (Blue Note BLP 5053)

John Williams

Williams Tell
Be Careful, It's My Heart
Blue Mirror
Somewhere in the Night
I'll Take the Lo Road
Out of This IVorld
Railroad Jack
For Heaven's Sake
LP rating: B+

John is a young, modern pianist, with a refreshingly well-modulated touch, good ideas, capable of swinging and, in general, one of the more pleasant performers to come along of late. He has a tendency to work too hard, as on the first number, and he and the group are occasionally bogged down by Frank Isola's heavy-footed high-hats, but, taken all in all, he and Frank and bassist Bill Anthony produce interesting trio stuff. My own tastes tab Blue Mirror for its pretty melody and delicate playing; Somewhere, because of its nice, easy, relaxed lope and the song, itself; the blues, Road, for its good, swinging ways, and Jack, because of the tune and the changes and the trio's light, swinging performance. The last number, done a bit too dramatically and on the cocktail piano side, is the only one not worth noting. The rest indicate that John Williams is worth watching in the future. The recording, by the way, is excellent, but whoever wrote the notes shouldn't have-those incomplete sentences! (EmArcy (MG 26047)

METRONOME

EDUCATION

JAZZ GOES

To Connecticut Schools

Two Connecticut towns took jazz to their scholastic hearts with impressive results recently. In Stamford, the combined PTA groups of Newfield and Wilard-Hoyt elementary schools staged a jazz concert in the local high school that netted close to a thousand dollars for the organizations.

A few weeks later, in nearby Greenwich, the Greenwich Academy scholarship fund committee staged a session at the local Pickwick Theatre that drew 1.400, the largest crowd ever to attend a benefit in that theatre.

Not only did both schools benefit financially, but jazz won major victories in both communities. Starred in Stamford were Ray McKinley's band, Marion McPartland's trio plus Jimmy, Mundell Lowe's group, Herb Jeffries, with Al Collins m.c'ing and doing a manunoth publicity job via his WRCA program.

Greenwich had units led by Rex Stewart, Bobby Dukoff (with Anita Boyer), Coleman Hawkins (with Teddy Wilson) and Bobby Hackett (with Kai Winding) plus the Lou Stein trio. George Simon produced the first and m.c'd the second.



Al Collins talks with Mundell Lowe, as Herb Jeffries sings with Johnny Potoker

Ed Shaughnessey with Trigger Alpert:

Building A Band

(Continued from page 27)

beware! It's quite conceivable that Tommy Dorsey and his music didn't dig that musician for some very pertinent reasons.

The number of musicians in your band is dependent upon (1) the musicians available and (2) the size of the band you intend to build. It's better, as much as possible, to place more emphasis upon the former, because, unless you have the proper musicians at your disposal, men who play and think at least somewhat alike, you're stuck. You can always increase the band as you find more musicians. On the other hand, starting off with men who you know just won't do can be catastrophic enough to ruin your entire venture and, conceivably, your reputation as a bandleader.

Replacements should always be watched for. After a certain number of rehearsals, you'll know pretty well which musicians will do and which won't. Naturally, if one of your close friends turns out to be a weak

brother, you'll be less inclined to replace him than you would a comparative stranger with similar shortcomings. Respect for friendship and for human beings should never be forgotten. On the other hand, it's not fair, either to you or to your musicians, to carry dead wood strictly for sentimental reasons. Too many bands, including some of the most famous of all time, have been stymied in their development because of warm friendships. This is strictly a personal matter, of course, but it is important to try to retain a certain amount of objectivity when dealing with all band problens, including the most touchy one of personal relationships.

Now that you have your general aims and your tentative personnel set, the next step is to get going. You'll have to find a place to rehearse, a time when everyone can be there, some music, and all the other basic factors that go into the building of a band. These matters will take up the bulk of next month's installment of *How to Build a Band*.

