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COLLEGE
DANCE BAND
CONTEST

MUSIC USA



DECEMBER, 1955 35c

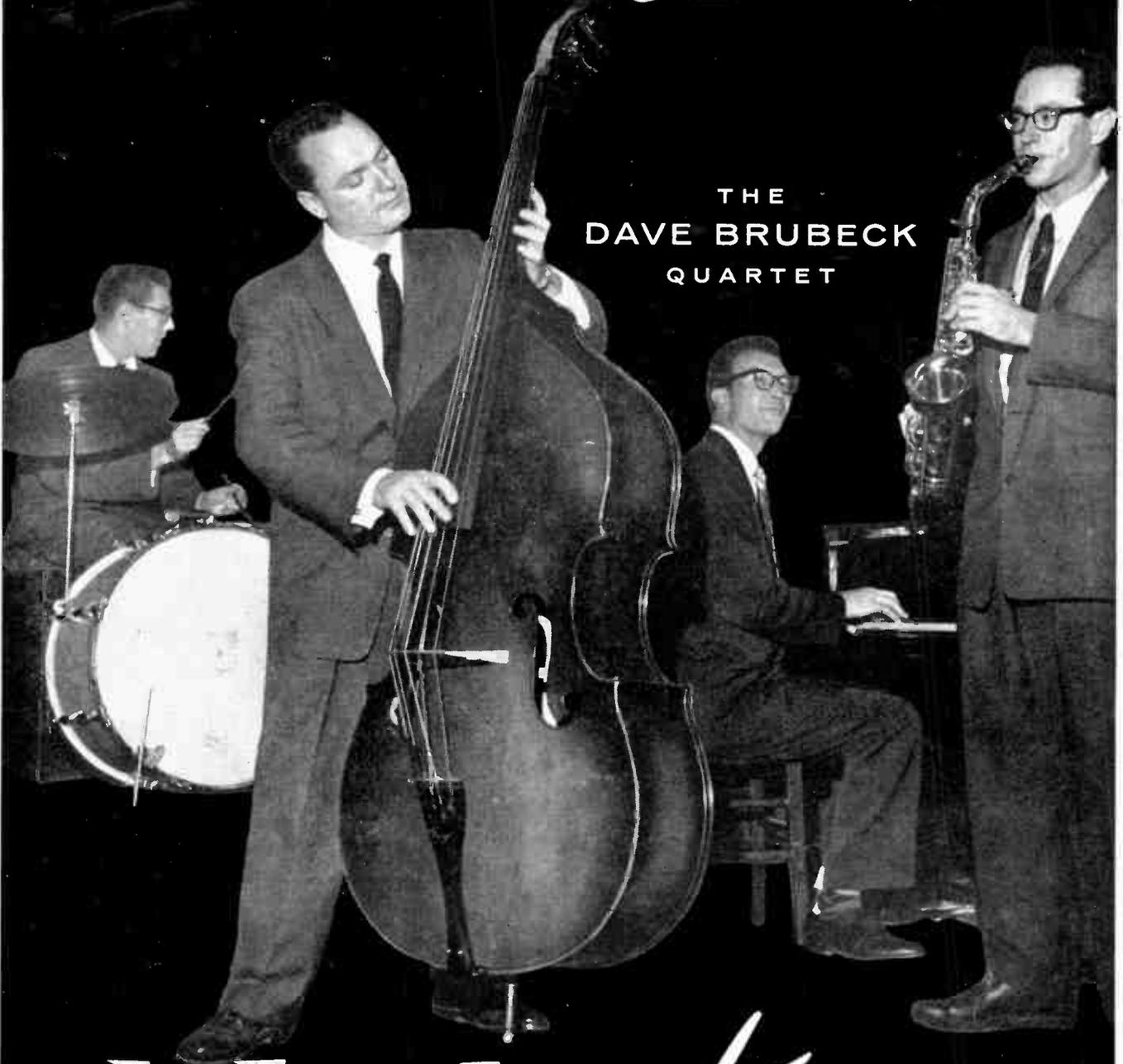


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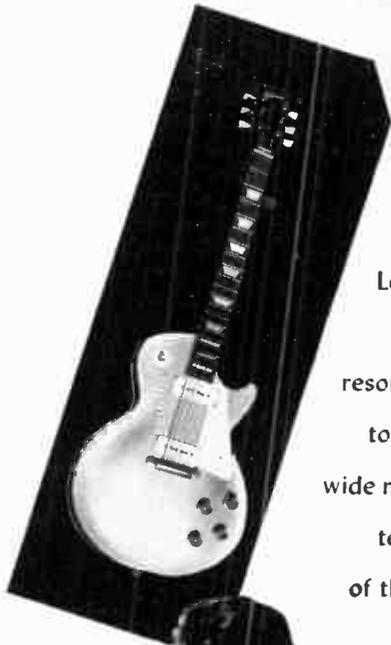


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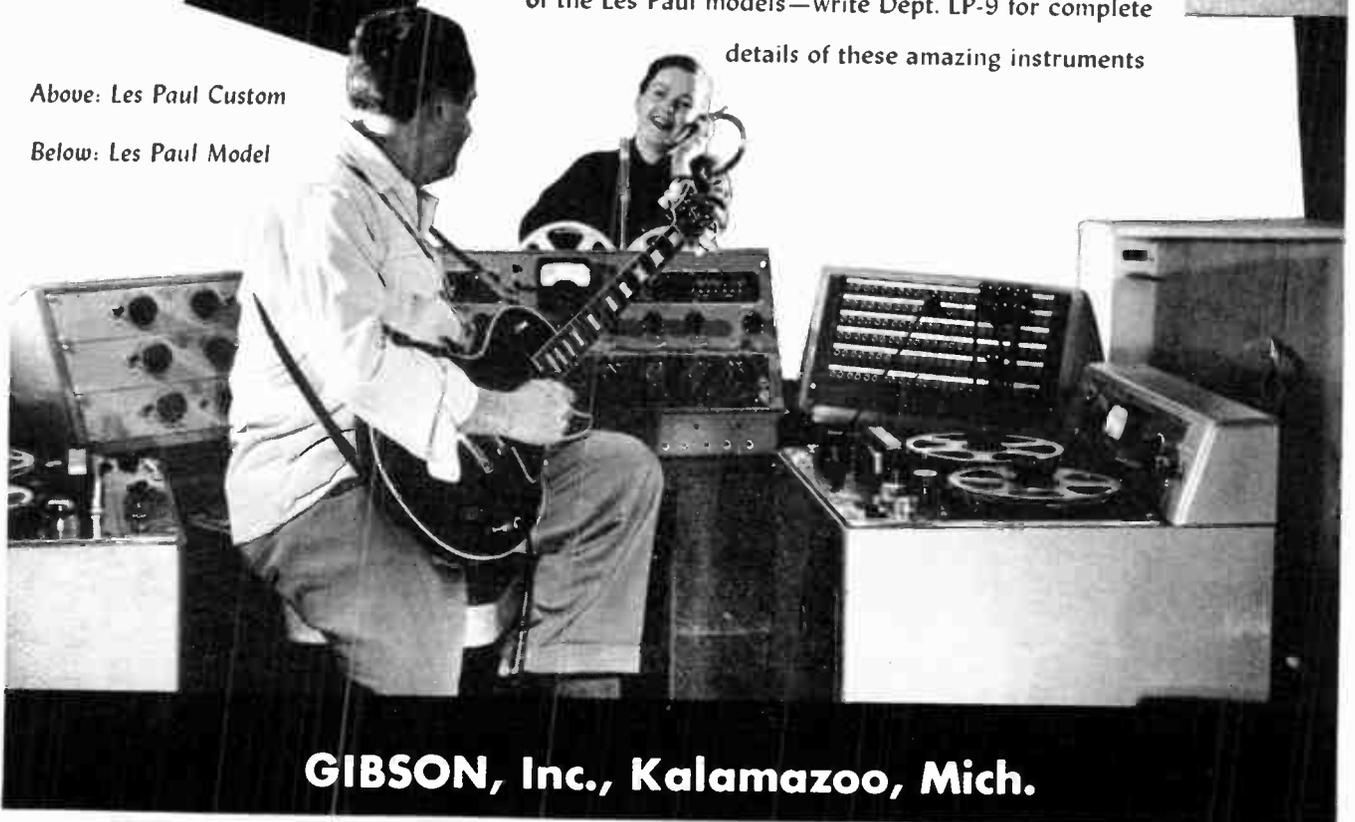
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DECEMBER, 1955

NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
VOLUME 71, NUMBER 12

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This Month

Music USA

The Eastern Circuit.....	6
Simon Sez: Things Are Looking Up.....	8
In Person: All Around The Town.....	10
Letters To The Editor.....	15

Features

The College Dance Band Contest: Rules and Regulations.....	19
Music On College Campuses: Paid, Played and Studied	20
The Teaching Of Jazz: Inside Tristano-Land.....	21
Quantity, Not Quality: Who Are The New Jazz Fans	22
Our Own Baedeker: A Tour Of Listening Pleasure....	23

Records

Jazz and Popular Reviews.....	28
Capitol Releases Fine Package.....	33
Decca Begins New Series.....	36
EmArcy Celebrates First Anniversary.....	37
London Showcases Ted Heath.....	38
Prestige Lives Up To Its Name.....	39
Classical Reviews By Hall Overton.....	43

Education

Music Appreciation Course, Part Five: Rhythm.....	44
Instrument Columns.....	45-49

Editor's Page

Wanted: More Jazz Composers.....	50
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BRINGING UP AN ISSUE

Those of us who smoke pipes in this office sit back at this time each issue, put pipe to pouch and pool ideas for the introductory column which always occupies this space. Since it's done after the rest of the magazine has already arrived at the printers, we usually feel like proud parents during these conversations, and the talk most often revolves around what we've accomplished and what we'll do next time. That next time talk is very much a secret until you see it in the future months, but there are some points about this issue which we can, perhaps, sharpen for you.

You'll find that there are more record reviews this month than ever before, and that we've disposed of several score of them by covering five companies in five, one-page, rambling, though critical, reviews of their recent releases. The regular reviewing continues, of course, but there's an innovation or two there also. Song titles now run full-column width in order to give us maximum room for reviews. The other innovation is best summed up in drummer Jack Maher's words, spoken when he played *Critic for a Day* for the August edition of *The Musician's Corner* (Jack has an article in this issue, incidentally):

"At first glance, jotting *A's* and *D's*, minus and plus, next to the titles in an album seems simple enough. *A* for the exceptional: *B* through *D* for the relatively lesser works. It seems simple enough until you sit down and try to decide between an *A minus* and a *B plus*...."

"To the complete purist, I suppose, *A* would stand for everything that moved him, and *D* for everything else... but... you're caught in a quagmire of relative values, and the whirl of added and subtracted letters. It is here that the frightful decisions must take place, and the explanations of relative qualifications pile one on top of another.... The whole thing is hopeless...."

We agree, of course. We've become more and more convinced that ratings are both unfair and misleading since they are so difficult to assign with any real precision. So there will be no more; we'll have to rely on the clarity of the review itself: and rely, too, on the charity of our readers, who, we hope, will agree that what is most just is certainly the best method to follow.

For the rest: this issue begins again the College Dance Band Contest which brought us a fascinating amount of excellent music from all over the nation last year: several pages devoted to music on campuses with one high, clear voice raised in disagreement, and an inside view of Lennie Tristano's school in New York and the Berklee school in Boston; and, finally some editorial suggestions as to where you can eat and live and listen during the coming Christmas vacations. Coming-up next month is the All Star Poll issue with two special previews about the music business.

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MUSIC USA

The Eastern Circuit

The East Coast Montrose, J.R., for Junior, that is, recording here with trombonist Eddie Bert, whose column starts on page 46 of this issue

UNMELANCHOLY GREAT DANE

Studio maintenance men for major Record labels are a blase lot as a general rule; daily in contact with top artists and all kinds of music. But one such at Columbia was set back on his heels not so long ago when he was asked to set-up a bowling alley for a recording date. He was quite convinced that the Masterworks Department had lost its collective minds. He was even more sure of that when a young lady in full bowling regalia started peering down that alley, and ready to call for a butterfly net when a giant Great Dane was led up to a microphone.

Andre Kostelanetz was responsible for this studio man's dilemma. He recorded Grofe's *Hudson River Suite* that day, and the bowler and dog were part of the elaborate sound effects necessary in the portrayal of Rip Van Winkle's dog and dwarfs. The young lady, Marion Turash, is New York's *All Events Champion* of this year; the dog is *Champion Heider's Brandi of Lidgerbrood*, a show winner. It's safe to bet that none will play Birdland in the near future.

HEATH FOR KENTON

It was announced, just as we went to press that the Musician's Union will permit the first exchange of orchestras between England and the United States in early 1956, when Stan Kenton will go to England and Ted Heath will come here.

Interestingly enough, Heath is one of the few English bandleaders who is on record as to his opinion of American

bands: "We're not looking up to the Americans as god's anymore," he said when commenting on the fact that England's band standard is much higher than it is in the States. But Jack Hutton of the *Melody Maker*, the English music paper, compared the Heath band with the United States Air Force band, in concert at London's Royal Festival Hall, and found Heath very over-rated in comparison. Actually, of course, the AAF dance band is a superb organization, so we'll have to await Heath *In Person* to find out for ourselves.

RANDOM-INGS

German disc jockey J. Berendt, with W. Gotze, has compiled a wonderful jazz calendar for 1956, a different musician's picture for each ten days, along with a biography for each musician. Musicians included range from Dizzy Gillespie to Big Chief Russel Moore with a sprinkling of European stars. We'll send requests along to Berendt in case our readers are interested.

Drummer Al Levitt has joined *The Six*, that unusual cooperative group which features music from then to the future. . . . Chet Baker's European tour is going well, going into bookings for four months with a month's tour of American bases there. . . . *The Bob Gordon Memorial* concert in Hollywood, though not a sell-out, was a success. . . . Boston's Teen-Age Jazz Club has guest speakers from the faculty of the Berklee School of Music (see page 14) each meeting.

George Wallington out as musical director of The Bohemia Club will concentrate on semi-name and name talent. . . . A new jazz club, *The Downbeat*, opened on Boylston St., in Boston last month.

GROOVED NEEDLE

Decca Records will soon release a 12-inch I.P. by vocalist Sylvia Syms, arrangements by Ralph Burns. Incidentally those Decca albums reviewed on page 36 of this issue are part of the company's project: *Fill Your Home with Music*, which will include music of all kinds for all tastes.

Victor has other Pete Jolly LP's in the offing. . . . Columbia has just issued an album to tie-in with *The \$64,000 Question*, with that as a title, and re-issues from Condon to Herman. Also from Columbia: a 12-inch I.P. of Sinatra re-issues and the Jay and Kai 12-incher.

Debut will celebrate it's anniversary with a 12-inch album parade of its artists, mostly sides never before released by such as Max Roach, Lee Konitz, Bud Powell and Mingus. Fantasy is readying a Lucy Reed vocal album. Bethlehem has recorded trumpeter Howard McGhee and his quintet.

At least five companies will attempt to tie-in with the soon-to-be-released *Benny Goodman* story. Victor and Coral are the first to announce it though: Coral will issue a Brunswick LP titled *Benny Goodman, 1927-1934* in January, and, before that, will come a Steve Allen I.P. of songs from the picture, featuring many ex-Goodman musicians.

Herald Records is about to inaugurate a jazz series and is now in the process of signing talent (1697 Broadway). Riverside recorded Thelonious Monk with Klook and Pettiford. . . . Andre Previn's wife, Betty Bennett sings on an Atlantic album due soon. . . . Pacific Jazz has a Jack Montrose album in the works. . . . Signal will issue an I.P. with a nine-piece jazz group.

(Continued on page 9)

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Simon Says...

Things are hopping! Jazz is getting an airing and a look-to it hasn't gotten in years. Even television is getting into the act.

Most impressive of the recent support that jazz has received from unexpected sources is Leonard Bernstein's forthright explanation of the subject on a recent *Omnibus* program. The fact that Bernstein devoted so much time and effort to jazz is not at all surprising, but the Ford Foundation's willingness to devote half of its weekly hour and a half to jazz is one of the season's pleasanter revelations.

Bernstein's explanation was excellent. Though he didn't come through with any definite one or two sentence definitions of jazz, which could forever after be quoted to people who ask "what is jazz?" he did, nevertheless, describe excellently the component parts by dwelling on such integral aspects as its basic rhythms, the blues, and, most importantly of all, on jazz phrasing. It was as masterful a job of simplifying a rather complex presentation as I have ever seen (or heard), and the fact that it came from a man of Bernstein's stature and was presented with absolutely no hint of condescension, surely must have influenced millions of people who had never before been quite sure just what jazz was. (The only possible cause for confusion was Bernstein's own jazz composition which closed the show and which belied some of the salient points which he had previously made verbally.)

Also great for the cause of jazz have been the recent TV appearances of the Reverend Alvin Kershaw, a Protestant Minister from Oxford, Ohio, who has been lending a degree of dignity to jazz by his blessing of it on several CBS shows. Most widely publicized have been his showings on *The \$64,000 Question*, on which he not only has expounded on the place of jazz in our civilization, but has also answered a batch of interesting, if not exactly difficult, questions.

Even more impressive, though, have been Reverend Kershaw's appearances on a CBS-TV religious show called *Look Up and Live*, which is sponsored by the National Council of Churches of Christ. On this show he has offered several installments of his *Theology of Jazz*, delving even more deeply into the relationship between jazz and the spiritual way of life. He has surrounded himself with leading jazz musicians (he leans very heavily toward the traditional side), including a great outfit led by Jerry Jerome and featuring stars like Maxie Kaminsky, Lawrence Brown, Milt Hinton and Sonny Greer, and also the very authentic-sounding Wilbur DeParis group. At this writing he was due for another program built around Mahalia Jackson, that wonderful gospel singer.

Three performers have impressed me of late, all related.
(Continued on page 49)

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EMARCY BIRTHDAY

(Continued from page 6)

Bobby Shad, who handles jazz and rhythm and blues a. and r., as well as some pop releases for Mercury Records, is one of the fastest moving men in the recording business. That's been a blessing for that label's baby subsidiary, EmArcy, for in just one short year Bobby has delivered forty-eight ten-inch LP's and 50 twelve-inch LP's to the seemingly inexhaustible record buyer. Granted that some of the large albums were produced by adding tracks to the original 10-inch LP, as in the case of Sarah, or by adding two small LP's together, as in the case of Hampton, this is a fantastic total of jazz albums. (And, incidentally, Shad did no stretching of albums as did some other companies; i.e., giving the buyer no more music, but putting it on a bigger record for one dollar more.)

The line, of course, has been built of hard work, Shad's hard work, and a kind of smiling, fast footwork which leaves many, including an equally smiling secretary of his, slightly breathless. For example, Bobby needed pictures for the front cover of an LP. He sent a photographer to a rival company's recording session with instructions to shoot two rolls of film and get out. About midway in the first roll the recording director asked where he was from, and the photographer muttered something about being an official photographer. Then, midway in the second roll, the director asked, "Whose official photographer?" and, while skipping out the door, that worthy yelled, "EmArcy's official photographer."

That apparently irresistible combination of hard work and gall has made things happen for the subsidiary. The parent company is "really strong for us... we're happening now," says Shad. "The main thing, of course, is that I have to build a big line. Now with my twenty-five artists... some of them I throw on the pop label at times... I have to work three months in advance... but I'm building a damn big catalog." (And a tip-off for talent: "I have fourteen new artists, but I need six more.")

Aside from the Keynote and National re-issues, which Bobby used to bolster his catalog, EmArcy jazz has been mostly of the rough-and-ready variety: jam sessions of extended length; modern bop as a general rule played by musicians on both coasts. But there have been exceptions: Garner, of course, Clifford Brown with Strings and Helen Merrill.

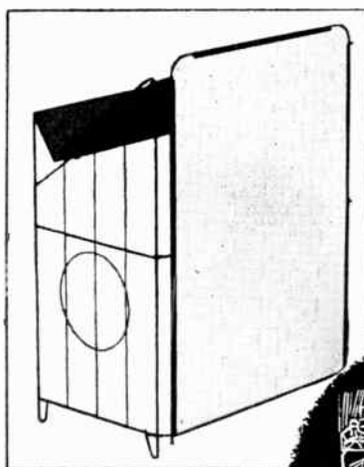
The Brown LP, incidentally, with Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan, has been a big seller for the company, as has the Demonstration Record (see page 40), which sold 120,000 copies before it was shipped.

For the future, Shad has equally big plans. First out will be a new LP by vocalist Kitty White with a swinging quintet, a record by Cannonball and another by Terry Gibbs. Coming up is another Helen Merrill LP and albums by Herb and Lorraine Geller, Maynard Ferguson's Octet, Jimmy Cleveland and a whole series titled *The Jazz Giants*, literally scores of now

unobtainable Keynote sides, a boon for jazz collectors since Norvo, Hines, Basie, Prez and dozens of others are included.

Not content with his present schedule of work, or with the laurels of a successful first anniversary, he is hard at work with a *mystery band*, whose future seems assured, and about which we will report in the next issue.

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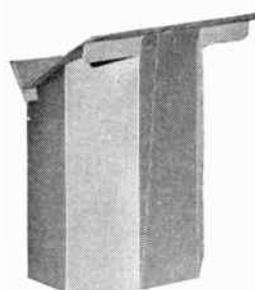


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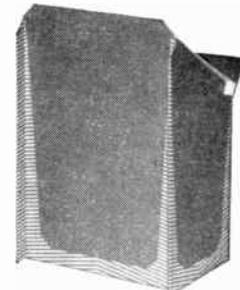
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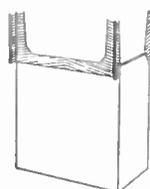
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Inhibited by the acoustical limitations at Birdland, somewhat overcome by the unique miking device used in order to bring out the true sound, the Sauter-Finegan Orchestra surmounted its difficulties and proved to be as vital a musical experience as ever. Essentially distinguishable by its unique sound, that has more than passing relation to serious music, the band's library continued to take fullest advantage of the large resource of the orchestra and exploit its wide range of instruments for creation of compelling moods and musical colorations . . . *Sleepy Village, Azure Te, April In Paris* typical of former, while the orchestra's delightful adaptation of a Prokofiev piece

(*Midnight Sleighride*) is an example of the latter.

I was especially impressed with the percussion section of the orchestra led by an all around excitement named Joe Venuto. His ability on all the percussion instruments and improvisory sense are startling. The three, stick wielding gentlemen proved to be quite stimulating on *Eddie and the Witch-Doctor*. (The other two are Pete Cadario and Warren Harte.)

Trumpeters John Wilson and Bobby Nichols were the most provocative soloists in the band. John plays a very modern horn, and impressed on the faster selections with his conception and technical prowess. Bobby is a softer, more



Finegan and Sauter

lyrical ballad talent whose ability on the fluegelhorn parallels his trumpet work.

As a section the trombones were most adept and well balanced, and in our short talk, Sauter expressed his own feeling of satisfaction with them which makes the opinion even more valid.

