

BRITAIN'S FOREMOST ENTERTAINMENT NEWSPAPER

WE HAVE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING OUR WHITE WEDDING

Musical Express

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1952

No. 264

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YOU BELONG TO MY HEART

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AMBROSE PRESENTS NEW ROAD SHOW

Mitchell Trio and Eddie Calvert in All-Star Bill

OPENING ON FEBRUARY 11 AT PORTSMOUTH IS A BRAND NEW VARIETY SHOW WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED BY THE FAMOUS BERT AMBROSE...

MORE DENIZ BROADCASTS

ON January 27 the Hermanos Deniz Cuban Rhythm Band are making a recording for Music Hall for the following Saturday...

Douglas Signs For Torquay BIG SUMMER CONTRACT



"Musical Express" exclusive picture taken in a London Restaurant shows Leslie Douglas discussing with 400 Ballroom directors, Sam and Sid Kammin and agent Billy Forrest...

LAST WEEK, WELL-KNOWN BANDLEADER LESLIE DOUGLAS SIGNED IN LONDON HIS OFFICIAL CONTRACT FOR A BIG RESIDENT SUMMER SEASON AT THE 400 BALLROOM, TORQUAY...

Douglas has big plans for his appearance at the Ballroom, which will commence at the conclusion of his Samson and Hercules residency at Norwich...

NEW TENOR JOINING NATHAN

JACK NATHAN, who is, of course, resident at the Coconut Grove, informs us that on February 4 there will be a change in his line up...

Sensier in New Capacity

Well-known as MDA Secretary, Bill Sensier has in recent weeks taken on, together with his busy occupations for the MDA, the handling of Air Shows and The Pieces of Eight...

SUE CARSON CUTS BRITISH DISC

Sue Carson has just cut her first single for Polygram, the title being "Nickelodeon Rag"...

SHELTON GAGS WITH BENTINE



Our own Anne Shelton who, together with that great comedian Michael Bentine, opened at Finsbury Park Empire to a riotous ovation last Monday, posed for "Musical Express" Cameraman and Show Reporter Jerry Martin...

London Issues First Ellington Quartet L.P. in Canada

NEWS IS TO HAND THIS WEEK THAT DECCA'S LONDON LABEL ARE ISSUING A LONG-PLAYING RECORD BY THE RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET...

THE LONDON L.P. RELEASE IS A DIRECT RESULT OF THE CONSISTENT PLUGGING OVER THE PAST TWO YEARS ON THE CANADIAN AIRWAYS OF ELLINGTON'S RECORDS...

The Quartet will be playing at Dorking Halls, Surrey, on Saturday, January 26, and after their Sunday recording of "Crazy People" on January 27...

New Dollimore Trio

A new trio has been formed by pianist Ralph Dollimore, which includes Cliff Ball and Don Lawson...

Harry Leader Celebrates

HARRY LEADER is now celebrating his 25th year in the music profession and has just commenced his 10th year of playing for dancing at the Astoria Dance Saloon...

Leicester Square Square-Dancing

WELL-KNOWN band-leader, Chappie D'Amato, informs us that he has put on an expert team of Square Dancers...

Nat Allen for Leeds

SO SUCCESSFUL HAS BEEN THE THREE MONTHS RESIDENCE OF NAT ALLEN AT STREATHAM LOCAL that it was extended for a further five weeks...

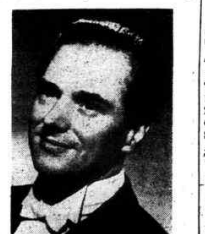
Alfred Praeger informs us that while at this venue the band will be undertaking several Sunday

Dankworth Seven on Scottish Tour

THE JOHNNY DANKWORTH SEVEN WILL OPEN AT TOMMORROW ON JANUARY 25, DUMFRIES ON JANUARY 26, AND WILL PLAY AT THE ODEON, NEWCASTLE, FOR A SUNDAY CONCERT ON JANUARY 27 ON THE MONDAY THEY APPEAR AT GLASGOW



DURING that week the Johnny Dankworth Seven have been released for one day when they will fly to London to appear at the Albert Hall in the Festival of British Radio...



NAT ALLEN and the first of these is booked for the Playhouse Theatre, Buxton, on February 17, and then at the U.S. Officers' Club, Warrington, and Royal Hall, Harrogate on March 9.

Wife of Singer Johnny Hanson has Baby Boy

BRENDA HANSON, wife of tenor, John Hanson, presented her husband with a five-and-a-half pound baby boy, at 5:30 a.m. on Saturday, January 19. The baby was born in Christwick Cottage Hospital...