High - Fidelity

(Continued from page 43)

can go to a two pole motor with the attendant savings. The VM changer or the Garrad changer work well with the GE (with the Ronette, too, of course) and the new Crescent changer does very well with the Ronette Cartridge. Mechanically and price-wise the Crescent is ahead of the rest, but it's not suited for use with the GE reluctance cartridge.

Usually single play machines are pretty expensive. In general they will do better than a changer due to the heavier construction but for my money the difference isn't worth the extra trouble. I recently tested a new single play machine (European) which was as good as some of the more expensive American types—belt driven, all speeds variable etc.—but I don't know yet if it'll be on the American market.

Henry C. Lang

Peanuts Hucko with Maxie Kaminsky



MAY, 1955

RIFF RAFFLE

by Charlie Shirley



Here are two choruses, an intro and an ending for the blues, which Charlie Shirley has penned especially for readers of Metronome who might want to blow something a little different either on jazz dates or to satisfy the demands for the current rhythm and blues requests. There are plenty of spots for solos, as you can see, so use this arrangement to suit your needs.

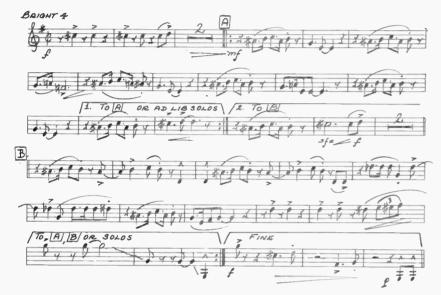


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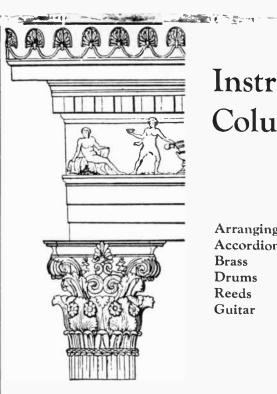
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Instruction Columns

Arranging Accordion Brass Drums Reeds Guitar

Arranging

Charlie Shirley **Outlines** Sketch System

s soon as I got used to feel $oldsymbol{A}$ ing flattered by the request of the editors of METRONOME to contribute to these pages, I was again taken aback because their attitude paralleled mine as to the format we should follow concerning information on arranging, orchestrating and related subjects.

We agreed that a series of columns dealing with arranging tips would be of more value to the average person, interested in the arranging or orchestration field, than another arranging course. The tip theory can be applied as an addenda to any formal course, as they will be compiled and written according to practical experience in the everyday field of commercial arranging.

I would like to give you some idea of the problem you might run into as an arranger-orchestrator and from month to month I will try to deal with these and give you what, in my opinion, is a solution to each. For example:

- I. How to plan and write an arrangement which will fit any orchestra you have a chance to present it to.
- 2. Writing for small groups of
- TV work,



- A. Writing for cameras.
- 5. Writing for music publish-
 - A. Piano-Voice sheet music.
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- 7. Vocal backgrounds.
- 8. Hints on writing for each instrument you will encounter.

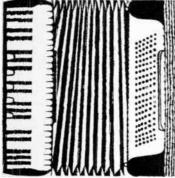
To give you an idea, let's take eight instruments or less, what I have listed first (Ex. #1). 3. Writing for vocal groups. You have a melodic and har-4. Problems encountered in monic idea for an instrumental (Continued on page 53)

48

METRONOME

Gene Ettore Discusses Accordion Literature





and constantly evolving one, which had already made the What exists today in the liter- grade. ature can by no means be ac- The imitation period also nurcepted as the end of that evolut ured, at the same time, a protion. No one knows exactly how ductive period in which many long the process of change will original works were written. Of take, but the accordion itself, as course, these works were gena mechanical instrument, can be erally of a lesser nature, ranging said to have reached a point from mere songs to original overwhere it can be considered at an tures, which, though they were advanced stage in its own de- trite and imitative, were the velopment.

Original accordion material is But these days are necessarily the great need.