For the girls, there is handsome Andy Roberts whose relaxation at the mike and fine vocal style gives an added commercial dimension to the band. Andy is illustrative of the flexible, experienced band singer who is at home on any sort of tune. I thought his rendition of *John Henry*, a tune more fitting for a folk singer, was commendable.—Burt

JAZZ CONCERT

At Town Hall

The October performance of *Jazz at Town Hall* was something of a bore despite the genial emceeing of disc jockey Mitch Reed and the potential of everyone, or almost everyone, who performed. The Tony Scott Quartet led off the program (Dick Katz, Jimmy Gannon and Kenny Clarke), playing with its customary abandon: Tony wailing despite some reed problems and everyone else in the group playing well except that it was difficult to hear bassist Gannon because there was no mike close to him. Unfortunately, Tony had to leave after three numbers, and it *was* unfortunate because that was the last time in the evening when a performer left me begging for more.

Sylvia Sims, an old favorite of mine, came on next, came on with what seemed to be bad stage fright. And, although she sang well, with much of her wry humor and odd grace, she never did lose that

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throat constriction, whatever it was, never did sing the way she can until her next-to-the-last number, *Supper-Time*, a song of high artistry which she sang with immense feeling. That was probably, excepting Tony, the most musical moment of the evening for me.

Jay Jay and Kai Winding (with Katz, Gannon and Clarke) followed Sylvia, playing for an interminably long time, not so much their fault, because what they play is pleasant enough, though hardly inventive, but very much Kenny Clarke's fault because he seemed to be fighting a battle on the stage this night. Oddly enough, his time kept changing, he seemed intent on providing difficulties for both Katz and Gannon and he played sufficiently loudly during all solos to make any available subtle moments disappear. Then on the third number, *Bernie's Tune*, after Kai's solo had been thus abused, Jay Jay interpolated a few bars of *Dixie*. Perhaps it was a coincidence, but Kenny's playing improved immediately; his brush work was impeccable and the group settled down. But, for me, the damage had already been done: the group never did swing as it should, even on JJ's *Blues for Trombone*; and, on *It's Alright with Me* they came too close to that *ooh-wach-a-doo* feeling for my comfort.

After intermission Chris Connor, introduced as "Just about everybody's favorite singer," tortured her first five tunes, making those strange, pained sounds that once seemed natural inclusions until this current over-use, never singing with any degree of warmth or sincerity until her last two numbers. Try *a Little Tenderness* and *Ridin' High*. Those were well-done only by comparison.

The Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay) concluded the program, also playing for too long a time, mostly because they played seven tunes of almost even texture with a kind of dead seriousness which has always unnerved me. The opener, a blues dedicated to Ralph Gleason, was a fine, swinging start with perfect Lewis and wonderful Milt Jackson. Thereafter, the emphasis was on the even-texture. Milt played *Angel Eyes*, played it beautifully but, seemingly, with reservations, without his customary verve. *La Ronde* featured Connie Kay on drums, a feature he's not yet ready for. *Django* has to please—John's solo was the most distinctly different from the recorded version—but I still think that abrupt transition, from fast to slow, is either theatrical or amateurish. Milt Jackson played Monk's *'Round About Midnight* as Monk would have it played; John was too precise. Milt starred again on *Vendome*, but John had the honors on his suite *Fontessa*, not for its worth as a composition, but because of the solo he played, as if he, himself, does separate the

extraordinarily talented John Lewis from the John Lewis who is *musical director* of the Modern Jazz Quartet.—B.C.

George Wallington AT THE BOHEMIA

George Wallington at The Bohemia is like George Wallington everywhere else—a multi-talented composer and pianist who mistakenly dims his own bright light under—well, not a bushel, but—a quintet. This is a fine quintet, though: trumpeter

Donald Bird, who will develop into a really fine musician; altoist Phil Woods, who improves with each new hearing as he breaks into his own style; and the swinging twosome, Jimmy Gannon and Bill Bradley Jr. Number five? That's George. Unfortunately, there's little of the ballad magic; it's hard to weave that within a group of this rough-and-ready texture, but there is hard-swinging, a new outgrowth of bop that George calls *the peck*, where the main emphasis is on the interplay between the three horns and the rhythm, plus good solos by all. It seems, then, that it's ridiculous to com-

(Continued on page 12)

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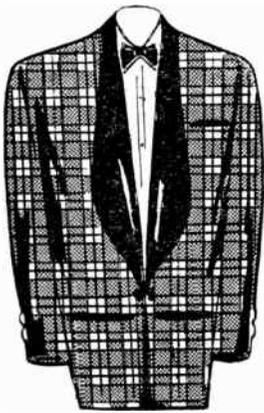
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see the inside back cover

of this issue

MISS AJEMIAN AT TOWN HALL

The last recital by Miss Ajemian at Town Hall will long be remembered by this reviewer, and I'm sure by all those who attended it, as one of outstanding quality. Miss Ajemian not only displayed mastery of her violin but also a profound understanding of the music she was performing. Her interpretation of all the works performed was in the vernacular, out of this world.

Another bouquet of roses for Miss Ajemian for presenting at least one new work to the New York audience. It was by the young contemporary composer, Ulysses Kay. (I-I-K-E)

The program consisted of Kay's *Partita in A*, Bach's first *Sonata in G minor* for unaccompanied violin, Schubert's *C major Fantasia*, Bartok's *Violin Concerto*, Milhaud's *Le Printemps*, and Stravinsky-Dushkin's *Danse Russe*.

Her accompanist David Garvey deserves a note of praise for his fine job of accompanying Miss Ajemian. All and all it was a rare treat and a privilege to hear her perform.—TED MACERO

OKLAHOMA NEW YORK PREVIEW

The TODD-AO production of *Oklahoma* has the breadth and joy and clarity of the State itself. Jaded as I am by several years of listening to both the title song and the two or three other hits from the original stage performance, I was taken aback by the charm of the movie, the excellence of acting and singing and the several tunes which never invaded the Hit Parade: *Many a New Day*, *Poor Jud Is Dead* and *Out of My Dreams*. (Incidentally Capitol Records did well by the score this month with one 12" LP composed of music direct from the sound-track, and one, the better of the two, devoted to Nelson Riddle's creative interpretations of that score with orchestra and voices (but no words) and the pretty tone of Harry Edison's trumpet on three selections).

Undoubtedly the new film process influenced my interest. Not quite as enfolding as *Cinerama*, but with much of that latter process' three-dimensional effect. TODD-AO made it all seem a little more brighter than it is. One word of caution,

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from dally, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

John W. Bitner
William B. Snyder
(Seal) Notary Public

Sworn and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1955

though. Seats on the side distort vision as with *Cinerama*, producing wild effects such as teetering houses and females on the edge of the screen, or hills where there should only be more, flat land.—B.C.

Leonard Bernstein Omnibus — CBS-TV

It is always an event when television, with its wide range of listeners, does something creditable for jazz, because exposure to such a large audience makes possible fuller recognition, which is a necessity for the life of any communicatory expression. It is also a step in the direction of acceptance and understanding.

On the third Sunday afternoon in October, *Omnibus* (CBS-TV) turned over a sizable portion of the program to a most articulate Leonard Bernstein who proceeded to carry the standard of jazz into the American home through his very concise explanation and exploration of the forms and purposes of jazz.

All of the discussion was given further descriptive value by the band in the studio which was broken up into various sizes to supplement or give musical explanation to Mr. Bernstein's verbal declarations. Records were also utilized for the same thing.

The center of the explanation was based on description of the basic framework of jazz selections . . . the blues and the song form. The latter was given the complete treatment by taking the song *Sweet Sue* through all phases of jazz, from Dixieland to Progressive. In this exposition Mr. Bernstein concisely brought to light what had happened with the passage of time and growth of jazz to the rhythm, compositional quality, etc., and handily illustrated the direction in which jazz seems to be going . . . toward a closer kinship with serious composition.

The importance of improvisation was explained, as was the so valid premise that much of the excitement in jazz comes from the greater freedom to improvise which the general form of the idiom presents. In fact, Mr. Bernstein felt that jazz is a player's art in opposition to classical music, which he deemed a composer's art.

A few of the other points that were touched upon deserve mention . . . relation of the jazz soloist to the Negro singing voice; that music has progressed to a point where it has turned into a listener's music, because of its complexity and the necessity to listen to derive any benefit, rather than being, as it always has been, a music for dancing and entertainment. That no one should be compelled to defend a music that is, in reality, a music of dignity . . . a true folk music.

Jazz has more inherent dignity than most because it comes from the basis of things . . . contemporary life and the earth.

Mr. Bernstein's jazz composition—*Preludes, Fugues And Riffs* closed the program. Though composed in all good faith, it created an illusion of jazz rather being a valid example of same. The whole discussion had fine flow and continuity, was understandable and definitive and seemed to please many of my not too enthusiastic, jazz-loving friends. All the music was played exceedingly well and there were many familiar faces in the band which at its largest included fifteen men . . . Al Derise, ex-Kenton trumpet, Lou Mucci ex-Thornhill trumpet, Boomie Richman, ex-Dorsey tenor, Sam Marowitz, ex-Herman alto, Danny Bank, ex-

Barnet baritone and bass saxist, Sol Gubin, ex-Kenton and Lawrence drummer and bassist Jack Lesberg, certainly men versed in the jazz tradition.—BURT

See page 16
and inside back cover
for an important
announcement
about *Metronome*,
and *Jazz 1956*,
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BOSTON:

● paul coss visits boston's famous berklee school of music

Recently, I spent several enjoyable and interesting hours visiting with Lawrence Berk, director of Boston's well-known Berklee School of Music. The Berklee School, located in the heart of Boston on Newberry Street, is quite significantly just a short chorus away from the jazz clubs on Huntington Avenue.

Lawrence Berk was one of the original twelve authorized teachers of Joseph Schillinger's System of Musical Composition. In 1945, he founded the Berklee School. 284 Newberry Street opens upon a world that is 100% music. Students exist in and with music continuously during their stay at the school. The curriculum contains musical subjects only, under theoretical, practical and applied aspects. Of course, such a complete concentration on music is bound to produce a highly trained product in a minimum of time.

The building houses classrooms, private studios, recording equipment, and a television studio with closed circuit equipment serving the entire school. In addition, there is a sizable collection of sheet music and recorded music available to the students.

Some of the most intriguing moments of my visit were spent in the office of Harry Smith, supervisor of the Piano Department. Mr. Smith has spent hundreds of hours transposing parts for all instruments from various jazz recordings. His studio houses an enormous file of mimeographed arrangements completely catalogued and available to advancing students to help them progress through different styles. It was fascinating to hear Mr. Smith and one of his pupils play exactly the same part that Oscar Peterson played while we listened to one of the trio records on a phonograph.

One of the most fundamental elements behind the curriculum is the Schillinger Theory of Composition and Arranging. This is the ideal presentation of rhythm, scales, melody, harmony, counterpoint and composition from both the theoretical and practical point of view. The latter element depending upon the individual student's personal interests.

Scoring and arranging play an integrated part along with all courses in theory. Starting with the simple four-part recd or brass section, the student learns the use of chords, melodic improvisation, rhythmic anticipation and other basic devices from the early course in Shillinger theory.

Perhaps two of the most beneficial phases of the students' musical evolution are the laboratory and applied music courses. This is music in the open without the protective shield of classroom theory. Ensemble groups handle the products of scoring classes and the students' works are subjected to the opinions of fellow students as well as that of the instructor.

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In February of 1956, Norman Granz's discovery, Toshiko, is coming to the Berklee School to absorb advanced musical training. Mr. Berk emphasized the young lady's great desire to study in the United States and her overwhelming sincerity by detailing the difficulties that she experienced in her attempt to raise funds for her education. She has since been granted a full scholarship for as much training as she might require.

Happily student-faculty relationship at Berklee is a professional musician to musician attitude which allows considerable opportunity for friendships to develop. Recently when Joseph Viola, Supervisor of Reed Instruments, returned from a trip to Paris to visit Marcel Mule he was greeted by forty students at the airport. Ordinarily, this might not have seemed too unusual, but in this instance, the forty were well prepared with a special ensemble arrangement of the *Marseillaise* for reeds.

The Berklee School is another college of music unfortunately denied a degree conferring charter because the curriculum does not conform to the outmoded standards of the past. Perhaps education boards will some day realize the inherent value of a curriculum which has been prepared for a specialized student body . . . is this too much to expect from those who have such a responsibility?

Letters To The Editor



Facts of Life

"A great man shows his greatness," said Carlyle, "by the way he treats little men." Don Shirley is a little man. In my estimation Liberace is much "littler."

I am not a fan of Don Shirley, much less of Liberace. A pianist in my estimation is a man like Brubeck, or John Lewis, or Art Tatum; I could name fifty more.

For the past several years, my mother has been a fan of Liberace's. Ever since his first Decca records came out. She has never had any use for my records by Shearing, et al. Last Spring she went out and bought an album by someone I had never heard of, one Don Shirley. I was somewhat impressed with Mr. Shirley's pianistics, but at least one thousand times as impressed by the fact that a Liberace fan had purchased it. I could not see any resemblance between the two piano players, nor can I now.

This story has been repeated several times among my acquaintances. Crew Cuts' fans have begun to listen to Shirley, people who thought Crazy Otto was the end have bought Shirley's album(s). Needless to say this is A SLIGHT IMPROVE-

MENT. No, these people haven't been transformed into lovers of jazz and classics, but my mother hasn't bought a Liberace record since, and several of the friends who purchased Shirley's album have said to me since "I can see why you like Brubeck, etc., I still don't like him but I don't mind him near as much now." Even my mother has said this, and has actually sat down and listened WILLINGLY to the MJQ, Kenton, and others.

And so you (Bill Coss) knock him. Well, go ahead, but you're making a mistake. Just because some writer on the back of the first album cover calls him a genius doesn't mean you have to compare him with such. To do so is to admit you believe all the gush on the backs of album covers. And you and I know you don't.

Shirley is an infinite improvement on the mass's music, so let the masses buy his records without being told about how some reviewer WHO USUALLY KNOWS WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT says he is no good. Shirley can bridge the gap for many people. Let him.

Robert P. Blair
Chapel Hill, N.C.

(Continued on page 17)

Students Form

Jazz Record Library

Near the close of last school year, the Cornell Rhythm Club, Cornell University's student jazz club, made an important contribution to the spreading of the jazz gospel. The Club established, for student listening, a 60-LP collection of jazz records in the Music Room of the student union building, Willard Straight Hall.

This Room houses a large collection of classical records, a mammoth hi-fi, and a number of comfortable sofas and armchairs. It is designed for listening to music and that only. The records are played by authorized Room attendants, in accordance with written requests made by the people in the room.

For a couple of years, the Rhythm Club had been using this room for weekly afternoon recorded jazz concerts. These concerts, which are still a part of the Rhythm Club program of jazz events, center around such themes as Big Band, West Coast, Swing, Bop, etc. Occasionally sessions are devoted to personalities such as Ellington, Kenton, Brubeck, etc.

Last Spring, the Rhythm Club, in the best financial condition of its nine-year life, due to a near sell-out concert by the Brubeck Quartet, decided to establish a permanent collection of jazz records somewhere on the campus. The Music Room was the logical place, and the authorities of Willard Straight Hall were approached with the plan.

The Rhythm Club held out for unconditional acceptance of the gift, that the records should be treated in the same way as the classical discs already in the Room's collection. This caused some degree of consternation among the "squarer" of the long-haired denizens of the Room.

Petitions were circulated against the jazz records, and tempers flared. But the plan went through as first presented by the Rhythm Club. The first few weeks of the new setup saw more fireworks. Classical listeners rose in a body and walked out one day when Brahms' Requiem was followed immediately by Bessie Smith.

But gradually the uproar subsided and the jazz records became accepted by all but the most obstinate of the room's regular listeners. A surprising number of the "regulars" began to request and listen to jazz, and converts were made the other way, too. This writer, for one, was among the jazz fans who found some worthy sounds among the classics while waiting for his jazz requests to come up.

An interesting aspect of this project was the choosing of the records to be bought. Rhythm Club members pooled suggestions, amateur jazz scholars on campus made detailed lists, Marshall Stearns and Lennie Tristano were consulted, Ulanov's book and other published lists were taken into consideration, and the whole works was gone over again and again by a small committee of Rhythm Club members.

The collection starts with twelve records in a section titled "Dixieland-Historical." Early Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Sidney Bechet, Eddie Condon, Jelly-Roll Morton, Bix, Muggsy Spanier, Kid Ory, Fats Waller, and recent Armstrong are represented here.

A "Big Band" section includes early Basie,

recent Basie, Lunceford, Duke through the years, Goodman, Herman, Kenton, Les Brown, Dizzy and Shorty Rogers.

Small group discs are divided rather arbitrarily into two divisions, one called "Traditional" and the other "Modern," with plenty of room for argument all around.

In the first Chu Berry, Hawk, Eldridge, Charlie Christian, Johnny Hodges, and Tatum are among the jazz greats represented. The latter section starts with bop (two Bird LP's plus Jazz Goes to Massey if anybody's wondering how little or how much we allocated to that great man), and is well-sprinkled with the trail-blazers of modern jazz: Bud, Dizzy, Miles, Getz, Mulligan, etc. Popular demand decreed two Brubeck discs (Oberlin and Jazz Goes to College).

historically important discs with an emphasis on the modern sounds (as they are what has developed from earlier efforts) and yet pay some attention to popular tastes among the college jazz audience, so that the records would be played. Thus only the real gassers, the absolutely essential things were picked from the past, while some modern sounds were included that might not really be of great stature in the history of jazz.

A complete listing of the final 60 decided upon, with labels and serial numbers can be obtained by writing to the Cornell Rhythm Club, Willard Straight Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Peter Cusack

(Continued on page 35)



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FLASH! HERB POMEROY, a Berklee School graduate, former jazz trumpet and arranger for Stan Kenton, has joined the faculty at Berklee School.

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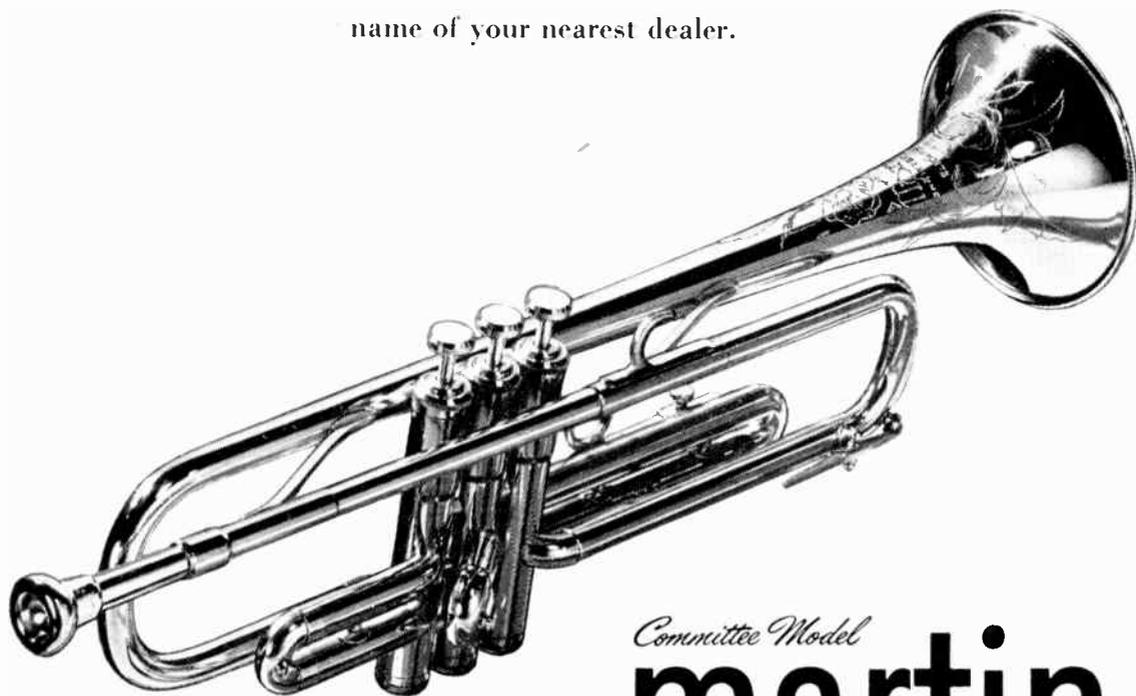
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METRONOME

THE COLLEGE DANCE BAND CONTEST

In the December, 1952 issue of METRONOME the first *College Dance Band Contest* was announced. In June, 1953 the five winners were named and congratulated, just one week after the winning orchestra, City College of Los Angeles, cut four sides for Capitol Records.

As of this issue, we are beginning a similar schedule of events in another attempt to find the best college dance orchestra in America, culminating with the announcement of winners in the June issue and the award of a recording session with a major label to the top band.

The entries in the first contest, as judged by our editors, Ray Anthony, Billy May, Stan Kenton and Capitol executive, Alan Livingston, were surprisingly good, with the emphasis on originality although CCLA's band was Kenton-tinged and second-place winner, Indiana University, had shades of Herman and even Tristano-like saxophone figures. The next three places were occupied by Charlie Scott's band at the University of Richmond, Ed Gerlach's University of Houston band and Gene Hall's band at North Texas State College. This year's contest will be judged according to the same rules: by Bill Coss and Charlie Shirley of METRONOME and by three band leaders and one recording executive from the label designated to record the winner.

We at METRONOME are more than a little interested in the contest itself, more so than we are in the final decisions, even though they, too, fit into our design. For we've heard enough acetates of campus

groups during the past two years to determine that an immense wealth of creative talent is available right there. We want to encourage that talent because it adds to the force of our musical progress.

Young college men who have already entered the music profession can be numbered by the score, led, perhaps, by such successful leaders as Les Brown, Sonny Burke and Johnny Long, all three out of Duke University.

And, since Les Brown most definitely represents the student turned bandleader, it was natural for us to feature him on this month's cover and to ask him for some reminiscences about his college days.

Like any old grad, Les thinks fondly and gratefully of his undergraduate days. But he thinks practically, too, warning students to prepare for other professions unless they are definitely set on a musical career, for: "Professional musicians at best lead a tough frustrating existence, and only 1/2 of 1/4 of 1% have Cadillacs and swimming pools. . . ."

"Out of the eleven members of the band I took over in my third year at Duke three are now ministers, two are doctors, one is a lawyer, four are what can generally be classed as businessmen. Only one, Don Kramer, is making his living from the music business. He has been my able and popular business manager for the past twelve years. . . . I only point this out. . . because few universities offer superior music courses. . . if you play in a college dance band, you should be preparing for some other walk of life. . . ."



Les Brown
The old Grad

SEVEN SIMPLE RULES

College dance bands are asked to contact either their university newspaper, which should have entry blanks, or else write directly to METRONOME, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N.Y., for same.

The following rules will apply:

1. Any college dance band within the continental United States is eligible.
2. Musicians must be registered university students; graduate as well as undergraduate students are eligible. Under no circumstances are musicians not enrolled in the university eligible to play in bands entered in this contest.
3. Bands must send 78 RPM acetate recordings of at least two different selections. They may send more, but no more than four.
4. Any band with no less than seven musicians and no more than twenty musicians is eligible.
5. All recordings become the property of METRONOME, to be judged by its editorial staff and by a group of well-known name bandleaders.
6. All recordings must be in the offices of METRONOME no later than March 1st, 1956.
7. All application forms must be signed by the performing musicians in designated places, by the leader of the band, and by a member of the university's faculty.

