

'40-'45

SCRAP BOOK

"I HAD THE FIRST ELEVEN-PIECE TRIO IN NEW YORK!"

(SWING, the Guide To Modern MUSIC, does not necessarily concern with Signor McSiegel's views. SWING, the Guide To Modern MUSIC, does not necessarily understand what Signor McSiegel is talking about. In fact, if anyone needs a saxophone player for a gig, not less than a thousand miles from our offices, SWING, the Guide To Modern MUSIC, would be glad to send Signor McSiegel there P.O.B.—Ed.)

By SNOOTY McSIEGEL

Let me see, where was I?

Ah, yes. Before the days of micro-phones.

Well, the time came for me to bring my little Chicago band to New York. My name was so big in Chicago that I figured only a big exploitation stunt would make a worthy introduction for us in making our first hike East. So instead of coming in the conventional way we left for the Big City by balloon. I believe, since no rival claimants have yet put in an appearance, that this was the first time any seven-piece jazz band directed by a saxophone player with a black mustache had ever embarked from Chicago for New York by balloon.

How can I ever forget that journey! Flocking to the field to see us off, as we climbed into the vast vehicle, one Saturday night early in late mid-February, were two of my aunts and a third cousin. A soloist from the *Wackeran Eagle* was expected there to get an exclusive story, but unfortunately she fell down and broke her pencil, and was on her way back home from the airport to get another one when we sailed.

Station WET had arranged to broadcast a jam session which we organized in the ballroom.

Next day we all took a train for New York.

New York! Manhattan! Graham! Greenwich Village! Chinatown! Harlem! Sam's Bar And Grill, Free Root Beer With Every Frankfurter! What a thrill it was to hit the big burg for the first time. We lost no time in preparing ourselves for a long, uninterrupted layoff.

It was just as well that we made these preparations, for New York was cold to us. The Chicago style of saxophone playing had yet to make its influence felt in New York circles, and at first my methods seemed revolutionary to the diehards here who had been playing New York style for so long that even the New Yorkers had gotten used to it.

SWING — JANUARY, 1941

The big man around town in those days was Red Nichols, who was recording with a thirteen-piece band which he called the Five Pennies. I later imposed on this principle by organizing an all-star three-piece combination which I called McSiegel and his Eleven Devils. This was during Prohibition days, and it was fortunate that they served the kind of liquor they did at the Club des Poules where we worked, so that there were often bitter disputes between those patrons who suspected we were exaggerating and those who swore they could see eleven of us.

Once we got started here, it was easy. The only trouble we had was that the patrons kept us so high, we were continually bumping our heads against the ceiling and were often in danger of floating right out of the joint. Occasionally, between stops, we would make recording sessions. In those days recording sessions were not worth the paper people forgot to write them on, so we made sessions for almost every company under a variety of pseudonyms. We would turn up on the Homorphone label as the New Mexico Texans, while on Vocarillon we would wax the same titles as Oodle and his Noodles. On the ten-cent leather-surfaced disc, sold at all shoe-repairers' stores, we would be known as the Arkansas Californians, and on Victrolia they called us Snowwood and his New Haven Bayerns. Very often we would record in two studios at once, cutting a wax in one while they were listening to a playback at the rival company across the street.

I should have mentioned that all this was since the advent of micro-phones. I believe I was the first musician ever to perform through a microphone. In fact, I believe, on reflecting further, that I invented the microphone. I told them it was going to revolutionize the music business, but they wouldn't listen to me. They said it had been invented before.

By the time I had made my mark on the New York jazz field, jazz was at its height. How far we had traveled from those good old days of Madam La Zooga and Stalcrmouth Lepus! Often when I think back on those days I wonder whether, if I had my time over again, I would still give all those people their first jobs instead of trying to get one for myself.

Let me see, where was I?

Oh well, let it go.

SNOOTY McSIEGEL

JIVE LANGUAGE IN ONE CHEESY LESSON

During my travels it has been my experience that the public knows comparatively little about swing. One factor that might well help to create a deeper, more permanent understanding between performers and public would be a common language.

For no other reason, if not for no reason at all, I therefore propose to bridge this gap by acting as interpreter to the public, and take a typical sentence and analyze it word by word.

"ANY CAT WHO KNOCKS HIMSELF OUT PLAYING HIP SWING IN JIVE JOINTS FOR JERQUES, AND DIGGING TOO MANY MELLOW CHICKS, WILL BLOW HIS TOP."

Now if anybody doubts the definitions which follow, they may consult a standard dictionary. First, a cat. This word may appear simple on the surface. How wrong you are! A cat is not what you think it is. Cat: a purchase for hoisting an anchor.

Maybe you didn't know that musicians were interested in hoisting anchors. You'll learn, gate. Well, then, we have "knocks himself out." "Clearly this is a mistake, since "cat" is neutral; you don't hoist anchors with human beings. "Knocks itself out", then, is to administer a decisive blow to oneself in a boating bout. All clear?

"Hip swing"? This word has also been interpreted as "hep", but the dictionary prefers the other spelling, and defines thus: a truncated roof or gable. "Swing", according to the American Encyclopedia, is "a light, exotic music . . . adapted from ragtime by the introduction of noisy effects similar to Negro dance rhythms." If you want to know how a noisy effect can be similar to a Negro dance rhythm, or who "adapted" swing from ragtime, that's not my responsibility.

"Jive joints"? Clearly this first term is the typically illiterate musician's misinterpretation of JIVE — to bind with fetters, shackle. And joints? Joints are of three kinds: (1) Synarthroses

or immovable, (2) Amphiarthroses or slightly movable, (3) diarthroses or freely movable joints. Since ours are all fettered up, it is clear that they belong in Class (1).

Jerques are easily explained. An earlier spelling is found in the title page of a book called Taylor's Wit and Mirth, published in 1635, which describes the volume as being "made up and fashioned into clinches, bulls, quirkies, yerkes, gulps and jerkes." Obviously, then, nothing but an old word for a corny gag.

Do you dig? You do? Then you know that the job consists merely of breaking or turning up earth or other material, as with a spade. Very true indeed, for it's the spades that do most of the digging.

Why, you may ask, should a young chicken be mellow? Clearly, because the adjective means "soft and friable, as soil" — and this is some of the soil you have been digging. The more friable the soil you dig, the better your young fried chicken.

"Blow", according to my dictionary, is "to lay eggs in, as flies in meat." Things I never knew till now.

The "blowing" of the top might seem to refer to the playing of some instrument. This is true, though the instrument is clearly not musical: "Top — a toy of wood or metal, with a point on which it spins." The musician, childish in intellect as we have explained, blows on it because he believes it may otherwise stop spinning.

Taking the sentence as a whole, then, we have this translation:—"ANY PURCHASE FOR HOISTING AN ANCHOR, PLAYING LIGHT EXOTIC MUSIC ON A FRUNGCATED ROOF, WITH ITS SYNARTHROSES SHACKLED FOR LACGHS, AND BREAKING TOO MANY YOUNG FRIED CHICKENS WITH SPADES, WILL LAY EGGS IN A WOODEN OR METAL TOY."

You see how easy it is to understand musicians!

SUBSCRIBE TO SWING

"We Put The Popo In Kansas City"

By SNOTTY M-SIEGEL

(Professor Snotwood Revereing McSinged—"Snotty" to his friends—had had much of the fabulous achievements of Snotwood's Tar-Puss and other myths of the old New Orleans Portuguese quarter. This month he picks up his story where the Portuguese Quarter moves up the river to Kansas City. Pick it up, Snotty.)

By 1897 most of us were tired of Madame la Zoonga's, Snotwood was dead, Buddy Bolden was not playing the way he used to, the Dowell Sisters had gone commercial, and the midgits were getting in our hair. So we all went to Kansas City.

Kansas City? What memories the name recalls for me! Gin-mills! Barrel-houses! Frog-houses! Dog-houses! Hog-houses! Houses!

The first job I got was in a mixed Senter—there red, three white and six blue—working for Sing Ham Sing at his Chinese Fried Chicken Shack on Vine Street. I remember this very well, because one night when the painter was taken sick with a bad case of Scotch, I had to rush out and find a substitute. The only guy I could get was an able fellow who had lost the middle finger of his left hand in a pen-ball machine accident, and whose remaining pinkie and thumb suffered from a nervous twitch.

Figuring that nothing much is better than nothing at all, I brought him in for the one night. The nervous twitch resulted in a most peculiar left-hand effect. Late that night I rushed out to Washington and copyrighted it. And that, for the first time, is the true story of how the world first heard of boogie-woogie piano playing.

The idea has since been widely copied and elaborated, but nobody can play quite like that grunted old pioneer as I heard him that night; all the modern pianists have too many fingers, and besides, their work is rationally popular, so how can it be artistically satisfying?

One of the first relaxations I had in Kansas City was teaching Andy Kirk to play the saxophone. He was a quiet youth, short for his height and very modest. After giving him his first six lessons I knew that to become famous he would have to give up playing the saxophone. As you see, my prediction again came true.

Perhaps the most exciting night of all was the first time I heard Count Basie. Of course, he had risen to the percentage then—in fa-

he was generally regarded as a dis-count—and we all knew him affectionately as "Hey, you!" I am glad to say that I gave Basie his first job, washing some of the finest cars in town. Occasionally Mabel Lux Lewis would sit in for him. When this happened, Basie would join me in the little job at the Clinker Co., on which I was using Benny an' Vas-ter Mosen, Walter and Lip, Cyger, Hardin Leonard, Leonard Frazier, and John Hammond. Hammond had then been playing boogie-woogie viola for a very short time, if not less, but I am proud of having given him his first job.

One evening we were jam, getting our teeth into Sweet Lorraine when there was an ominous fall of heavy feet, and of a hushed silence, over the room. A mysterious little voice whispered in my ear: "Quick, the cops! Get out the back way!" I followed this advice and made a lucky escape. Then I looked over my shoulder to see where the mysterious warning voice had come from, and what do you think? It was one of the midgits, who had traveled in my hair all the way from New Orleans!