At the turn of the century, on works in the past. when the accordion was in the Now, as these composers begin accordionists.

cal work, from a simple Shubert avenues of expression.

song to complex concertos by great composers, has been reduced, transcribed or arranged for the accordion.

This period of initiation is a sign of healthy development, especially since the accordion began to express (through its performers) a desire to be like other great concert instruments. To imitate is a very healthy and normal part of the growth process. The accordion, being in its infancy, wanted someday to be on the subject of accordion liter- its own and it began this process ature is a most interesting by often imitating instruments

beginnings of a new era in musi-Thus, with the mechanical cal composition for a new musiend in sight, it becomes neces- cal medium. Unfortunately too sary for further evolution to con- much of the literature which foltinue through the music which lowed, even the literature of tomust and will be written for it. day, is trite and still imitative.

coming to an end, if for no other There have been instances in reason than that all the possible the past where the accordion has ways of imitation have been exbeen included in the musical hausted. Most present day comscores of some noted composers, posers realize this and are at but not as a general rule: too tempting new works, trying, often the accordion was merely if possible to avoid the influence used for a different or new effect, that dominated original accordi-

midst of mechanical surgery and to exhaust their abilities and at the beginning of its career in add the next phase to the evolu-America, it badly needed this tion of accordion music, it will music; most of its repertoire was only be a matter of time before involved with folk music. It composers, who are not accordiprobably wasn't until the early onists, will become interested 1900's that an adventuresome, in- enough to write for the instruventive composer broke through ment. When this happens, there the blanket of obscurity-Pietro will be a new and fresh approach Diero, the forerunner of today's introduced, and one not necessarily connected directly to the Since then, methods have been evolutionary chain. This addiwritten by the score as instruc- tion will give the accordion new tion media. Almost every classi- features, new sounds and new

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Brass

Louis Mucci Suggests More Discipline

or the past ten years or so. F or the past ten years or so, the small band has practically replaced the big band, particularly the name band. This has had a great affect on our future dance musicians.

Although the small band will give the player freedom of expression, it also has its drawbacks. When the time comes for him to play in a large orchestra, he is usually at a complete loss when confronted with section and ensemble playing, it is almost impossible to gain which is the essential part of perience. big orchestra work.

experience so necessary in a large bands is almost nil. orchestra especially for the lead

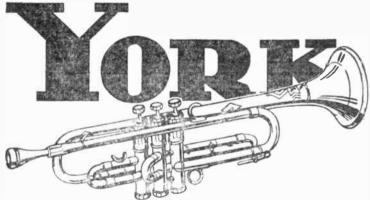


due to the lack of discipline this important and necessary ex-

The conditions of the country I have discussed this situation as far as music is concerned with many leaders and sidemen, makes it almost impossible for and the biggest problem is find- musicians to achieve this goal, ing suitable replacements with because the demand for big

Of course, soloists in large orchestras have their own particu-This is quite a problem and lar problems which may very well the fault cannot be laid entire- drive them back to small groups. ly to the musician. For in my The steady, big band diet, of inopinion the young musician of frequent, short solos, will make today has as much talent and a it difficult for the soloist to keep greater musical education, but in good condition and/or to the opportunities are so few that make real progress on his horn.

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On the Campus

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three tremendously popular jazz bands and are working to book bands. Due to the mounting separate jobs. popularity of rhythm and blues bluesey but frequently progres- Dix Stallings, is popular throughsive sounding combo.

dancing.

of Harvey Haley, trombone, stints. Daumhauer, tenor, who does

L ocated in the foothills of the special arranging of the tunes.