Joe Loss Kidnapped VICTIM OF GLASGOW RAG

WHEN JOE LOSS GOES TO GREEN'S PLAYHOUSE, GLASGOW, SOMETHING IS FATED TO HAPPEN. LAST YEAR HE HAD HIS EVENING DRESS STOLEN AND HAD TO FRONT THE STAND IN A COLOURFUL KILT WHICH A KIND NATIVE HAD LENT HIM...

HAROLD FRANZ JOINS BRULL

WELL-KNOWN exploitation personality, Harold Franz, who has for some considerable period been with Unit and Carolin Music Companies...

JERRY MARTIN-SHOW TALKING



Mr. and Mrs. Billy Butlin as the genial hosts at a Butlin function.

BILL-POSTERS will soon be present show and it's predecessor "Together Again," which played 1,574 performances there.

Final curtains to run down soon will include "Kiss Me Kate" at the London Coliseum, February 25, "Rainbow Square" at the Stoll, January 26, "To Dorothy a Son" at the Garrick Theatre, February 16...

Stars who would not be too disappointed to see the final notices go up are the Crazy Gang - Bud Flanagan, Jimmy Nervo and Teddy Knox, and Charlie Naughton and Jimmy Gold...

JACK LEON & HIS ORCHESTRA CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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THE VOICE

COST OF LIVING

HOW can a musician live? It seems that every other type of worker has been catered for except the professional man, especially the musician. The cost of living is represented today by indices which are so much Chinese to most of us but are no doubt intelligible to statisticians. For the most part the workers of this country appear satisfied with the Cost-of-Living Index—whatever that may indicate. But how on earth can a musician live at rates paid today with taxation fixed for him at levels which suit industrial workers? The picture, as a "Musical Express" which suits industrial workers? The picture, as a "Musical Express" which suits industrial workers? The picture, as a "Musical Express" which suits industrial workers?

THE RATE FOR THE JOB?

WHAT may we ask, is the rate for the job? Is it any higher than it was before the war? Has it been increased to meet the current rise in cost of living as, indeed, industrial workers' rates have been? The sad answer to this question is that, West-End engagements where a star musician could get fifty pounds a week pay twenty per cent. The important key-men in the big orchestras playing in the exceptionally successful shows, but work sometimes three sessions a day, six days a week to get twenty pounds a week. That's hard labour if you like. But nobody complains about the labour. It is the cost of living and the attendant taxation which makes the lot of the musician impossible.

COMPARISONS

LET us compare the lot of the musician with his counterpart in industry. The outlay to be a musician is considerable in relation to the outlay of the workman. A pair of dungarees may cost, perhaps, fifty shillings at most—and there we are perhaps generous in our estimate. But a West-End dress costs not only exorbitant but also has to be constantly pressed and cleaned. New silk facings may cost as much as six pounds. The instruments the musician uses may, of course, be offset against the technical worker's tools which he supplies himself, but work or broadcasts at particularly small fees for the afternoons. A theatre job in the evenings or maybe a night club until the end of the morning. All to net himself a fair living after all taxation and expenses have been deducted. This means, in effect, that the musician is flogging himself to death and no operatives in any other industry would be allowed to do such a thing. We hear so much about forty-hour weeks and holidays with pay, super-annuation funds and cost-of-living bonuses in other industries. But what of music? None of these amenities for the poor musician who is now the Cinderella of the working classes. If he was never a slave before he is now.

HARD LABOUR

BUT even assuming the musician works sufficiently to make a living, what does he now have to do for his money? He has to search for record sessions at fees far less than before the war to keep him occupied in the mornings. More sessions or broadcasts at particularly small fees for the afternoons. A theatre job in the evenings or maybe a night club until the end of the morning. All to net himself a fair living after all taxation and expenses have been deducted. This means, in effect, that the musician is flogging himself to death and no operatives in any other industry would be allowed to do such a thing. We hear so much about forty-hour weeks and holidays with pay, super-annuation funds and cost-of-living bonuses in other industries. But what of music? None of these amenities for the poor musician who is now the Cinderella of the working classes. If he was never a slave before he is now.

ESSENTIAL INDUSTRY

LET nobody think for one minute that music is not an essential industry. If it were not so important the factories would not be equipped with radio sets and "Music While You Work" would not be a regular daily BBC feature. Music is essential to have been recognised by industry as an impetus to output or an amenity to the man at work. But what of the man blowing that "Music While You Work" session? Take his fee and see how much he has got per hour after deducting his transport and from the studios. The musician is required to rehearse and lose of other remunerative work between the rehearsal and the show, and after deducting income tax. The man at the bench listening to it is far better off.