The climax came the next day, though, when it turned out that the police were there to ask us to get up a jam session for the police benefit. Needless to say, we were so relieved that it was a pleasure to do this, but we were warned by Armadillo, who had also moved up to Kansas City, that the policemen could not sit in with us unless they joined the Union. The policemen agreed to this on condition that we all joined the police force. Since our old uniforms were somewhat raggedy anyway, we agreed. The jam session was a sensation; we cut the cops to ribbons, but kept our clothes intact. For the rest of my stay in Kansas City my most vivid memory is that of the gang of us at the Clinker Club sitting on the bandstand in our policeman's uniforms, beating out the beats with our big books. Sometimes, in a spirit of good-humored fun, we would arrest one another. And of course, if we didn't get paid off we simply threw the manager, his family and his lawyer into jail. Sometimes I think that all musicians should be made to join the police force as a measure of self-protection.

Those were grand days, though a mere prelude to what was to come when Kansas City moved up the river to Chicago. But that is another story.

"I Gave Glenn (Strictly) His First Job" (Live)

(The opinions expressed in this article do not necessarily reflect the views of the writer. Any resemblance to living persons, real or imaginary, is purely coincidental.)

By SNOTTY M-SIEGEL

Well, we finally left Armadillo and the midgits behind us and moved up to Chicago. Chicago, my friends, was popping in those days! There were more musicians than in Lubbock, and no recognition of prohibition. Bathing, gin, flowed like bathwater and we stayed high all the time.

I lost no time in organizing a nice little sweet-swing band, built around my saxophone. I might add that name was the first band ever to broadcast. At that time radio was in an experimental stage; the studio of WET was located in the men's lounge of a prominent whiskey still, and there was so little room that we had to write our music on each other's shirt fronts. (Mine was also the first band to use arrangements.)

After some difficulty we finally got organized around the conical horn (this was before the days of microphones). Owing to a slight technical hitch it was then discovered that it would not be possible to transmit the sounds of our instruments, so we all stood around the drummer and tapped out signals in morse code. The following week we learned that the signals had been picked up by an amateur wireless enthusiast in Waukegan. I am proud to have had the first band to broadcast.

Mine was also, despite claims to the contrary, the first band to make records. This was before Chicago and before prohibition and before Bix's nose bleed. At that time recording was in an experimental stage; the Vocalion studios were located at a local farm and we were surrounded by beetles. Despite which, by the time we cut the first two sides, we were short of wax. One of our musicians got too near the horns and finally had to knock a bee flat.

It was some time before we got organized around the conical horn (this was before the days of microphones), but finally we got four pretty good masters on *Fire Got Those If You Don't Like It You Know What You Can Do With It Biker! Carry Me Back To From! When The Gin Comes Over! The Border (a waltz)*; and *Livery Band and Stable Jakers! Gorilla Mama-*

Take Steamy

Union scale for a recording session in those days, for not over four sides in 800 under twelve hours was a pin. We never got to work that night, as the recording men were so pleased with our work that they paid on double scale.

My band was in the experimental stages then. I fired Claude Stryker because he played 700 much like his name. Later he fired his own band so that he could fire people himself. I also turned down Grim Miller, who begged me to let him join me, but he was 100 raw—never met Buddy Bolden and never even smoked reeters—so I told him to go away and study some more. He never came back. I often wonder what became of him.

I have a Transatlantic cable in my files from Sidney Bechet, dated Feb. 29, 1904 from London, saying he was stranded and begging me to send him his fare home. I never got around to answering that cable and for all I know Bechet is still there today.

At our Chicago opening another great compliment was paid me. John Philip Sousa came up to me and said: "I have never heard anyone make my instrument sound quite the way you do. From now on you may call your horn a 'McSingedophone'." Later I introduced him to the audience and he took a vocal chorus through the megaphone (this was before the days of microphones).

Later I went on a riotous variety tour, headlining bills all over the Morphous circuit. In small letters underneath were the names of Public Cantor, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, Ed Wynn and Al Johnson. Today they are all quite well known.

It was at this time that I began swinging the classics. Maxine Sullivan and Larry Clinker may think they have got something there, but McSinged's Illegal Eagles played *Stars and Stripes Forever* as a two-step back in 1861. However, we gave the idea up because we thought it was in bad taste, and from then on played nothing but Brahms in bounce tempo.

Well, Chicago was fine while it lasted, but it was a mere prelude to when jazz, liquor, reeters and vipers moved further along the river to New York, where next month's enthralling installment will find us

All this, of course, was before the of microphones.

"BIX'S NOSE BLEED!"

you promised this month to give graphic reminiscences of the graphic reminiscences of who has just come for some amazing personal of his experiences with known, underpublished, and genius Bix Bridger, Snotty McSiegel, one of the saxophone players of the past, tells here for the little known details about Old Days when jazz was being worn something you in the garden.)

SNOTTY McSIEGEL

Five-time I ever remember Bix was when I was working old Coddfish Club in Waukegan, on the site of the old Lake Cellar, which was later as the Alaska Gardens. It was a bad little band at that time. We had Tough, Mesizow, Pre-Wee, Tesch, Coudon, Kaminsky, the Dorsey, Vanni, Lang and a fairly woodwind section. Alternating with us was a Negro band I think this was the first Negro band we ever heard of (a trumpet section). I never forget it. They had Armstrong, King Oliver, Fred Keppard, and Buddy Bolden. It was quite a kid then, of and they had a lot of fun to hide his diapers on his beard. Fletcher Henderson, Harrison, Coleman Hawkins, Smith and Jelly Roll would often come and sit in the band. The patrons were swell, too. It was the gambling section of the and the wealthiest numbers would come in and tip us anything to cater to their One night we were given five dollars each just to stop playing High Society. One night Mesizow, Tesch Freeman suddenly turned to me in the middle of Jazz Blues and said—"Look over there. You see that guy just out the front door, with his back wearing a pink coat?" The time I had disentangled the saxophone the fig-speak about was across the street, but I could see a dim outline through the entrance of the club, turning around the corner out of sight. That was my first glimpse of Bix. I shall never forget it. The next time I saw Bix he was club job with a mediocre sax-up band which included Frankl Trumbauer, Adrian Rollini, Hoagy

Carmichael, Benny Goodman and the Five Spires of Rhythm. He would put his cornet down inside the piano and play Debussy on it. I mean the piano. There was something unearthly, something out of this world, something, I might almost say, not quite terrestrial about the way Bix tore Debussy out of that piano. I shall never forget it.

It was a hot night that night; we were all working in pajamas and slippers. Soon the atmosphere became too much for Bix and his nose bled. It was a vivid night. I think I can safely say I was the only person who saw Bix's nose bleed, because everyone else had passed out at this time. By the time we finished the set—just Bix and myself playing duets—the keyboard was covered with blood. I shall never forget it.

Of course, at that time nobody appreciated Bix and his music. In fact, I was the first and only person to discover him. In fact, I gave him his first job. It is strange how contradictory the stories are about how certain musicians had their first breaks. The fact is, I was in a way responsible for the whole thing. The moment I saw Benny Goodman I said: "Some day that boy will be world-famous. He will have a swing orchestra, a trio, a quartet, a sextet, and a septet." In fact, I gave Benny his first job when nobody else would look at him. That was before he even wore short pants. It was most embarrassing.

In the same way, people dispute the origin of the word "jazz". The truth is that I invented this word in 1859. We were working a gig for Lincoln when some young buck came up and said—"Jerre, but you can play!" This word, Jerre, later became corrupted into Jez, then into Jaz and finally Jazz. I shall never forget it. (More of Snotty McSiegel's exciting reminiscences next month.)

STRICTLY JIVE

"STALEMOUTH PLAYED THE BLUES IN 1790!"

By **SNOTTY McSIEGEL**

This month we are again underprivileged to present the graphic reminiscences of our noted jazz historian, Prof. Snotty McSiegel, than whom nobody. Credit is due to the following for their invaluable assistance in compiling data for the historic material which helped these articles to materialize: the New Orleans Police Dept., Mr. Thomas Drancy, Federal Narcotics Bureau, the F.B.I. and the F.C.C.

I have seen many stories on the history of jazz, but nobody ever seems to have said anything about the cat who was the real father of them all. I refer, no doubt, to Stalemouth LePuss. Stalemouth never made a record; he was bedridden and never played outside his tenth-floor apartment in a little tenement in the Portuguese quarter of New Orleans; nobody who is alive to-day ever heard him play; yet it is impossible to appreciate jazz without knowing all about him.

Stalemouth was probably the greatest influence in forming swing music as it is abused today. He taught the man who taught the guy who instructed Emmett Hardy, who taught Bix. He is therefore a kind of a great-great-great-grandfather of Bobby Hackett.

LePuss was only eight years old when he was recognized instantly as a genius of the first water. Stricken from birth with a speech affliction which resulted in a heavy stammer, he was able to produce the most poignant vibrato ever heard on a trumpet.

I believe the first time we all realized the greatness of LePuss was when a party was held in his room to celebrate his eighth birthday. Buddy Bolden and Bunk Johnson were there, and of course Freddy Keppard, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Nick la Rocca and the Boswell Sisters. After a while Stalemouth, despite his delicate constitution, decided to wind up the proceedings with a jam session. He picked his battered cornet from out between two floorboards and started to play. The middle valve, we noticed, was missing, but that didn't bother Stalemouth. He just blew one note. The note did not quite come out, because Stalemouth had a delicate constitution, but I believe that was one of the most beautiful notes I have ever heard left unplayed. We all went home with tears in our eyeballs. Next morning Stalemouth had

I believe LePuss was one of the first people to play what is now being known as the blues. Actually I was responsible for the whole thing myself; all other claims to the contrary, it was I, and me alone, who invented the blues. In 1790 I was looking for an idea for a sixteen bar chorus and got stuck for the last four bars. So I just left it at that, and this is what resulted—

I woke up this morning, why do you shake my tree,

Let me be your little dog, raised in Tennessee

Don't your house look lonesome ever since I was twelve years old.

This familiar three-line, twelve-bar formula, with its neat rhyming, immediately struck the public's imagination; so immediately, in fact, that I found almost everyone else had copied my idea the very moment I started it. Of course, nobody ever gives me credit for having written the *St. Louis Blues* and other numbers attributed to Handy, Williams et al, but I get much more satisfaction out of going round complaining about this.

After the death of Stalemouth, jazz was never quite the same. Louis Armstrong once said to me: "I have never been able to play since that day." He later denied this. However, there were some good times later when we all took a job at the original Madame la Zonga's, in the Portuguese quarter. I wrote a song in honor of the worthy lady who ran this unworthy establishment; years later it was to be published without any mention of my name.