Ozarks is the campus of They appear at most of the Arkansas Tech, which boasts of dances played by the other two

Known mostly as Tech's second music, the most recent of the platoon the second dance band, three is the Seven Wonders, a under the direction of student out the Ozark area. Although It has gained state-wide popus made up of freshmen and sopholarity due to its showmanship mores, they have a big band which includes dancing, playing sound. Their present arrangein the prone position and ment is five reeds, three trumrunning around the dancers pets, three trombones, piano, while playing. The group seems bass, and drums (stock arrangeto be better in concert than for ments). Their music is fine for dancing and their jobs are usu-The group presently consists ally country club and high school

trumpeter Jim Bell, bassist Don - The best and by far the great-Ryan, pianist Roy Riales, drum- est in demand is the Esquires, mer Sam McBride, bari and tenor the most popular dance band in man Kermit Welch, and Buddy the state. Organized four years

(Continued on page 53)

Jim Chapin Writes About Styles



nother type of harmful thinking is seen in the contempt some players express for any drummer not playing in the approved manner of the moment. Now "blowing drummers" play top cymbal almost exclusively, and to be accepted into the fraternity the sock cymbal has to get the "chick on 2 and 4." 1 admit that I'm partial to this type of playing myself, but that doesn't mean that all other ways of playing are beyond the pale. There are pros and cons in these situations, and condemning the experimenter or ridiculing the older stylist shows lack of real insight. I've been drumming less than two decades, but the modes of today seem pretty far removed from those of the late '30's. Around that time I often heard Dave Tough and Jo Jones scorned as "mere cymbal players" because they didn't play many snare drum press rolls or tom-tom beats behind the band. Now they are acclaimed as pioneers. At that time there was even more emphasis on playing around on the traps. The difference in styles between ten top jazz drummers was relatively great. They tried more varied things. It seems that we're reaching a point in jazz drumming that critic Kenneth Burke says is ultimately reached in any art form, a point where the things that are consciously avoided have as much significance as the positive assertions. To wit: An "old style" drummer might play top cymbal, but a modern wouldn't be caught dead playing press rolls or wood block.

The fact remains that a lot of big talents have combined down through the years to arrive at the present style of rhythin playing. An attempt at analysis

Drums

might be in order although it is a shifty subject. One advantage of the *style* lies in the definition given to the time by the closing sock cymbal on two and four. With more subtlety, it is reminiscent of the basic swing of rim-shot-backbeats and hand-claps in rhythm-and-blues, and, perhaps, also hints at the guitar sound.

The left hand used independently on snare can approximate the rhythm punctuation of a good comping piano player. Bass drum can be time keeper. rhythm voice, or both, while the top cymbal provides the rolling sound and helps to define the beat too. If the drunmer has a jazz feel, combined with adequate technique, and this style. he can swing all by himself. When the other players are sensitive and proficient, too, the energy release and propulsive effect is reminiscent of jet aircraft. Remember that there were other kinds of swing before the days of the sock cymbal. If the musician wants to learn to accept other sets of values, there is pleasure and musical edification in many kinds of playing and listen-

Henry Adler has published two fine percussion books recently. The first is a revised and expanded edition of Humberto Morales' and the publisher's work on Latin-American rhythm instruments. This book has been a top seller for the past five years. With the added material on late developments in the field (mambo, double mambo, chacha, etc.) it is now even more timely.

The second book is truly a masterwork. The Alfred Friese Timpani Method is the culmination of a long and productive lifetime of playing and teaching. Though my own knowledge of the instrument is limited, the experts I know all rave about it, to a man. Especially inspired is the use of sight-singing patterns preceding each exercise. and containing the notes to be tuned and played below. Imaginative instruction of the highest order. Mr. Friese's collaborator is Alexander Lepak. Everyone concerned deserves applause.

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for Jazz 1955 see back inside cover

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Guitar

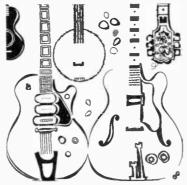
Guitars In Big Bands

when the editors informed me as to the subject matter of this issue, and suggested that I write about the guitar as used in big bands, I felt like a student with an assigned paper in ancient history. Having been away from bands for a little while now, maybe I wasn't as aware of the sad situation that exists as 1 should be. I knew from past experience that it was always rough for the guitarist when it came to the big bands.

Guitars were employed when the leader was prosperous and could afford what was considered a luxury. In some cases he required a vocalist or a group singer, who, just by some coincidence, could play guitar, and to keep him busy the leader would add an extra chair to the rhythm section.