NO DISTINCTION

IN this age of democracy "Musical Express" wishes to draw no distinction between the industrial worker and the musician although we state without fear of contradiction that there is a vast difference between the professional man and the workman. None will dispute that fact. We make no claim that a professional man would earn more than the workman. He would claim that he should not earn less. What's good for the goose is good for the gander and while the industrial worker is able to make ends meet the professional musician, under present living conditions, is not.

MUSIC FOR "THE AFRICAN QUEEN"

by Allan Gray, its composer

I SAW "The African Queen" for the first time on a cold Monday morning in an uncomfortable projection theatre. As usual a number of important shots were missing, two sequences were still outstanding and the cutting copy, in a very fragile condition, broke half a dozen times. It was a typical "rough-cut." But the immediate impact of the film on me was tremendous and I did not try to hide my enthusiasm. A day or two later I met the director John Huston, when everything was set for a happy and stimulating period of collaboration. As I usually did, I had mapped out, after the first showing, a music plan which was immediately accepted. During the following weeks John Huston added a number of highly interesting suggestions. Without claiming to be an expert on music his ideas were always sound and dramatically correct. One day he insisted on the music when John Huston had put forward one particular musical suggestion.

said: "Sing it to me, John," and he cried: "Stop grumbling, Allan. You're composing in Technicolour now!" From the music-dramatic point of view I felt from the start that the good little ship "The African Queen" was really the musical centre of the film and that everything else, even the love of the two wonderful characters, Rose and Charlie, grew out of it. So I wrote "The Theme of the African Queen" in three parts and again in all kinds of variations of rhythm, harmony and orchestration. The little ship and the music are inseparable in all kinds of dangers and adventures and again, and again, the little movie comes out victoriously, until it dies at the bottom of the lake. A characteristic scene is when Charlie and Rosie have to remove the propeller blades underneath the water. As I usually did, I had mapped out, after the first showing, a music plan which was immediately accepted. During the following weeks John Huston added a number of highly interesting suggestions. Without claiming to be an expert on music his ideas were always sound and dramatically correct. One day he insisted on the music when John Huston had put forward one particular musical suggestion.

THE STORY OF JOY NICHOLS AND WALLY PETERSON WHO DID REALLY MAKE GOOD READING MATTER FOR ANY FULL-LENGTH NOVEL. JOY, AS READERS KNOW, CAME ALL THE WAY FROM AUSTRALIA TO MAKE HER NAME IN ENGLAND AND BE LISTED AS ONE OF OUR BIGGEST STARS. WALLY PETERSON CAME FROM AMERICA AS ONE OF THE STARS OF THAT BRILLIANT SHOW "OKLAHOMA." THE OLD SAYING THAT "EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST" IS CURRENTLY APPEARING IN "SOUTH PACIFIC," AS WELL AS RECORDING ON THE Parlophone label. Enterprising Oscar Preuss, of Parlophone, has been quick to realise the potentialities of bringing both these two great stars together. A real-life husband and wife team always makes interesting listening, but when they both have exceptionally good voices the listening is even better.

I have rumoured that later in the year Wally and Joy may do a series for the BBC titled "Mr. and Mrs. Music." If their first disc together, which is intended to portray, it is intimate and charming and has the added attraction of fine accompaniment directed by Sidney Torch and a real soft-shoe dance by Jerry Latona, of the famous acrobatic dancing team of Warren, Latona and Spence. With this type of material I'm quite sure the new team will be one of our best record sellers. Here's to more "Mr. and Mrs. Music!"

On the reverse side Joy sings solo, a number that she broadcast recently in "Take It From Here." The Little White Cloud That Cried—Parl. R. 3469.

I personally think this is the best disc I have heard of the "Old Soft Shoe." Joy and Wally make an ideal team and their style and voices blend excellently. I put over a quiet number of what we may hear I can only say I'm all for it. Listen for yourself to

Joy Nichols and Wally Peterson The Old Soft Shoe. Joy Nichols with the Men of Seagull and Orchestra, conducted by Sidney Torch The Little White Cloud That Cried—Parl. R. 3469.

The Johnny Dankworth Seven Sin (With vocal by Cleo Laine) The Wedding of the Painted Doll—Esq. 5/066.

"Sin" features Cleo Laine with vocal backing and mainly rhythmic section accompaniment from the Dankworth Seven. One of the most beautiful things about having a beat, but the way Cleo Laine sings it and the rhythmic accompaniment all give it a vocal quality that makes listening easy. She handles it like the great artist she is. Always versatile, she is in latter months widening even the scope of her own versatility.

Robert Morley is excellent as the pompous schemer Almayner, and a word is said about the delightful child who plays his daughter, looking so like him that I was not surprised to find that she is Anna Morley. Miss Morley is at the age when acting obviously comes naturally. I hope that she can escape the self-consciousness or self-esteem which so often attack most child actors. At the moment she shows rare promise.

