

the mere fact that he is tuned to this channel rather than to any other.

The ready rejoinder is that the Voice of America is not designed for the domestic listener, however footloose. But I felt something of the same embarrassment voiced recently by Senator Robert F. Kennedy, on return from his African trip, when he remarked that people in the Peace Corps prefer broadcasts from Red China to the Voice of America because the music is better. I did find the music programs I heard of rather scanty interest, but, even more distressing, its news programs were lacking in either comprehensiveness or objectivity. After an exposure or two, one could anticipate, from the citation of a happening in Geneva, or Warsaw, or even Washington, that it was a preface to a none-too-subtle propaganda point extolling Our Way above Their Way. I recognize that such purposes are implied in the appropriations annually voted to Voice of America, but it strikes me that they a) might be insinuated more deftly into a broader kind of news coverage with b) a greater respect for the listener's intelligence.

**T**HIS, however, has nothing to do with the impressive power of the Voice of America's transmitter at Greenville, North Carolina, or *Bajazzo's* facility in reproducing its signal. It did everything asked of it, with an absolute absence of trouble. For those interested in availing themselves of such a unit (or any other they may prefer), one final suggestion may be in order. Be sure to obtain a certificate of registration (48R394) before leaving the country. It is available on request from the customs officer in any airport with international traffic, and eliminates any question of ownership or prior possession when returning to the United States. —IRVING KOLODIN.

## New Concert Hall in Rotterdam

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.

**P**ABLO CASALS called the Dutch the world's most musical people, as traveling music lovers have discovered through the annual Holland Festival (now in its nineteenth year), the high level of year-round concert performances, the public's interest and critical appreciation, and the unforgettable old enormous street organs piping away in the Kalverstraat, Amsterdam's most crowded shopping thoroughfare.

This year Rotterdam stole the show with its new, light-colored, hexagonal-shaped Doelen. A replacement for the one of the same name destroyed during the air raids of 1940, it is the largest and most acoustically advanced concert hall in Europe. Twenty years and \$8,000,000 have gone into this temple of musical and architectural collaboration, which has three auditoriums—seating 2,200, 600, and 150—an art gallery, conference and administration rooms, restaurant, foyers, and connecting underground garage. From outside, its stone façade strikes a slightly sterile and garish note, but the latter effect will probably vanish when the surrounding clutter of commercial buildings and traffic arteries sheds its chaos for that neat, ordered harmony the Dutch typically impose on their landscape.

The interior, though, is a visual feast, with a modern stateliness of line and color reigning throughout. Architects Evert and Herman Kraayvanger and

Rein H. Fledderus studied their assignment carefully, along with New York's Philharmonic and London's Royal Festival Hall, to achieve an example of the international style that takes its place among the world's great concert halls. They have been very concerned with the technical and esthetic aspects of what is characteristically called the *klankbeeld* (sound image) in Dutch, and geared their structural approach to it: bowl-shaped amphitheater, no balcony, oval-formed plywood sound reflectors above the podium.

For the gala opening in May, Kees van Baaren, Holland's foremost young twelve-tone composer, was commissioned to write a new work, *Musica per orchestra*. The forty-eight-year-old Rotterdam Philharmonic performed it under the baton of its musical director, Franz-Paul Decker, who succeeded Eduard Flipse two years ago after his thirty-four-year tenure. Formally, this work might be classed as a three-part symphony preceded by a rather slow-moving introductory section. The first part defined its lyrical, impressionistic mood; the second, in an interesting way, converted stiff, unpromising raw materials into a broad, open-breathing melos; and the last part resembled a flighty scherzo, bizarrely interlarded with a pair of collages consisting of "quotations" from Wagner, Mendelssohn, Stravinsky, Pijper, and Johann Strauss.

I thought the Little Hall even more esthetically appealing, with its combination of zigzag surfaced double walls and casket ceiling, reminiscent of functional elements like deep vaults and ornamented niches in baroque churches that promote a "scatter" effect in diffusing the sound. The Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Szymon Goldberg demonstrated this 600-seat hall's remarkable talent for effortlessly enhancing the warmth of strings with Frank Martin's delicately shaded *Etudes*.