Sage words of advice, of course, for practically all who enter this contest. Meanwhile your college band offers fine possibilities of all kinds. *Experience* of every kind—a workshop for the talented arranger; an exercise course for the instrumentalist; plenty of work for business managers and publicists; and, most importantly, a relaxed sample of what the life is like, for you to choose or not as a permanent career.

Money, that necessary evil, which college students, no less than anyone else, must have more of. *Personality Help*, to be had simply by appearing before the public in any way, instilling a kind of self-confidence which should aid in whatever life you choose for yourself, and *Fun*, which is mostly what a college dance band is and should be. As Les adds: "...if you're not having fun, go back to your calculus, your irregular Greek verbs, or your basket weaving. . . ."

Which about sums this contest up. We hope that each college will submit an entry, more for the joy of accomplishment and the spirit that comes from such things, than from a definite need to win. Of course, the most professional-sounding band *will* win, but that needn't stop any newly organized group from trying. We'll publish the names of all entries in that June issue to give credit where it's due—to everyone who tried.

And, meanwhile, we'll be looking forward to the enjoyable task of listening to the many samples of music on the nation's campuses which will be coming our way soon. Good luck to you all.



*Campus Favorites:
Dave Brubeck
And Company*

MUSIC ON COLLEGE CAMPUSES

Last year's *Disc Jockey of the Year*, Phil McKellar, introduced students at Michigan State to jazz recently by emceeding a forum discussion with the Dave Brubeck Quartet in the ballroom of the college. No music mind you, just talk.

And that was indicative of the kind of thing that is happening all over this nation this year as jazz has seemingly taken one giant step from club to campus. Despite the voice of protest on page 22 of this issue, a protest which is well-taken, and with which I would be forced to agree, we seem to be in the happy state of at least partial acceptance.

Dave Brubeck, for example, has become a college attraction, blazing a trail only seldom followed before, made much easier now because of his great popularity. If he has no other validity, he deserves sincere thanks for that ambassadorship.

For, during the past year or two, other musicians have begun to make inroads on the college jazz trade, largely because Dave introduced students to jazz in an easy, personable way. Such a complex innovator as Teddy Charles, for example, has played the campuses and with good results.

Now there's a rush on. *A Kenton Presents* package will soon be underway; the *Lighthouse All Stars*, led by Howard Rumsey, will head East via the campus route; New York's Monte Kay, booker Joe Glaser and many others, are lining up college tours for their artists.

What this represents for jazz in the final analysis is hard to decide. Undoubtedly it will mean a great deal for the working musicians in terms of money and promotion. In turn, it will provide a wider audience for jazz in all parts of the country. But there is no guarantee that this new audience will be more than

fickle. For all that, though, it's an encouraging sign.

A parallel activity is occurring which will probably be of more lasting value: a new, deep-seated, almost learned interest about jazz on the part of under-graduate and graduate students as proven by the unprecedented number of term papers and theses on the subject which are being written this year. (Marshall Stearns is due to publish excerpts from some of these in the near future.)

And, also on campuses, you will find the serious music student—tenor saxophonist Al Cobine of Indiana University (he was on the second place band in the last *College Dance Band Contest*) is a good example of that. Al, who has an M.A. in government and studies composition and voice, has a band in Bloomington, Indiana, for two reasons: "To raise our level of musicianship and raise the level of our wallets, too, so we can go out on dates." The band has two main stars, Jerry Coker (he was with Woody, you remember) and baritonist Roger Pemberton, both of whom are writers. Coker did a date for Fantasy Records recently, using many of the Indiana musicians, so we'll have a chance to hear that band at least on records.

And there are dozens of such bands, varying in excellence, of course, but with the spirit, usually with one or two real professionals who will become valuable additions to the music business when they are through school.

Then, too, there is the dedicated listener to jazz on the campus. Peter Cusack writes of some of those at Cornell University on page 17 of this issue. And, almost daily, we receive letters from others, all over the country, like the group at

Atlanta University who wrote, demanding that we make mention of WBCE's jazz jackey, Jimmy Whittington, who makes things bearable in Atlanta.

The music student, himself, becomes more serious, more dedicated, each year. Page 21 of this issue gives an insider's view of the problems of the jazz musician in relation to studying and teachers, and the direction that one teacher takes.

Literally dozens of excellent jazz musicians have private pupils, many, like John LaPorta, are teaching in the public schools, and others are preparing for that life.

More and more musicians are studying with *serious* composers like Hall Overton on the East Coast and Wesley LaViolette on the West Coast. Gone is the old warning, or so it seems, that you ruin a good jazz musician by sending him to school. Even the prime examples of that theory are now being understood as immature individuals, who found it difficult to adapt, rather than musicians who were spoiled by education.

For the key to this problem of education, whether it be for listener or musician, is what the individual can do with his learning—and, probably, what he can do with it, before it does something to him. And the mature, the wise, individual will only benefit from his education, use what parts of it he needs for his own.

Now only one thing is needed to make the circle complete and secure; that is the more general education of musicians so that they can operate from a rich background of knowledge, equipped with understanding of creative processes and forewarned about the mistakes of the past. When that happens jazz will really be able to leave the market place.—B.C.

THE TEACHING OF JAZZ

A MATTER OF FEELING

INSIDE TRISTANO-LAND: II

The jazz musician has always been exposed to a sort of musical schizophrenia. This split musical personality has existed, and will continue to exist, as long as jazz is a minor form of expression and unlistened to by the masses of people who are its potential patronage. As long as the fluctuating laws of the entertainment world govern him, the jazz musician must live two distinct musical lives. The first and best loved his jazz; the second—a shadow—music for the public.

Jazz is improvisation and the jazz musician can only feel free when he is improvising. Any other kind of music, for him, is necessarily shallow and unfulfilling. He must use his imagination and create what he feels is true and warm and right. On the other hand he has an apathetic public that wags a warning finger at him and chastises him for not playing a recognizable melody. And the farther his imagination carries from this basic, recognizable melody, the stronger the reprimand becomes. Unfortunately, jazz has only been economically successful when it has been watered down with commercial gimmicks or held up as a somewhat distasteful novelty. Thus the jazz musician is forced into a frustrating position, devoid of any real security: to play jazz for himself when he can and to play spiritless "popular" music for a paying public.

The jazz problem seems to revolve around prestige. A musician playing jazz has always been looked down upon by the public. His imagination for improvising is ignored and tossed off as laziness and faking. If he is happy he is irresponsible and an incurable adolescent. If he is sullen he is termed at war with society and a non-conformist. He is seldom referred to as a serious artist. His music is of no consequence, therefore, he is of no importance.

In some ways these accusations are partly true. The pressure produced by an unstable situation has made some jazz men unstable, but to condemn a whole group of individuals for the failings of some seems unfair. The jazz men who have faltered have been confused, disillusioned, and made sick by a situation over which they felt they had little, if any, control. Others have taken their place with a shrug, and tried to make the best of it. Still others are attempting to rectify a bad situation in a new way; not by throwing themselves at the indifference and being smashed by it, but by building something apart from it.

Recently, groups of jazz men have given evidence that they are well-trained, aware, and most of all serious about their music. These men have come to the forefront only in the last ten years, and through their efforts jazz is slowly losing its side-show reputation and gaining prestige as a serious mode of expression. What caused this new attack on an old problem can not be pinpointed exactly, but a number of factors most certainly hold particular importance. Perhaps, it was merely a need for self respect that impressed itself upon these men and awoke in them the drive to make a serious study of their music. Perhaps, it was certain statements of praise from particular figures in the well respected classical sphere that filled jazz men with a pride and confidence in their music. More likely, it was a combination of all these facts plus the personalities of the men themselves that gave them the courage to speak out on the theories and meaning of their music.

These men and their cause have unappropriately been labeled as the "intellectual" movement. The term intellectual is ill-advised because it conveys a flavor of cold austerity, an unemotionalism, which is not only contrary to the nature of music in general, but contrary to the nature of jazz in particular. The intellectual aspect is important in the preparation and thought that goes into the training of a musician before he begins to create. The mental work must be part of the musician before he begins to play so that he may draw on it freely and spontaneously. Music preconceived in structural patterns is likely to be mechanical, affected and stilted. Emotion plays a large part in any great music and jazz is no exception.

There are ever-growing numbers of jazz men who have taken up this serious consideration of their music as individuals and have done much to push forward this thinking in their own groups and bands and there are others who have formed organizations like The New York Composers' Workshop and The Tristano School of Music.

The Workshop is important because it was formed by a group of arrangers, composers and musicians for the purpose of experimentation. It provides the composer with the musicians to bring his composition to life. It can't help but lead to a higher caliber of jazz writing and musicianship.

The Tristano School fulfills a much different function.

As everyone interested in the fortunes of modern jazz knows, Lennie Tristano has been a dynamic and highly controversial figure since his emergence in the late 'forties. He, like other forward looking jazz musicians, has been much concerned with the advancement of jazz and the seriousness with which it is played. He considers jazz a form of expression; its own peculiar qualities; apart from all others. Jazz, to him, is an experience in itself.

In his school in mid-town Manhattan Lennie Tristano has taken on the role of teacher. He has undertaken to train other musicians who show a willingness to learn to play jazz with seriousness and integrity.

His approach to teaching is human. He considers each student as an individual and attempts to teach him what he believes he needs. A great deal, however, depends on the student. Lennie has definite ideas about music the way it should be taught and played, but he is aware that if the student is sincere and cooperative he is in a good position to talk over his problems and suggest a different method of attacking a particular problem in study. Lennie tries to foster this individual training, for it makes for a better musician in the long run. He has devised special exercises on regular scale progressions, simple and complex rhythmic patterns and a system of chord substitution. Lennie is a firm believer in correct technique but his whole teaching method is directed towards the day when the student creates spontaneously. This is jazz—spontaneous creation. And jazz is music—emotion translated into sound.

Lennie's main objective is to have the musician play emotionally. Unfortunately, emotion is too often confused with hysteria and bombastics, which in themselves are wrought up mechanically rather than emotionally. It is Lennie's sincere belief that the serious jazz musician should move away from the mechanical and stereotyped, and towards the subtler shadings of really emotional music.

Feeling is the basic aspect of Lennie's teaching. The technical exercises he gives are to be taken with the same thought in mind. They must be practised emotionally and with the view that they will be incorporated into improvised solos, not as rehearsed "licks" but as living, moving parts of an entire musical idea. As Lennie

would say, "The amount of notes played, or the speed at which they are played, are of no importance unless the musician feels and plays each note to its fullest."

Feeling and emotion are of such great importance to Tristano that he asks his students to feel, not only what they play but what they hear, too. The records of Lester Young, Sarah Vaughn, Charlie Parker and Roy Eldridge form an important part of this particular facet of his teaching technique.

The student is told to listen first to these and other instrumentalists and then sing particular choruses with them. The final step is to play with the musician the same notes he is playing. The idea behind this is not imitative; he does not want the student to copy note for note phrases when he improvises, but he does want the student to absorb the playing feeling, the jazz feeling which is inherent in these musicians playing. He believes the musician must hear before he plays, and feel what he hears.

The emotional runs over into everything Lennie teaches, even into consistency. Consistency, is the second pillar upon which he builds his teaching. He tries to impress his students with the importance of daily practise and other over-all effect it will have upon their playing. With consistent practise the student will move gradually, but irrevocably, from one level of competence to another. And even when the musician is rightfully considered good or great, there is room for consistent practise to maintain that level of excellence or even push up farther. If the student applies himself entirely to his music it stands to reason that his emotional ability will reach a certain quality too.

The final aspect of this training is perhaps the most beneficent and self satisfying to the student. This is when he gets an opportunity to express himself at the regular weekend sessions. These sessions permit the student to put into use the particular things he has been studying during the week. It gives him a chance to study his own reactions under playing conditions, and to experiment with his individual attack.

Occasionally these sessions are recorded on tape enabling the student to hear his playing in a more objective way.

It can be said then, that Lennie is attempting to introduce his jazz pupils to the stabilizing factor of study to prepare them to play music of a more consistent quality. He is attempting to train musicians who will think and act individually yet with a spirit of cooperation, and a sincere belief in the worth of their music.

The Tristano School is an experiment by one of the innovators of modern jazz and its result will bear watching by the whole jazz world, whether in agreement or not.

Jack Maher

QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY?

Almost all of the substantial body of current writing about jazz is characterized by an optimism which its authors justify by referring to the recent increase in the number of people who are listening to jazz. The authors of such hopeful sentiments are right in at least two respects; almost without exception they treat jazz as a significant art form, that is, as serious music, and the increase in popularity to which they refer has most certainly occurred.

This purely numerical observation, however, is not necessarily cause for optimism. What should be of interest to the jazz critic are the qualitative aspects of the matter; the artistic value of the music itself, and the taste and sensitivity, not the size, of the audience it reaches. This last-named function of criticism is based on one of the cardinal principles of the criticism of all the other arts and one which merits at least consideration by jazz critics as well; that however much we may deplore the fact, it seems true that in our century no art form can achieve really wide popularity without becoming cheapened in the process. If this is true, and almost all of serious modern criticism either states or implies that it is, a candid look at the individuals who make up what one writer has called "The new jazz audience" is in order.

Many, if not most of the new converts come, I think, from the colleges and universities. When I was myself an undergraduate one could have combed my entire dormitory without finding more than a dozen respectable jazz records, and they would probably have been mostly chance acquisitions. Now, thanks in part to the labors of "Jazzbo" Collins and Steve Allen, all of the students seem to be talking like New York hippies, and it's a backward campus that doesn't have its annual jazz concert in addition to the big bands that play for dances. Many things have brought this about, among them certainly the improvements in sound reproduction and the appealing music from the West Coast, and probably the handsome new record jackets.

In any case, jazz has suddenly become "the thing" on a rather grand scale. But when this happens there is danger that it will be taken up as a means of identifying with a group and enhancing social status, and no group is more desirous of acceptance than today's college students. I am afraid that interests like these, rather than a sincere interest in jazz as an art combined with an active sensitivity, are for the most part what motivate the new audience. That this is the case is very compellingly suggested by the self-

conscious little titters that run through a jazz concert audience whenever a recognizable fragment of some melody is played. This is designed to impress those within hearing with one's knowledge of jazz and as a result gain stature in their eyes.

I have noticed too, that in these circles jazz is less played than discussed, and these discussions, though heated or even violent, tend to be pointless because the participants lack any real background in the music itself.

And after all, what does Billie Holiday or Lester Young (or Gerry Mulligan, for that matter) have to say to the son of upper middle class parents who is in college to become "well-adjusted" and to learn how to make money, and who is, as often as not, a member of a social fraternity that excludes Negroes from membership?

The point here is not to ridicule such people; one may hope that continued experience with jazz may replace all this with sincere interest and appreciation, (art has that power) and in any case, jazz has already suffered enough from cultism. The point is that because of the intimate relationship between performer and audience that characterizes live jazz, an absence of standards and taste on the part of an audience can and does cheapen the music. I do not mean that it is impossible for an artist to remain superior to his audience, but it is often difficult for him to do so, especially if he is a performing artist whose audience is immediately before him, making manifest its taste, or lack of it, in applause and enthusiasm. And, of course, now that jazz has real "commercial possibilities," as they say, there will be temptations from this direction, to which unfortunately, some have already succumbed.

So finally, it is the man who makes the music who is important, and if I could, I would encourage him to demand the very best, both from himself and from his audience. He has more company in his struggle for integrity than perhaps he knows, and by and large, it is very good company indeed. And I am not wholly convinced by arguments, so common now, designed to show that he is basically unhealthy; to make art is at least as healthy an occupation as to make money, even if it does make him quantitatively "abnormal." The improvements in recording techniques will give his work permanence while the growth of an intelligent criticism will single out the best of it long after the second and third-rate stuff has been forgotten.

Eddy W. Dow

METRONOME



HOLIDAY LISTENING



THE METRONOME BAEDEKER: OR JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

It, depends, of course, on where and how you're going to do that Holiday listening. If you're a stay-at-home, there's never been as much music on record as there is this year—the reviews in this issue are so geared as to give you several days of selective listening if you'd care to buy all that's recommended. Nor has there ever been as much audio equipment, if that's where your heart and ear are set. Musical instruments, too, are reaching new heights of perfection. Now if the weather and the world would let-up, we might all enjoy music wherever we go and whatever we do.

If you do as we do, and go traveling in the latter part of December, the chances are that you already have a whole list of favorite places. But, and we're glad to be repetitious in this case, there has seldom been a time when so much good listening has been so available. So, perhaps we'll add to your list, maybe we'll start you making one of your own. In any case, we don't promise that it's exhaustive, only delightful, with information sketchy where memory fails, or a notebook is lost, or where jazz is only a sometimes thing.

Baltimore, where the Crow sometimes flies has one major jazz club, *The Comedy*.

Boston is more admirably outfitted with Storyville and Mahogany Hall in the same hotel, The Stables, across the street, Serge Chaloff at Jazzorama, one block up, the new Downbeat club as well as the Hi-Hat and the Club Savoy. As in all other cities, ask local musicians for information about sessions and newer clubs. And, while in

Boston, eat at such places as Locke Ober's (expensive), Amalfi's or the Boston Oyster House (both moderate), or Fanuel Market (cheap).

Chicago has several fine clubs, among them the Blue Note, Bee Hive, Preview, Stage Lounge, the Down Beat and the Cloisters. You can't go wrong in this town of the big steaks. Jack Tracy of *Down Beat*, call him anytime, can tip you off to a crazy Italian Restaurant, too.

Cleveland has The Loop and the Cotton Club. In *Columbus, Ohio*, it's the Grandview Inn.

Detroit, fast becoming a major jazz city, features the Rouge Lounge, The Crest, the Crystal Show Bar and several others. And, in *Indianapolis* be sure to go to the Turf Club for a musical treat, The Montgomery-Johnson Quartet (two Johnsons and two Montgomerys, incidentally), which ranks with the best I've heard.

Los Angeles is fairly jumping with jazz clubs, but you need a car to get from one to the other. Two of the best are The Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach, where Howard Rumsey leads assorted All Stars, and The Strollers at Long Beach, where Chico Hamilton's bright new group carries on. Then, there's The Haig (Hamp Hawes), the Tiffany, Jazz City and the Castle Restaurant, plus a whole list of little clubs where artists like Bobby Troup are apt to be, and with jazz accompaniment. Fifty per-cent of the area's musicians live in the Valley—the Gellers usually play there somewhere — so ask around for new locations.

World Radio History



Above:
Santa Claus calls
Woody Herman.

And, for asking, there are two fine places—any jazz club and The Ranch Market on Vine Street where many musicians congregate. Farmer's Market is on wonderful place to sight-see and eat-at whatever price you want, as is Knott's Berry Farm. More swanky is the Maiquis, but such good food. Wonderful Oriental food in Hollywood, too, as in San Francisco: the Kowloon in L.A. But, go, it's an eater's paradise.

Minneapolis has the Flame Room. *New Orleans* cooking is touted the world over: its music is mostly tooting, much of it done to a strip-beat, except for such as Armand Hug, the occasional visitor, Bruce Lippincott and his crew of cohorts and so on.

New York has Birdland, Basin Street, The Embers, Minton's Playhouse (occasionally), Cafe Bohemia, Cafe Society, The Composer, Confuscious Restaurant (Lennie Tristano in the Sing Song Room), weekly sessions at Stuyvesant Casino and Central Plaza, assorted Dixie at Condon's, Jimmy Ryan's, Metropole and Child's in Times Square. Marion McPartland is generally at the Hickory House; Bob Reisner still runs sessions at the Open Door. Lots of other sessions places, too. For eating, try Luchow's, Keen's Chop House and the variety of steak houses (mostly expensive), the Hotel Statler (with a name band), La Scala or the Finland House (moderately

expensive) or non-tourist restaurants like Chumley's and The Blue Mill in the Village. Visit McSorley's wonderful saloon, too, and, if you have the money, East Side clubs like Le Reuban Bleu and The Blue Angel where there is always excellent entertainment with enough good music to satisfy anyone.

San Francisco has major jazz clubs like the Black Hawk, Downbeat, Hangover, Fack's and the Tin Angel, plus a soon-to-be opened club, The Fallen Angel. It also has the *hungry i.* where such as Josh White perform, and the *other room*, in that same club, with vocalist Faith Winthrop and a jazz trio. This is really a sight-seers' town, with almost unexcelled sights to see, many of them described in last month's issue. But ride a cable car, dig the seals on Seal Rock at the Cliff House, be a tourist and sit and drink on Top of the Mark, eat baked potato served with chopped chive and sour cream at Grisson's Steak House, steak again at The Leopard, or be overwhelmed at the Tokyo Sukiyaki on Fisherman's Wharf (all fairly expensive), and be overwhelmed, by all means with the Wharf, as you will be unless you're fresh from the charm of Nantucket. And you can eat cheaply there if you want to. San

Francisco is the Queen of American cities and she is a beneficent lady.

Toronto has three main clubs — the Town Tavern, the Concord and the Colonial Tavern. Washington, D.C. has the Patio, the Blue Mirror and a number of sometimes jazz clubs. Your best bet there is to ask.

Which is enough of the Grand Tour, enough, at least, until someone shows us how to transcribe hundreds of notes into an easy-flowing travelogue that is both interesting and informative.

If, as we mentioned at the beginning of this article, you are more intent upon buying than traveling, you have choices galore: choices enough so that we can form several more tours, here where the line forms to the right.

Like the long-starved confronted with an expensive meal, we all seem to be gulping records as fast as they are put before us. EmArcy's Bobby Shad, who makes informal, personal surveys at Goody's record store in New York says that buyers do not check labels when they buy, but pick LP's out of the rack by artist's names.

In our opinion, it is a mistake to buy records in that manner, just as it is a mistake to buy a 12-inch LP simply be-

cause one gets extra music for only \$1 more. In these days of the record rush, there is too much mediocre music to be had, too many scrambled sessions, too much of everything for too little, which is a suspicious state of affairs.

Just as constant listening to Dixie, or even, to old bop, will jade your tastes, so will listening to mediocre jazz, of whatever kind, gradually spoil your appreciation, your listening power. That, in a real sense, is what is wrong with today's jazz market—that too many mediocre musicians are being heard, and fans who are won by these will cease to be listeners once the novelty has worn off. So if you can't listen to an LP before you buy it, at least buy in a store where they allow you exchange privileges. And, above all, buy carefully, not with the casualness with which we traditionally buy pop singles, or you are quite subtly refuting your own belief that jazz is an art.

Audio Equipment, as we also mentioned, is with us in ever-expanding numbers. Most component parts' manufacturers are now paying closer attention to packaging of units so that your high-fidelity corner need not resemble a workbench nowadays. The Pilot amplifier, for example, which we used for reviewing purposes these last four months, is an attractive unit. The Rondine turntable, similarly used, is soon to be mounted on sliders for easy mounting in a cabinet. Speakers, too, especially combinations of speakers, are being enclosed in modern-looking cabinets.