The Madame's salon was too small for a bandstand, and she really only needed a trio. However, the Portuguese quarter Union was then being run by Adolph (Totalitarian) Armadillo, who insisted that a fifteen-piece band be employed. To solve this problem we recruited seven midgets from a local circus, to play piccolos. Even at that we were crowded, and one night after work we found one of them crushed inside the bass fiddle. He was still playing his piccolo.

The piano at Madame la Zonga's was consistently sharp and when the pianist was in G we'd find ourselves in G flat. This was the origin of the expression "working under scale." Nobody ever noticed the difference, though, because with musicians of this calibre anything we played was all right. We had

Bechet, Teschmaker, Emmett Hardy, Bix, Jimmy Harrison, Eddie Lang, and Paul Whitman on violin. Teschmaker later changed his name to Teschmacher to ensure confusion. Occasionally Bessie, Mammie, Clara, Sarah, Trixie, Laura, Lucie, Ivy and Eva Smith would drop in to take a couple of vocals. You would never have thought they were all sisters.

Those were grand days, though a mere prelude to what was to come when the Portuguese quarter moved up the river to Kansas City. But that is another story.

LARRY CLINTON MURDERED

CLASSIC

Artie Shaw Dead

TIMED

Benny Goodman Retires

TO RED!

Benny Goodman, asked to give SWING the lowdown on stories that he is retiring, answered with a frankness all too rarely encountered among musicians. "Yes," he said, "it is true I am retiring. Very. So much so that I don't even like talking to reporters. My retiring disposition is such that I retire every night, after I finish work. Are you satisfied?"

Goodman added that he is happier about his hand right now than he has ever been before. "Except for the sax section, in which I shall make three or four changes, I am completely satisfied," he stated. "By the time I have found a few new men for the brass section I shall want to keep the entire personnel intact. Of course, the rhythm section has to undergo a little reworking, but apart from that I don't think there's a thing to be done."

Nuts To Swing

Dear Sir,

I am a hep-cat who sure knows his jitterbuggery, yes sir, is everybody happy! I have studied le jazz hot from the early days of Valler and Wayne King down to the Shep Fields and Sammy Swaysal to-day. SWING fulfills a long-waited felt, but why don't you write more about the real bands? All this stuff about Goodman, Dorsey, Miller, Shaw, etc.—these bands are only respected because they are popular. What about the bands that are unknown and unliked, that nobody wants to hear about? Why not give them a break?

Rhythmically yours,
J. WALKER

Dear Sir,

Confucius say, he who steal other man's riff, him visited by royalties. Your sin the mood,
JAI GAR LAN

What Do You Want To Make Of It?

- 4 Terrific
- 3 Titanic
- 2 Tremendous
- 1 Terrible

Abbreviations:

S. — slinks. Br. — Bringdown.
PO. — pornographic. Sug. — sug-
gestive. Dm. — double-meaning.

Copyrotton By Leonard Feather

"You dead tired," Artie Shaw told a SWING reporter when asked for confirmation of the rumor that he will shortly start a new orchestra composed of colored, white and Mexican musicians featuring a Filipino drummer and a Chinese string quartet.

Station WET has banned the use of all recordings of jazzed-up versions of classical themes.

Interviewed by SWING's classical experts, Gerlie and Rose, the program director stated: "My aunt was formerly janitress in the Royal College Of Music in Benavaria."

Larry Clinton could not be found for an interview at the time of going to press. He was stated to be in the country, busily buried in Bach, preparing next month's biggest pop song.

What Would You Do?

Here is SWING's Problem Of The Month. Best suggestions from readers will receive free copies of a new book, "The Euphonium In Three Months Without A Lesson", by Bob Crosby.

You are a drummer. You decide to form a band together with your best friend, who is a bass player. In order to keep all strangers out of the venture you decide not to have anybody else play in the band except just the two of you. You have a big library of arrangements specially built up for the combination. The two of you hire a big rehearsal hall and go along there to try out some of the numbers. After you've tried the first orchestration over your friend says: "Somehow this doesn't sound quite right to me. Guess I'd better go down to the end of the hall to listen to it. You run it down." So you try

the number down while he listens. He comes back and says: "Still something wrong somewhere. How about you going down there and listening to it?" So you go to the end of the hall and listen while the bass player tries it over, but it doesn't sound quite right to you either. You tell him so, and he answers, "Well, there's only one thing to do. Guess we'd better both go and listen to it, and maybe between us we can figure out what's wrong."

What would you do?

Send your suggestions to SWING, Public Health Department, Station X, Baton Rouge, La. Do not write on both sides of the paper at once. State your name, address, bank balance and chest expansion. Bob Crosby will award the prize to the lucky winner in person, on a room-to-room network!

The World's Worst Record Review

By Geoffrey Moan

GUY LUMBAGO AND HIS SACCHARINE TROUBADORS

22 *Dreamy Dreams and Schemy Schemes*

22 *PE Be Yours In Mushroom Time* (S. Br. 1948)

Lumbago continues to bore me stiff. As you know, I hate beautiful ballads, and *Mushroom Time* is such an exceptionally beautiful ballad that I really hate the hell out of it. Not the ingeniously out-of-tune half-bar of muted-plunger-felt-hatted-subtone either behind the middle four bars of the release of the second chorus of the vocal following the harp solo just before the beginning of the record. This band does not sound like Duke Ellington's band. If Charlie Barnet can sound

like Duke Ellington's band, why can't everyone?

FLOPHOUSE FANNY'S FANTASTIC FIVE

2 *Lucane Paralytic Haphazard Blues*
2 *Police Court Murder Lynching*
2 *Passionate Evil Jealous Blues* (Po. Sug. Dm. 0000)

Here, at last, is the real thing. Flophouse Fanny has none of the slick sophistication of Glenn Miller, but are her lyrics suggestive, and does the band play out of tune? I am sure none of these boys can read a note of music; word comes from Waukegan, Ill., that two of them are blind, and the rest were blind drunk. Only those with an ear for the real, down-to-earth blues feeling will appreciate records like this.

Poll To End All Polls

Here are the latest placings in SWING's "Nightmare Band" poll. No less than 37,680,000 phony ballots were thrown out at the last minute when it was found the ballot box had been stuffed with cheese. "They may be the readers' favorite bands, but by me they all smell," commented SWING's janitor as the votes were swept out.

MALE WARRLERS

Lionel Hampton	1,947
Martin Block	5,313
John Beergarden	2,197
John Henry Hammond Jr.	943
John L. Lewis	744
Bob Crosby	2

FEM CHIRPERS

Lily "Lips" Pons	1,234
Lotte "Legs" Lehmann	1,111
Deanna "Dippermouth" Dur-	
bin	999
Bob Crosby	2

MOST OVERRATED SOLOIST

Jack Benny	314
Venuti	287
Cootie	76
Zutty	14
Bob Crosby	2

CLARINET

Ted Lewis	2
Bob Crosby	2
(all above or below 2 not listed)	

TRUMPET

Clyde McBasse	4,122
Henry McGhee	4,121
Johnny McCoy	4,120
Louis McArmstrong	12
Bob McCrosby	2

PIANO

Vladimir "Hot Hands" Horn-	
witz	91,754
"Red" Paderewski	1,754
Bob Jerky	754
Jelly-Roll Rachmaninoff	54
Bob Crosby	2

TROMBONE, ALTO, TENOR, GUITAR, BASS, DRUMS

Buddy Rogers	176,945,312
Bob Crosby	2
(all under age not listed)	

Lunceford In Air Hit 'Platterbrains'

Jimmie Lunceford, back in New York City after a vacation in St. Louis, will be Leonard Feather's guest expert on the popular "Platterbrains" musical quiz program over WMCA on Saturday, October 4, 7:55-7:30 p.m.

Last week Leonard introduced Eddie South, famed "Dark Angel of the Violin," as one of his celebrated quizzees. The show features questions which are sent in by listeners, dealing with popular records, which the experts are asked to identify.



SNOTTY McSIEGEL

I do not believe it has been previously revealed, but I am in a position to disclose (or it is believed in usually reliable quarters, or according to a semi-official communiqué, or it is claimed by military spokesmen) that before taking up the sousaphone, which you will admit cannot be taken up lightly, I was something of a pioneer on the drums. I will go further. As far as present-day drum styles are concerned, I started everything. Sometimes I wonder why.

In the relatively late eighteenth century, before you could hitchhike your way to a gig, most drums were made of the crudest kind of cowhide from the most discontented cows, and cowbells were made from the most discontented belles. A tear comes to my lips as I recall that first crude kit with which I worked at the Benjamin Franklin Tavern, a futuristic spot decorated in nineteenth century style. At the last minute a CIO-AFL squabble resulted in a complete stoppage of all cowhide supplies.

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Was I feazed? (If that how you spell it?) On the contrary, I ran right across the street—this was on the edge of town, near a farm—and brought in a real live cow, which went *ibedda ibedda etsoon (sic)*. And intermittently the cow would produce a sound of its own which went *moos (sic)*.

This was the origin of the word *moos (sic)*, later shortened into *moosic*, which I suggested to Webster for inclusion in the little volume he was getting together with my assistance.

Many were the strange rhythms I produced in those days of percussive experimentation, if I may garble a phrase. It is a source of ironical amusement to me when I see these youngsters of today talking about their flams and paradiddles and ratamacues as if they invented the things. Before these novices were even a gleam in their great-great-ancestors' eye, I was reeling out a riff which I called the flamparalyticdiddle, a unique effect

FATHER OF THE DRUMS

since it could only be performed from underneath the drum. As long as somebody left a drum on the table you could be sure I would be doing paralyticdiddles before the evening was old.

Later I expanded the same idea for use on three tuned tympani, so that a distinct trio of tones could be used: the upper diddle, the lower diddle, and the middle diddle.

When the business of working from under the table became too tiresome, I would attach an ingeniously arranged small set of mirrors so that if I didn't know what I was doing, at least I could stop and ask somebody. This gave me the idea for a tune which I later popularized throughout the nation. I called it *I'll See You In My Drums*. People would scoff and say the whole thing was done by mirrors, but again I was unfeazed (as who wouldn't be with my natural sense of rhythmic feazing?). Of course, I need hardly tell you that I was also the inventor of

Another Installment of His Memories

drum solos. One evening McSiegel's Illegal Eagles were playing a benefit for the CIO. Well, at that time the A. F. of L. was having a little trouble with the CIO, as a result of which my men, who were strictly 802, decided to spend the evening picketing instead of playing. Left all alone on the bandstand with cowbells, cowhides, cownares and cowsticks, unaccompanied but unfeazed, I went into a terrific chorus of *Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea* in no particular flats.