Trevor Howard is the outcast willent who is brought from insolent villainy to subdued infatuation for the warrior daughter of a native chieftain. The part demands a natural actor, and Trevor Howard does it magnificently, giving a cold, brutal portrayal of absolute degradation.

But all this powerful acting would not be so impressive without Reed's majestic use of the location, the river banks on stills, and the people who inhabit them. Western people do not grow old as these people do. Every old man's face is lined with centuries of wisdom. The camera pans continually along faces which make an artist long for a pencil and sketch book. The native children are, of course, more at home in the water than on the land, and the scene is often filled with small dark bodies flinging themselves from the built-in river, watching with a shy curiosity as (with apparent relief) Kerima



WALLY PETERSON and JOY NICHOLS

I don't think there's a number written that the Dankworth crew couldn't take and give to it their own particular brand of finesse. "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" is no exception. I've never heard an organisation play with such ease. The ensemble work is a joy to listen to. That loose, easy style adds up to brilliant test work. And if you want your Dankworth Seven in a more instrumental sphere there is

The Johnny Dankworth Seven Strictly Confidential/Allen's Alley—Esq. 10/193.

On both these sides you'll hear more of the impeccable Dankworth alto and equally impeccable play by his boys. As you've probably realised by now, I'm a great Dankworth fan. Apart from the solos being really fine, I can't get away from the fact that their ensemble work is brilliant. This band really has a

Clair Leng's Film Column

"OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS"

IT would have been reasonable to hope that the week preceding the showing of Quo Vadis could be a quiet uneventful week for the film critics. We should obviously need all our combined strength for the viewing, assuming that the film is anything like the epic, which sports more lions larger than many another film has extras.

But those of us who hoped for an easy week before we gird our loins for the mammoth spectacle were disappointed. Carol Reed came up with "Outcast of the Islands," a film which cannot be praised or condemned under a few thousand words more than most critics have at their disposal.

Conrad's novel brings us to the major obstacle. The film ends earlier than the book, and some characters are omitted. Whether Reed is right in this choice can, and doubtless will be, argued at great length, but in view of the finished product, the film I side with Reed, except that I was not happy with Capt. Lingsard (Ralph Richardson), a more forceful character in the novel.

Robert Morley is excellent as the pompous schemer Almayner, and a word is said about the delightful child who plays his daughter, looking so like him that I was not surprised to find that she is Anna Morley. Miss Morley is at the age when acting obviously comes naturally. I hope that she can escape the self-consciousness or self-esteem which so often attack most child actors. At the moment she shows rare promise.

Trevor Howard is the outcast willent who is brought from insolent villainy to subdued infatuation for the warrior daughter of a native chieftain. The part demands a natural actor, and Trevor Howard does it magnificently, giving a cold, brutal portrayal of absolute degradation. But all this powerful acting would not be so impressive without Reed's majestic use of the location, the river banks on stills, and the people who inhabit them. Western people do not grow old as these people do. Every old man's face is lined with centuries of wisdom. The camera pans continually along faces which make an artist long for a pencil and sketch book. The native children are, of course, more at home in the water than on the land, and the scene is often filled with small dark bodies flinging themselves from the built-in river, watching with a shy curiosity as (with apparent relief) Kerima

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commercial recording of the nice... Only Fools... Boyd does a nice job of the vocal but I would like to offer a word of advice. The phonetic spelling of "fool" as "rue" in the English dictionary is "fool" and "rue." The operative vowels are "oo" not "u" on the other side. Winstone comes up with a novelty presentation of the "Phantom Pianist." I prefer Boyd on this side where he does an excellent vocal with the help of the Stagecoaches and the pianist, who remains strictly phantom on the label credits, does a really first-class job.

Enzo Toppino accompanied by Jack Llewellyn, guitar, and Dennis Bowden, bass. Samba Polka / Divertimento for Accordion—Nixa NS. 003. Both these sides by the young Australian, Enzo Toppino are, of course, essentially for accordion lovers. Nevertheless, they make good listening with Toppino's brilliant facility on the instrument, for anyone who enjoys music well played.

Wally Peterson with Orchestra conducted by Sidney Torch. If I Can Love You In The Morning/More! More! More!—Capitol CL 13654. Once again it's Maggie Whiting, Lou Busch, and this delightful song. With all this talent how could you go wrong? "Love You In The Morning" is wonderful material for one of my favourite girl singers and the Busch Orchestra give it their usual brilliant backing.

We all know that everybody strives to write a pop tune, but they still have to be sold to the public. Maggie Whiting must be a song plugger's dream, for she has the greatest ability to put over a commercial song and really sell it to you. I here and now bequeath to Margaret Whiting the title "Miss Popular Music."