The Main Hall, on the other hand, with almost a million cubic feet of space, conveys wonderfully the clear brilliance of choral groups and full-scale reverberation of wind and percussion instruments. Members of von Karajan's Berlin Philharmonic and Bour's Southwest German Radio Orchestra (as well as the Netherlands Radio Choir) who played there during the last few weeks commented glowingly to me on its acoustic qualities, at the same time rating it

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A view of the Doelen during an acoustical test in 1965.

# RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

## PERSONNEL, DATA

## REPORT

Louis Armstrong: *Louis*. Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; Tyree Glenn or Big Chief Moore, trombone; Buster Bailey or Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Billy Kyle or Marty Napoleon, piano; Buddy Catlett or Arvell Shaw, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums; Everett Barksdale, John Gray or Alfred di Lernia, banjo. Mercury 21081, \$3.98; stereo, \$4.98.

Chicago: *The Blues Today!* Vols. 1, 2 and 3. Junior Wells, harmonica and vocal, in quartet; J. B. Hutto, guitar and vocal, in trio; Otis Spann, piano and vocal, with drums; Jimmy Cotton, harmonica and vocal, in quartet; Otis Rush, guitar and vocal, in quintet; Homesick James, guitar and vocal, in trio; Johnny Young, guitar, mandolin and vocal, in quartet; Johnny Shines, guitar and vocal, in quartet; Big Walter Horton, harmonica, in quintet. Vanguard VRS 9216, 9217, 9218, \$4.79 each; stereo, \$5.79.

Sonny Cox: *The Wailer*. Cox, alto saxophone; John Howell, Arthur Hoyle, Paul Serrano, trumpets; John Avant, trombone; Rubin Cooper, Jr., or Leonard Druss, baritone saxophone; Ken Prince, organ; Bobby Robinson or Roland Faulkner, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Maurice White, drums. Cadet 765, mono and stereo, \$4.79.

Coleman Hawkins: *The Hawk and the Hunter*. Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones or Dick Hyman, piano; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Jimmie Crawford or Osie Johnson, drums; with orchestra conducted by Frank Hunter. Mira 3003, \$3.79; stereo, \$4.79.

Earl Hines: *Paris Session*. Hines, piano. Ducretet-Thompson 300V140, mono only, \$5.79.

Franz Jackson: *Good Old Days*. Jackson, clarinet; Bob Shoffner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums; on three tracks, Shoffner, Thomas and Curry are respectively replaced by Rostelle Reese, Arthur Reese, and James Herndon. Pinnacle PLP-109, \$4.79; stereo, \$5.79.

Barney Kessel: *On Fire*. Kessel, guitar; Jerry Schiff, bass; Frankie Capp, drums. Emerald 2401, \$3.79; stereo, \$4.79.

Oliver Nelson: *Michelle*. Nelson, alto and tenor saxophones; Clark Terry, flugelhorn and trumpet; Joe Newman, Snooky Young, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque or Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone and flutes; Danny Bank, baritone saxophone; Billy Butler or Barry Galbraith, guitar; Al Lucas, Fender bass; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion. Impulse 9113, \$4.98; stereo, \$5.98.

Jack Teagarden: *Jack Teagarden*. Teagarden, trombone and vocal, with bands led by Roger Wolfe Kahn, Eddie Condon, Ben Pollack, Fats Waller, Paul Whiteman, Louis Armstrong, Bud Freeman and himself. RCA Victor LPV 528, mono only, \$4.79.

During the period in which these recordings were made, Armstrong's band was strengthened by the addition of Buster Bailey and Tyree Glenn, and inevitably weakened by the death of Billy Kyle. Unfortunately, a banjo was added at each of the sessions, and this affliction, an unnecessary and ill-sounding gimmick, nearly ruins several performances. The emphasis is naturally on Armstrong the singer, and some of the material is unworthy of him, but be not discouraged before reaching "Short but Sweet," a number on which his warmth and charm are irresistible. He goes for the high notes dauntlessly on this one, too. The two companion pieces from the same session—"The Circle of Your Arms" and "I Like This Kind of Party"—are also among the more rewarding.

This is a valuable survey of music on Chicago's South Side, one of the world's most influential music centers for all the scant public recognition it has received. It is also an inspirational source for several of the more successful British teen-age groups, which, to their credit, have never been backward in acknowledging it. The music here is of varying authority—established and rising artists play side by side—but the secure tempos and steady beat are immediately impressive. The stiffness that plagues their imitators across the sea is not often evident. One of the memorable performances is Junior Wells's "Vietcong Blues," with exciting guitar by Buddy Guy. Otis Spann plays typically fine piano solos and, with other members of the Muddy Waters band, backs Jimmy Cotton, the harmonica player. The influence of B. B. King is often audible, not least in the singing of Otis Rush, whose band includes saxophonist Bob Crowder, a veteran of the Hines Grand Terrace era. Generally, the music has the vitality and sense of direction lacking in most jazz today.