After the fourteenth chorus, when I was beat to a place perilously near my socks, someone came up and complained that I was playing the release wrong. Admitting that I never could remember the release of that tune, I went straight into *Honk Tonk Train Blues* and played it for fifteen minutes straight. And if anyone can find me a release to *Honky Tonk Train Blues* they are welcome to a free copy of *McSiegel's Harmony and Orchestration for the Snare Drum*.

SWING MAGAZINE — OCTOBER, 1941

Professor "Snotty" McSiegel, one of the most gifted saxophone players of the past century, is best known as the foremost historian of Le Jazz Hep. It was he who saw Bix's new blood; he who invented the word jazz in 1859; he who heard St. Louis Lepus play the first blues in 1790 in the Portuguese quarter of New Orleans. McSiegel and His Illegal Eagles, a Civil War bunch, were the first band to broadcast, the first to record, the last to get paid. METRONOME feels that nobody is better disqualified than McSiegel to give a course in jazz.

FOREWORD:

The opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the writer.

By SNOTTY MCSIEGEL

I

This course is addressed to all those who wish to acquire an interest in Le Jazz Hep. Not more than a 10 per cent interest can be guaranteed to any one reader.

Jazz is a strange subject. Millions of people use the word jazz, or swing, or modern rhythmically integrated collective improvisation; yet a mere handful, or at most a bellyful, really know what it is all about. The very fact that it is called Le Jazz Hep is an illustration of this, since the correct word is not Hep, but Hip. This can be easily memorized by calling to mind the fact that jazz does not induce you to sway your heps. It is also embodied in the well known proverb: A Tip To A Drip Might Make Him Hip.

This course, then, is in the nature of a Tip to a Drip.

As Duke Ellington once said, a real hip stud is a cat whose boots are zipped to the hips. However, there are several different approaches by which one may come to appreciate the niceties (and nasties) of jazz. In the succeeding paragraphs I shall endeavor to clarify this point. If they do not clarify the point, the paragraphs will not be succeeding.

Four Keys to Hepdom

The first approach to jazz is the Original Label, or I-Got-Jelly-Roll-Morton's-Autograph approach. To get into this group you have to concentrate exclusively on musicians who are (a) dead, (b) fifty, or (c) working in the men's room at the Onyx. Anybody who is famous or financially successful or able to read music is strictly taboo.

You hold meetings in a record shop and argue about whether Buddy Bolden was carved by Mutt Carey in 1895. Never having heard Bolden or Carey, you become very

heated on this point. You pay \$35 for a record by a broken-down blues singer, because someone has told you that Louis Armstrong was in the studio when the disc was made and can be heard blowing his nose in the coda.

Your Old and New Testament are *Jazzmen* and the *Jazz Record Book*. You never listen to the records you buy, because while they are playing you're busy sharpening a cactus needle, or tearing up copies of METRONOME which you plan to put to an obscene use.

To belong to this group it's not necessary to be under 19, but it helps. At all events, that should be your maximum mental age.

Don't Take It Jitterally

The second approach to jazz is the Shagging In The Aisles, or Last-Night-Frank-Sinatra-Kissed-Me-And-Then-I-Woke-Up approach. This class is very easy to enter, since it is not necessary to know the first thing about music, or jazz history, or anything except



VOCAL BOY Makes Good in Pioneer Broadcast: This hysteric shot shows the first ailing by Prof. Snotty McSiegel in his own "So-dlight Bands" series over W-E-T, Dagnabbit, Wis. As you can see, Snotty started so young that he wasn't even old enough to shave when this shot was taken. He had however, a fully developed hot vocal style, or vibrato con carne, ma molto corne.

the color of your favorite band-leader's eyes. The measure of a band's greatness is its danceability, and if you can't jitterbug to it, it's corny. You still haven't quite gotten over the break-up of Glenn Miller's band, and you refer to him devoutly as Capt. Miller.

Your bibles are *All-American Band Leaders* and *Song Hits Magazine*.

You belong to at least six and a half fan clubs; you carry a pillow everywhere to enable you to sit outside stage doors and wait for autographs. You have picked up some jive language and love to shout "That's in the groove!" and "Oh, send it, Johnson!"

You are positively not out of your teens, mentally or physically.

Jazz is la Gauche

The third approach is the Left Wing, or I-Fell-In-Love-With-Frankie-Newton-At-A-Labor-Rally approach. This requires considerable political training. Here, again, it is not advisable to know anything about jazz. You live in Greenwich Village, and your Mecca is George's Tavern or the Vanguard. Your bible is the *Daily Worker*.

You think jazz is too, too wonderful because it has social significance. It is the music of the proletariat. Somebody has told you about Art Hodes and you class him right up there with Rachmaninoff, only slightly to the left. You "adopt" a few musicians and singers and you invite them around and get blind drunk with them. You feel you are a part of the mysterious and exciting world of jazz.

You are slightly older than members of the previous two groups, but you still have time to get over it.

Le Jazz Hemp

The fourth and most perilous approach is the Tea-For-Two, or Hand-Me-Down-My-Dark-Glasses approach. To qualify here you must be too hip to be happy. You can be found any night at Kelly's Stable downtown or Minton's in Harlem or any place where the lights are low and the musicians lower. You consider that anybody who doesn't "light up" is a square. You stay out all night and sleep all day and your family has given you up in despair. You know a few musicians personally and like nothing better than to share a few thrills with them. Finally the FBI catches up with you and you wonder whether jazz is worth all the trouble after all.

So much for the fundamental methods of learning about Le Jazz Hep. Now for the technical aspects.

(Continued on page 32)

NOTE: The writer does not necessarily reflect before expressing opinions.

By SHOTTY McSIEGEL

II

In the first chapter we dealt with the main approaches to a study of jazz, and the main rhythmic characteristics. We shall now examine its melodic and instrumental structure.

Melody occupies a strange position in the jazz picture. If you are looking at the picture through a window in the Brill Building, or between two herringbones at Lindy's, you will see the melody as the Thing You Must Stick Close To At All Costs. On the other hand, if you are examining the scene from under the table at Kelly's Stable, or between two bottles at the Onyx, the melody will stand out in sharp relief as a sort of repellent plague, or as a Little Tune That Isn't There.

This, of course, only applies to the melody as written. The whole idea in *Le Jazz Hep* is to take some sparkling, glittering bunches of notes (also known as *chord sequins*) and build them into something different, so that the listener who is familiar with the melody you are trying to avoid playing will admire the new melody you have created; but the listener who is not familiar with the melody you are avoiding playing may think you are just playing a melody, instead of a melody avoiding another melody, and will therefore find nothing for which to admire you. It is thus advisable to provide all listeners with a blueprint, to ensure confusion.

Blarge Was Dravinated

The only exception to this rule is the blues, in which there is no melody to avoid. This is due to the fact that the blues can go anywhere and anywhere as long as it arrives somewhere within twelve bars. The blues was originally played on primitive bottles and ill-tempered clavichords by a strolling musician named John Q. Traditional, who stole the idea from W. C. Handy. Since then, the blues has been blandly invented by other people, such as Jelly Roll Morton and Clarence Williams, who never did find out that it had been invented already.

For all general purposes, however, we shall assume that the basis on which improvised jazz is generally played is a 32 bar chorus, consisting of four movements which we shall call (a), (a), (b) and (a). You may well ask what (b) is doing in there. It is known as the "release" or "channel" or "middle part" or "bordinated gradistash" of the chorus, of course. The channel

LE JAZZ HEP



DRUMMING UP TRADE here for one of his Civil War jump bands is Prof. Sootwood Rosentwig McSiegel. Note how everything he did was done high-class; if you wanted to feed the kitty, for instance, he accepted contributions only in a top-hat (right). According to Patrick O'Lipshitz, who played in McSiegel's Illegal Eagles when they worked in the Cellar Room of the Hotel Des Sales Odeurs, Parisian hot spot, this was "the first band to bring swing to Europe. Huge Panacea, the critic, called us the best since Louis."

serves a purely functional purpose for musicians who have worked themselves and their horns into such a lather by the end of the half-chorus that some kind of an outlet is needed. Younger musicians are advised to use a wide-bore channel; with patient practice a small-bore channel may be employed later. At first the whole damn chorus will be a big bore anyway.

Cranilla Must Spivolate

Let us assume now that you have a theme, based on the above pattern, and wish to avoid playing it. You are not a musician and you can't sing. There are only two courses open to you:

- (1) Play something else.
- (2) Don't play anything at all.

The second course is somewhat outside the scope of this book, so we shall now consider the methods of following the first. Your initial problem is to find an instrument. This opens up a whole new field.

Which instrument will be hardest to learn? Which will earn you the best chance of eating regularly? Which is the way to the nearest hockshop?

strings. After you get the job you have to keep right on pulling.

Easiest job of all is the band-leader's. Theoretically this may require the playing of an instrument or the writing of arrangements, but after you get to be an old hand at handleading you are too hip (hep) for such practices. You hire another musician to play your parts, and while the band does its evening's work you sit at a ringside table, talking to the song pluggers and studying the racing form. You arrive an hour later than the boys in the band, and leave an hour earlier. You "write" your arrangements by dictating a routine, or "skeleton," to a ghost writer. The ghost goes to work on the skeleton. Occasionally the outsider can detect this subterfuge by a careful examination of the music, since the ghost may slip in such clues as "Vamp till ready" (short for vampire), or "Play with spirit," or "Play second carcass same as first carcass." You stick your own name on the piece and collect the royalties and are now the noted (but noteless) composer-arranger-bandleader.

Nilgo is Thwasted

Let us assume, however, that you still wish to take an active part in the creation of *Le Jazz Hep*. In this case you must, first and foremost, *develop an ear*. After drying thoroughly, return to dark room, insert head in solution and *develop another ear*. Then run, do not walk, to the nearest jam session.

A jam session is an informal, unexpected, spontaneous affair at which a group of photographers from *Life*, *Look*, *Pic*, *Click* and *Schnick* take pictures, while a body of psycho-neurologists interview musicians on the jittering phenomenon, and the Union officials stand by to see that nobody sits in with the band, and the public is charged a \$2.00 minimum to inspect the musical animals.