The only major change in the situation today is that the number of big bands is at its lowest level. The majority of the ones that are left still use the same oldformula: no money-no guitar. The ads still read: Guitarist Wanted-Opening for the guy with a good set of vocal chords.

This is a most depressing way to start a column, and, before my eyes fill with tears. I must say that there have been and still are some happy exceptions



to this ridiculous practice which has caused so much panic for the guitarist.

Maybe we should go back to some of the earlier exceptions to the rule. George Van Epps with Ray Noble; Allan Reuss with Benny Goodman: Freddie Greene with Count Basie. Van Epps did some beautiful things with Ray Noble, but then Noble was probably a man of good taste and fully appreciated George's great talent. Reuss made wonderful sounds in the Goodman rhythm section, but then maybe Benny realized that this section should have a musical sound just like any other in the band. We all know that the Count just wanted to keep swinging all the time with a great rhythm sound. He still does and with the ever-present Freddie

Tommy Kay- Greene. I listened to the band not many weeks ago at Birdland. It was better than ever, and many a guitarist might well envy the way in which Freddie handles his instrument in that rhythm section.

> You would think that any leader, carrying a three man section, and hearing this, would run out immediately and hire a guitarist. But the closest most of them get, is using one on a recording date. It seems that they are only conscious of a good sound on the recordings, and give no thought to the feel it gives the band when playing live engagements.

Now in the era closely following that of Noble and company, it seemed that the guitar might stand a chance of survival, Woody Herman, Tonnny and Jimmy Dorsey, Les Brown, Raymond Scott, Claude Thornhill and many others, all used guitar, and some of the guitarists were not only important to the rhythm section but were also featured soloists. I believe the late great Charlie Christian opened this door, and his record of Solo Flight with Benny Goodman is still a must in all guitarists' libraries.

Things went along pretty well then for several years and, then, the bottom dropped out of the big band business. The soloists who had developed in the era now started to drift into small combos or the radio and recording industry. Arrangers began to write more things featuring the guitar with other sections of the orchestra, and they still do. although some of the sounds they expect the guitarist to make are sometimes more like a banjo with a hyper-ego or an undernourished mandolin.

Here again there are exceptions: Tony Mottola, George Barnes, Barry Gailbraith, Mundel Lowe, Al Caiola and several others, who have done some fine work with large recording orchestras. Another bright spot today is Tony Rizzi's wonderful work with Les Brown. He has good taste and ideas combined with a pleasant sound. Les Elgart's recent recordings have a good rhythm sound, and I believe this section was aided by the playing of Jimmy Raney,

Another comforting fact is the use of guitar on some of the big radio and TV shows where the big band is used in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the big band era: The Lucky Strike Hit Parade, The Perry Como show, the Dinah Shore show, and the Eddie Fisher show all use good, four men sections,

Fortunately for the guitarist, he does not have to depend on the big band alone for his living and is more times than not a must in the small combo. (I hópe to devote a full column to 🖫 this in the near future.)

But don't feel too bad, fellow guitar plunkers. Just remember another fellow guitar plunker who sang about The Big Rock Candy Mountain. Maybe someday we will find out about that sweet altitude. Come to think of it, he made that record with a small group. Oh, well! Don't forget to write.

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On The Campus

(Continued from page 50))

ago by Gene Witherspoon, the group has developed along with big-time bands into a swinging. modern sounding group. Boasting outstanding soloists in every section, the two featured men are trumpeter Bill Pinson, graduate of the Navy School of Music. and Buddy Harper, drummer. formerly with the West Point Academy Band.

Led by Homer Brown, who worked under the late Glenn Miller while in service, the sounds of the band resemble those of Les Brown, Woody Herman, and Miller. A bit of Kenton can be heard in their specials which were done by members who have graduated.