And there is no reason for the amateur to fear that he will be unable to assemble a hi-fi rig. Detailed instructions and simplicity of connections are the order of the day, and if you can hook wire around a screw and put a plug into the wall outlet, you're all set. For those who are still fearful, or, for some other reason, want an assembled set, there are a variety of such cabinet sets available, led, we believe, by the Lang-Taylor, designed by the editor of our High-Fidelity Department, Hank Lang.

For the tyro, it's best to stick to product names which you recognize. It's difficult for us to imagine a hi-fi rig costing less than two hundred dollars (Rondine turntable, Pilot Amplifier, GE Woofer and University Tweeter would cost slightly over that, and that's without tone arm, cartridge and needle), so, using that as some sort of guide, perhaps you'll be forewarned and forearmed.

Turntables seem to be the choice of most high-fidelity bugs; there's more simplicity of function and less to go wrong; besides, you run the danger of distortion when you stack records, as on a changer. (But the record-changer people will have their say on that in a future issue.)



Jazz International meets at The Lighthouse. Above a jazz jury, during a record discussion, Frank Rosolino, Buddy DeFranco, Jim Leary, and, standing, disc jockey Walt De Silva, who emceed the meeting.



Shelly Manne, that's who we said, does imitations, but not of musicians in his new group, now playing at the new Zardi's in Hollywood.

Tape recorders are more comprehensible for the layman: there are fewer of them and the names are more familiar. It is probably so that lower-priced sets, as Hank Lang wrote, are definitely high-fidelity rigs. We've heard WebCor playbacks which sounded good to us, however, and you can play any set through your hi-fi rig with excellent results — good enough for those of us who want to play pre-recorded tapes through our system, and use the recorder itself for something approaching snapshot taking. We've used a Pentron for that purpose for several years. But beware the included mike with all these low-priced sets—it's generally inferior and will cut your hi-fi to low ribbons.

Finally, on the question of musical instruments, you get yourself into a field where the Brand Name is your best guarantee of value. That doesn't mean you can't shop around, but it does mean that you should beware of extraordinary claims and very low prices.

Which concludes the tour, or the tours, except for what follows below. We wish you especially good listening.—B.C.

AND, TOO, IN EUROPE

Jazz in Europe, still being treated with the dignity and appreciation which we are only now giving it in America, is filled with Festivals and played in many clubs. The European end of our Baedeker is slim, but it's a start.

Remember, when in *London* to do Humphrey Lyttleton's, Studio 51 and the Club du Faubourg. In *Paris* one can carry oneself to the Club St.-Germain-des Pres or the Vieux Colombier. And in *Stockholm* there is a dance hall called The National. Obviously, this is nowhere near complete.

Germany's second festival, this one not devoted exclusively to jazz, although it plays an important part in it, will be concluded by the time this issue goes to press. Originally set to have Gerry Mulligan, this *Woche der leichten Musik*, held in Stuttgart, signed Chet Baker, due to a Mulligan cancellation, and Lars Gullin, the first time those two had played together.

All the concerts were held in a studio before 350 invited guests (no admission charge) and broadcast in Germany, Austria, England, the Benelux countries, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Italy, Greece, Yugoslavia, the American Forces Network and the British Forces Network. (Can you imagine such a thing happening here?) The pictures at the right are of some of the artists who performed on the last day of the festival: top row—Hans Koller and Jutta Hipp; bottom row—vocalist Caterina Valente and the Erwin Lehn Orchestra.



A great teacher talks to

on the case for quality in musical instruments

“We who teach music know these facts: *That the quality of the instrument he plays has direct bearing on the student's opportunities for success.* We cannot expect any player, least of all a beginner, to experience the full joys of music with an instrument that is even slightly out-of-tune, uneven in tonal coloring or difficult to finger. Insofar as we fall short of perfection, so we fail in our capacity to inspire—and inspiration for the youngster as for the artist is the lifeblood of creative music. Thus we teachers must recognize this important responsibility—to guide our youngsters and their parents in the choice of the very finest quality instruments.

“That student is fortunate whose teacher has the critical judgment needed to recognize instruments of quality and uniformity, and to speak out decisively on their behalf. Without such active guidance parents are easy prey to the blandishments that cloud and confuse.

“Over the years there have been many great names associated with excellence in musical instruments. In our generation the torch-bearer of quality is Leblanc—the name that has come to mean not only incomparable workmanship and performance, but the highest degree of uniformity the instrument-making world has ever known. To teachers everywhere, I say ‘know the true quality and value of the instruments you recommend to your students.’ Remember when you allow the parent to buy unwisely, it is the youngster that suffers. Help your students' parents to understand that their investment is not in a musical instrument, but in the child. And only with the finest quality instrument can a youngster reap the full benefits of a music education.”



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Daniel Bonade Professor of Clarinet
Juilliard School of Music, New York City

Daniel Bonade is respected throughout the world as one of the great clarinetists and great clarinet teachers of all time; holder of a first prize from the Paris Conservatory. His professional career includes 13 years with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski; the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra under Howard Barlow; and 8 years with the Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, conductor. Mr. Bonade taught for many years at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute, and is now Professor of Clarinet at the famous Juilliard School of Music in New York City.



EmArcy's Bobby Shad with the Brothers Adderly Julian and Nat—both EmArcy recording artists.

REVIEWS

by Bill Coss
Burt Korall

Nat Adderly

Porky, I Married an Angel, Big E, Kuzzins' Buzzin', Ann Springs, You Better Go Now

According to quality of solos, this is Hank Jones' album (that's an old habit with this talented scene stealer) and he does well by every minute of it. Wendell Marshall, Kenny Clarke and Jerome Richardson (tenor and flute) all perform capably, too, but the sum total of all these credits just doesn't weigh well against the debits—the thin ensemble sound and the general lack of thought that seems to have gone into the writing and/or planning of the music. Nat is not really ready for this much spotlight and, except for parts of the pretty ballad, *Angel*, and *You Better Go Now*, which did have the required thought, he's thoroughly inconsistent. And no amount of promise, and he does show that, can make the record better. (Savoy 12" L.P. MG 12021)

Tony Aless' Long Island Suite

Levittown, Corona, Aqueduct, Riverhead, Valley Stream, Greenport, Fire Island, Massapequa

Tony, who writes a glowing, swinging line combines here with tenorist Seldon Powell, altoist Dave Schildkraut, baritonist Pete Mondello, Nick Travis, Moe and Joe on trombones (Jay and Kai, of course), Billy Bauer, Arnold Fishkin and Don Lamond for a happy trip to eight Long Island communities, seven of which, according to the tunes, look pretty much alike. (That's the trouble with programmatic music—you can disagree with the representation and this represents a pretty one-track mind.)

Otherwise it's a great deal of fun, none of it especially inventive, but all of it swinging hard except for *Fire Island*, a pretty ballad which shows Seldon Powell at his best, which is better than many available tenor men but still far from what is claimed for him. And,

just to show where I am: When we got to Massapequa, I missed John LaPorta. He lives on Maple Street in that town, and he wails. (Roost 12" L.P. 2202)

Milt Bernhart's Modern Brass

The Horns, Hooray for Hollywood, What Is There to Say, Looking for a Boy, Amor Flamengo, Southern Comfort, London in July, Tangerine, Lavender, Hillside, It's All Right with Me, Save Your Chops

This is an excellent album, not what it could have been, perhaps, but excellent from every other point of view, a complete recovery from the EP release of a few months back. Generally speaking the best parts of the album are not the jazz, but the sometimes ingenious writing, especially on tracks 1, 5, 7 and 9 where the arrangers really took advantage of the brass choir available to them. Equally happy was the positive example that John Graas makes of his fight to adapt the French horn to jazz.

Several tracks stand out. Giuffre wrote the first, scoring in a fresh, inventive way, making full use of dynamics and of the sounds and rhythms available to him. Previn's arrangement of *Boy* is clever. *Amor* was written by Laurindo Almeida and orchestrated by Pete Rugolo for the best Spanish-feeling jazz I've heard, both proud and moody with Milt's horn handsome against the clever backgrounds. Rugolo's scoring of *London* is the best use of all the horns with an interesting tuba line played by Ray Siegel. *Lavender*, again by Giuffre, sounds like something that a big band would wail (like *Cherokee*), but here two groups of brass answer each other plaintively in a suggestion of *Almost Like Being in Love*. The others are all competent, but not as inventive, all the solos are good and the group always swings. I'd like to hear such an album done again, exploring more of the possibilities. (Victor 12" L.P. LPM 1123)

Ruby Braff — Ellis Larkins

Volume I: *Love for Sale, Pocket Full of Dreams, Blues for Ruby, I've Got the World on a String, Please, Old Folks*. Volume II: *Blues for Ellis, A City Called Heaven, What Is There to Say, Sailboat in the Moonlight, When a Woman Loves a Man, You Are Too Beautiful, Skylark*

Both these albums, subtitled *Two Part Inventions in Jazz*, are excellent, presenting trumpeter Braff and pianist Larkins in duo-performance without other accompaniment: Ruby nearly without any dateline attached and Ellis more dated but, still, exceptionally rich in invention. On the thirteen selections they present a whole variety of moods and meanings; both exceptional on the *Blues* and *Old Folks* in volume one; both exceptional on *Heaven*, a kind of *River Jordan* spiritual, and two Holiday tunes, *Sailboat* and *Woman*, in volume two. Throughout they managed to sound like a pairing that is particularly singular and Ruby takes advantage of his freedom to play better than he has yet done. (Vanguard LP's VRS 8019/20)

Dave Brubeck's Red Hot and Cool

Lower, Little Girl Blue, Fare Thee Well, Annabelle, Sometimes I'm Happy, The Duke, Indiana, Love Walked In

This LP was recorded at New York's Basin Street jazz club in October, 1954 and July, 1955. (There's no way of knowing, but I'd say the 1954 tracks were 1, 3, 4 and 6, only because Paul sounds fuller on those than on the others.) It is certainly the Quartet's best since the *Oberlin* album—not great, but good, perceptive music. Everyone plays $\frac{3}{4}$ on the first except drummer Joe Dodge, who plays $\frac{4}{4}$ —they do it on purpose, but I'll never know why because it gives a swishy, anemic feeling to the playing. If you like thin sounding Desmond, the second track is

SOME SINGULAR SINGLES

Count Basie—Joe Williams: *Alright, Okay, You Win* and *When the Sun Goes Down* (Clef 89152). Both sides swing; the first is very slight material to fight, the second has a wonderful, low-down mood set by Count, and Joe carols well on both but, it seems, with less conviction than on his first collaboration with Basie.

Harry Belafonte—Tony Scott: *Hello Everybody* and *Troubles* (Victor 47-6249). Although Tony blows a bit on the first Harry is too much on the roller kick for my tastes. *Troubles* moans a bit in an echo chamber but straightens out with effective singing and fine backing which is reminiscent of Joe Williams' first record with Basie.

Art Farmer: *Wildwood* and *Tiajuana, Evening in Paris* and *Elephant Walk* (Prestige 891/4). We missed these the first time around and although Art's trumpet is far and away the most exceptional musical contribution here, there are other moments: trombonist Jimmy Cleveland on the first and the loveliness of the third, Quincy Jones' handsome ballad which has all the mood of Monk's *'Round About Midnight*.

Stan Freeberg: *Rock Around Stephen Foster* and *The Yellow Rose of Texas* (Capitol F 3249). With Billy May and the Jud Conlon Rhythmaires Stan produces two hilarious satires: the first on rock and roll, the guitarist playing "with a Howdy Doodly button": the second with Stan playing the part of a chauvinistic rebel constantly interrupted by Yankee Snare Drummer Alvin Stoller.

Lionel Hampton: *A Song of the Vineyard* and *Shalom-Shalom, Midnight Sun* and *Air Mail Special* (Clef 89154/3). The first two are undistinguished although Lionel plays beautifully on the second. *Midnight*, the lovely Hampton-Burke tune, is wonderfully done by Hamp and a subdued band with tightly written section passages. The fourth has Buddy Rich kicking and punching the Hampton band—he's worth the price.

The Honey Dreamers: *Oh, Lady Be Good* and *Mine* (Fantasy 539). Both with an orchestra directed by Elliot Lawrence, the first is exceptional from every point of view—handsome changes, fine voices with a Lambert flavor and incisive string writing which never interferes. Flip side is good, too, but pales in comparison.

Herb Jeffries: *The One I Love* and *I Need* (Olympic 502). Both disappointing sides, the first begins with what seems to be a Hibbler imitation with weird intonation. Herb finally straightens out but the side never makes it. The second is merely an exercise for voice, nothing more. There is nice backing on both, especially a trombone in the Jerry Fielding accompanying band. The Hi-Lo's are also on the first, but with little reason.

Stan Kenton: *Opus in Chartreuse* and *Sunset Tower* (Capitol F 3243). The first is a tightly arranged Gene Roland original which Stan featured on his last TV show. It builds nicely and swings nicely as does Bill Perkins in his tenor bit. The second is

Stan's and has the sound of his *Artistry* days or thereabouts. A bubbling trombone adds to the pleasant swinging.

Billy May: *Oklahoma* and *Por Favor* (Capitol F 3221). The first has a nice tenor solo amid the sax smearing; the second is a very insinuating treatment. Capitol has two *Oklahoma* albums, too, this month: one taken directly from the soundtrack of the new Todd-AO picture and the other a unique treatment of the tunes by Nelson Riddle with voices and instruments, trumpeter Harry Edison prominent in three numbers. Both albums make pleasant listening particularly to tunes like *Many a New Day*, which didn't

receive the over-play that other tunes from the show did.

Carmen McRae: *Love Is Here to Stay* and *This Will Make You Laugh* (Decca 9-29675). Singing with just rhythm accompaniment on both tunes, the first shows Carmen more in the jazz groove than Decca has recently allowed her to be. The second is a pretty pop tune, but not much for Carmen to work with.

Frank Sinatra: *Love and Marriage* and *The Impatient Years* (Capitol F 3260). These two sides are from the TV production of *Our Town*, both set-ups for Sinatra and arranger Nelson Riddle.

REISSUES

Erroll Garner's Penthouse Serenade

I Cover the Waterfront, Love Walked In, Ghost of a Chance, Indiana, Somebody Loves Me, Body and Soul, Penthouse Serenade, Undecided, Red Sails in the Sunset, Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me, Stompin' at the Savoy, Stardust, More Than You Know, Over the Rainbow

Serenade to Laura

Laura, This Can't Be Love, The Man I Love, Moonglow, I Want a Little Girl, It's Easy to Remember, Goodbye, She's Funny That Way, Until the Real Thing Comes Along, Confessin', Stormy Weather, I Surrender Dear, I'm in the Mood for Love, All of Me

Twenty-eight selections by Garner in two LP's certainly not up to the high-fidelity claimed on the cover, but very much Garner. *Indiana* is a delightfully humorous ragtime treatment; *Undecided* shows what can happen to a pop tune; *Can't* and *Stompin'* are crackling examples of stride piano. In the second LP the third track is that poetry which Garner can play and *All of Me* is all of Erroll. The second album is the more reflective, my favorite of the two, but both are worth the price. (Savoy 12" LP's MG 12002/3)

Dizzy Gillespie's Groovin' High

Blue 'N' Boogie, Groovin' High, Dizzy Atmosphere, All the Things You Are, Hot House, Salt Peanuts, Oop Bop Sh' Bam, That's Earl Brother, Things to Come, One Bass Hit, Part II, Ray's Idea, Our Delight, Emanon

These are wonderful examples of bop in the middle forties, the first seven with such compatriots as Bird, Dexter, Shelly, Slam, Cozy, Haig, Curley, Stitt, etc. In addition to the obvious kicks are such things as Clyde Hart's Wilson-influenced piano on tracks 2, 3 and 4, wonderful Sid Catlett on *Hot House* and again on *Peanuts*, sharing honors with Diz and Bird. *Earl* has more exceptional Diz, fine Milt Jackson and Sonny Stitt (on alto). The last five tracks are big band selections, excellent examples of things which were sure to have come and the wonderful things which had already arrived. For all the roughness of the band the fan-

tastic spirit practically spills out of the grooves. And, if you don't remember, be sure to hear the beautiful Ellington-tinged *Hit*, the delightful *Delight* and the wailing Milt Jackson on *Emanon*. (Savoy 12" LP MG 12020)

Billie Holiday

I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues, Fine and Mellow, Yesterdays, She's Funny that Way, I Love My Man, On the Sunny Side of the Street, Lover Come Back to Me, How Am I to Know, Strange Fruit, I'm Yours, My Old Flame, I'll Get By, I'll Be Seeing You, Embraceable You

These are the wonderful Commodore sides which Billie made years ago, still amazingly fresh and with wonderful accompaniment by musicians like Frankie Newton, Vic Dickenson, Sid Catlett, Sonny White and Tab Smith. Despite the strange programming of *Strange Fruit* in the middle of the record, the excellent re-engineering, fine notes and Billie's particular care for the meaning of each word make this an excellent collection even if you have the singles. (Jazztone Society 12" LP J-1209)

Ray McKinley's Borderline

Sand Storm, Tumble Bug, Hangover Square, Comin' Out, I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues, Mint Julcp, Borderline, Howdy Friends, Atomic Era, The Chief, Over the Rainbow, Jimmy Crickets

This is a wonderful collection of Eddie Sauter arrangements played by a late 1940's McKinley band, featuring such soloists as Mundell Lowe, Peanuts Hucko, Nick Travis, Bud Freeman, Vern Friley and Rusty Dedrick. There are the Sauter classics like *Tumble Bug, Borderline* (Vern Friley's solo) and *Hangover Square* and such as *Julcp* and the powerful, exciting *Chief*, with an interesting Peanuts Hucko chorus. Ray confines his singing to two tracks, 5 and 8. And there is an unidentified female vocalist on *Rainbow* who has nice quality in the Helen Merrill manner. Essentially this was a swing-type band with Eddie's Ellington touch sometimes (like on *Hangover* which has pretty Friley trombone, too) and some Goodman-esque, especially when Hucko plays clarinet as on tracks 7 and 10. But all of it has Eddie's taste and power. (Savoy 12" LP MG 12024)

big name jazz

Kenton-Christy
George Shearing • Jimmy Giuffre
Les Brown All-Stars
Al Belletto
Bob Cooper • Ken Hanna

New by Capitol



KENTON-CHRISTY
Duet. Stan Kenton and June Christy for the first time *alone*. The party's over. Everybody's gone home. The Maestro is at the piano and his top-name vocalist is singing softly and you've never heard anything *this good before*. No. 656



The JIMMY GIUFFRE FOUR
Tangents in Jazz. Daring, revolutionary jazz—without an audible beat! A Master at it takes Jazz a giant-step forward, and every serious student should sit up and take notice. Beat or no beat, here's lyricism of epic proportion. No. 634



GEORGE SHEARING
The Shearing Spell. Here's proof that jazz doesn't have to be raucous to be good. The "quiet man" himself at the piano with Johnny Rae, Vibes; Bill Clark, drums; Al McKibbin, bass; Jean "Toots" Thielemans' guitar. Real listenable. No. 648



LES BROWN ALL-STARS
 Four of Les Brown's most talented stars each head up a team of sturdy modernists to pour out the real stuff. Sharp-shooting Brown-men Dave Pell, Ronny Lang, Don Fagerquist and Ray Simms take charge of the proceedings. No. 659



Kenton Presents Jazz
AL BELLETTA SEXTET
Sounds and Songs. Mr. Kenton discovered them and their astonishing versatility has caused comment ever since. They each play two, three, four instruments, sing, hum and do it all here. It's contemporary jazz... and it's good! No. 6514



Kenton Presents Jazz
BOB COOPER OCTET
Shifting Winds. Raiding half-a-dozen bands and the instrument-room of a symphony orchestra, Composer-player Cooper has rounded up a mountain of switch-hitting talent. Kenton-grad Cooper on sax, oboe, English horn. No. 6513



Kenton Presents Jazz
KEN HANNA
Jazz for Dancers. Recruiting his group from Kenton, James, Brown, Beneke, May, Dorsey and Dorsey, Hanna has come up with a fresh new jazz interpretation. 16 experts prove you can blow the horn freely...and still keep 'em dancing! No. 6512



CAPITOL RECORDS
HIGH FIDELITY
 RECORDING

THE CAPITOL TOWER,
 HOLLYWOOD



All albums available on long play and extended play

excellent until Dave falls into a rut where Dodge makes aluminum-foil noises to accompany him. Dave is similarly bewildering on *Annabelle*. Dave and Paul both seem to dig the insistence of *Happy* and make a good time of it. Track five is excellent Brubeck, a sparse portrait of the Duke with just one brief bit of Paul, indicating Hodges, it seems to me, but never playing like him. Good Desmond on *Indiana*; thin Desmond on *Love*; and on both Dave starts with a whole series of interpolations, finally hitting a really weird groove on the first which combines fifty years of piano history, all neatly tied by Joe Dodge who drops bombs in places which are too obvious, or, seemingly, for no reason at all. Be sure to dig that chick on the album cover, flicking those cigarette ashes into the piano. She's wearing *Jazz* lipstick and a dress of the same color—all of this a tie-in with Helena Rubenstein's new lipstick shade. (Columbia 12" LP CL 699)

Miles Davis

The Man I Love and *Bemsha Swing*

Within the security of the relaxed "jam session atmosphere," these two selections (a standard and an original by Monk and Denzil Best) are given extended treatment which alleviates much of the strain of time constriction that serves to inhibit on recording dates. The musicians are given ample freedom which certainly is an added benefit for the interested listener also.

This outing presents a simpler, fuller sounding Miles. His continuity is good, though there are moments on this LP where he sounds a little tentative. Percy Heath, armed with his warm moving sound, is insistently moving on *Swing*, and intelligently melodic on the Gershwin standard. Monk's piano work continues to be fragmentary in nature, and not at all to my taste, while Klook embroiders well in his quite familiar fashion.