At a jam session everyone improvises on a given theme. The theme is given sometimes before the performance, sometimes after. In the latter case the musicians ask each other: "What was that number, anyway?" In either case, the members of the audience ask each other this question. More not than often, the theme is *Sweet Sue* or *Sweet Georgia Brown* or *Sweet Lorraine* or *Sweet Patootie*, in which case the affair is known as a *sugar session*.

Jam sessions originated because musicians from different bands who have no other chance to get to know each other can come to these affairs and spend a whole evening playing together and at the end of the evening they will still not know each other. Thus jazz has become a great social leveler and a vital factor in the extension of a real, vibrant democracy.

EXERCISE for this month: Go to at least three jam sessions; make notes on everything you see, hear and smell; report your findings to the nearest police station.

By SNOTTY McSIEGEL

NOTE: The opinions expressed necessarily reflect on the writer.

III

Last month we examined the melodic and instrumental structure of jazz, and analyzed its creation at a jam session. Beginning with the present chapter, we shall examine the history and characteristics of each instrument separately.

Let us first look into the subject of the piano. We shan't look into a grand piano, because the last time the lid fell on our head we made a resolution about that. However, we shall examine the popular upright piano generally found in the less ambitious dance bands.

There are two theories as to the age of the piano. One school of thought points out that it is also known as a piano-40, and was probably invented in 1840 by James P. Johnson. The other school points out that it is also known as an "88" and was undoubtedly invented in 1888, by one of the great boogie-woogie pioneers, Dog-Dog Pimplesnoot. There is a third school of thought which says "the hell with school, let's get outa here and jam some." This writer subscribes to the third school.

However, Pimplesnoot's claim has some substantiation in the shape of an early recording recently exhumed. The titles are *Dog-Dog's Blues* and *Dog-Dog's Dooji Wooji*, and the instrument sounds like a sharp harp with a growl tone. Moreover, Huge Panacea, the critic, described these as "distinctly *Clever* performances." This was clearly a feeble attempt to translate *Klassier*, which is German for '40 (or '88).

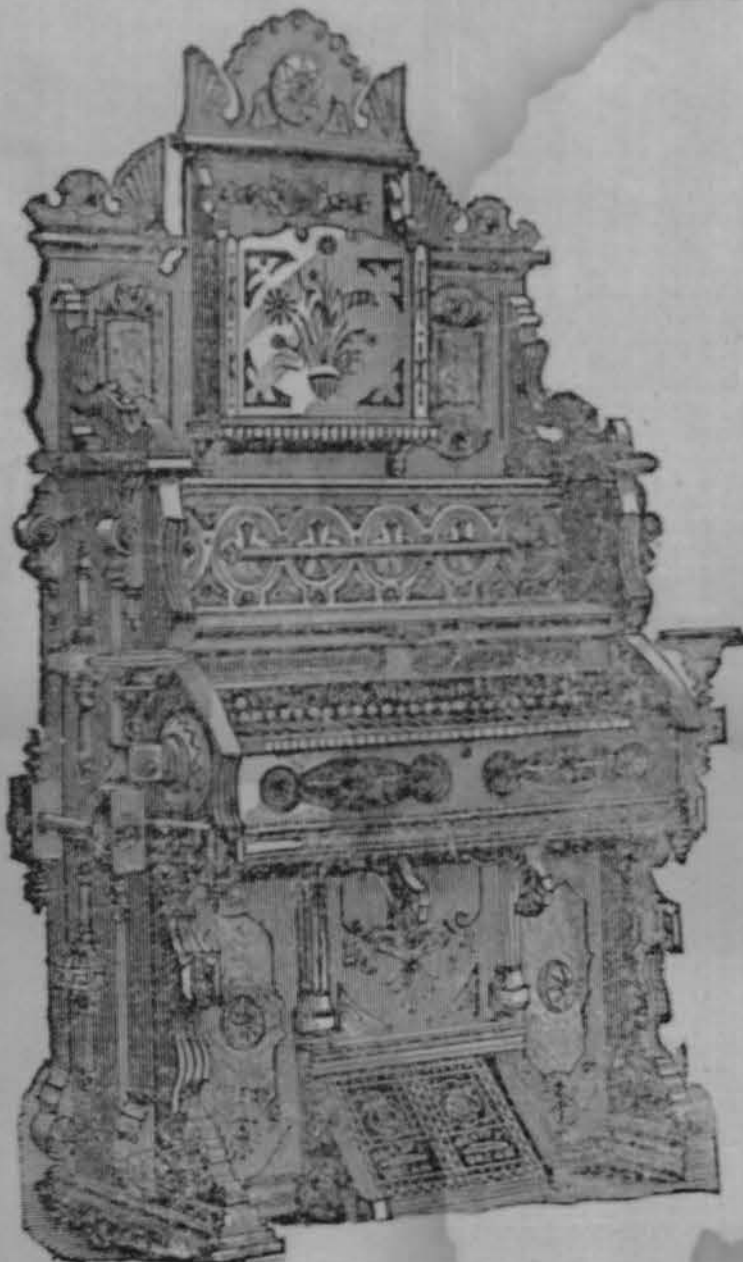
Pentup

After Dog-Dog, many pianists tried to imitate his peculiarly excited, emotional, tense style. The only one who succeeded in developing a tense sense was that immortal of dooji-wooji, Pentup Smith.

Patrick O'Lipschitz, who is possibly one of the hindmost students of dooji-wooji, declares: "Pentup brought something new and overwhelming to the piano with every new number he played. He got a pint of gin and put it down by the keyboard before starting each tune."

"The staggering success of Pentup Smith (or, according to some authorities, Pint-Up Smith) was a Kansas City phenomenon for five years; he was staggering from 1897 to 1902. After that, however, recalls O'Lipschitz, Pentup

LE JAZZ HEP



ILL-TEMPERED CLAVICHORD, one of the precursors of the modern piano-40, was invented in 1790 by Patrick O'Lipschitz, childhood friend of Prof. Snotwood Rosentwig McSiegel. Noted for its easy convertibility into a coffin, the clavichord has two pedals, a clutch and an ash-tray. Note small disc at top, into which nickel is inserted for your Wate and Fate. When the clavichord is particularly moody it responds with a blunt grunt in a moan tone.

"started to steady up, and declined all drinks offered him. In short, he went into a steady decline."

Shot Up

The climax came when Smith's manager, "Foots" Tingling, one of the early Chicago-style boys, tried to force Sing Bun Sing to put Pentup to work at his (Sing Bun Sing's) Chinese Fried Chicken Shack on Vine Street. "Pentup or shut up," he told the hapless Chinese. In the ensuing fracas, Pentup wound up sustaining a shot in the heart. His dying words

to "Foots" Tingling were: "First sustaining shot I ever got. Find me please a sponsor!"

The next immortal saga of the piano in jazz history is the story of Meat Loaf Lewis and John Henry Hambone. Meat Loaf, who played in some of the most exclusive houses-of-you-know-what in Dagnabbit, Wis., first attracted Hambone's attention when the latter, a young social worker, picked up a battered, broken record called *Blues In My Hair* on the Horrorphone label. Little did he know that the reason the record

sounded so daringly different was that the two pieces into which the record was broken had been pasted together again back to front! Hambone hailed Meat Loaf as the discovery of the century, but no trace could be found of the mysterious author of the odd-sounding disc.

Finally, after a 57-year search, Hambone found Meat Loaf, calmly seated on a flagpole atop Gimbel's, playing a small portable piano. "It's a promotion stunt," he explained modestly. "You needn't have looked for me—I was coming down in a couple years anyway."

Forgot

Hambone tried to get Meat Loaf to record *Blues In My Hair* again, but it turned out that he had forgotten how it went and was on an Eddy Duchin kick. On discovering this, Hambone turned his attention to another protégé, a midget sword-swallower who swallowed midget swords. He has not been heard from since.

Among the more modern pianists worthy of mention here are Art Tatum and his disciples, who are known as the Imitatums; Willie "The Lion" Smith; Earl "The Father" Hines; Teddy "The Bear" Wilson; Mary "The Lou" Williams, and Thomas "The Elephant" Waller. There are also William "Count" Basie, Jess "Discount" Stacy, Stanley "Viscount" Facey, and some people named Casey, Lacey, Macey, Rasey, Wasey and Schmacy (from K. C.).

Earl Hines, according to Huge Panacea, plays the "trumpet-piano style." This means that he uses three valves for the feet instead of pedals, and blows on the keys instead of hitting them with the fingers. This is a great labor-saving method, but is not recommended for beginners.

He Who Clefs Last—

Music for the left hand on the piano is usually written in the bass clef, and music for the right hand in the treble clef. Music printed in black ink is played on the black keys; in white ink, on the white keys. (EX.: Try a chorus of the sheet music of *The White Clefs Of Dover*.) A big stretch is necessary; not only to grasp drinks which may be placed on top of the piano, but also to play all kinds of tenths; past tenths, present tenths and future tenths.

Dept. of Repulsive Ideas

EXERCISE for this month: Try to play a snear and a dinge on the piano, and keep at it until we come back next month. You'll have more fun!

McSIEGEL Says:

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

I am several years old and am anxious to take up the saxophone as I feel at this time that everyone should do something useful and I have flat feet. I have an old saxophone but when I went to a teacher to have my first lesson he said the saxophone is no use without a mouthpiece. I asked my mother but she says the only mouthpiece she knows has been in a jug for a long time. What I want to know is, if I blow in the jug will it come to the same thing?

I am,

Jose O'Goldberg

McSiegel says: Send for my booklet, "Saxophonists: Their Mouthpieces and Problems," enclosing stamped, self-addressed box for mailing, and \$2.50 for mailing costs.

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

I just got a job at a night club where the scale is \$45 a week. We agreed to work for \$30 because there are five of us in the band and our last date was a benefit for the Swiss War Relief in July, 1940 and a fellow must eat. However, after we kicked back our fifteen bucks ~~and~~ the first week we found that we had been paid in Confederate money. Please Mr. McSiegel, can you tell us who should pay the Social Security, us or them?

Yours,

J. Snerge

McSiegel says: Boy, you're in trouble. You better get in touch with Jose O'Goldberg and have him send around for that mouthpiece. Also send for my booklet, "Should A Jerk Work?," enclosing addressed, self-stamped envelope and \$2.75 for nominal expenses.