The band includes five reeds, three trumpets, three bones, piano, bass, guitar, drums and a charming female vocalist. Miss Helen Cauthron. Other than campus activities the group has been featured on coast-to-coast radio at the National Duck Calling Contest, plays frequently at the state university, and provides music at executive banquets and high school dances throughout the state. Present plans include television and a tour with the school concert band.

Bob Davies

Reeds

TEACHERS NEW YORK, N. Y.



In conjunction with this issue, which is devoted to big bands. I will write about the general reed requirements in some. Through the years I've been asked, "How does one get into a name band?" Instead of answering this, I would like to go generally into what name bands desire in the way of musicianship and experience.

The requirements vary with what one wishes to be. If a person wants to play lead alto, he would be required to have a good tone that carries, play pretty well in tune, be consistent

as to phrasing, and play with authority. In many bands he would also be required to play clarinct and finte equally well. (It is commonly known that most lead alto men play both clarinet and flute even though Stan Kenton and Woody Herman do not require them to.)

Usually the lead alto man is the best reader in the section and his keynote is a Gibraltarlike dependability. Sometimes he has an opportunity to display soloistic talents, but this is not

The requirements of a tenor man can be divided into two parts. First, the second tenor is expected to play solos in most bands. In a band like Woody's or Basie's, he is expected to have a strong, individual way of playing jazz. In a sweet band, he would be expected to play most of the sweet instrumental solos. His further requirement is to have the ability to follow the

Second, the fourth tenor needs to have good control of his low Announcement

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register as he will be playing in that register a good bit of the time. Otherwise, he needs to be able to follow the lead man and. generally, to contribute to the solidarity of the section as a whole.

The baritone sax's requirements are rather similar to those of the fourth tenor's, except that the baritone's position as an anchor man in the section usually requires a little more firm-

The third alto's job is one of following the lead alto and, occasionally, of playing either some jazz or some solo clarinet As a rule, all the saxophone chairs require you to double on clarinet as a minimum.

It is also possible to have a talent for several positions, such as lead alto and jazz soloist who follows well, or a jazz tenor and fourth tenor who subjects his individuality for the good of the section. But this is not usual.

Next month, I'll follow up this column with an article on the differences of opinion in section playing.

Arranging

(Continued from page 48)

arrangement (it may be either an original of your own, or a fresh idea for an old standard)you have no orchestra that will play it for you, but you would like to score and copy it, and then go to the various orchestras you might contact, either on a school campus, local dance hall or radio station, and ask them to try it. Don't do it!!

Instead, write (for your own use) a detailed sketch of your arrangement, including bass, harmonic and melodic lines. (More about this later.) With this as a reminder, you will have everything you need in order to later write your score. Now find the orchestra that will agree to try your opus. When the leader has promised this favor (it is a favor to you in his mind) be sure to note his instrumentation, including doubles (1st alto plays flute, or 2nd tenor has a bass clarinet, etc.) and make full use of that information. Then, and only then, write your score and copy

it. Attend the orchestra's rehearsals in your area and when the leader has an opportunity he will gladly try your arrangement. It takes patience and also understanding of the leader's problems. He may have a recording arrangement or show to rehearse and you, as an unknown quantity, will have to wait for the right moment when he has the time to run down your work. He will do it eventually, don't worry as every arranger is a possible gold mine to a leader, but attend the rehearsals and be there when the arrangement is tried. Point out any phrasings or dynamics that will help but don't presume to "take over."

Again, be sure the arrangement that you present is consistent with the instrumentation of the orchestra you submit it to. The sketch system will save you a great deal of work, and also the frustration of hearing your work played by two trumpets and one trombone, when you planned and had written it for five trumpets and four trombones.

The sketch, of course, is the key and must contain all the

information you need to construct your score when you have determined the instrumentation of the orchestra that will play it. There should be good bass. harmonic and melodic lines incorporated into a two-staff pianolike part. The top or right hand staff should have the melody harmonized in three or four parts, and the bottom or left hand staff should have the bass line. Here, I would like to point out that the bass line is most important and, for the moment, I must assume the basic theories of harmony and counterpoint have been studied, as well as the equally basic practices of jazz bass lines. There will be more concerning this in later columns, but for now let's assume.