Eric Winstone and His Orchestra with Franklyn Boyd. Only Fools/The Phantom Pianist/with Franklyn Boyd and The Stagecoaches—Nixa NS. 043. Here is the classic example of what a good artist can do with the right material. I reviewed two of Wally Peterson's records the other week and said I felt he needs better material. Now he has got it in "When The World Was Young." It's the kind of number that is ideally suited to his show style, type of presentation. Some taken ad lib and some in tempo and beautifully accompanied by Sidney Torch, it has a natural ease that makes it more than somewhat pleasing to listen to.

A Girl Named Mary" is taken at a stricter tempo but loses none of its charm. He is allowed to treat both these songs in his own inimitable style and the result is two first-class recordings.

with the dialogue dubbed in English. The heavy tragedy of the book remains, but although I enjoy Miss Beryl Calder, as given Owen (the Dale) of Mrs. D.'s Diary, I could not accept her already familiar voice in the parts of Fantine and Cosette. A much heavier voice is called for. I hear that Hollywood is planning an eighth version. I hope that their characterisation will be more successful than these. The popularity of "Les Miserables" suggests that we may soon expect to see a version on screen.

* Round the Clubs *

With Jimmy Asman

ART SAUNDERS, of Wood Green Jazz Club tells me that on Sunday, January 27, he will be presenting the Portsmouth Jazz Band from the Portsmouth Club. Meanwhile, they visit the Delta Jazz Club in New Compton Street on Sunday, January 27, and make a popular return to the "Harrow Inn" premises of the South London Rhythm Club on Monday, January 28. On Wednesday, January 30, their own club at the "White Horse" in the Middlesex will cater for its usual crowded audience with the band as chief attraction. Special guest artist is the Albanian Jazz Club on Wednesday, February 6, will be visited by George Mally, Berryland, Road, Sutton, Surrey, Thursday, January 31.

Another group recommended in this column is the Albanian Jazz Band—and a direct result, they are now finding their date-book pretty crowded with sessions at various London clubs. They visit the Delta Jazz Club in New Compton Street on Sunday, January 27, and make a popular return to the "Harrow Inn" premises of the South London Rhythm Club on Monday, January 28. On Wednesday, January 30, their own club at the "White Horse" in the Middlesex will cater for its usual crowded audience with the band as chief attraction. Special guest artist is the Albanian Jazz Club on Wednesday, February 6, will be visited by George Mally, Berryland, Road, Sutton, Surrey, Thursday, January 31.

Exciting news comes from promoter Eddy Mileran, of the Lancashire Society of Jazz

Music at Manchester. He writes to tell us that his recent "battle with the powers-that-be" over Manchester Free Trade Hall over their edict that no further jazz concerts will be held there, has been won. Apart from the Manchester Press and several national dailies who also joined in the fight, Paddy expresses to thank the "Musical Express" for their part in the matter. "It is a magnificent effort on your part to give the North the equal treatment that jazz is localised in London. I commendable in these days when so many people have the odd idea that jazz is localised in London. Paddy will be organising his second big jazz show at the Free Trade Hall on March 22, with a strong bill including British jazz groups.

Famous blues singer, Bill Brown, may be booked for a series of concerts in the Provinces next month if present negotiations bear fruit. Brooker, whose earlier London concerts were not too successful, is being booked to appear here with the Wilcox Organisation, and the concerts will be arranged by the Manchester on Thursday, February 21; Nottingham, February 22; Manchester on Saturday, February 23; and London on Sunday, February 24. Bert Wilcox, men of the Centre, is also appearing now in Germany negotiating a new series of jazz concerts over

(Continued on page 4)

WOZZECK

Malcolm Rayment writes about Alban Berg's opera, staged for the first time in England

THE long-awaited day has almost arrived. I am writing this on the eve of the first stage performance of "Wozzeck" in England. On Friday, the day these words appear in print, the curtain goes up on the second performance.

"Wozzeck" has long been described as a masterpiece. Much has been written about it, and this column has had its fair say, but no matter how much one reads, or fumbles through the vocal score at the piano, one can only get a fairly vague idea of what the work is really like. Full understanding can only come through seeing the work well produced in the opera house.

The performance of the Concert has been immensely impressive, but at best they are only a make-shift for the real thing.

An opera, of course, relies a lot on the visual side of things, but it is not only the lack of a stage that makes concert performances a make-shift. Operas are written for an orchestra in a pit. When the orchestra is on the platform with singers, the proper balance is impossible. Either the singers are drowned, or the orchestra has to be kept down. Although it may be possible to keep the orchestra in the concert platform down to the volume level of an orchestra in a pit, it is not possible to achieve the same tone quality.