My greatest listening pleasure was derived from the work of vibist Milt Jackson. His delicately swinging way about his instrument is given excellent illustration here, and his conception certainly proves gratifying. I consistently enjoy the way he plays eighth notes (up tempo portion of *Love* and am especially impressed with the clean-cut technical aspect of his playing.—Burt (Prestige LP-200)

Frances Faye

Torcador, They Can't Take That Away from Me, He's Funny That Way, I've Got You Under My Skin, All of a Sudden My Heart Sings, Somebody Loves Me, September in the Rain, These Foolish Things, Love for Sale; Medley: Little Girl Blue, Where or When, Embraceable You, Exactly Like You, I Don't Know Why, My Funny Valentine, Bewitched; Out of This World

This is a hard LP to review because it depends so much on your opinion of Frances' style and its validity. Aside from her, it's easy. Russ Garcia wrote good, musical scores. Trombonists Herbie Harper, Tommy Pederson and "Two Others" (Maynard Ferguson, valve trombone, and Frank Rosolino) wail, giving a distinctive sound to the album since they are the only horns. And



big name bands



Harry James

Ray Anthony

Les Brown

Woody Herman

Duke Ellington

New by Capitol



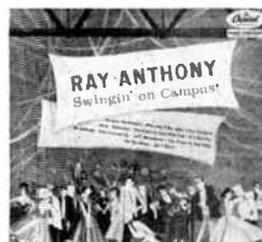
HARRY JAMES

Harry James in Hi-Fi. Everybody in the music business hopes to knock off a million-seller record once. Harry James has forgotten his first or how many since. *Eleven* of the 15 in this album did it! Listen to these great arrangements—in Hi-Fi! **No. 654**



WOODY HERMAN

Road Band! One of the all-time "greats" shows what's kept him up there. Here's Woody's world famous band showing the best of what's played on his one-night stands from Burning Bush, Neb. to Broadway, N.Y. Nine mighty selections. **No. 658**



RAY ANTHONY

Swingin' on Campus! When Ray's famous "beat" goes to college, it's a course in dancin' pleasure. Voted the top dance band by Disc Jocks, Ray snagged the "Billboard" prize 3 years straight for being the most be-loved by Collegiates. Here's why. **No. 645**



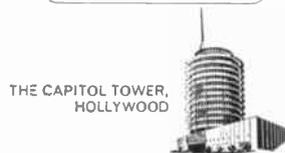
LES BROWN

College Classics. For dancers everywhere, in the bright, rich, up-to-date sound that only Les Brown and his "Band of Renown" can make. These are the wonderful melodies of "college days." You've not forgotten them and you never will. **No. 657**



DUKE ELLINGTON

Dance to the Duke! The Duke at the piano and the band do strange and wonderful things to some high'y sophisticated music. Every selection has the name "Ellington" stamped all over it. For 30 years, that's been a mighty good brand. **No. 637**



All albums available on long play and extended play

the rhythm section composed of Jerry Wiggins, Al Hendrickson, Red Mitchell and Chico Hamilton could hardly be better. Which brings us back to the aggressive-sounding Miss Faye, who hacks at words and sentences, almost speaking at times and uses that abrupt styling on almost every tune. But, then again, despite all that, she turns *All of a Sudden* into an eloquent portrayal with fine dynamics, still not excluding the abruptness. For me, it's a bit nagging, but it never lets down. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP 23)

Jane Fielding

How Long Has This Been Going On, Long Ago and Far Away, Once Upon a Time, One Love, This Heart of Mine, How Deep Is the Ocean, Stars Didn't Fall, I Wish I Knew, Something to Remember You By



HER JANE (FIELDING)

Pianist Lou Levy and bassist Red Mitchell provide excellent help (and solos) for the debut of this youngster whose resonant voice and fine phrasing almost make up for her still-developing style (influenced by Sarah) and intonation problems. *Ocean* is in some ways her best track, all the tunes are well-selected. I'll be happier when time (and her own sense of time) gives her more conviction. (Jazz:west 12" LP JWL.P 3)

The Five

Whistle While You Work, Perkin', Beyond the Sea, I Dig Ed, Lullaby of the Leaves, Forelock, Soft as Spring, Just for Judie, If I Love Again, Red Eyes, Pushin' Sand, I'll Be in Scotland After You

Conte Candoli, Bill Perkins, Pete Jolly, Buddy Clark and Mel Lewis, *The Five*, play twelve arrangements by Shorty Rogers, eleven of them written while the date was going on. So, with the exception of *Pushin' Sand*, an excellent treatment for this size group, the arrangements run from cute to pallid—and that is a pretty strange way for any artist to carry on, talent or no. Fortunately four of the musicians are excellent and Conte's Miles-ish horn is at least good, sometimes better than that. Buddy and Mel produce just the right kind of swing for the group, happily aided by pianist Jolly, who sounds better on each LP, anticipating each soloist, almost eagerly filling-in every opening, and soloing with fire, sometimes with that boogie-woogie feeling, sometimes quite lyrical, always with two hands. Someone,

perhaps Jolly, had the cute notion on *Ed* to vibrate the piano strings at the end for a nice effect. *Forelock* is named after Shorty's little curl which he twists when he's thinking. It, like the other originals, is reminiscent of another tune; *Judie is Mean to Me*. (Victor 12" LP LPM 1121)

Conrad Gozzo

Blue Lou, La Rosita, Squeeze Me, I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart, In A Mellotone, Diebotch, Remember, Black Sapphire, How Do You Do Miss Josephine, Come Back To Sorrento and Do That Again

Goz, a trumpeter of rare force and vigor is given more than adequate representation and freedom in this album. He appears in front of a sixteen piece band, a group with strings, and a small band. Featured throughout, his strength and fire are engrossing, though his inventiveness does not compare to many of our more modern trumpeters. However, this is a very fine, full trumpet sound that typifies the trumpet generation of the forties.

There is a definite kinship between Rex Stewart and Gozzo on many of these sides (tracks 5 and 9 are especially good examples). The big band sides, as well as the others, are all reflective of the idiom where this trumpeter has his roots, therefore, they are just a little dated. This cannot be completely overlooked in the last analysis.—Burt (RCA Victor 12" LP LPM-1124)

Jerry Gray

Thou Swell, Jurame, Champagne Boogie, Off Limits, The Way You Look Tonight, Off The Wall, Adios, The Darktown Strutter's Ball, Kettle Drum Hop, Coronado Cruise and Baby's Lullaby

This album could easily serve as a reminder of the booming band business of the forties. It is essentially music of that era with somewhat of a reliance on many of the voicings of the Miller band. However, derivation cannot be considered in the case of Jerry Gray, for he was the arranger who had so much to do with establishing the Miller sound as a house-hold familiarity. In any case, this album is very well recorded, the music executed with taste, and has its function as a friendly recognizable sound that is more often than not exceedingly danceable.—Burt (Decca 12" LP DL 81.01)

Jimmy Hamilton

Prelude to a Mood, Mood Indigo, Salute to Charlie Parker, Tea for Two, Easy to Love

On all tracks except the fourth, Jimmy is accompanied by Lucky Thompson, Ernie Royal, pianist Earl Knight, guitarist Sidney Gross, Oscar Pettiford and Osie Johnson, making sounds that are sometimes reminiscent of the John Kirby small band, especially in the lines behind Jimmy on track three and on *Love*. The two originals are by Hamilton and he arranged each selection; all bright, swinging with the ensemble sounding thin only on parts of a moody *Indigo*. Solos are too short all around, but Lucky plays a big, romping chorus on the *Salute*, Ernie contributes tasty bits and Knight does well in

Garner-like passages. *Tea* is a quartet performance, Lucky, Ernie and Osie drop out, and Jimmy sounds like Hank D'Amico fluffing on a couple notes—the first time I can ever remember that happening. There's a nice section with Pettiford trading with Hamilton and Oscar plays both bass and stamping foot throughout this whole piece. (Urania LP UJLP 1003)

Hampton Hawes

I Got Rhythm, What Is This Thing Called Love, Blues the Most, So In Love, Feelin' Five, Hamp's Blues, Easy Living, All the Things You Are, These Foolish Things and Carioca

A thoroughly excellent, completely recommended LP with no reservations, by three of the most swinging West Coast musicians: one two-handed pianist (Hamp), the one young bassist who threatens the established three (Red Mitchell), and a fine drummer (Chuck Thompson), who is completely sensitive to his partners in this cooperative trio. The music encompasses a variety of styles—Hamp is really of no particular style, though most obviously modern—all the way from an insinuating *Blues the Most*, to a wildly swinging *Rhythm*, a Latin-beating *Carioca* and the lyricism of such as *So In Love*—Hamp's reflective preaching on this score while Red and Chuck lay out. Hamp sounds as if he had played through all the schools of jazz—he graduated with honors, as did Red (dig *Easy* and *Things*) and Chuck, too. (Contemporary 12" LP C 3505)

Gene Krupa

Makin' Whoopie, All Of Me, Sleepy Lagoon, Little White Lies, Strike Up The Band and Bach's Blues

In this case, evaluation would have great relation to the difference in conception of the leader and his colleagues. Though Gene makes the effort to adapt to the more modern trend of thought, he is inevitably caught in the web of his own style which smacks so heavily of his big-band days and the swing era that gave him fame. Consequently, the others are drawn over toward the middle of the road to meet him.

Generally, pianist Bobby Scott is the most interesting throughout. Though he hints at Garner and Bud Powell, there is a freshness and vitality that is approximated in this group at times by bassist, John Drew.

Tenorist Eddie Shu runs the gamut of tenor and alto styles . . . Prez, Getz, Bird . . . (sounds as if he is playing alto on *Blues* and part of *Whoopie*) and, though competent, his completely derivative ideas make for uneasy listening. His choruses on *All Of Me* and *Band* are especially ungratifying.

Conditioned by memories of a more pointed and vital Gene, this album disappointed because it seldom got beyond contrivance, and lacked the necessary direction to make it important listening.—Burt (Clef 12" LP MG C-668)

Going Loco With Pete Terrace

Autumn Leaves, I've Got You Under My
(Continued on page 38)

CAPITOL HAS CAPITAL ALBUM RELEASE

Capitol Records released thirteen twelve-inch LP's last month in a package—two that are jazz tinged, eleven that are definitely in the field of jazz, and, out of the whole number, seven could be loosely classified as music for dancing. Most of these albums are excellent enough for rave reviews, done, as they are, with exceptional talent, taste and sound, but the overabundance of records from several companies this month, makes the package review that follows the only way out.

Ray Anthony, Swingin' on the Campus, a collection of bright, slight dance arrangements on good tunes such as *At Sundown*, *On the Alamo*, *Undecided*, most played at medium to up-tempo. For some, of course, there will be too much of the Anthony horn, but the rhythm section is excellent and there are fine, though short, solos by an unidentified pianist and tenor saxophonist. There are, too, a few inventive arrangements such as *Chloe*, but, generally, the lack of real variety spoils listening pleasure but not the dancing. (Capitol 12" LP T 645)

Al Belletto Sextet's Sounds and Songs, one of the *Kenton Presents* series, is the poorest of this month's lot. A swinging group whether singing or playing, Belletto plays largely uninspired alto in the Pepper manner (none of the other soloists is impressive), the arranging quality revolves around Shorty's style with a bit of the Kenton image present, and the group has acute intonation problems when singing. Even featured singer Jimmy Quinn sings flabbily, although less flat. One track does rise above most of that, Johnny Mandel's *March, Jazz and Fugue*, an inventive swinger which could have been fulfilled if the group had more vitality. (Capitol 12" LP T 6514)

Les Brown's College Classics are done up brown with tremendous polish, overall brilliance in ensemble and solos. The ever-distinctive arrangements, at a variety of tempos, include an almost march scoring of *Betty Coed* which turns into a sleek swinger, a real march, *The Blue and White*, of Duke University, an almost wailing *Maine Stein Song*, a Dixie version of the *Washington and Lee Swing Song* and an appropriately sentimental *Goodnight Sweetheart*. There are few solos, but that was to be expected, and the music, for all the good writing, is all of a type that may fail to please Les' usual fans, but it's still a good album. (Capitol 12" LP T 657)

The Les Brown All Stars, twelve selections recorded in 1955 by members of the Les Brown orchestra under four nominal leaders: The Dave Pell Ensemble, the Ronny Lang Saxtet, the Don Fagerquist Nonette and Ray Sims with Strings, three tracks to each leader with arrangements by Shorty Rogers, Wes Hensel and Marty Paich. Obviously these are thoroughly professional performances, but, with the exception of Zoot Sims, Bob Gordon and Don Fagerquist (and the solos are at a minimum) there's not too much in the way of free-wheeling jazz solos. Shorty's two arrangements are mostly cute; Hensel's, excepting the Fager-



Christy Duets With Kenton

quist *Way You Look Tonight*, is more of the same; Paich, it seems to me, wrote the most swinging arrangements in the LP and the two best string scorings for Ray Sims. Incidentally, Ray sings on one of his tracks, sings as Jack Tracy says with sound and phrasing remarkably like his horn-playing. But the parallel vibrato in the singing is not for me. (Capitol 12" LP T 659)

Bob Cooper's Shifting Winds played by an octet whose personnel changes include twelve men, twenty-one instruments (fourteen different ones) and such musicians as Giuffre, Shank, Enevoldsen, Williamson, Graas and Manne. There's a nice selection of eleven tunes here, arranged in the accepted West Coast—Shorty Rogers manner, more or less, and, although each swings well, the arrangements are hardly good enough to excuse the small amount of soloing available to the talent within the group. But there are some excellent tracks: Coop's English horn version of Monk's *'Round About Midnight*, which reflects that mood beautifully while the winds play and equally introverted line below the horn and John Graas crosses briefly between the two—pianist Williamson fits well, too, of course; *Tongue Twister* and *Sunset*, the latter a pretty tenor-flute exercise with a fine tenor solo, the tune suggesting *Along the Santa Fe Trail*; and the swinging *It Don't Mean a Thing*. (Capitol 12" LP 6513)

Duke Ellington's Dance to the Duke was recorded in 1953 and 1954 with the emphasis on fantastic sound. The album liner contains strange choices of words: "Ellington's highly sophisticated jungle style" . . . "The origins of jazz have not been entirely obscured in Ellington's music" . . . but it's an excellent album from every standpoint although certainly not the best of Duke, mainly because the band seems to lack its old conviction and the new pieces are slight works at best.

C Jam Blues and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* both seem to be played with a tongue-in-cheek air, although both swing and feature good solos. Tizol's lush horn is featured in *Orson*, a Duke-Strayhorn collaboration which is filled with moods and tricks. *Caravan* is in a new dress, more dissonant with the emphasis on piano, clarinet and Nance's violin. Nance stars again on Tizol's *Bakiff*, alternately bowing and plucking, most excitingly against the rhythm section. Duke and Wendell Marshall and Dave Black combine on the angry-sounding *Kinda Dukish*. Saxist Rick Henderson's *Friscolous Banta* is a lightly swinging original riff on the modern side with excellent solos. Duke's and Billy's *Night Train*, Duke on piano, Dave Black on conga, seems more a calypso kind of entertainment than anything else. Among the soloists only Clark Terry and Ray Nance seemed to have had much to say within these eight tracks. (Capitol 12" LP T 637)

Ken Hanna's Jazz for Dancers, another *Kenton Presents LP* has nine arrangements by Ken and three by trumpeter Joe Dolny, adding up to a swinging, modern band, which is distinctive enough for the discerning listener, but, perhaps, not enough for any commercial purposes. Vocalist Sherli Sonders does well by two tunes, especially well by Dolny's arrangement of *Lullaby of the Leaves*, where her somewhat liquid sound fits perfectly. Dolny's *Trumpetale* is an exciting exercise for the trumpet section and each trumpet solo; high-note trombonist Dick Nash plays perfectly on the lamenting *Encore*; *Shake Down* is a screamer at a wild up-tempo with romping tenor by Bob Hardaway and powerful shaking by the trumpets; *Penthouse Serenade* catches a fine mood and has more good Hardaway, who is easily the most heard and most impressive soloist of the lot. It's a fine album. (Capitol 12" LP T 6512)

Woody Herman's Road Band LP was recorded in 1954 and 1955 with a trumpet section which vacillated between five and six men and a rhythm section which added guitarist Billy Bauer for seven out of the nine selections. Unfortunately there are no exceptional solos except, perhaps Bill Perkins' tenor on *Gina*, a Ralph Burns original which follows the structure of *Early Autumn* quite closely, and the indefatigable trombonist Cy Touff, who pops up everywhere. But it is good, representative Woody: Horace Silver's *Opus De Funk* swings hard; Ralph's *I Remember Duke* shows that he does, even though the soloists don't, but dig that last note of the baritone part; Ralph's *Cool Cat on a Hot Roof* has gingerly stepping cats, precisely swinging; Manny Albam's *Captain Ahab*, is, like its namesake, a wailer; and Ralph's *Pimlico* is a moody, moving piece whose title is explained by the trumpet flourish at the end. (Capitol 12" LP T 658)

Harry James in Hi-Fi is a collection of fifteen tracks, eleven of them re-creations of singles that went over the million mark, all

(Continued on page 12)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page 17)



Ed McKenzie of Detroit's WXYZ, interviews Art Tatum, Stan Getz and Erroll Garner on his Saturday Party television show.

JAZZ SWINGS TEEN-AGE SHOW

Fourteen months ago, when we first came on the air with *Saturday Party*, a two-hour TV variety show aimed at the teen-age audience, there was very little interest in this type music among the 13-19 year age group. In fact, we feared for a total lack of tolerance! Youngsters wanted only the "honking" type of combos—the saxmen who played in a horizontal position with legs peddling an imaginary bicycle!

However, by starting with an eye-dropper dosage of jazz and gradually increasing it to a spoonful, we made the discovery that youngsters appreciated it as exposure and understanding grew. We don't expect a youngster to crave ice cream if he has never tasted it, and this seemed to be the key to why the younger set didn't appreciate jazz. All daytime record programs on Detroit radio, including mine, are devoted to commercial music—top sellers, rhythm and blues, and dance music. And most all jazz acts working in Detroit are booked into night-clubs where minors aren't allowed. So the problem of non-acceptance boiled down to one thing: no exposure to this age group—no acceptance by them.

Since *Saturday Party* is a two-hour show, 12:00-2:00 P.M. via WXYZ-TV, we were able to provide enough pop artists to hold the audience's interest and still intermix a small amount of something unfamiliar. By using this formula, and increasing the percentage of jazz only as fast as the public wanted, we have been able to see a tremendous growth in its appreciation. We find that artists such as Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald, Woody Herman, Carmen McRae and Gene Krupa can't get off the stage because the reaction of the teen-age studio audience is so overwhelming.

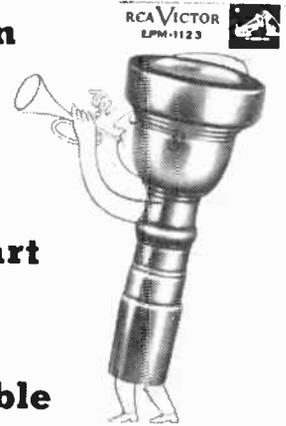
The understanding of what is referred to as "cool" jazz was especially slow. Artists such as Stan Getz, Jerry Mulligan and the Modern Jazz Quartet were only politely received on their first guest appearance. But each return engagement has been greeted by a greatly increased amount of enthusiasm.

We now showcase at least two jazz acts a week, and many times they are the high spots of each show. Perhaps this is the answer to putting jazz lovers out of the minority and making this music a mass-appeal type of entertainment.

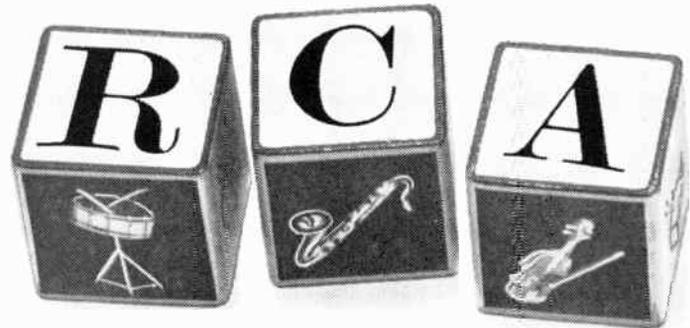
Ed McKenzie

Detroit, Michigan

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Ensemble**



Jazz is spelled

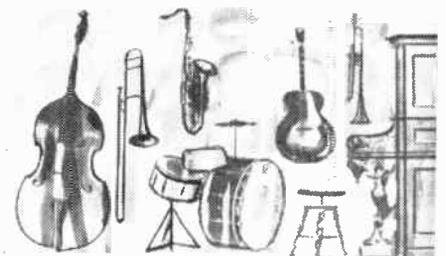


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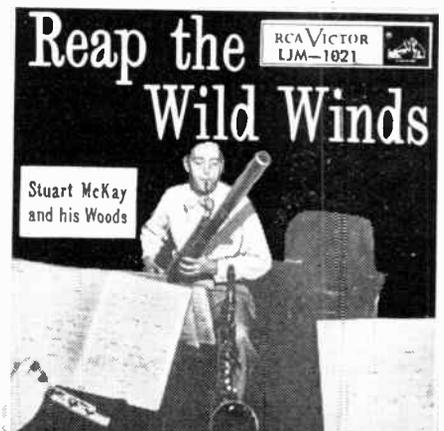
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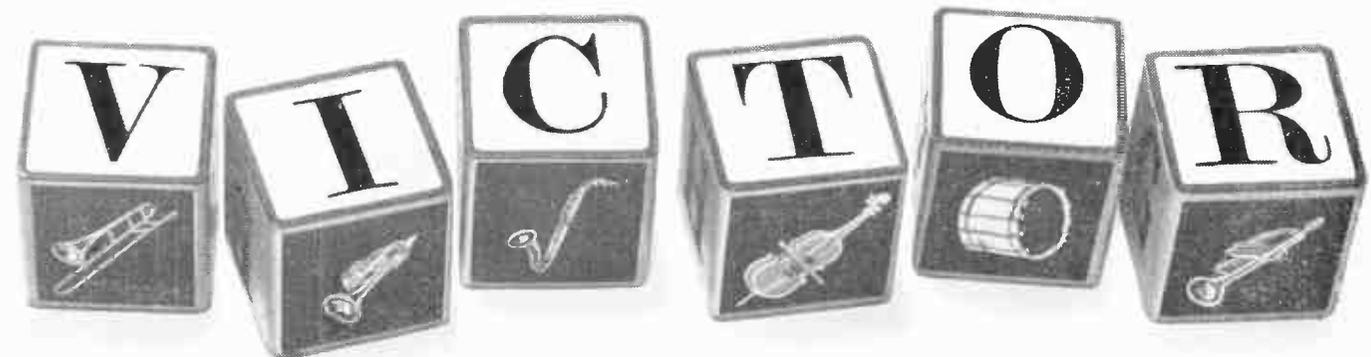
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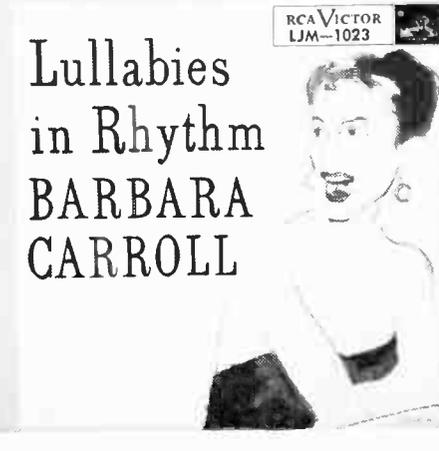
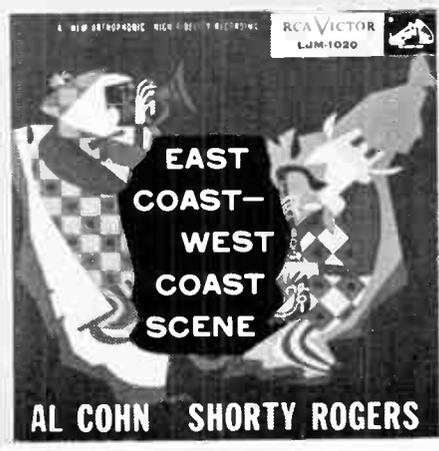


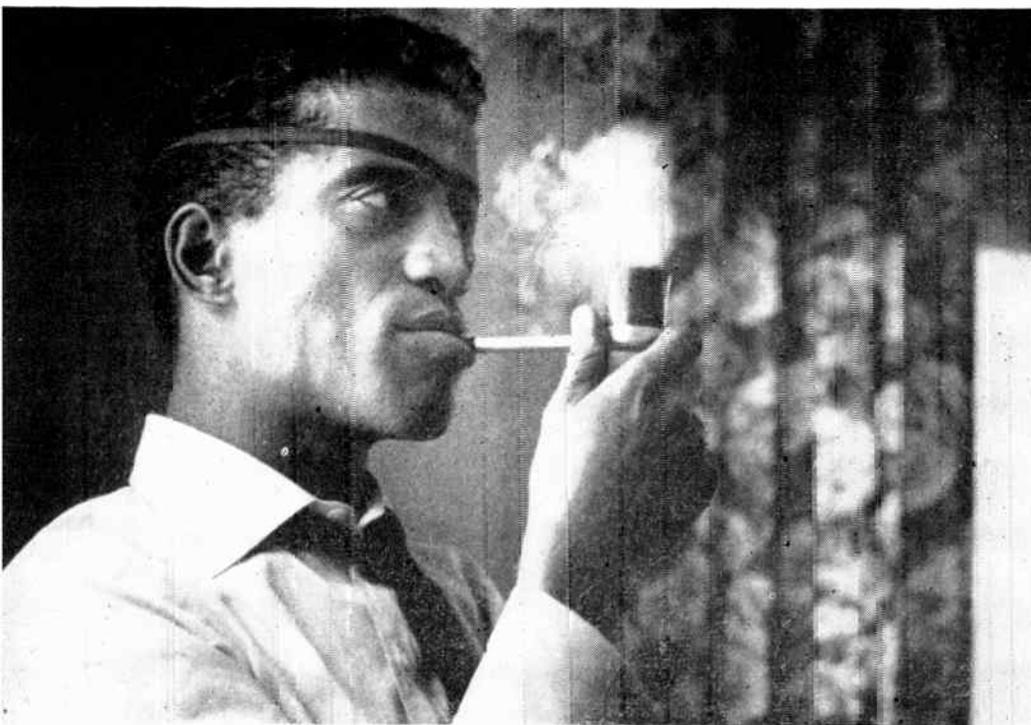
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Photographer Hal Berg catches the reflective Mr. Davis.