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

I have a problem. When I was four years old I was acclaimed in my neighborhood as the greatest prodigy of the generation. I played two pianos at once, in different keys, and peeled potatoes with my feet. By the time I was 12 years old, every bandleader in the country was bidding for my services. At 16 I had won five prizes in Europe, had signed 178,943,725 autograph books in 29 countries, and was idolized by the most beautiful society girls everywhere I went. Back in this country, I was given the keys to the city, made honorary president of my local branch of the A.S.P.C.A., and had to turn down offers to give recitals in 47 States because of the state I was in. Not a single critic has ever had anything but kind words for my performances; my agents are scrupulously honest, I have a contract to record any tunes I like, I get along well with song-pluggers, and I have a town house, a home in the country, two lovely wives, my own home-movie machine, and the most beautiful cocker-spaniel you ever saw.

My problem is this, Mr. McSiegel: Do you think dandruff will ruin my career?

Yours,

O. P. Falls

McSiegel says: I should have such problems!

McSIEGEL Says:

(Bring Your Problems To McSiegel. He Will Complicate Them.)

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

I have been in the band business with a 15-piece band since before Pearl Harbor, but the draft board refuses to recognize my boys as dependents. I have a mixed band: some good musicians and some bad. The other day I was offered a very choice location on Route 57, just 145 miles South of the Frammis Turnpike, barely 24 hours from the heart of Gotham, no cover charge at any time. The only conditions were that I would pay for the network wire and also record three songs written by the manager of the spot. It is a nice location, Mr. McSiegel, with no railroad station for miles around, in fact the only way to get there is by bus.

My problem is this: how am I going to get a radio wire without money, make records without shellac, and travel without a bus?

I am,

McSiegel says: How am I going to give you an answer without ideas?

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

When I was with the Staten Island Philharmonic I wrote a fine number dedicated to Father's Day, entitled "That's Why Neckties Were Born." Can you tell me the name of a good, honest song publisher?

I am,

K. Q. Croveny

McSiegel says: Can you tell me the name of a song publisher with three legs and a green beard?

Dear Snotty McS:

I am 4-F in the draft and have one of the biggest quintets in the country, 13 pieces in all, which is better than Raymond Scott, you must admit. I have been offered some of the best picnics and barmitzvahs around town, but cannot accept them because I am not a member of the union and to join it I understand you have to play a musical instrument. Now I understand that to learn any instrument properly it takes a year or two, and since I can't get gas to go to town for lessons, I shall have to send myself via correspondence course. By the time all this is done the war may be over and I shall have lost the advantage of my draft status. Do you know any of the right politicians who might get in touch with any of the wrong union men, who might slip me in as a bongo player?

I am, believe me,

A. T. Hound

P. S. I forgot to mention that the reason I am 4-F is on account I lost the use of my head some years ago.

McSiegel says: Boy, I have this racket sewed up beyond Pegler's wildest dreams. Just send for my free leaflet, "Ways and Means in Arts and Crafts," enclosing a nominal \$175.00 for nominal legal expenses, and bingo! You'll be playing bongo.

Dear Mr. McSiegel:

Six months ago I was a social outcast. Friends would shun me all along 52nd Street, invitations became few and far between, and whenever I appeared in a room there would be hushed whispers. I did not realize how simply my problem could be solved until a friend told me about MOPPO. After I had taken two bottles of MOPPO I found I was no longer a social outcast. Friends would welcome me on 52nd Street, invitations arrived by the carload, and whenever I appeared in a room there would be cries of "Welcome!"

Mr. McSiegel, what I want to know is, what the hell was the matter with me in the first place?

Yours,

Louis Schmooney

McSiegel says: Send for my booklet, "Embouchures."

Prof. McSiegel Tells About Sax!

By Prof. Snotty McSiegel



every tom-tom, dick-dick and harry-harry had to admit I was right.

Music, when I was a child, was shunned by respectable people. It was confined mostly to the Indians and the witch-doctors. One early Indian tribe, known as the Pentas, prescribed a couple of choruses of hot percussion as a cure for headaches. They called this the Pentatonic. Another tribe, the Lucas, had a theme song which is used to this day by Jimmy Durante.

The only other music around in those days was that of the Chinese, but their stuff was too complicated. Most of their instruments were percussive (e.g. Chinese crackers), and they had no less than eighty-four different scales, owing to lack of organization in their unions, which later imposed one scale for everybody.

Pipe Type

Most of the first occidental music, as its name implies, was produced quite unintentionally. For example, the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet created the first percussion effects; then came the drum type of instrument, and then the pipe type. People soon got so interested in the pipe type that they neglected their study of percussion, so pretty soon all you would hear was a pipe type with a bum drum.

The pipe type of instrument included the clarion and its smaller brother, the clarinet; the bassoon and its little sister, the bassinet; the *cor anglais*, or English horn, and the *cor français*, or French horn, on which some of the first corn was played in New Orleans. What is little known, however, is that the saxophone is as old as any of these.

Is Sax Necessary?

The story of the saxophone dates back to one morning when I was rehearsing in the building where all the really hip New York musicians would gather. This building, since pulled down, was known, of course, as the Hippodrome. I had a very hep little seven-piece combination which we called McSiegel's Heptet, and we featured some weird new harmonies which we called heptachords. One of the guys in our pipe section was a man whose name was later to be immortalized by the instrument that was named after him. His name, of course, was Adolphe Saxophone.

Saxophone said to me—rather suspiciously, I thought—"Yesterday somebody threw a curve at me while I was practising my clarinet. Look what happened to it." I examined the effects of the curve. "Listen, Saxophone," I said coldly,

"I didn't do that. Do you want to make something out of it?" Adolphe thought for a moment. "Maybe you've got something there!" he murmured. He went to work. Within twenty-four hours he had made something out of it. Sometimes, to this day, I wonder why I didn't keep my fool mouth shut.

Exponents of Sax

However, the saxophone was not long in producing many excellent exponents. Among the earliest were Eddie Miller and Johnny Hodges. As you may confirm by consulting any Cyclopeda of music, Eddie Miller was born in Norwich in 1731 and, in addition to his tenor work, was a noted composer of psalms, psوناتas and other psongs. The Cyclopeda will also prove to you that Hodges' full name is John Sebastian Bach Hodges, that he was born in Bris-

tol in 1830 and came to New York fifteen years later, some time before he joined Duke Ellington.

Eventually I became tired of my little heptet, which was too hep to be happy, and I formed a band of five guys named Moe, which I called a motet. Ours was the first jump band to use a string section, and it is a matter of record—an early Herrorphone record, to be exact—that everything we played left a viol impression.

After the introduction of string instruments to join the pipe type and the bum drum, it was inevitable that somebody would invent the keyboard instrument. The crude keyboard instruments of the seventeenth century were of two types; those with the jack action, on which the strings were plucked, and those with the tangent action, on which the strings were struck. Into the first group came the harp and also the virginal, on which

playing was so hard that hardly anyone attempted to touch it. When I tried to grapple with one of these jack-action instruments at a concert in 1768, the audience laughingly called out—"Action Jack!" This was how the instrument earned its name and how musicians began to call each other names.

Hail 'em, Salem

It was some years later that an incident occurred which was destined to start a whole "Bach-To-Nature" movement among music lovers. We were playing a one-night stand for the Medicinal Music Society in Salem, Mass.; or maybe it was the Penta-Tonic Doctors' Convention, I can't remember with. Anyway, we had a new librarian, and he passed out music for a different number to each member of the band. The result was that we were playing seven different tunes at the same time. Up to this point all our music had been strictly Puntal, but the weird effect of this mix-up was that a contra-Puntal Revolution was started, and Bach, who had been dead for years, suddenly became popular, and was obliged to write a number of posthumous works.

Sensationne Wragge

Gradually there was a trend from classicism to romanticism in music. It was romanticism which gave rise to ragtime, in an incident that occurred during the late nineteenth century. I was going out for a moonlight ride in a T-Model Ford with a chick named Euphonia Wragge, trying to get romantic inspiration for a new opus. My copyist sat in front, taking down the music as it came to me. Naturally the rhythm of my humming was somewhat impeded by the movements of the car. When the music was played over next day I found that by this happy accident an entirely new rhythmic idiom had been born. Naturally I decided to name it after the girl who had assisted at the birth. Wragge-Time became corrupted into Rag-Time; today it's named after Raymond Gram Swing, but it's still fundamentally the same music.

There have been many theories about the origin of the word "jazz". I have propounded several of them myself, only to explode them later. Here, then, for the first time in any magazine, is the true story of how the word originated. I was playing sousaphone with Jan Nussbaum and his Janitors at Sing Bum Sing's Chinese Fried Chicken Shack. On our opening night they decided to put a sign outside with Jan's name on it. Well, the sign putter-upper was a cat named No Dig How. He put



THREE FEATHERS sponsored these plume-hatted pioneers in the first commercial ever to feature a three-piece trumpet section—i. to r., Patrick O'Lipschitz, Snotty McSiegel, Wingy FitzGoldberg. So much rug-cutting was precipitated by this trio that the musicians carried around specimens of cut-up rug on their horns, as proof. Notice how the horses, which were in use owing to a subway strike, kept perfect time with the music. In a pinch, though, the music kept time with the horses.

LE JAZZ HEP:—Meet Mr. FitzGoldberg

up the first two letters of Jan's name all right, but when it came to the next two he placed them both sideways. At that point he fell off the ladder and broke his contract. So the sign was left with just the J and the A and the two N's lying sideways. And that's how jazz was born.

Too Beat

The origin of Dixieland music came about through a similar accident. The boys were all set to start playing one evening but I had a hangover. One of them said:—"What'll we play, boss?" To which I replied: "We'll play nothing. I'm too beat." As I spoke a patrol wagon rattled noisily past in the street. The boys thought I had told them to "play nothing but two beats." Thus four-beat rhythm gave way to a new musical idiom. At that time the Shack had been taken over by a character named Richard C. Land, so naturally we named this music for him and it became Dick C. Land, later corrupted into Dixieland Jazz.

Yes, music has gone a long way from those first faltering notes of my Heptet in the Hippodrome. And sometimes I wonder whether it may not go a long way from there yet. The longer the better.