Wozzeck has a tonal and emotional effect, no matter how loud it actually sounds; by reducing it to a forte to get the same actual volume in the concert hall, one destroys its effect.

"Wozzeck" is the story of the under-dog, and one victimised by circumstances that are beyond his control. The text is by Georg Buchner, a genius and a sympathiser with the under-dog, who died at the early age of twenty-three.

Berg selected fifteen scenes from Buchner's play, using five for each Act of his opera. In the first scene of the first Act, we see Wozzeck shaving. The Captain, a highly neurotic individual, the Captain chides Wozzeck in a mocking way about the child Marie, his mistress, and him. Wozzeck's simple character is brought out in this scene. To begin with, he gives the same answer to everything the Captain says to him.

Unfortunately, Eric Blackall and Vida Harford, who have done the English translation, have failed to translate Wozzeck's simple "Ja Wohl, Herr Hauptmann!" differently each time.

In the second scene Wozzeck and his friend Andres are in the wood in the forest. Here, for the first time, we realise that Wozzeck is not merely simple-minded, he is also weak. This is definitely in the first stages of becoming unhinged. He has forebodings and the forest terrifies him. Wozzeck's nature is thrown into relief by the contrast with Andres' extrovert character.

The third scene brings Marie into the drama. She stands at her window with her child, watching the military band go by. She admires the Drum-Major, but slams the door after some spiteful remarks by her neighbour. Wozzeck comes in still full of the things he has seen in the forest. He goes again leaving Marie with her child. It is obvious that her life is far from happy, for she too, is the victim of circumstances.

The Doctor, who is a complete crank, and half crazy at that, appears in the Fourth Scene. Wozzeck is the Doctor's guinea-pig, and he a little in the way, but the Doctor has no compassion for the poor soldier's miseries.

In the last scene of the First Act, Marie succumbs to the Drum-Major.

Throughout the Second Act, Wozzeck's suspicions of Marie's infidelity grows. In the first scene, he sees her admiring some earrings, and asks her how she came by them. In the second scene he runs into the Captain and the Doctor, who hint at Marie's unfaithfulness. In the third scene, Wozzeck accuses Marie, but he still gets no satisfactory answer.

The fourth scene in the Second Act takes place in a beer-garden. Marie is dancing with the Drum-Major, while Wozzeck watches angrily. The village idiot says that she smells like a dog, and blood becomes firmly fixed in Wozzeck's unwhipped mind. In the last scene of this act, Wozzeck is beaten up in the Drum-Major in the guard-room.



MARKO ROTHMULLER as Wozzeck and ANDREW DANIELS as The Idiot.

hand. Wozzeck explains that he must have cut himself, but there is blood also on his elbow. This, he explains to have been caused by wiping his hand on his elbow. But now, in his imagination, where a B continues unbroken throughout. At the end of the scene, the orchestra plays two big crescendos on the note B. The effect is shattering.

The final scene takes place outside Marie's house. Children are playing and singing, while Marie and Wozzeck's own child is attending to his hobby-horse. Other children come in to say that Marie's body has been found; one of the children-tell Marie's child that his mother is dead. He does not understand, and continues playing. The other

children go off to see the body, leaving Marie's child alone singing "Hop-hop." When eventually he notices that he is alone, he drops his hobby horse, and goes after the other children. The curtain descends slowly.

Such is the intensely dramatic story of "Wozzeck." The intensity of the libretto is fully matched by the intensity of the music. Each act is a complete whole, the scenes being linked together by orchestral interludes. There are often of extreme importance; indeed the final interlude is perhaps the emotional peak of the whole opera.

"Wozzeck" is not a twelve-tone work, but some people imagine it is true that most of it is atonal, although there are places where tonality becomes very pronounced, this is particularly pronounced especially in the last orchestral interlude, which is in D minor.

I find that the effect of this music on most people hearing it for the first time is that, first of all it sounds extremely weird, and perhaps incomprehensible, but by the time the first two scenes are over, the weirdness has ceased to worry them, and that the emotional quality of the music has its full impact. It is, then, an opera that makes a three appeal to musicians and non-musicians alike.

The extraordinary thing about the work is that it is based on classical forms. The First Act is, for instance, a Suite in five movements.

to recognise these forms, and said so. He merely intended that the dramatic quality of the music should make its full effect, and this it can hardly fail to do. The work is extremely difficult, both for the singers and the orchestra. The singers often have to cover a wide range, and their parts are quite independent. The orchestra required is enormous and includes (on the stage), an out-of-tune piano (for the tavern scene), an accordion and a guitar. One wonders, looking at the vocal score, how on earth the singers can possibly come through all the complexity.