Continuing the sketch, other single staff lines can be added above the basic two staff part and they can indicate any background melodies, counterpoint or instrumental section entrances or solos. Anything goes here. since you are the one who will use this sketch, which is nothing really but an outline to follow.

Many times you may be handed

a sketch made out by someone else and be asked to score it: This is a pure case of orchestration rather than arranging and I hope that this will help in distinguishing between the two.

I have covered many diversified points here, but from now on we will take these plus other problems and treat them separately and thoroughly.

Ioe Glaser

(Continued from page 22)

"But most of all, a leader's got to get with the right agency and then work hard to be himself, to control his band, to sell himself."

And, as I staggered away from a barber shop into which Joe had led me by the elbow, he called, "And say something about my right arm, Frances Church, She' been with me for years. If she was a man, she'd be running the business," As far as I'm concerned, if this day was any indication, Joe does that himself.

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Simon Says...

This IS a time when I could be waxing really sentimental. A great jazzman has left us. His loss is just as great as was his music. Charlie Parker was one of the truly important contributors to jazz. When Leonard Feather, in preparing his forthcoming book, asked me to name the five most important contributors to jazz, the only man of the modern school I felt deserved inclusion was Charlie Parker.

There is no telling how much more he would have contributed if he had lived longer. But already, in his relatively short stay, he had said so much—so much for others to hear—so much for others to imitate.

But, though I've been called a pretty emotional guy at times, I can't on this occasion wax sentimental. Sentiment is reserved for personal matters. Unfortunately, I never knew Charlie Parker personally.

Oh yes, I'd met him on several occasions. I'd seen him on dates and in clubs, but it was all quite casual. Naturally I recognized him whenever I saw him. I doubt if he knew me as anybody except maybe "that fellow from some magazine." Or maybe he even thought I was George Frazier!

Those close to Bird loved him. He must have been a pretty wonderful sort of guy. He must also have been a pretty confused sort of person. They tell me that he never really believed in himself—that he honestly didn't think he was a great musician—that he felt he had several shortcomings that he would have to conquer before he could even begin to be satisfied with his own music.

There seems to be little doubt that he was a groper. He seemed constantly to be trying to grasp onto something for a security he could never feel. Unfortunately, this was reflected in his personal habits. He withdrew. His methods of withdrawing were varied. There were times when nobody seemed to know where he was. He would be expected on an engagement, but when starting time came, Bird was nowhere to be found.

This was obviously the behavior pattern of a man fraught with frustrations. Such is the pattern of many a great creator, for creators seldom, if ever, find universal acceptance, and the one thing that Charlie Parker wanted, and needed, above all else, so it seems, was universal acceptance.

He was, I found in the few times we were together, not a light man, full of banter, though he did know how to have fun. I remember on one Metronome All Star date when the studio was filled with modern musicians. I had organized that date with some trepidation, because I'd heard about the unreliable habits of some of the men we were using. My fears were well-founded. Because of the shenanigans that had never happened on any previous METRONOME All Star date, it took us six hours to record two sides. But do you know who stood out above all the rest on that date for his serious approach. for his rock-like consistency, for his tremendously cooperative and thoughtful spirit? You're right. Charlie Parker.

Others who have worked with him have related similar experiences. And yet there are some who had less fortunate experiences with the man. It was just this sort of inconsistency that made him such an enigma.

But if you think that Charlie Parker was an enigma to others, think of what sort of an enigma others must have been to Charlie Parker! Here was a great artist who had something to offer. He was told he was the greatest. And yet, try as he might, he couldn't seem to believe what the whole world of jazz was telling him was true. What horrible conflicts the man must have felt!