DECCA'S MUSICAL KALEIDOSCOPE

Last month Decca records released approximately fourteen twelve-inch LP's, including a Jerry Gray album reviewed elsewhere in this section; five of the albums are jazz, the rest mostly concerned with generally good music for listening or dancing. With Decca in the process of producing such packages as these for "musical pleasure," what follows is a condensed review of thirteen of these albums.

Steve Allen, Vols. 1 & 2, recorded at Manhattan Center in New York City on May 8, 1954 with generally good sound despite some engineering bugs peculiar to such sessions. Both albums feature talk by Steve, occasional piano solos, two vocals by Sylvia Syms and two bands—The Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band and the Billy Butterfield Jazz Band with Ray McKinley. Both play amiable Dixie; the second album finds them playing with more musical interest, particularly Hucko and Stegmeyer in a clarinet duet and a fine Lawson-Butterfield duet on *Infirmity*. All in all, the album is mainly for Dixie listeners who don't mind a slightly watered-down version of same. (Decca, 2 12" LP's DL 8151/2)

Louis Armstrong, Vols. 1 & 2, recorded at the Crescendo Club in Hollywood, January 21, 1955, presented by Gene Norman and featuring the regular Armstrong group with announcements by Louis, Barney and Trummy. Most of the selections are so familiar that they tend to be a bit dull by now, but Arvel Shaw's bass showcase, *Blues for Bass*, on the first LP is rather exceptional. Out of the twenty-four tunes, fifteen are vocals by Louis, one by Trummy alone and one, by Velma alone. There are two bad displays: Velma and Louis on *Don't Fence Me In* (1st Vol), with demeaning, sometimes foul

lyrics; and the ridiculous *Boppenpoof Song*, by Louis in the second. On both Trummy is buzzing too much to be taken too seriously, Barney sounds tired and Billy Kyle never sounds like the fine pianist he is. (Decca, 2 12" LP's DL 8168/9)

The Commanders, a Dance Party, featuring drummer-leader Eddy Grady. This professional, swinging band, geared for dancing and entertainment, with practically no soloists but, instead, a unified sound on the Lunceford kick. There's an amusing *Elephant's Tango*, a pretty reading of Jan Savitt's nice tune *It's a Wonderful World* and the band's edition of *Le Grisbi*, a tune in the *Tenderly* category, which should have made it commercially a year ago. The performance and sound are good, the arrangements are occasionally modern and always swinging, although always unmistakably commercial. (Decca 12" LP 8117)

Sammy Davis in an album titled *Just for Lovers*, consisting of love tunes, all well done, most times just this side of Frank Sinatra, but carefully not too close except on *When Your Lover Has Gone*. Sometimes the entertainer takes over and hams a bit, but, generally, there's fine singing like the highly personal *These Foolish Things*. (Decca 12" LP DL 8170)

Larry Elgart directing *Music for Barefoot Ballerinas*, the music composed by Charles Albertine. These are ten ballet vignettes, none longer than 4½ minutes with Larry's sensitive alto always telling. Wonderful fidelity makes the mostly exotic moods even more so, but the music, mostly fringe modern, producing moods that are sometimes Hollywood-ian in their lack of subtlety is mainly recommended because it is enjoyable, colorful listening which requires

imagination rather than intellect. (Decca 12" LP DL 8034)

Lionel Hampton, an *All American Award Concert*, recorded at Carnegie Hall, April 15, 1945, with Hamp inviting Dizzy (both had won Esquire awards that year and Dinah Washington (Leonard Feather accompanied her on piano) to sit in for one number apiece. The balance is only fair on these eight selections by the Hampton band, and the chaos is everywhere evident—the hypnotic heat is right there from the beginning, too, so there's little of musical interest, unless 7½ minutes of *Flying Home* is to your taste. But Diz plays well on Bird's *Red Cross*. (Decca 12" LP DL 8088)

Burl Ives singing *Songs for and About Men*, ranging from the humor of *When I Was Single* to the tragedy of the *Prisoner's Song* and the heroism of *John Henry*, fifteen selections in all, done with Burl's usual clarity and charm. (Decca 12" LP DL 8125)

Marais and Miranda recorded in person at Fullerton Hall, Chicago, February 7, 1955. Known as the International Bahadeers, Marais composes and arranges and accompanies on classic guitar, these two are too precious for me despite their fame within folk-circles. But their songs, for all the light comedy which strikes me almost as parody, are important contributions to folk-lore, ranging from 17th century England to modern interpretations of South African music. (Decca 12" LP 9027)

Record Hop, a twelve part collection of big band music for dancing, mostly from many years back and including such as Tommy Dorsey, Randy Brooks (*Tenderly*), Woody Herman (*Woodchopper's Ball*), Russ Morgan, Count Basie (*One O'Clock Jump*), Cavallaro, Jimmy Dorsey (*Green Eyes*) and Sonny Burke (two mambos). (Decca 12" LP DL 8067)

The Fabulous Mac West either with a quartet or an orchestra under the direction of Sy Oliver, doing what comes most naturally to her with a voice tuned to the most obvious level. (Decca 12" LP DL 9016)

Andre Previn

Let's Get Away from it All, *Moonlight in Vermont*, *It Happened in Sun Valley*, *Serenade to Sweden*, *Island in the West Indies*, *Flying Down to Rio*, *Honolulu*, *How Are Things in Glocca Morra*, *On a Slow Boat to China*, *London in July*, *San Francisco*, *Sidewalks of Cuba*, *Reprise: Let's Get Away from it All*

The *All* which Andre gets away from is the obvious and ordinary route available to a pianist of such cross-country talents. As the liner points out, these are not definitive jazz interpretations, but they are relaxed, multi-faceted digressions, scenic routes if you will, in an Austin Healy 100, additional horsepower supplied by Red Mitchell, guitarist Al Hendrickson and drummer Irv Cottler. Andre is ever-mindful of such basic influences as Tatum and Cole, there are, inevitably, touches of Shearing on such as *Sidewalks*, but there are also interesting piano-guitar inventions on *China*, and, everywhere, swinging, happy piano and rhythm. (Decca 12" LP DL 8131)

EMARCY:

SHAD'S LONG ROW OF ARTISTS

If you've read through page 9, you already know that EmArcy keeps expanding with every passing month. To get up to date on that company's recent issues, we'll employ the already familiar technique followed this month on several pages in this section and note briefly six twelve-inch LP's and refer you to page 40 for one last review.

Brown-Roach, Incorporated, with Harold Land, Richie Powell and George Morrow, a hard-riding LP with excellent sound most notable for Max's drumming. Harold Land's pleasant solo, *Darn That Dream* and for *Mildama*, a three-part drum invention of Max's. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36008)

Maynard Ferguson's Jam Session is considerably sparked by a fine rhythm section—Claude Williamson, John Simmons and Max Roach—and generally good, though over-long, solos by Geller, Cooper, Gordon, Bernhart and Ferguson. It would have been much better broken into more than the one tune per side because none of these musicians is inventive enough, Geller the possible exception, to blow that many choruses without falling apart. Maynard keeps the screams to a minimum and uses them to good purpose. (EmArcy 12" LP MG-36009)

Erroll Garner's Contrasts comprises eleven selections of delightful Garner, especially the romping *7-11 Jump* and the subtle stomping of *Part-Time Blues*. The contrasts, in rhythm and mood, range from *You Are My Sunshine* through *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* to *I Wanna Be a Rugcutter*. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36001)

Helen Merrill sings seven songs in her completely different style, all arranged by Quincy Jones with accompaniment by a fine group of jazz musicians. (Though, there's some reservation here, because the soloists sometimes miss what Helen was doing and spoil the mood somewhat. Dig Brownie on *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*.) But Brownie makes up for it on *What's New*—Helen's best, I think, though *Born to Be Blue* is also excellent as is its backing. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36001)

Paul Quinichette with assorted musicians and a whole flock of percussionists, arrangements, again, by Quincy Jones, plays nine tunes. Paul's too derivative for my tastes, but *Tropical Intrigue* is an insinuating cha-cha; *Grasshopper* is cute; and the ballad, *You're Crying*, is excellent Quinichette. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36003)

Clark Terry with Cecil Payne, Jimmy Cleveland, Horace Silver, Oscar Pettiford, Wendell Marshall and Art Blakey, does well with a group of Quincy Jones arrangements, with interesting Afro-Cuban interplay between Terry and Blakey on *Swahli*, though I prefer the neat, muted *Double Play*, with its moving backing, and the gimmickless lament, *Tuma*. Jimmy Cleveland plays extremely fine solos on three tunes—*Co-Op*, *The Countess* and *Chuckles*. (EmArcy 12" LP MG 36007)



Clifford Brown (pictured above), chosen last year as an *Arrival of the Year*, in JAZZ 1955. THE METRONOME YEARBOOK, is one of EmArcy's biggest money-makers, largely because of the *Clifford Brown with Strings* LP which was issued early this year. ("It's still selling as if it just came out," says Bobby Shad, a. and r. man for the label.) Born in Wilmington, Delaware on December 30th, 1930, Brownie didn't have a trumpet until he was a senior in high school. Most jazz fans heard him: with Lou Donaldson on the Blue Note label, but musicians had heard of him long before because he had sat-in with groups led by Bird and Diz and Jay Johnson when those groups passed through his home town. Then, later, he came to our attention (Percy Heath told Mingus and Mingus told us) when he was playing with the Tadd Dameron band. It's only been since he joined forces with Max Roach that Brownie has really received national acclaim. And much of that acclaim, strangely enough, came from the *with Strings* album which was liberally panned by practically all jazz critics. Shad says of that: "You guys miss the boat . . . so did Brownie, he didn't want to do it. But that kind of album brings talent to people who would never buy a jazz LP and makes a demand for the musician's other records." Meanwhile, the multi-noted Brownie blows on with no strings attached.



Ted Heath

LONDON'S HEATH SWINGS THIS WAY

Ted Heath

London Palladium, Vol. 3.

Flying Home, Skylark, Late Night Final, Our Love, After You've Gone, And The Angels Sing, Crazy Rhythm, Haitian Ritual, Send For Henry, Lover, Sweet Georgia Brown and Concerto For Verrell

This is a brilliant ensemble band. Its sectional precision and ensemble work in interpretation of these modern arrangements is quite an exciting experience. There is much of Kenton in the jazz arrangements, and a touch of Miller on the ballads, but the deftness of these performances tends to put such things in the background.

On both *Late Night Final* and *Concerto for Verrell*, the Kenton influence is quite dominant with evidences of familiarity with the arranging style of Bill Russo etc., permeating these compositions. In fact, the opening of Ronnie Verrell's drum vehicle smacks of an early Shelly Manne recording with the Kenton band. *Sing* is an excellent illustration of the wonderful facility of the four trumpets in the band. In ensemble and solo, they acquit themselves wailingly well. *Haitian Ritual* builds intelligently to full ensemble exposition. This exotic rendering is one of the most exciting selections in the album. Track 5 should be of interest to fans of the late John Kirby, for it has much of the flavor of his popular little band of another era.

There are competent soloists who add to the importance of this orchestra; trombonist Don Lusher, who plays in the Rosolino vein on *Final*, bassist, Johnny Hawks-worth purveying strong, melodic lines in his solo moments, (*Lover, Rhythm*) and proving to be a firm pulse within the band, trumpeter, Eddie Blair, playing in the Fats Navarro tradition on *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and drummer, Ronnie Verrell who is superb on all these sides, performing with all the necessary technical precision the band demands while still retaining the swinging feeling. This album is worth the price for the brass section alone.—Burt (London 12" LP LL 1211)

Gershwin for Moderns

The Man I Love, Love Walked In, Nice Work If You Can Get it, Love Is Here To Stay, Clap Your Hands, I Got Rhythm, But Not For Me, Someone To Watch Over Me, That Certain Feeling, Embraceable You, Changing My Tune and Soon

For all this orchestra's ensemble might, the sameness of the arrangement pattern on these selections makes this album not quite up to the standard set by the first LP. Primarily slanted toward finesse and polish, I'd say it achieved its purpose, but if inventive fresh interpretation is the objective, I'm afraid the boat has been missed. Individually, these arrangements might stand up, but hearing them one after the other makes for a definite awareness of arranger Johnny Keating's reliance on certain patterns.

The most striking solo bit in this Gershwin anthology is Eddie Blair's trumpet on track 3. The band was its most exciting on track 11, and its most charming on track 9.—Burt (London 12" LP LL 1217)

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 32)

Skin, Cherry Pink, Grenada, Loco Chris, Adonde Esta Corazon, September Song, April in Paris, Pete Mambos on the Terrace, The Man from Jamaica, Oracion de Rhumba, Someone to Watch Over Me

This is called the Pete Terrace Quintet, but only four members are named—no fair counting Bobby Flash twice—and, there's an unidentified pianist, and this is normally Joe Loco's group, and Loco wrote all the arrangements and several of the tunes, so you figure it out for yourself. The interesting double-twisted notes by mambo expert Dr. Theo Morrell, helped neither the surfaces on my copy nor the kind of paralysis that my ears fell into after one half-hour of this insistent beat, but if you're addicted to the Latin beat this is a good LP, arranged by a master and played by excellent, well-schooled musicians—and it swings, too. *Fractured Spanish*: Adonde Esta Corazon, track six, could mean "Bring me my cortisone Esther." (Fantasy 12" LP 3-203)

Herbie Mann's Vol. 2, Flamingo

I've Told Every Little Star, Love Is a Simple Thing, There's No You, Sorimao, The Influential Mr. Cohn, A One Way Love, The Surrey with the Fringe on Top, Flamingo, Little Orphan Annie, Jasmin, Beverly, Woodchuck

The danger with this flute business is that the artist can become so enamored of its novelty that you go native and faraway from jazz. As Herbie's excellent notes underline, no such thing happens here. With guitarist Joe Puma, bassist Charles Andrus and drummer Harold Granowsky, Herbie swings lightly through a nicely paced LP, switching from flute to alto flute to four flutes and to tenor while Joe does everything with his guitar to produce excellent backgrounds and fine solos. The four flute bit: track one—three flutes and one alto flute (dubbing, of course)—based on the Four Brothers sound, the brothers "before their voices changed." It's more fitting there than on Quincy Jones' *Jasmin*, a blues waltz with an Oriental flavor, none of which seems to come off. Herbie plays tenor on *Mr. Cohn*, emulating his self-admitted influence. (Incidentally, Al didn't recognize this on his *Blindfold Test*, though it seems obvious enough.) *One Way Love* is a sad thing with a near-East flavor. *Beverly* shares some of that same mood with Herbie playing unaccompanied. He wrote both those plus *Sorimao*, an interesting melody played by bowed bass and alto flute, influenced by a performance of Villa-Lobos' music—and it gets that feeling. All in all this is a fine album if you'll accept the flute in jazz. Joe Puma should make that acceptance easier. (Bethlehem 12" LP BCP 24)

Lou Mecca

All the Things You Are, You Go to My Head, Bernie's Tune, Stan's Invention, The Song Is You, Just One of Those Things

(Continued on page 40)

PRESTIGE: A COLLECTION OF QUALITY

Unlike the other companies to whom we have given full page space this month, Prestige gains its space not because of an extraordinary issue of records, but because we've missed some of the recent releases and are taking this way to catch up.

Gene Ammons' Jazz Session marks Gene's return to jazz after some time within the ranks of rhythm and blues. He and Lou Donaldson play in rather restricted styles now but Art Farmer and Fredide Redd grace this LP together with Addison Farmer and Kenny Clarke, so there's a good deal of hard swing and inventive blowing. There are only two tunes in the album: *Woofin' and Tweetin'* is the better of the two with Art Farmer doing the *Woofin'* and pianist Redd the *Tweetin'*, both with highest fidelity. The other horns, aided by the mood of this excellent blues, still bog down at times because of nagging resemblances to other horns in other places. (Prestige LP 211)

Miles Davis' The Musing of Miles finds the trumpeter in company with pianist Red Garland, Oscar Pettiford and drummer Philly Jo Jones. St. Louis Miles Davis does his musing via six attractive tunes, two of which he wrote, sparked by a rhythm section which is, perhaps, more demanding than moving, but, nonetheless, attractive. Pianist Garland is a good musician; Pettiford, of course, is excellent, especially on tracks 3, 4, 5 and 6, especially, again, when he's playing behind Miles, and all this despite some uneven mike work which pushes him way into the background for most of the record. Interestingly enough Miles' failings help him in parts of this LP. On *I See Your Face Before Me*, for example, Miles plays in a mute, and the engineer makes no attempt to bring him into better aural focus so that everyone except Pettiford over-balances him. Since Miles has always had trouble with the projection of his sound, this track should be really awful, but, in fact, it fits the mood perfectly. And, despite a large number of fluffs, and the fact that Miles best portrays a kind of gentle melancholy with his horn as a general rule, here he manages both gaiety and a kind of wildness, both tinged with his usual mood, but both still genuine. Miles' *Green Haze*, the LP's last track, is the best of the lot, a green kind of blues with reflective piano by Garland, a kind of Garner approach, sensitive Miles and excellent Pettiford. It's a good album. (Prestige 12" LP 7007)

Jon Eardley's Hey There is an exercise for Eardley's Davis-like horn in company with J. R. Montrose, George Syran, Teddy Kotick and Nick Stabulas. Bassist Kotick is the unobtrusive star, though Nick swings nicely, too. Syran is a right-handed pianist in the bouncing-ball groove; J. R.'s tenor, except on *If You Could See Me Now*, falls too much into Eardley's conception—that putti-putti one—for my taste. (Eardley is best on

that tune, too.) Tadd Dameron wrote two of the tunes—the one mentioned, which Jon dedicated to Freddie Webster, and *Sid's Delight*, which John dedicated to Fats Navarro. Eardley's own original, *Demanton*, is *Sweet Georgia Brown* sideways and at a tempo too fast for the group's comfort. (Prestige LP 207)

Art Farmer's Quintet, Volume II stars Art with Gigi Gryce, Freddie Redd, Addison Farmer and Art Taylor playing four of Gigi's originals, the first and last of which are the best: *Social Call*, an insinuating recall of an afternoon's chat with excellent solos by all including the right-handed Mr. Redd; *The Infant's Song*, a pretty ballad dedicated to the son of Prestige's Bob Weinstock. The other tunes are more ordinary; solos, though, are still fine, and Art, as before, is the shining example. (Prestige LP 209)

Benny Green Blows His Horn displays a more vital horn than during his last time at bat, blowing with great authority, starring especially on *Body and Soul*. Still and all though, there's little that's fresh or inventive about this album despite its swing. Tenorist Charlie Rouse is only adequate; pianist Cliff Smalls is less than that—he plays rather trite Garner on *Laura*; Paul Chambers, Osie Johnson and Candido cook, though. (Prestige LP 210)

Milt Jackson's Quartet means Milt, Horace Silver, Percy Faith and Connie Kay romping through six tunes; means, too, superior Milt, of course, though more subdued than in the past, very much on the lyrical side with special orchiids for the cooking original, *Milt's Stonewall*, wherein he holds off hordes of the enemy and his especially sensitive reading of *I Should Care*. Everyone else makes it, too. (Prestige 12" LP 7003)

King Pleasure is my pleasure in this set of eight re-issues with varied accompaniment. King, who usually fits his lyrics to saxophone solos, sings *Red Top* (Gene Ammons) with lyrics that are more than they seem; *Sometimes I'm Happy* (Prez), the Keynote session with the Lambert singers imitating the buzz sound of Slam Stewart's solo: *This Is Always* (Moody), which has some wonderful sections, though not King's best: *Parker's Mood* (Bird), the best of Pleasure both in lyric and performance, and with a sensitive solo by John Lewis: *Don't Get Scared* (Getz and Gullin) with King singing Getz' part, Jon Hendricks making like Gullin—they wrote the lyric together, and it's a clever one; and *I'm Gone* (Moody), which was written and conducted by Quincy Jones with able assistance by The Three Riffs. There are two other selections, neither are Pleasure at his best. But Pleasure at his best, as on most of these sides, is really something. As Ira Gitler says in his fine notes: "King is both monarch and jester in his own court..." And minstrel, too, I might add, in the best sense of that word. (Prestige LP 208)

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LOOKING BACKWARD on Recent Prestige Re- leases is Really Like Looking Forward

Take a look below. If you have missed any of these LPs then you are not keeping up with today's or for that matter, tomorrow's jazz scene.

First of all there are the two outstanding piano LPs by BILLY TAYLOR. His *TOUCH OF TAYLOR*, LP 7001 (12") has received the highest possible ratings the critics of *Metronome* and *Down Beat* can give and Billy and the boys also triumph in the exciting in person recording of their *TOWN HALL CONCERT*, LP 194.