For the six Covent Garden performances there is an almost complete double cast. Christel Goltz, alone of the principal singers, is the Captain. The other performers—she sings the part of Marie. Wozzeck will be sung by Marko Rothmuller and Jess White. The part of the Party Jones and Max Worthley, the Doctor by Frederick Dalberg and Otakar Kraus, the Drum-Major by Thorstein Hannesson and Frank Scales, and Andres by Edgar Evans and William McAlpine. Erich Kleiber, who conducted the first stage performance of "Wozzeck" in 1925, is conducting all six. The costumes and scenery are by Casper Nefer.

It is interesting to note that Countess Von Richtenow has made a journey from Sweden to see this new production, for it was she who sang the part of Marie at the original performance. Also here is Erich Berg, nephew of the composer; another possible visitor may be Berg's widow.

Next week I will write about the performance, but in the meantime I would suggest that those readers who do not want to miss a very great musical experience make sure of their tickets.

The English translation of "Wozzeck" is published by Alfred A. Kalmus, by arrangement with the Universal Edition in Vienna. It is on sale in booklet form.

The Jazz Scene by James Asman

HE TOLD ME WAS PREJUDICED!

HE was a tall, rather serious character, and he took a great deal of notice with the air of a reformist.

He told me I was prejudiced. He told me a great deal more, but the main idea seemed to be that I was damned as a "purist," and a lover of Bunk Johnson.

No British band or musician stood a chance with me, he said, unless they sounded like the old bands of New Orleans. Wasn't it just about time I began to realise there were other kinds of jazz—even played by white men—and that there were other bands beside Bunk Johnson and the Crane River.

He beetled off, palely indignant, leaving me in no way cast down but with an idea for JAZZ SCENE.

Just before that I remember the excellent Mick Gill's Imperial Jazz Band and the late Birmingham jam drummer, George Hopkinson, who came to London and joined the Humphrey Lyttelton band on my recommendation. I remember, nearly three years ago, making a great deal out of my first introduction to the Saints Jazz Band in Manchester. Many of the bands of the day have drifted away from the "traditional" line-up toward a pleasant Laddier-Mezrow-Bechet sound.

The new Crane River Jazz Band is gradually changing its line-up, and the late Birmingham jam drummer, George Hopkinson, who came to London and joined the Humphrey Lyttelton band on my recommendation. I remember, nearly three years ago, making a great deal out of my first introduction to the Saints Jazz Band in Manchester. Many of the bands of the day have drifted away from the "traditional" line-up toward a pleasant Laddier-Mezrow-Bechet sound.

Other preferences of mine have included the Albemarle Jazz Band, a new group following intelligently in the footsteps of the Crane River. Lonnie Donegan and his Jazz Band covering the wider field of Negro styled jazz and Eric Silk's Southern Jazz Band. To round off the picture, there was Norman Long and his Dixieland Five on a white Dixieland style, and New Raphaelo, a fine British jazz singer with obvious white vaudeville mannerisms.

That I maintain, is a list of names wide enough for anyone. It covers a large field, I think, and I wouldn't call it a biased selection by any means.

The truth is, I think that the British jazz scene has neglected many interesting phases of jazz history. We do not have a wide group of musicians yet capable of producing the kind of jazz favoured by the young white jazz musicians who heard Armstrong, Noone and Dodds in the flesh. The changing face of jazz in the States, has not been fully covered over here as yet.

Bands like the old Yorkshire Dixieland Five and the earlier Christie Brothers Stompers came close to the real thing, but they were elected to recapture. On the

other hand, the various half-hearted attempts to reproduce the hectic music of the white Chicago approach these days—away from serious attempt has been made to follow the pattern laid down by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band or even the Fine Pennies Charleston Chaser era.

There are, however, signs that some of our readers are realising something of the scope open to them. The new Bell-Lyttelton Jazz Nine on Parlophone, and the first real attempt ever here to present the New York jazz of the Luis Russell Band, the Miles Bell's "Take A Note From The South" and Lyttelton's "Open House" are interestingly conceived and intelligently executed.

Otherwise, the current Lyttelton group, and the new bands, have drifted away from the "traditional" line-up toward a pleasant Laddier-Mezrow-Bechet sound.

The new Crane River Jazz Band is gradually changing its line-up, and the late Birmingham jam drummer, George Hopkinson, who came to London and joined the Humphrey Lyttelton band on my recommendation. I remember, nearly three years ago, making a great deal out of my first introduction to the Saints Jazz Band in Manchester. Many of the bands of the day have drifted away from the "traditional" line-up toward a pleasant Laddier-Mezrow-Bechet sound.

It is in such significant changes as these that British jazz has hope for survival. The white jazz of the Condor-Davison-Brunies line to good effect. The typical British jazz music, however, is slowly changing to other interesting combinations, and the perpetual "evergreens" from New Orleans are giving way to other kinds of jazz.

