

Marx, whose artistry is always a joy. *Scènes d'Anabase* is a work of charm and subtle fun, sophisticated but innocuous. More aristocratic and inspired, the fine slow movement in Bowles' *Sonatina for Piano* shows delicacy and objectivity in developing a lyrical idea.

One of the most entertaining programs on the festival was devoted to the music of Alexei Haieff, who was represented by two ostinati for piano, and a *Polka, Air and Ritornel* for violin and piano. A fine musical wit is expressed in these little pieces which make no obvious bid for applause, but sustain a satisfying level of interest throughout their concise and finished forms.

Donald Fuller's songs and piano pieces show genuine poetic inspiration. There is evidence too of a fine harmonic ear, a lucid mastery of tonality in a flexible neo-classic style which is traditional in gesture and design, but personal in feeling.

Leo Smit's *Piano Suite*, consisting of a Hymn, Sonata, Madrigal, Rondel and Toccata Breakdown, reveals the well-absorbed influence of Copland almost to the exclusion of any other. This is youthful music, intense, exciting and promising. Happily, a strong, thematic economy and tightness of effect counteract a tendency towards monotony.

Three Fantasies for piano show that William Bergsma has a good technical equipment and exuberant energy. They seemed better than his songs which, strong in line and craft, were rather external in appeal.

Other attractive piano works on the festival programs were by Robert Palmer, Charles Jones, Theodore Chanler, Quincy Porter, Harold Shapero and Burrill Phillips. Interesting and effective too were James Cohn's *Clarinet Sonata*, Marion Bauer's *Piano Concerto Number 1*, Norman Dello Joio's *Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano*, and of course the closing concert which featured Copland's *Dance of The Adolescent, As It Fell Upon a Day, Three Pieces From From Our Town* and a beautiful performance by Isaac Stern of the *Sonata for Violin and Piano*.

WNYC also offered a broadcast of the centenary celebration of the Congregation Emanu-El, a lengthy but interesting program entitled *A Hundred Years of American Music*. The most important and successful composition heard here was Elliott Carter's *Another Music*. Displaying a fine craft for voices and instruments, this brilliant score not only masters surface problems, but has a rewarding inner beauty and a realization of form as well.

THE TORRID ZONE

By COLIN McPHEE

THE stream of records is once more beginning to flow, slowly it is true, but promisingly. It is cheering to see in Decca's lists, names of Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Louis Jordan, Roy Eldridge, or under Bluebird or

Okeh labels blues singers like Memphis Minnie or St. Louis Jimmie. But for an ounce of hot you must take a pound of sweet, preferably saccharine, to make up an average monthly output of the big three, and the proportion,

alas, will probably remain just that.

Mead Lux Lewis' boogie style is as vigorous and as primitive as ever, has the same grinding sonority and terrific drive, in the new album released by Asch. His choice of notes is always instinctively perfect, his casual dissonance very personal, and it is amazing that with all his night-club success his style has remained as consistent and unspoiled as it has. Asch gives us another album of solos by a folk-artist — flamenco guitar by Carlos Montoya, rhythmically hot but musically tepid, for there is too much tonic-dominant strumming, and very little modal inflection, and one misses the flamenco voice to give these records color with its distance and nostalgia. The Saeta, processional music during Holy Week, which is poignant and moving when played on shrill trumpets, becomes utterly banal and undistinguished as a guitar solo. The Mary Lou Williams Trio plays ingratiatingly in the recent Asch album. The set is rather lacking in vitality in its preference for insipid tunes such as *Night and Day*, which is bad enough in itself, and worse when the arrangement is over-refined, a weakness with Mary Lou.

For some recent really red-hot sessions, turn to the Commodore list. The Kansas City Six produce an exhilarating three minutes in *I Got Rhythm*, with marvelous work from Les Young's saxophone and Bill Coleman's trumpet over a rhythm hard to beat for resilience. *Memphis Blues* by Muggsy Spanier and his Ragtimers (Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Condon . . .) this time is real soaring Dixieland, superbly recorded — perhaps even a bit too resonant for friendly life in city apartments.

Anyway, it's a grand record. The Edmond Hall Quintet does the old Ellington *Caravan* without the purple mystery of the original, giving it bite and attack. Hall's dry clarinet against Teddy Wilson's piano, with bass and drums make a crisp combination; more relaxed is *Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town* on the other side, but I don't find that Hall gives this pleasant tune an especially imaginative workout. In *You Need Coachin'* by Hot Lips Page and his band, honors are divided between Page's driving trumpet and a couple of choruses by the tenor sax, Don Byas, the first of which is graceful and charming, the second exceedingly agile but dull. Heard after solid, peculiarly thrusting tone, Roy Eldridge's trumpet sounds thin and nervously penetrating. It is an agreeable contrast, however, for his tone is sensitive and his style flexible. *Fish Market*, with Eldridge and his men (Decca) is for full band, with a slow blues atmosphere, fine rhythm and eloquent work by Eldridge. On the reverse is *Twilight Time*, in which I find Eldridge's ballad-style more commonplace. Louis Jordan's genial jive complaint of shortages, *You Can't Get That No More*, bewails the loss of a number of things in a way that makes it a great juke-box favorite right now.

It is rare to find a woman blues singer these days, at least one who is contented with singing in a straightforward, simple way. Memphis Minnie can turn out a sly interpretation on a novelty song, but she sings *Love Come and Go* (with *When You Love Me* on the reverse) in a straight, if impersonal, way that is a relief in these days of Dinah Shores and Lena Hornes.