Then there is the *ART FARMER QUINTET* featuring GIGI GRyce. This combo is rapidly becoming one of the small groups. They swing, they have warmth, as well exemplified in the compositions of Gigi and the solos of both. A wonderful cross-index of their work to date can be found in their most recent LP 209, and the earlier LP 181. Art and Gigi will be appearing in many of the major jazz clubs over the U.S. very soon. Watch for them. This is the group for 1956.

Last but definitely not least is MILES DAVIS. The winner of the International Critics Poll and unanimously acclaimed star of the Newport Festival seems to be making nothing but 5 star discs these days. Among them are his latest 12", *THE MUSINGS OF MILES*, LP 7007; and the jam session with MILT JACKSON and THELONIOUS MONK heard on LPs 200 & 196.

P.S. THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET may be heard on LPs 170 & 160. And be on the lookout for their first 12" LP *Concorde* (7005). It will be our Xmas present to you.

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Jazz of the Fifties—Brown-Roach: *Cherokee*; Sarah: *Shulie A Bop*; Garner: *I Wanna Be a Rugcutter*; Terry: *Swahli*; Washington: *Love for Sale*; Adderly: *The Song Is You*. Jazz of the Forties—Fazola: *Clarinet Marmalade*; Freeman: *Inside on the Southside*; Turner and Johnson: *Johnson and Turner Blues*; Hodges: *Night Wind*; Hawkins: *Battle of the Saxes*; Ventura: *East of Suez*; Tristano: *Blue Boy*

In case you've forgotten, this is the way albums used to be formed, not with this variety of names, of course, but with this amount of care in picking the best from what was available. And this is the best from EmArcy on this demonstration record which sells for ninety-eight cents; sells at that price, naturally enough, because the company hopes to whet your appetite with these samples from its LP catalog. Sarah and Garner are the best of the first side, the *Jazz of the Fifties*; Adderly's track, the last, has fine ensemble and a clever Quincy Jones arrangement, but he, *Cannonball*, that is, sounds like a cross between a harmonica and a bagpipe. The B side of the LP, *Jazz of the Forties*, however, is worth double the price. Culled from Keynote and National singles, these are some of the best examples of combo jazz during the decade, from New Orleans (Fazola), through Ellingtonia (Hodges) and bop (Ventura, Buddy Stewart and Kai Winding), to "avant-garde" (Lennie with Bob Leininger and Billy Bauer). The personnels will scare you: Dave Tough with Freeman; Frankie Newton, Don Byas and Doc West with Turner and Johnson; Sid Catlett with Hawkins, Tab Smith, Don Byas and Harry Carney; Shelly Manne with Ventura. Leonard Feather's excellent and comprehensive notes (except that Freeman's track couldn't have been cut in 1954 as it says) do complete justice to this excellent buy. (EmArcy 12" Demonstration Record #2)

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 38)

Lou is a fleet-fingered guitarist, heard before on Gil Mele LP's, who plays crisply and inventively, not like anyone in particular but sometimes suggestive of Tal Farlow, which is nice suggesting. He plays here with fine vibist Jack Hitchcock, bassist Vinnie Burke and drummer Jimmy Campbell. Both of those latter two do admirably, Vinnie starring on track 3. The *Invention* is Stan Purdy's (he writes music for Mickey Spillane movies) and it's a rich one, richly played. *Things* is all Lou's, three 64-bar choruses with Vinnie supplying intro and coda in rhumba time. An excellent debut. (Blue Note LP 5067)

Hank Mobley

Hank's Prank, My Sin, Avila and Tequila, Walkin' the Fence, Love for Sale, Just Coolin'

Hank, Horace Silver, Doug Watkins and Art Blakey, *The Messengers*, but without Kenny Dorham, dig through these six selections, five of which were written by Mobley. Horace plays fine piano (right hand only) throughout. Watkins and Blakey swing hard; Art has a nice bit on *Love*. And Mobley does well, better than he has in the past. But he's still largely a derivative tenor-man, still "growing up" as the album liner admits, and he wasn't really ready for this LP of his own, not even in this day of the record-rush. For that reason his ballad outing, *Sin*, is his most competent solo, while the up-tempo *Love*, hard enough for any tenor at that tempo, is very weak. (Blue Note LP 5066)

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Ruth Price

My Shining Hour, Every Time, Calypso Blues, I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Who Am I, Gentleman Friend, I'm Old Fashioned, Give Me the Simple Life, Sleigh-ride in July, Shadrack, Someday My Prince Will Come, Exactly Like You

This is an extremely encouraging vocal debut for twenty-one-year-old Ruth Price who has many obvious influences, but sings with a nice swing. I hear Sylvia Syms, Sammy Davis and Sarah most especially, but, with the exception of Sarah, these influences are neither obtrusive nor limiting to her own blooming style. When Sarah does creep in hard, as on *Shadrack*, Ruth loses every bit of appeal. That track, *Prince*, and the first one are the only three that disappoint—they are actually bad from every standpoint. For the rest, she shows fine control, good range and phrasing and a variety of approaches from the "dewy freshness" to which Al Collins refers in his good liner, to the sophistication of track three which she does excellently. If she'll do away with just that Vaughan mistake, make her intonation more perfect and watch the overemphasis of certain syllables before all these habits become deeply ingrained, she'll be a first rate singer. She comes close to that now. (Kapp 12" LP KL 1006)

Buddy Rich

Everything Happens to Me, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, Sure Thing, Glad to be Unhappy; Medley: Over the Rainbow, You've Changed, Time After Time, This Is Always, I Hadn't Anyone 'Till You, My Heart Stood Still; The Monster, Sunday

The first four tracks are by vocalist Buddy Rich, singing with an exceedingly pleasant

voice with fine phrasing and intonation. The medley devotes one tune apiece to members of the group—in this order: Webster, Wess, Peterson, Ray Brown, Joe Newman and Thad Jones. All the solos are excellent (Oscar makes a pleasant omnibus of Garner, Cole and Tatum) and Thad Jones, despite the distortion near the label, plays the most exciting jazz of the sextet. The last two tracks are hard-swinging with Joe and Thad's duel on the first and Ben's buzzing on the second, some of the most distinctive jazz of any year. Over-all it adds up to an almost perfect record. (Norgran 12" LP MGN 1031)

Sir Charles Thompson

Sonny Howard's Blues, Best By Test, Hey There, Love for Sale, Stompin' at the Savoy, Mr. Sandman

For whatever reason, Thompson is always better as a sideman than as the leader of his own group, and this LP proves no exception. It's pleasant enough listening, mostly old-time feeling, but generally good jazz of several different vintages. That's so, especially of the first three tunes—fine Skeeter Best guitar on the second—but, after several choruses on the third, Thompson falls into a kind of repetitive shearing that's deadening. Track 4 livens up a bit, because of its swing, but five is repetitive again and *Sandman* is merely corny, not funny as it was supposed to have been. (Vanguard LP VRS 8018)

Mambo with Tjader

Mambucs, Midnight Sun, Sonny Boy, Cherry, I'll Remember April, This Can't Be Love, Tenderly, Dearly Beloved, Chloe, Lucero, Bye Bye Blues, Autumn Leaves

This may not be authentic whatever it is—the H. Claire Kolbe notes refer to "Cherry Pink and Charley Applewhite," from *The Goojball's Guide to Euphemism and Slander*, leaving me in enough of a *cha-cha-cha* so that I thought I read further on that "Names of all persons on this program are true; only the chords have been changed"—but, authentic or not, it is a pleasant combination of Afro-to-Cuban-to-Jazz, leaving nothing to chance, with even a glee club on *Sonny Boy*, singing in English, Spanish and West Coast. For my taste, it's more enjoyable than the Terrace LP reviewed above—more varied and swinging, though the rhythmic insistence here, too, becomes more nagging than exciting before you're through. Cal plays nice vibes on *April, Tenderly* and his own, *Lucero*. (Fantasy 12" LP 3-202)

West Coast Jazz

East of the Sun, Four, Suddenly It's Spring, Night in Tunisia, Summertime, Shine

This may not be the most comprehensive of the sudden rash of albums with similar titles, it is in no way an anthology, but it is first rate jazz. Stan Getz, Conte Candoli, Lou Levy, Leroy Vinnegar and Shelly Manne combine for jazz that is on the delicate side in the main, but wailing nevertheless, with the rhythm section as good as you'll ever find one. Nothing momentous, but good, swinging jazz. (Norgran 12" LP MGN 1032)

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Paul Weston's
Mood for Twelve

Talk of the Town, I'm Coming Virginia, Memories of You, Nice Work, My Funny Valentine, Emaline, Skylark, Judy, Louisiana, Georgia on my Mind, Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Confessin'

Weston takes the orchestra and an array of soloists, one to each tune, through a collection of handsome standards, producing lovely mood music which sticks close to the melody, spotlights the soloists and the crisp section work and boasts excellent sound as well. In order of appearance, the soloists are: Babe Russin, Bill Schaefer, Clyde Hurley, Paul Smith, Barney Kessel, Eddie Miller, Ted Nash, Matty Matlock, George Van Eps, Joe Howard, Stan Wrightsman and Ziggy Elman. As might be imagined, there's nothing that's inspiring, the two guitarists are somewhat out of place in the band; the best solos are by pianist Paul Smith and two tenor saxophonists, Eddie Miller and Ted Nash. All commercial releases should be this good! (Columbia 12" LP CL 693)

CAPITOL

(Continued from Page 33)

recorded in July of 1955. Helen Forrest sings four, sounding better today than in years past, with a more mellow sound and bits of the best of Lena Horne. Only on one tune, *I've Heard that Song Before*, are there any especially corny rhythm devices, but all in all, these arrangements are generally pretty old-fashioned although played brightly and swingingly. Willie Smith adds a pretty touch here and there—*Cherry*, for example—Juan Tizol on that tune, too, pianist Doug Parker does well his few times out, there's the Ellington touch on *Cherry*, too, and a handsome trombone on *Velvet Moon* and *Sleepy Lagoon*, plus an additional nine strings on these and other tracks. The excellent sound enhances the album and there are other James standards such as *Trumpet Blues*, *Music Makers* and *Ciribiribin*, all played with great precision with an occasional six-man trumpet section swinging wildly. (Capitol 12" LP T 654)

Stan Kenton—June Christy's Duet is composed of nine handsome tunes, like *Lonely Woman*, *You're Mine You* and *Angel Eyes*, June singing pretty much in tune and Stan playing rich chords in sympathetic accompaniment. Just those two, and it's a nice collaboration, intimate and as relaxed as June's tense-tight voice will allow and about it all there is an air of simple dignity, of two people who understand each other well, that makes it well-worth the hearing. (Capitol 12" LP T 656)

Stan Kenton's Contemporary Concepts, seven tunes, six arranged by Bill Holman and one, *Limelight*, by Gerry Mulligan. With the exception of that original and *Stella by Starlight*, the emphasis is arranging isolated themes within the standard, rather than following the melodic line; that, of course, keeps the tune recognizable while adding to the inventiveness of the scoring. Throughout the band is excellent with fine

soloists, several of them exceptional; and two tracks, *Yesterdays* and *I've Got You Under My Skin* have the kind of feeling which I've always associated with the best Herman bands. Bill Perkins' tenor is the finest of the horns—listen to his *Yesterdays*. Charlie Mariano literally sings all around the band's line on *Stella*; Lennie Niehaus is exceptional on *Cherokee*, which swings with a fine, light beat, Lennie playing Pepper-out-of-Konitz; *What's New* is as much the band's triumph as it is the individual soloists'; reeds, written in accordion-like voicing, sound exciting on *Savoy*; and rollicking trombone by Carl Fontana, with special hat-tipping to drummer Mel Lewis for his support, turns *Limelight* into a brilliant spotlight. (Capitol 12" LP T 666)

The Shearing Spell has spider-web weaving by Shearing with vibist Johnny Rae, guitarist Toots Thielmans, bassist Al McKibbon and drummer Bill Clark with occasional support by Armando Peraza, bongos and conga, and Willie Bobo, timbale. On these Latin-influenced numbers, it seems to me that the Afro-Cuban rhythm only contributes a rocking-horse gait which detracts from the Shearing manner. That's not so, of course, on *Cuban Carnival*. Album highlights are a repeat of *On Cloud 69* (first done for Discovery) and Toots' wildly swinging harmonica on *The Man I Love*, where Bill Clark's brush-work is fine. Shearing's articulation has become more precise of late, in the John Lewis manner. Perhaps that's why on such numbers as *Yesterdays* there are suggestions of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Capitol 12" LP T 648)

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Reviews by Hall Overton

The Birth of a Performance:

Bruno Walter conducting rehearsal and performance of Mozart's *Symphony No. 36 in C Major* (K. 425), ("Linz") Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Two 12" LP. Col SL-224.

This recording should fascinate all those who are curious about how a great conductor puts together a performance with some of the top instrumentalists in the country. Three sides of this set, which also contains a complete score, show Dr. Walter working his players to bring out certain "Mozartean" qualities he wants. He reveals a Mozart of changing moods accompanied by quite drastic changes of tempo. He constantly calls for the orchestra to "sing," even the little marching tune in measure 42 of the first movement. This, however, distorts the meaning of the tune and robs it of its rhythmic lilt. Such tunes sound better whistled than sung. The final side is the complete performance showing the fruits of Dr. Walter's labors. Everything goes well except that the Menuetto, preceded by the Adagio and the rhythmically varying first movement, sounds a bit slow. These reservations aside I think you'll find this a valuable and informative recording to own.

Edward Burlingame Hill: Prelude for Orchestra; **Nikolai Lopatnikoff:** Concertino for Orchestra, op. 30; **Luigi Dallapiccola:** *Tartiniana* for Violin and Orchestra.

Ruth Posselt, Violin; Columbia Symphony cond. Leonard Bernstein. 12" LP. Col ML 4996.

Dallapiccola's *Tartiniana*, beautifully performed, is an example of the kind of neo-Baroque work that this reviewer finds interesting. It is an individual and contemporary comment on the musical style of a further period. Each movement of *Tartiniana* is based on themes extracted from the *Sonatas* of Tartini (1692-1770). The music starts in a deceptively tonal manner and grows contrapuntally into some very rich harmonic complexities before returning to home plate. Mr. Hill, who at eighty must be one of America's oldest living composers, has written a skillful mood piece in a general impressionistic vein. Lopatnikoff's *Concertino* is in true concertant style, brightly amusing most of the way. Recorded sound is excellent.

Britten: *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*; **Tchaikovsky:** *The Nutcracker Suite*, Op. 71a.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, cond. Antal Dorati. Deems Taylor, narrator. 12" LP Mercury MG 50055.

Britten: *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*; **Ginastera:** *Variaciones Concertantes*.

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, cond. Antal Dorati. 12" LP. Mercury MG 50047.

Of these two variations of *The Young Person's Guide* the one with narration by Deems Taylor is the more valuable. Since this score was originally intended for an educational film the narrator is an essential part of the scheme. The second version (MG 50047), meant to be played purely as music, clearly comes off second best.

Mozart: *Sonata in B-Flat for Violin and Piano* (K. 454); *Sonata in E-Flat Major for Violin and Piano* (K. 481).

Joseph Szigeti, Violin; George Szell, Piano. 12" LP Col ML 5005.

In a Mozart bicentennial year one thing is certain: there's going to be lots of Mozart on records. Not all of the performances will be first rate and not all of the works will be great Mozart. However, Columbia has in the present release one of the real gems of the Mozart season. Szigeti and Szell play completely from inside the music. This sort of artistry, given wholly to projection of the music, is seldom heard in the concert hall and almost never in recordings. This is likely to be the definitive version of these two great Mozart works for some time to come.

Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 5 in E Minor*.

The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, cond. William Steinberg. 12" LP. Capitol P8325.

A good latter-day reading of this famous Tchaikovsky symphony which should hold up well against the previous versions. Steinberg's approach is one of clean melodic lines, absolutely no "ham." The result is stimulating, fresh-sounding Tchaikovsky.

Mozart: *Thamos, King of Egypt* (K. 345).

Soloists, The Vienna Symphony Orchestra and The Vienna Chamber Choir; cond. Bernhard Paumgartner. 12" LP Epic LC 3158.

Incidental music written for a play by T. P. von Gebler which is interesting because of its operatic content. The theater in those days must have used music in a much different way than we do now, and certainly more of it.

Brahms: *Sonata No. 1 in E Minor for Cello and Piano*, Op. 38; *Sonata No. 2 in F Major for Cello and Piano*, Op. 99.

Tibor de Machula, Cello; Timo Mikkila, Piano. 12" LP. Epic LC 3133.

Better than average performances of two of Brahms' best chamber works.

Beethoven: *Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major for Piano and Orchestra*, Op. 19; *Concerto No. 4 in G Major for Piano and Orchestra*, Op. 58.

Rudolph Serkin, Piano; The Philadelphia Orchestra, cond. Eugene Ormandy. 12" LP Col ML 5037.

Excellent performances that should rank high on the growing list of interpretations of these two well-known favorites.

Chausson: *Concerto in D Major for Violin, Piano and String Quartet*, Op. 21.

Zino Francescatti, Violin; Robert Casadesus, Piano; The Guilet Quartet. 12" LP. Col ML 4998.

You aren't likely to encounter a better performance of this poetic, rhapsodic work. In fact, the performance tends to make the music sound better than it is.

Mozart: *Symphony No. 25 in G Minor* (K. 183); *Symphony No. 28 in C Major* (K. 200)

Columbia Symphony Orchestra, cond. Bruno Walter. 12" LP. Col ML 5002.

Two of Mozart's less known symphonies, well performed, revealing his development: away from the Italian style towards a more personal, non-gebraucht conception of the symphony.

Books: *The Guide to Long-Playing Records; Vocal Music* by Philip L. Miller; *Orchestral Music* by Irving Kolodin; *Chamber & Solo Instrument Music* by Harold C. Schonberg.

Pub. 1955, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y.

This trilogy consists of three volumes which attempt to cover the growing mass of LP recordings divided into three main categories; vocal, chamber and orchestral music. The editors have undertaken a formidable task and by and large have succeeded in their general aim, which was to present, not all the available records, but to catalogue what seemed to them the best performances and the best engineered sound. These three volumes are the best reference texts available to date for building a comprehensive LP collection.

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THE ART OF RHYTHM

By Al Zeiger

Many drummers think of this practice as melodic playing, and rightly so, because a good fill-in enhances the line of the soloist, making for greater continuity. With the doubling, tripling and quadrupling of solo lines, which sometimes got behind the beat or extended it, a wider variation of interesting rhythmic subtlety became discernible in the rhythm section. The piano and guitar could no longer adhere to feeling each chord on the beat, for this would destroy the melodic line. The bass, although still keeping the strict beat, began to play more melodic as a result of harmonic innovations.

In modern classical music rhythm and meter underwent an extraordinary development due to the same influential forces of melody and harmony. Shifting of meters, polyrhythms and use of independent polyrhythms were part of the intricate change.

Charles Ives, in his second movement of *Three Places in New England*, makes use of independent polyrhythms by having different meters for different instruments so that the bar lines do not coincide. Ives combines two marching rhythms to represent two village bands. Before they meet in the village square, one band is playing one-third slower than the other at the same time. The downbeats coincide only after three bars of the slower band and four bars of the faster band. The conductor has the rather interesting task of beating one hand slower than the other. It is entirely within the realm of possibility that jazz will some day reach

these extraordinary developments without losing its identity.

Another important factor in determining the rhythmic approach to music is the mood of a composition or jazz solo. Perhaps the best way to illustrate this point is to listen to Ben Webster's very beautiful tenor sax solo on *I Surrender Dear*. This is a strict, romantic ballad which demands a quiet brush beat to express the emotional mood. Here the rhythm section plays an extremely important role in conveying the correct feeling.

I have often found myself frustrated when a rhythm section destroyed a breathtaking solo by trying to push the beat or swing the soloist by doubling the tempo. The sensuous sound of Impressionism or atmospheric music needs much of the same treatment. Such *dreamy* sides as *The Nearness of You* or *Someone to Watch Over Me*, by George Shearing, make excellent use of the brush beat.

In the final analysis the function of the rhythm section depends upon style. Music which swings hard needs a strong, driving beat. Other types of music demand a rhythm section which is felt but not heard. There are still other times when the beat may be implied by a single moving line without any rhythm section at all. To feel that any one of these solutions is the only one, is to take a narrow view of the situation. This attitude is extremely dangerous because it not only limits the growth of jazz, but attempts to stymie creative musicianship.

One clue to understanding the development of rhythm in classical and jazz music may be found in an examination of their melodic line. We have already seen how melodic phrases developed from the simple to the complex. We have also applied certain descriptive terms such as choppy, smooth and angular to them.

The effect of melody upon rhythm and vice-versa is inseparable. For example, take Louis Armstrong's Hot Five recording of *Jazz Lips* or Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five *Sensation Rag* on the Columbia LP, *I Like Jazz*. The steady, marked, driving emphasis of their melodic lines resulted in a choppy-staccato beat which had those same qualities.

The dotted-eighth, sixteenth note rhythm which underlies this style caused the performers to play on the beat. Use of well balanced regular phrases in the solos made for even greater rigidity in the rhythm section. In Baroque classical music, the effect was the same except that the accent occurred on the first and third beat of the measure rather than on the second and fourth beat as in jazz.

As the modern melodic line became more irregular in its accents and phraseology, so did the rhythm section make greater use of irregular, displaced accents. When a soloist began or ended a phrase off the beat, leaving a gap before he started the next phrase, the rhythm section had an opportunity to continue the rhythm direction by filling-in a rhythmic idea.

RHYTHM GRAPHS

Fig. 1

Choppy Rhythmical
Dixieland-Baroque Line



Smooth Lyrical
Romantic Line



Angular Harmonic
Modern Line



Instruction Columns

Arranging

Charlie Shirley
Gives Guide
To Study

The modern, contemporary arranger/orchestrator must constantly supplement his past experience, early training, and native ability in music with more and more acquired techniques and abilities. He or she can no longer depend on a "specialty" but must be prepared, when called on, to execute any phase of writing from orchestration of a ballet, piano concerto, or other classic chores, to doing a jazz record album or a night club act for a singer or comedian.

To be capable of such a wide range of activity, the student arranger must prepare himself in all phases of music and, which might be more difficult, be able to understand and enjoy each and every type of music he might be called on to arrange/orchestrate for.

Below are listed a few points I think the young aspirant might well use as a guide to the all 'round preparation spoken of in the above paragraphs.

1. While studying music courses, give all your attention to harmony lessons. It starts out very dull but, if you stick with it, you'll find the habits you learn here will stand you in good stead when it comes time to break the rules.
2. If you are in any high school, college, or a member of a club that has musical activities, join the musical appreciation groups and hear as much varied music as you can. Every recording or concert you hear stays with you, in some degree and will enlarge your knowledge and your ability to "dig" all kinds of music.
3. In your courses in school, or with a private teacher, ear training can be the greatest help to you in later years. To acquire the ability to look at a page of music and hear it in your mind's ear will prove to be one of your greatest assets. Today, if you're going to be an arranger, it is an ability you *must* have.

Some people are born, it seems, with that talent but many are not. If you're not one of the favored few, you can acquire the technique by using a little patience and application of your powers of concentration.