Hotwood Snosentwig

NOTE: Owing to a typographical error Professor Snotwood Rosentwig McSiegel's name was inadvertently printed last month as Professor Snotwood Resenting McSiegel. We need hardly add that for the whole of the past month, the good Professor has been resenting this. We hasten to make the correction and to point out that his middle name comes from his mother's side, and her people were Rosenzweigs on the other side; also please do not address mail to him as MacSiegel. It's McSiegel. What are you trying to do, make a Scotsman out of him yet?

Metronome Off The Air

Prof. Snotty McSiegel wishes us to make an important announcement. After visiting PLATTER BRAINS the other evening (that's WMCA's show, heard Saturdays, 7:03-7:30 P.M., in which Leonard Feather offers free METRONOME subscriptions to listeners who balance the experts on jazz), Prof. McSiegel has decided to inaugurate a quiz show of his own on which he will ask and answer all the questions, and win all the prizes himself.

Professor McSiegel's regular series on Le Jazz Hep will be resumed in the next issue of METRONOME.

NOTE: Any relations of the writer with any other person, living or dead, are entirely illicit.

By Snotty McSiegel

IV

The trumpet is one of the most important instruments used in jazz. It is a metal wind instrument formed of a curved tube and ending with a mouth-piece which is placed to the mouth. Some models are also manufactured which are placed to the ear (see Ear Trumpet). In the Roman era the instrument was used by lovers to call their mates; hence the word "trumpet," abbreviated from an old word meaning Loose Woman.

In jazz the trumpet is sometimes replaced by the cornet, which differs from the trumpet in ways that are often confused by the layman. Actually the trumpet can easily be recognized by its tone, which strongly resembles that of a cornet. Some musicians play a half-breed instrument which is called the trumpet-cornet; others play the cornet-trumpet, the trumpet-cornet and the cornet-cornet.

Coming In On A Wingy

The trumpet was invented by a kitchen mechanic who realized the need for an instrument that could be played with only one hand. This has proved invaluable in the careers of such people as Wingy Manone, Wingy Carpenter and Wingy FitzGoldberg; in fact, one leading trumpet manufacturer uses as a slogan for his company the Latin motto *Sustinet Alas* (I sustain the Wingies).

The first great jazz trumpet men, of course, all hailed from New Orleans, and there is nobody alive today to contradict the legends of their greatness; in fact, in the case of Bloody Boulder there is no evidence that anyone ever heard him play; thus he is universally recognized as a forgotten genius. Boulder (so-called because he used a granite cornet with a stone tone) was said to play so loud that when the wind blew right he could be heard all the way from Basin Street to Hot Springs, Ark. (this was before the days of microphones). When the news of this got around, he was offered a job playing first fiddle with the Basin Street Symphony. It turned out that someone from Arkansas had wired the symphony about his feat, and the words "Hot Springs" had inadvertently been transmitted as "hot strings."

Boulder finally blew his top, and according to the tales around New Orleans he "even blew that louder than anyone else." The sound of Boulder blowing his top was recorded on a portable equipment by the editor of a very esoteric jazz bi-monthly who was at high school nearby. This record was subsequently peddled on the black shal-lac market in Congo Square.

It was said that nobody ever really played trumpet again after Boulder. Actually there were a number of people after Boulder—landlords, creditors, ex-wives—but they never caught up with him. The next great genius was Louis "Satchelmouth" "Dippermouth" "Trunk-

mouth" Armstrong, so-called because he was poor as a churchmouse.

Many fabulous stories are told about Louis; most of them are based on garbled facts. For instance, it has often been heralded about that he spent several years at a wail's home. This rumor was started when a reporter telephoned in a story about the years Louis had spent at his wife's home in New Orleans. Another story was that he invented scab-

son. The whole thing started when Louis added this name to his own as part-composer of *Sugar Foot Stomp*, which he also called *Dipper Mouth Blues*. He figured that with two names on the tune instead of one, and two different titles for it, he would earn four times as much in royalties. To emphasize this dual personality still further Louis even made a record which he called *Oliver Mc. Why Not Take*

More recently there has been a tendency among trumpet players to blow their top notes. This constant screaming in the high register is known as the Eldritch style (eldritch—wield, ghastly—Webster). Many other effects, however, can be produced without resorting to the squealing yelling; for instance, on a trumpet you can produce a sneeze, a dingy, a splurge, and, most important of all, a gliss.

Stupendous Offer

The gliss is of paramount importance because when you hit a wrong note, all you have to do is gliss up to the nearest right one, and everybody will believe you know what you were doing. The gliss is also very useful when your local air raid siren is out of order.

Altogether, the trumpet presents invaluable opportunities for the young student of Le Jazz Hep. If anyone wishes to study jazz trumpet style seriously, copies of rare recordings by Wingy FitzGoldberg are available through this department without charge. There is a postage, packing and mailing charge of not more than \$5 per side.

EXERCISE for this month: You must remember this—a gliss is still a gliss.



"THIGH-BONE" WALKER, early king of the blues trumpet, used to cook his own meals and blow his own mess-call while on tour. Note frying pan (in right hand), soup-bowl (worn on head), combined opium pipe and Z Flat Horn (worn in mouth). His steaks were hip!

singing accidentally when he forgot the words in the middle of a recording session. What really happened was that Louis's wife (not the same with the home—this was a couple of wives later) had been fussing with him and told him: "I don't want another word out of you." Louis therefore humbly confined himself to meaningless syllables.

Did Duke Dig?

Another widely circulated story concerns Louis's visit to London, when the Duke of Windsor was said to have visited Armstrong after the show and congratulated him with the words: "Solid, gate, I think you're groovy." This story is utterly fantastic. What the Duke really said was: "Solid, gate, I think you're great." He could not possibly have been familiar with such jive terms as *groovy*.

Another curious fact about Louis Armstrong is that for several years he masqueraded under the name of "King Oliver." The imaginary personality of this mythical King Oliver, incredible as it may seem, was built up for so long by Louis that many writers have written whole chapters about the former as if he were a separate and distinct per-

Oliver Mc. Yet even the most stubborn exponents of the King Oliver theory admit that on many records bearing the Oliver name, there is trumpet work that bears the unmistakable stamp of Louis's style.

The next great trumpet player was Wingy FitzGoldberg, one of the many New Orleans stars who, like Louis Prima, Nick La Rocca, Shatky Bonano and "Red" Tomato, steamed up the river from New Orleans. FitzGoldberg, who was half-Italian and half-starved, gave half his left arm and half his right to the government as a patriotic gesture during the disarmament conference; this naturally affected his trumpet work, so that he developed, of course, a half-valve style, which was later swiped by Rex Stewart.

Wingy was only half a dozen years old when he bought a bargain trumpet at half price. At first he was half-hearted about learning it and never played more than two beats at a time—whereupon his better half chided him for doing things by half-measures. However, when he was half-seasick over he produced some beautiful music. Finally he, too, blew his top, and is now known around Basin Street as "Half-Witted Wingy."

You Got Worries?

A Bureau of Musical Relations has been established by Professor Snotwood Resenting McSiegel, who will always be prepared, for a small coo-keage fee, to give a tip to a drip and make him hip. Write to

McSIEGEL'S RELATIONS,

Ward 57,

Seventh Floor,

119 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

METRONOME

I Drum Too Much

By Snotty McSiegel

NOTE: Mr. McSiegel is given the widest latitude to express his platitudes, which, we recall with gratitude, do not reflect our editorial attitude.

Le-Jazz Hep: V

The drum is a wooden hoop held together by a circular piece of parchment or vellum. The more vellum you can produce, the more drums you will have. This matter, at present, is in the hands of a board of Vellum Control.

Primitive peoples were reluctant to play drums, declaring that they would never replace the old hand-clap and foot-stomp. Consequently, early hand-leaders were obliged to lure potential drummers to jobs by promises of rich rewards, such as food. Because they were seated into their new employment in this fashion, the instruments they played were soon known as snare drums. Some of those who were trapped in this manner invented the term Trap-Drum, to convey the same impression. The food they were offered generally consisted of crushed rolls.

One old establishment which followed this practice of luring and crushing rolls was a restaurant known as the Bunery. Its name was eventually corrupted into history, and was adopted as an alternative name for the drums.

It was at this spot, when I strolled in there one evening in the very late 1790's to sit in with the band and earn myself a roll and batter, that I first heard a chorus played by the great skin specialist, Fruity Doubleton.

Fruity was said to be the first man to use drums which produced different notes, akin to the humming of a human voice. The instrument on which he did this was, of course, known as a hum-drum. On this instrument he invented many trick rhythmic effects, such as the mousenaccus, the flamiddie, the paraffiddie, and, on especially hot occasions, the paralytiddie.

Unfortunately, owing to a shortage of immaterials, Fruity was unable to devise a complete set of humdrums. This did not prevent him from organizing a group which he advertised as "Fruity Doubleton and His Unfinished Tympani." This aggregation played paralytiddies all night long and was divided into three sections which concentrated respectively on three registers: the upper diddle, the lower diddle, and the middle diddle.

Fruity soon became a popular idol and was worshipped by the chicks who were getting their kicks. Before long he changed his theme number from *I'll See You In My Drums*, a romantic ballad, to something more appropriate called *Every Baby Loves My Body*. A dapper figure, he used a high-hat, painted on his drum, as symbolical of his sartorial elegance, and was soon known as "the man with the high-hat symbol." To keep the hat clean, he would brush it constantly, and this

because famous as the first drummer to use brushes on a symbol.

Another pioneer possession expert, according to information just telephoned to me by one of my research experts, appears to have been a girl, by the name of Jean Cooper. Miss Cooper, it seems, was the first artist to bring a bass drum into a recording studio. Moreover, she played it on every beat of the bar instead of every second beat. Before her advent there had already been a considerable boom in the sale of bass drums. Afterwards, needless to add, there was a boom-boom.

Before long the whole country was drum-crazy. It got to the point where the only drums of which there were too few available in good condition were oardrums. A host of new songs dedicated to the latest craze were largely responsible for the fact that Tin Pan Alley was so called. Among them were *It's The Drummer In Me*, *Drumming Out Loud*, *Drum Valley*, and *This Time The Drum's On Me*. I made a personal contribution to this collection in the form of a pretty ballad called *I Can Drum, Can't I?*

Drumatization

After a while, inevitably, there was a reaction; a couple of embittered publishers, who had failed to get on the diddlewagon in time, retaliated by putting out such songs as *Darn That Drum* and *I Had The Craziest Drum*.