Let us not waste time with factions, but with facts. The most successful British jazz groups, in the main, have been those which played in the early New Orleans style. Jazz must cover a wider field than merely that of Bunk Johnson and his crack band. The British jazz scene is slowly changing to other interesting combinations, and the perpetual "evergreens" from New Orleans are giving way to other kinds of jazz.



"I don't see how they can possibly get back. The match they've gone to see is being played away—at Middlesbrough!"

HARRY LEADER versus "DAILY MIRROR"

THE "DAILY MIRROR," LIKE OTHER NATIONAL DAILIES, HAS ITS RADIO CRITIC, AND ALL WILL AGREE THAT MR. CLIFFORD DAVIS IS TO CRITICISE CONSTRUCTIONALLY, OF COURSE. PAN A SHOW IF IT'S BAD - PRAISE IT IF IT'S GOOD. ONE CLIFFORD DAVIS, CRITIC ON THE "DAILY MIRROR," HAS A TITLE FOR HIS COLUMN - "RADIO SHOWDOWN." THAT IS A SAD CHOICE, FOR IT SUGGESTS THE DENOUMENT AND IN MY VIEW A CRITIC'S JOB IS NOT ONE SPECIALISING IN EXPOSES, WHICH THE VERY WORD, SPREAD DOWN CERTAINLY INDICATES. BUT WE SHALL FORGIVE THE "DAILY MIRROR" AND MR. DAVIS FOR THIS

UNWISE CHOICE OF TITLE AND GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS.

ON December 10 last year Clifford Davis in his "Show-down" column had headed which read "Why The Dance Bands Are Fading Out." The article was, no doubt, written by way of explanation at the time when the big radio band spots were being cancelled. We ourselves mentioned in this direction Stapleton and Gerald as indeed they were in the news. Mr. Davis gets poetic. I forgive him his poetic moments because I am no exception to the habit of using a metaphor. Mr. Davis' poetry finds expression in such verbiage as "Why is this sad-eyed chap thoughtfully picking his teeth with a conductor's baton instead of gaily beating out a bouncy rhythm?" And Mr. Davis gives the reason "because a dance is a music on the way out." Perhaps these observations were a little premature in connection with the BBC's policy which has since been modified. But it is a sweeping statement which Harry Leader of the Astoria, Charing Cross Road, London, was prepared to challenge.

MR. DAVIS goes on to avow that "A few broadcasts and the golden days of the radio line bookings on the No. 1 variety theatre circuits. But since the war a big change has swept show business. Dance bands are no longer the main attractions in variety theatres. Hardly any of them — with the exception of Harry Cotton and Henry Hall — can get a top billing."

NOW Harry Leader, who plays dancers every week at the Astoria, right in the hub of the world—the West-End of London — has responded to Mr. Davis concerning his article.

The telegram said: "I challenge you on your absurd statement re individuality of dance bands either by correspondence or a personal meeting. You are at liberty to print this challenge." By hand came a reply stating that the columns of the paper were open to all readers who disagreed with the comments of its contributors and suggesting that Harry Leader should write, if he had any opinions on the subject, in the "Daily Mirror" or by hand.

"FURTHER to my wire to your Mr. Clifford Davis, apropos his article of December 10th 'Dance Bands Are Fading Out' may I through the medium of your columns, take this opportunity of defending the standard of present-day dance music? According to Mr. Davis, there is no individuality among our dance bands, other than those he has mentioned, i.e. Henry Hall,

Yours very sincerely, HARRY LEADER.

ONCE again I say — fair view enough. It's a reader's letter and a very readable one. But the "Daily Mirror" did not publish Harry Leader's challenge and that, to say the least of it, is most unfair. But I wonder Harry Leader bothered to defend his business of ours against a columnist who writes for a general public of Gerald and Winnick (as was announced at that time) and in the same article states "Send your eyes next time you hear any of them" (dance bands). "Can you tell one from another?" asks Harry Cotton, Star of the BBC, and a very important black, individual styles. Most of the rest sound all the same.

AND I don't wonder. Mr. D. would not have laid his pen so wide open had he not included Gerald among those troubled to qualify. You see, Gerald happens to be one of the greatest names in popular light (and dance) music in this country today. I have no doubt that Gerald cares little if Mr. Davis thinks he's picking his teeth with his baton. But not to be able to discern the remarkable orchestral scores and the impeccable instrumental playing of Harry Cotton, Star of the BBC, and a very important other orchestras on the radio is to admit crass ignorance. Why even the lay public among Mr. Davis' readers are able to discern the difference and it is bet they won't think much of the critic's expert knowledge of matters musical.