Minutes of spare time you spend in buses, subways, trains or cars can be used towards ear-training. With a little practice you can begin to hear tones, chords, melodies etc., in your head instead of having to depend on a piano or other instrument to give you sounds. A word of warning here—be careful to cultivate a neutral facial expression during these exercises, so that you won't lead fellow passengers, in said vehicles, to conclude that you have taken leave of your senses. In such a state of concentration the mouth is apt to fall open and the eyes tend to stare, giving a moronic cast to the whole face. This advice is given—free—from several miserable, personal experiences.

Besides being able to read a music page to yourself, so to speak, it is necessary to be able to write down anything another person might sing, play or hum to you. Many artists and song-writers, of wide popular appeal, can neither read nor write down their own music. Frequently, as an arranger, you will be required to do this for them in order to get a lead-sheet to work out your arrangement.

Another situation, where you must be able to hear and put music into readable form, is from recordings!

Taking down melodies, trios, quartets, or whole orches-

(Continued on page 48)



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Brass

Eddie Bert
Discusses
Trombone Registers



The purpose of any instruction column is to impart as much information as possible to its readers. To accomplish this I will try to touch on as many phases of trombone playing as I am able. I assume no two readers will have problems exactly alike. Therefore, take the parts of the column that relate to you as an individual, in the degree that they effect you.

For clarification, the trombone can be divided into nine registers, more or less, depending upon the individual. Each register can be likened to a string on a violin. There is also a pedal register from pedal B flat to pedal E natural. It may be noted that from low E natural, the first ledger

line below the staff, down to pedal B flat, five notes are missing. They are simply not on the tenor trombone. A bass trombone, with extra tubing in the bell section, takes care of these notes, but that's a complete study in itself.

Starting on the B flat in the third register, you can slur down to the next E natural, without breaking the sound. You can do the same thing in the other registers, from their top note to the bottom one. From the seventh register up, the first four positions are the only ones involved, as you can see by the accompanying music. The less tubing used, the more open the sound.

The higher you play, the more notes overlap from one register to another. This is caused by the overtone series, and gives you alternate positions for some notes. In some instances, it will be more convenient to use these alternate positions to get from one note to the other more smoothly. For instance: from second space C, to fourth line F, to fourth line F sharp, you would play C and F in the sixth position, and F sharp in fifth, rather than come all the way up to first position to make the F and back to the fifth for the F sharp.

Alternate notes are not always exactly on regular positions. For an example of this, the B flat on the top space of the staff must be played in a sharp fifth position. Judge the intonation by playing the B flat in the first position, then in the fifth. Other notes you can test like this are the D, on the first ledger space above the staff in first, and a flat fourth, also fourth line F in first and sixth. Your ear must be used in making these tests. In playing jazz, I stick to the most open positions for better sound. Knowing the physical possibilities of your horn is a must in the matter of intonations.

The worst two notes for intonation on trombone are the G and G flat in the sixth register. Both must be played very sharp; the G almost in first position, and the G flat almost in second. I can't put too much emphasis on these two notes, they both have a great tendency to be flat.

To feel the difference in timbre in each register, play three notes from the first register; say B flat, A flat, G flat, play them down, then up. Now take three notes from the second register: say F, E flat and D flat, play them up and down a couple of times, and so forth with a few registers. In the next column I will go into slurring, and tonguing from one register to another for greater flexibility.

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Drums

Jim Chapin —
Introducing
A Bright Student

Le Roy Burns is a 10-year-old drummer from Emporia, who came to New York last July and has done very well for himself here. He studied with Jack Miller in Kansas City and has taken lessons from me recently, though I sometimes wonder if I shouldn't be studying with him.—Jim Chapin

The snare drum, partially because of stylistic trends, is gradually being overlooked as an effective solo voice in jazz. The result is slowly deteriorating snare drum technique on the part of a great many young drummers. This is a rather strange development, when such skills as co-ordinated independence are the order of the day and when teaching methods, technical approaches and instructive materials are reportedly better than ever.

Why is it then that so many young drummers are lacking in even a cursory knowledge of snare drum execution? A brief analysis of the various styles of jazz drumming might help to clarify the situation.

In the Dixieland era the snare drum was often the sole rhythm sound for whole numbers. The left hand played a "steady four" while the right hand played a "buzz" or press on two and four. This resulting "press roll" was varied according to the different tunes, and was interspersed with tom toms, cowbells, etc. Excellent drummers in this style are Ray Bauduc and Ray McKinley. In Swing, with Gene Krupa a major influence, we got the first taste of a scientific technical approach to jazz drumming. Here we find press rolls and the hi-hat cymbal the dominating rhythm sounds with occasional use of the ride cymbal.

About the same time, the original cymbal players Jo Jones and Davy Tough, began to make their influence felt. Jo used the hi-hat cymbal almost constantly, creating a broad, relaxed swing with the guitar adding definition to the loose cymbal sound. Davy played almost exclusively on the cymbals using the bass drum to add bottom and power. The snare drum was used for solos, lead-ins and fills.

With the appearance of the small hop combos, a new style of cymbal and snare drum playing emerged. It was during this period that drummers *had* to have at least one large ride cymbal. Previously the largest in general use was a sixteen-inch. After 1949, drummers purchased larger and larger cymbals, the smallest being eighteen-inch and, often, twenty-two or twenty-four. In this new style, the top cymbal was the only constant rhythmic sound. The snare and bass drums were used as punctuations or in rhythmic patterns behind a soloist. Most noted for this style were Max Roach and Kenny Clarke. This evolved into the currently accepted style of playing. Retaining the top cymbal sound, the sock-cymbal has been given extra emphasis on two and four to add definition. The snare drum is now used mainly as a "comping" device and for figures in conjunction with the bass drum.

Obviously, for any young drummer to perform this style of drumming in a relaxed, steady tempo, some concentrated practice will be necessary. The result is that the snare drum, as such, is often so neglected that when playing "fours"

with a soloist, the drummer is forced to play the same figures for solos that he plays for rhythm. The worst effect, however, is on the technique of the left hand, for it plays short, spasmodic figures and never gets a chance to relax. The student usually ends up "digging" the tip of the stick into the head, instead of playing on the drum in a relaxed manner. The left hand eventually becomes so crippled and addicted to this style of playing that it can perform little

(Continued on page 49)

Gretsch Spotlight

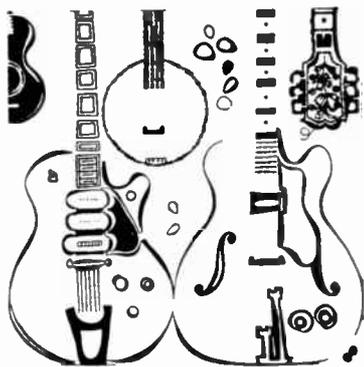
"That great Gretsch sound" draws rave of still another drum star, Art Blakey



Art Blakey and Gretsch Broadkasters

FAMOUS modern-school drummer Art Blakey says, "Gretsch Broadkasters, greatest drums I ever owned!" Art and his own "Jazz Messengers" group recently completed an engagement at Detroit's Rouge lounge; are now on a nationwide tour. Art has played with top-notchers like Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. "That Gretsch sound—it's really great," says Art, and proves it on the new Blue Note Album, "A Night at Birdland with Art Blakey." Try Gretsch Broadkasters yourself at your Gretsch dealer, or write for your free, new Gretsch drum catalog. Just address Dept. M 1255, FRED. GRETSCHE, 60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, New York.

Guitar



Tommy Kay
Answers
Readers' Letters

Somebody at the METRONOME office has been goofing for the last few months and filing my letters from you readers instead of sending them to me. That's been rectified now so there won't be such delays in the future, we promise you. Some of you will get answers from me direct and some will find the answers in this column.

One important question that pops up with some regularity concerns the strings on the guitar. Most of us, I am sure, will agree that we must have six of them. There are still some die-hards who contend they only need four. These strings must be of metal when used on either the acoustical or the amplified guitar, and a pick or plectrum is used to produce the sound. (On the classic Spanish guitar, nylon becomes the basic material.)

There are many kinds of strings and these come in various gauges or diameters; heavy gauge, medium and light. The coverings on the wound strings come in regular, semi-polished, polished and flat wound. The metals used vary from those with high iron content, for use on electric instruments, to bronze-covered for the acoustical or unamplified

guitar. All metal strings will sound on the electric pickup but some will be better than others. There are still some contact mikes used, but most pickups are magnetic so that the metallic composition of the string plays the big part in the sound that is produced. Most makers mark the strings as to whether they are recommended for use on electrical instruments or otherwise.

No one can tell you what string is best for you and I am no exception. But I can tell you some of the various types used by the professionals and some set-ups which may be new to you.

First, as to the regular versus the polished and flat-wound strings. The former are usually more live sounding strings, but they have a tendency to show up a variety of noises and squeaks as your fingers move up and down from fret to fret. Some people's hands perspire more than others so that this problem can get to be quite a personal one. The polished and flat-wound strings generally reduce these noises, but they have a tendency not to vibrate as well and, therefore, the tone from them may be a bit duller.

When we feel that the string is not live and vibrant, we have the alternative of using a lighter gauge or thinner string which can produce a more pleasant sound on some instruments, but, in some cases, a weaker one. When playing a guitar string this way, the player must be one with great control and delicacy. Some of our best guitarists have a light-gauge setup; two who come to my mind immediately are Johnny Smith and Mundel Lowe. The results they get are certainly very wonderful and, if you would like the brand name of the strings and their gauge, etc., I would be glad to send this information to you direct upon your writing to me in care of METRONOME. Rather than to seem to endorse or advertise any particular product, since I work for no manufacturer, I would prefer to do it that way.

George Barnes uses flat-wound strings with an unwound G string with great results. Tony Mottola uses medium-gauge, regular-wound strings and his sound is certainly a wonderful one. I would suggest that when you are having troubles and are dissatisfied with your strings, you start out with a regular set of medium weight and work from there as a base. It can be an expensive experiment, but, when you find the right combination, the result will be that you will sound better, play easier and it will be worth the time and money you have given to this very important part of your instrument.

There are many other kinds of strings and combinations and I have just tried to bring you what I consider the best and those of the most importance. If any of you have made any interesting discoveries in this matter, send me the information, and I would like to pass it on to my readers and, more than that, I might be glad to experiment with your ideas myself. Don't forget to write.

ARRANGING COLUMN

(Continued from page 45)

trations from a recording is the best experience in the world outside of working steadily for a musical aggregation. The only difficult part of such a lonely exercise is to find an orchestra that will play your recording score after you have worked it out. When you have heard it played you will need no criticism from any other person. Having heard the arrangement you, yourself, will know whether you have captured the sounds on the recording or not. After doing many of this type of score you will find your ear has improved and that you have learned many things.

As you go on you'll find there is always something to learn. Arranging is much like painting those long bridges. Just as you think you're finished it's time to go back and touch up rusty spots and, perhaps, add a new section or two.

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Reeds

John LaPorta
Discusses
Reed Choice

The selection of an instrument and mouthpiece is one of getting equipment of a more or less permanent nature while the selection of reeds will be one that has to be made every few weeks.

It is difficult to realize a good reed by appearance alone, but, at least, some of the really bad ones can be eliminated in this way. Hold up the reed to the light in order to discover whether the cane is cloudy or clear. If the cane is fuzzy or very streaked with lines, it most probably will not play very well. The most desirable reed is one with clear, well-balanced cane.

As to the strength to be desired, I personally think that a medium-soft reed gives the best all-around performance. The softer the reed, the more flexibility in tonguing, mechanics and lightness of tone. Its lack of resistance causes problems in intonation. A hard reed makes for a certain stability of intonation and broadness of tone, but it impairs freedom of movement and makes soft playing very difficult. A soft reed is the best type for someone just beginning.

The fixing of reeds is an art known by very few and practiced by many. As I am not one of the few, I've found that the best thing I can do with a reed, that is not working properly, is change it. I've often found students using razor blades or fairly coarse sandpaper with the same busy energy required by most carpenters in the smoothing of tables and floors. Any reed that requires that drastic a change, deserves to be replaced. In any case, the very heart of the reed should never be touched. If the reed is too heavy on one side, the use of any fine sandpaper (or, preferably, oboe rash) along the corner of the reed may help.

Sometimes placing the part of the reed that faces the mouthpiece on a sheet of fine sandpaper, and moving the whole reed once or twice, may remove an unevenness and make the reed play more freely. One thing I do know, that in spite of grading and numbering, there is no more inconsistent animal than the reed.

DRUM INSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 47)

else. Thus we have a drummer who cannot play for eight bars without going back to the ride cymbal in desperation. Hearing so little good snare drum execution, the young drummer is not conscious of the importance of it and he falls into the same bad habits as his predecessors.

This is a pathetic situation, for, if the beginner would realize that a good teacher could help him develop satisfactory technique in less time than he spends trying to figure out "gimmicks" to compensate for the lack of it, drummers in general would be a much less frustrated lot.

Though some great drummers have acquired good technique with little or no formal training, most of us are unfortunately not comparably gifted, so we need help in order to play drums well. It might be well to remember also that the hi-hat and the cymbal were originally merely accessories.—LeRoy Burns

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SIMON SEZ Continued

tively unknown in the jazz field. One of them is getting quite some exposure because of a record she has made. She is Julie London, heretofore known mainly as a movie actress, but who shows major inclinations toward becoming a topflight jazz singer via wax. I suspect that her close friend, Bobby Troup, one of my favorite singers, has had quite a hand in the development of Julie's throat.

Less known is a young gal who I think has a tremendous future as a jazz singer. Her name is Lynn Taylor, and she has been appearing on some fairly obscure ABC radio shows. Recently I had the good fortune to sit in on one of her rehearsals with talented Buddy Weed, and the phrasing and the beat and the control this young miss displayed, helped to make one of the most thrilling vocal performances I've heard in a long time. She's one of those gals who sing naturally and uninhibitedly, but, unlike most such singers, she sings in tune—and, believe me, that's most refreshing these days!

Finally there's a tenor saxist who did a radio show audition with me last month and who just gassed me. Maybe you remember him. His name is Al Klink and he used to play in Glenn Miller's band, where he seldom took a chorus because of Glenn's penchant for Tex Beneke's playing. These days Al is blowing some really modern tenor—modern, with a swinging beat and one of the greatest sounds around—mostly in NBC's studios, where he has also fractured some of the great jazz musicians on Aaron Levine's staff. Given proper wax exposure and this Klink character is likely to wind up high on a batch of all star jazz polls before too long. He's way up on mine already!

Yeah, as I said earlier, things are hopping. Come to think of it, it'd have been a bit more accurate if I'd say they were jumping. They sure are!—George T. Simon

ADVERTISING INDEX

No.	Page
1. Amrawco—Drumheads	47
2. Angel Records—L.P., Jazz Records	41
3. Berklee School—Correspondence Inst.	12
4. Besson-Trumpets—"B. Hackett"	11
5. Bethlehem Records—Rec. Cat. "Troup"	40
6. Blue Note—Records, Catalog	41
7. C. Bruno & Sons—Besson Trumpets	11
8. Capitol Records—"Big Name Jazz"	30
9. Capitol Records—"Big Name Bands"	31
10. Capitol Records—"Jazz Gift"	39
11. Cesana, Otto—Arr. and Comp. Inst.	45
12. H. Chiron—Reeds	10
13. C. G. Conn—Band Instruments	5
14. Epiphone—Guitars	8
15. Fantasy Records—Record Catalog	40
16. Carl Fischer Musical Instr. Co.— Buffet Clarinets	16
17. Carl Fischer Musical Instr. Co.— York Trumpets	46
18. Gibson, Inc.—Guitars "Les Brown"	3
19. Gibson, Inc.—Gibson Strings	14
20. Gibson, Inc.—Guitar Vibra-rest	48
21. Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co.—Drums "Blakey"	47
22. Fred Gretsch Mfg. Co.— Guitars "Salvador"	8
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24. Frank Holton & Co.— Trombones "Marterie"	13
25. Kay Musical Instr. Co.—Bates Bass	C-2
26. Krupa-Cole—Correspondence Instruction	12
27. G. Le Blanc & Co.— Woodwinds, Basses	26, 27
28. Leslie Creations—Record Stands	12
29. Lifton—Instrument Cases	8
30. Martin Band Instrument Co.— Ranger Trumpet	18
31. Metronome Corp.—Jazz Yearbook	16, C-3
32. Micro Musical Prod. Corp.—Sax Pads	C-4
33. Rudy Muck—Mouthpieces	45
34. Orch Selling Service—Arrangements	45
35. Prestige Records—Record Catalog	39
36. Rayner-Dalheim & Co.—Music Printing	8
37. RCA Victor—Records "Modern Album"	34
38. RCA Victor—Records "Modern Album"	35
39. Savoy Records—Record Catalog	42
40. B. H. Schwartz—Sax Chains	46
41. H. & A. Selmer—"Port-A-Desks"	9
42. Slingerland Drum Co.—Drums "Krupa"	7
43. Storyville Records—LP Jazz Records	42
44. University Ext. Conser.—Instruction	45
45. Valco Mfg. Co.—Elect. Guitars	49
46. Westlake College—Instruction	45
47. Zildjian & Co.—Cymbals	15
48. Towercraft Clothes—Jackets	12

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THE COMPOSER IN JAZZ

Embroided as I am with many of the stormy petrels of jazz—it's been said, more in anger than in jest, that our magazine serves as a trade journal for a certain clique of musicians—I am more than a little concerned with the problems of composition itself; composition, that is, in relation to jazz.

It seems to be held that jazz has at least two basic elements—a particular, hard-to-define beat and spontaneity. Of those two, the beat seems to be the most definitive element, except for its really nebulous existence; the freedom has existed in all kinds of music. And, if we are to insist on real freedom in our jazz, then what does that do to the magnificent assemblages that have been led by Herman, Kenton, Mulligan, etc.

I think that basically you will keep coming back to *feeling*, a *jazz feeling*, partly caused by the *beat*, but apparently independent of it, at least at times. Our education editor, Al Zeiger, a talented altoist, who has been carrying on jazz experiments with his trio for the past several years, speaks disdainfully about jazz composition: "Jazztration," he calls it (i.e. *jazz orchestration*). He feels that it robs jazz of its essence—freedom. At the same time, he looks forward longingly to the time when the shackles of the beat are overcome. Other musicians, of course, would consider that jazz heresy of the highest order.

Considering, then, that there are two main elements in the music, there would seem to be two major paths in which changes in jazz could occur. Zeiger wants spontaneity continued but a change in rhythmic regard. Jimmy Giuffre would certainly agree with that. His new Capitol LP expresses his long-felt belief that it is "sheer insanity to play against that hammering beat. Classical music, once the rhythm is stated, assumed the freedom to move unaccompanied, and, if jazz is going to continue to grow, it needs this same freedom." In Jimmy's music the beat is implicit, not explicit; the reason, of course, to do away with the limitations provided by rhythmic insistence. The rhythm section no longer exists as such. The bass most times functions as a baritone sax and the drums play integrated lines.

There will be parts of his music (and of Zeiger's) which will be hard to fit into any ready definition of jazz; hard, even, to fit into that most casual definition of a certain *jazz feeling*. You reach a point around here where it's hard to tell whether the musicians roots reach deeply into jazz or not. Research alone would tell that; the music might seem to have completely disregarded what the listener judges to be jazz.

But, Zeiger aside for the moment, what's heretical about composition? Once, in an interview with Phil Moore, we spent some time discussing the plight of modern dance bands. Phil's modest answer, after disclaiming practical knowledge about the subject, was that the dance band needed *writers*, not arrangers. That actors didn't need word arrangers, but playwrights; that original thought, with fresh ideas, was at least a partial answer. And, of necessity, there was brought up the subject of his two concertos, which provided framework, thought, incentive and freshness to the jazz soloist.

The best of the arrangers and/or composers *in jazz* do that of course. But, according to the several definitions, does that mean that their work is not jazz, but only a kind of springboard, perhaps a limiting one, to the *real jazz* musicians, the soloists? Are only *head* arrangements examples of jazz in big bands? Or is jazz confined to small groups without arrangements? Once you get beyond a certain point, does it all stop being jazz? How do you know?

The point is that you don't know, or, at least, I don't know, and I've never heard a convincing argument to the contrary. If it's simply a feeling, then I have that feeling about any number of things, and there are many who would disagree. For, according to me, Judy Garland is a jazz performer. And John LaPorta's *Miniature for Trumpet*, which is completely written, though no one has noticed it, is jazz according to my standards. And so is Giuffre's new bloom. I could go on and on, with even wider gaps between styles of performances.

After all, you see, I'll argue that it is a question of a *feeling*. For I'm forced to define jazz as a folk music which is played by unusual citizens, speaking to the rest of us about what they see. And I see no reason why this seeing, or speaking has to be limited by the need for freedom. If, as it has been said, "Composition is selective improvisation," why not take advantage of the benefits that are afforded by ample time—why not *improvise* with the pen? At that tempo it may both mightier and cleverer than the horn. The *why not*, of course, will only be answered by the composer himself. But there are some suggested paths that occur, and those paths, or their description, will occupy this space in the next issue.—B.C.

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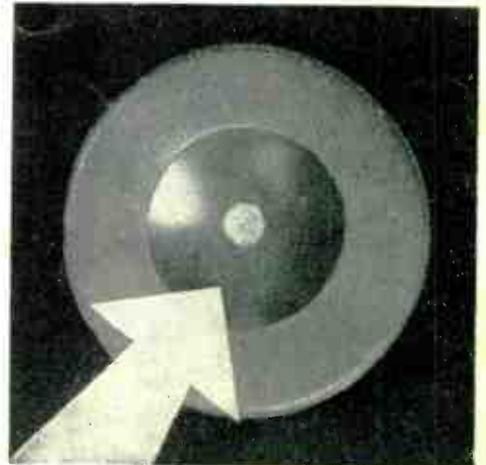
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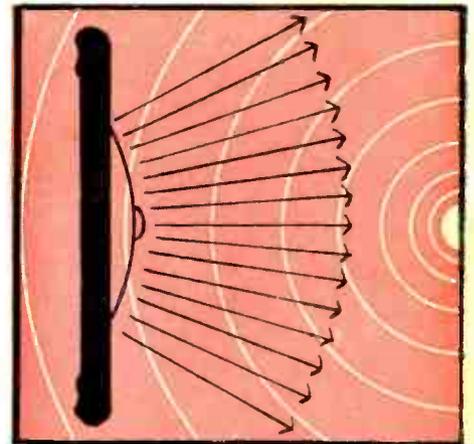


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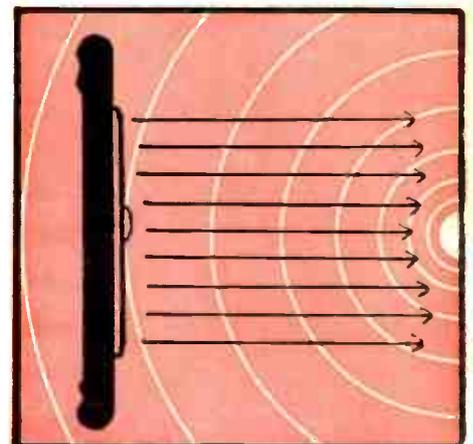
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