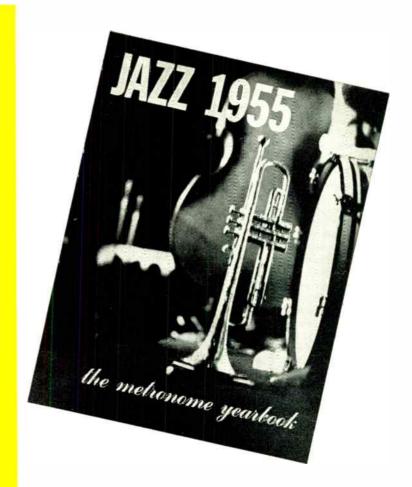
According to the last reports, he thought so little of himself that when the first symptoms of his fatal illness appeared, he did little or nothing about it. The fact that the jazz world needed him, that he, in a sense, owed it to the jazz world to live on and to carry on the great work he had started, undoubtedly never occurred to him. What a pity!

Excuse me, if you will, if I make all this sound like a case history. I am writing this time as an outsider, as an admiring outsider, who would have been thrilled to know Charlie Parker better than he did. And yet, as a friend, I might not have been able to remain as analytical as this. Sentiment, after all, too often beclouds actions and their reasons.

Charlie Parker, as his name implies, was possessed of ethereal qualities. It's too bad there were so many clouds in his sky.

something new!

"Something new," said the publisher to the copywriter. "Write something new about JAZZ 1955! 'What do you mean WRITE something new about JAZZ 1955?" queried the copywriter incredulously. "JAZZ 1955 IS something new, It's the newest and the greatest and the most exciting jazz year book ever published, and if our readers don't think so, all they have to do is pick it up and look at it, and if they don't feel like doing that, then all they have to do is talk to any one of the thousands and thousands of musicians and music enthusiasts who have bought the book and who keep writing us those great letters of praise. They all seem to love it: those great full page pictures by Bob Parent, and George Simon's article about how records are made, and Barry Ulanov's picture of the ideal musician, and the fine discography that Bill Coss put together, and those wonderful caricatures of jazz greats by Donald Smith, and all the other fabulous features that make this fifth Metronome Year Book the greatest of them all. I tell you what, though," continued the copywriter. 'If you want me to tell them something new, I could tell them to hurry up and get their copy now, and I could refer them to the coupon on page 51 of this issue, because IAZZ 1955 is selling mighty fast, and it would be a shame if by procrastinating they missed it altogether. I could say all that," concluded the copywriter. To which the publisher replied. "Fine. Go ahead. That's a great idea. See That's what I meant. Write something new!"



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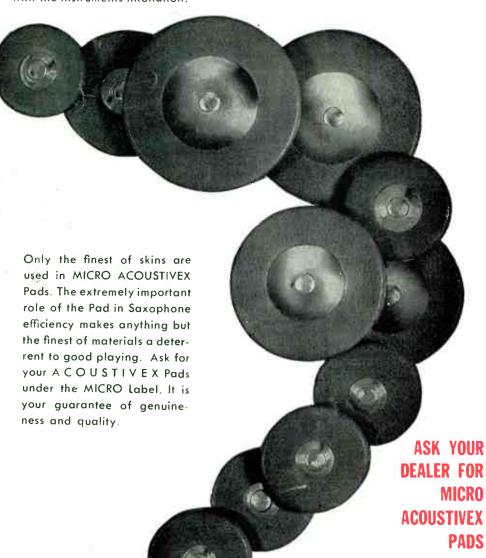
The Saxophone has the largest tone holes of any wind instrument ... and ... by the same token, it has the largest area of soft, sound-absorbent, material ... namely ... the ordinary felt and leather pad.

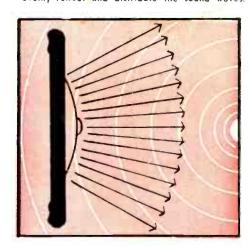
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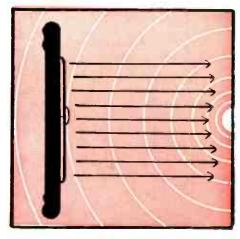


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