Cox is an energetic player with rhythmically strong phrasing. In melodic statements, he is often reminiscent of Hank Crawford, but in his more volatile improvisations he comes on like an overheated Sonny Stitt. The backgrounds, arranged and conducted by Richard Evans, are competent enough, the most striking being that on "Soulero." Although there are occasional organ solos, the record would have benefited by permitting solo space to some of the other musicians.

Hunter's string-dominated accompaniments are rich but seldom cloying, and in front of them Hawkins fashions bold lines with the full, warm tone that no one else has ever really equaled on the tenor saxophone. In trade terms, this is a "mood" album, but its consistency (the mood is ardently romantic) and musicianship place it well above the average.

As Lennie Tristano recently pointed out in a French magazine, Hines is the only pianist "capable of creating real jazz and real swing when playing all alone." He does it again in this magnificent set recorded last year in Paris. The engineer, moreover, has preserved the true sound Hines draws from a good piano, overtones and all. The numbers are superior standards ("I Surrender Dear," "Somebody Loves Me," "I Cover the Waterfront," etc.), plus his own "Second Balcony Jump," "Blue Because of You" and "Faubourg 65." There is a new version of "On the Sunny Side of the Street," quite different but every bit as imaginative as that made for Victor a quarter-century earlier. The record is available here through Capitol Imports.

In these "traditional" performances, recorded live in Chicago, the musicians often sound as though they were self-consciously caricaturing the worst aspects of the New Orleans idiom. Age undoubtedly accounts for a certain amount of clumsiness, but much of the music seems expressly designed to please an audience with a corny conception of "the good old days." Tuba and banjo, which plod and clank throughout, are showcased separately, and the rhythm and tempos are generally jerky and uncomfortable. Claxton somehow manages to let all the electricity escape from the breaks on "After Hours." Jackson is the most capable soloist, although Shoffner, at sixty-six, knows what to play and is often able to evoke pleasant memories of yesterday.

Kessel makes a timely return here in seven well-recorded live performances. The "fire," however, is fitful, burning most brightly on an attractive original, "Sweet Baby," and on his closing theme, "One Mint Julep." George Van Eps is also back on LP, after a decade's absence, with *My Guitar* (Capitol T 2533). A quiet, restrained album, it will appeal to guitarists, for Van Eps's technical mastery of his seven-string instrument is not in doubt. There's more unamplified guitar on Columbia CL 2504, where Charlie Byrd plays "today's great hits" against plush backgrounds of strings, voices and horns. Joe Pass operates in a somewhat similar context on World Pacific 21844 (*A Sign of the Times*), further assistance being provided by Chet Baker's solemn flugelhorn.

Strident interpretations of recent teen-age favorites are here placed alongside two Nelson originals, numbers by Ellington and Johnny Hodges, and Buck Owens's "Together Again," the collection concluding with "Meadowland." The Beatles, Nancy Sinatra, and the Tijuana Brass are popular, as everyone knows all too well; so are jazz, cowboy music, and songs of the steppes (on the steppes). Nelson has taken something from each and delivered it with hard-toned jazz solos over a noisy rhythm section. Already described as "contemporary pop," the amalgam will probably prove madly successful. Perhaps Impulse can prompt Nelson to investigate pianissimo regions in subsequent sets.

The sixteen performances in this collection make an excellent resumé of Teagarden's career from 1928 to 1957. He is heard in big commercial bands, in studio bands, as a "Metronome All-Star," and in those small bands that circumstances dictated after World War II. He is most impressive on Side One, where his trombone not only sounds fresh and enthusiastic, but definitely ahead of its time. Yet it is not true, as the notes claim, that "almost single-handedly, the young Texan revolutionized jazz trombone playing." Jimmy Harrison and Joe Nanton were also major revolutionaries, and among the other independent thinkers who continued the work were J. C. Higginbotham, Dicky Wells, Sandy Williams, Trummy Young, and Vic Dickenson.

—STANLEY DANCE.