With the immaterial shortage more acute than ever, cowhide for the vellum being provided from the most discontented cows, and cowbells from the surliest belles, it was only to be expected that something new in percussion had to come on the scene. This occurred when the washboard arrived.

Jean Cooper, being a housewife as well as a possessionist, was naturally the first to think of the washboard as a form of battery. At first her method consisted simply of rubbing two washboards together, eight to the bar. One day she rubbed and rubbed and before anybody had time to tell her, she started a forest fire. Next time she tried rubbing the washboard with two cakes of soap. One day when she was giving an open-air demonstration of this method at a concert in the park, a storm burst. The soap didn't stand up very well in these circumstances, and Jean washed her hands of the whole thing.

The washboard enjoyed a short era of popularity, but it was in the middle of another century, I forget exactly which, that a very small drummer named Dave Tot started a revolutionary new system. Dave Tot found that there were certain rhythmic effects that could be produced on a bass drum *only by playing from inside the drum*. Accordingly, he had a special drum built around him, and, enveloped by vellum, developed this new technique.

Dave Tot gave his first demonstration of his "interline domination" methods in a street parade with McSiegel's Illegal Eagles. I had the privilege and

(Continued on page 28)

I DRUM TOO MUCH

(Continued from page 19)

burden of carrying the drum. At first the crowds were astonished to hear such complicated rhythms emanating from a drum, on which I was not only using no sticks or brushes, but was not even moving my hands. Little did they know the inside story. However, there were a couple of hip characters who whispered to each other: "Man, that cat is really in there."

"How is it in there?" I whispered to Tot at one point during the parade.

"Man," he answered, "it's cozy, but cold."

That was the moment when I decided to give him the nickname *Cory Cold*.

As we reached the center of the city our parade, which was sponsored by a well-known politician of the highest disrepute, began to attract unfavorable attention, and soon we found ourselves surrounded by pickets. Despite our sneers of "It'll never get well if you picket!" we were obliged to abandon the demonstration, and the whole band disappeared with the exception of Tot and myself.

Left all on his own, Tot went into a terrific chorus of an old tune called

Carry Me Back To Front, in no particular flats. However, after the first chorus it became painfully obvious that he didn't know the release. "How does the release go?" he bellowed to me through the vellum. At first I didn't catch what he said and asked him to speak louder.

"The release! The release!" he shrieked.

His cries attracted the attention of a crowd of onlookers, who immediately started shouting: "Who is that asking to be released?" and "Release him! Release him!"

It was useless trying to explain. Within sixteen bars they had ripped open the vellum and dragged poor Tot out into the open. He gave one last, anguished paralytiddie and expired. With that tragic episode died the secret of Tot's technique, for, he had the system in his head and had never revealed the details of this new drumming method that might have had international repercussions.

So if anybody knows a musician who is willing to have a special drum built around him in the interests of musical history, will he please drop me a line, c/o METRONOME?

METRONOME



DIME BANK was cleverly combined with bass drum in this 18th century invention. Theme song was *Me And My Cylinder, My Cylinder And Me*. (O'Lipshitz photo.)

Trombones Will Ultimately Glavistrate Snelge, With Dreelsplit Slide and Mop Valve-Thrannis, Says Noted Authority

Slide Snotty, Slide

Note:—The opinions expressed in this story are entirely fictitious, and any resemblance to any living opinion is purely imaginary.

Le Jazz Hep: VI

The trombone is the modern counterpart of the ancient sackbut. The sackbut, or sacbut (Anglo-Saxon) or sagbut (old Danish) or saqueboute (French) or sacheboute (old French) or sacabuta (Latin) or sacabucho (Spanish) or sacabuxa (Portuguese) or saquebuxo (East Bronx) is nothing but an ancient counterpart of the modern trombone.

The trombone is a large musical instrument of the trumpet family. It has a long tube twice bent upon itself. This is done as a sort of insurance that once the music has gone that far, no matter how it sounds, there can be no turning back. When the slide of the tube is extended, the length is increased and the tone is lowered. Care should be taken that the trombonist can reach a low E before he hits the neck of the trumpet player in the front row.

Many famous musicians have played the trombone; among them an arranger named Red Bone, a Dorsey named Tombone, a Walker named T. Bone, and a mole named Miff.

The main thing that gives the trombone a special place in Le Jazz Hep is the fact that it is less flexible than the average instrument. Originally it was played as a rhythm instrument, two to the bar, because nobody could move around on it faster than that. Some people still play it that way and palm it off as Dixieland style. So you have two choices; you can learn Dixieland style, or you can learn to play the trombone.

Let us assume you have decided on the second course. Please wait, however, until the other guests have finished the first course. Okay, wipe your mouth. Now press the horn to your lips and get to grips. Try to hit a note in the first position, and then try all the positions down to the seventh. If you can't hold it in all the positions owing to the length of your slide, get your girl friend to help you in some of them. You have to be in good condition to master each position and become a real musician.

However, it's no use having a sleek technique with a vile style. To correct

this you should listen to the early recording by some of the old masters, always keeping in mind the proverb: A Slip of the Sliphorn Might Sound Like a Fughorn.

Probably the most copied of all the hip slips is W. C. Toppenbottom, who was the first trombone man to fight for special union consideration, pointing out that owing to the adjustable nature of their instruments, trombonists were entitled to be paid on a sliding scale.

Another hysteric figure was George Ruinous (now spelled Runza), the first musician who ever used his foot instead of his hand to operate the slide. One evening the boys in the band pulled a fast one on him by substituting a valve trombone. Ruinous placed his foot in it and wrestled for three choruses in an attempt to get it to move. When the

boys extricated him he found his leg was adjustable to seven different lengths.

Rainous was a great man with the chicks; it was often said that he could get further with a slip than with a sliphorn. Before long, his rivals began to whisper that he was slipping. His place in the jazz scene was taken by John Boergarden.

Boergarden was a talented but erratic musician who always wore his trombone inside-out, so that it would make the same noises in the seventh position as any ordinary one in the first. Once when an old lady pulled the classic gag on him about "How long would it take you to blow the bends out of it?" Boergarden replied: "Lady, if I could do that I'd be halfway back to normal!" The old lady is still trying to figure this out, and I'm a little dubious too.

Another great pioneer was Tricky Dickie, who played the valve trombone. The valve trombone is similar to the slide trumpet in the same way that the slide trombone is similar to the valve trumpet, except that the slides instead of the valves on the slide trombone and the slide trumpet, and the valves instead of the slides on the valve trumpet and the valve trombone, are to the slide on the slide trombone as the valve is on the valve trumpet, except on Sundays.

The valve trombone was invented, of course, by George W. Valve, of Greenland, author of the famous book of *Farming Up Exercises*. The earliest valve trombones, built on Dixieland lines inspired by Eddie Condon's four-stringed guitar, had only two valves. The third was added by Tricky Dickie one day when he noticed one of his fingers lying idly on top of the horn and became self-conscious about this waste of finger-power. In the ensuing reaction, some manufacturers built trombones with ten valves.

Herringbone

Another variation was a model in which strings were strung across the sliding portion of the trombone. As the slide lengthened the string would become more taut and thus produce a higher tone. This invention was known as the stringbone. Still another variant had the carcass of a fish stretched between the valves and plucked like a harp. This was called the herringbone.

Another model, often used by Tricky Dickie, was the Grawl Trombone, made entirely of rubber, for easier sliding. On such specialties as *Love Grows On the White Oak Tree*, *When I Grawl You Old to Dream* and *As Time Grows By*, Dickie would play the rubber horn with a soft mute made of plastic elastic. However, the rubber horn was inconvenient. Occasionally Dickie's slide would happen to hit the music stand, and by the end of the evening he would find half the arrangement had been erased. (Dickie's arrangements, for the purpose of this gag, were written with a pencil.)

To sum up: Because of its bulkiness, its technical difficulties and its general unwillingness to cooperate, the trombone is recommended to beginners as good material for the salvage drive.



Horn-Throb of the mouth is Mary Lou Fishbein, probably one of the greatest women with this name ever to take up the Eb Opium Pipe, which was the precursor of the ancient sackbut, which was the curse of the middle ages. Amplifier was concealed in her pneumatic sleeves.

Snotty McSiegel's String Song

NOTE: Since METRONOME does not endorse any product, publication of this article does not constitute an endorsement of McSiegel by METRONOME.

Le Jazz Hep: VII

In this chapter we shall talk about the stringed instruments. Most important, by far, is the guitar.

The guitar is a stringed instrument of the same family as the lute and the siber. It has a flat back, a flat top, and a Mae West figure. The fingerboard is fraught with frets.

Guitars existed in very ancient times; in fact, one of my earliest memories is a trio of troubadours who played three lutes at the old Hippodrome. They were known as the Later-Also-Late, Ross-Late and Dino-Late.

The lute, in those pre-shortage days, was made of rubber. This production method was abandoned when one of the Hippodrome boys left his instrument out in the rain one night. When he picked it up he found a root lute with a wet fret.

After the four-stringed lute was introduced into Spain in the fourteenth century by a man named Tim Guitlar, its name was changed accordingly. Tim Guitlar attached a long string to the top (or neck) and bottom (or base) of his lute to sling it over his shoulders and carry it around. One of his pupils, a lad named Albino Gray, used this long string to play on, instead of carrying the lute with it; thus the five-string guitar was born.

Soon Albino Gray found it necessary to add a long string, which he attached to the top (or neck) and bottom (or base) of the five-string guitar, to sling it over his shoulders and carry it around. One of his pupils, a lad named Rolls Reuss, used this long string to play on, instead of carrying the guitar with it; thus the six-string guitar was born.

Soon Rolls Reuss found it necessary to add—but am I boring you?

No Strings

Needless to say, all this frantic adding of strings led to a reaction, and the inevitable result was a new guitar style which sounded just the same with six strings, four strings or no strings at all. Hence Eddie Comandrum.

Comandrum was so-called because the riddle remained unsolved during his lifetime as to whether he ever played the guitar. He was often seen holding a cigar box across which was stretched a radio antenna wire, but no sound was ever known to emerge from it.

The mystery of Comandrum led to the theory that he was suffering from Sleeping Bonolom, an affliction suffered by many musicians on one-night stands. In an attempt to wake him from his lethargy, a playful promoter one night looked Comandrum's wire to the electric main. Comandrum awoke in no seconds flat. As those two hundred volts passed through him, little did he know that the electric guitar was being born.

So many musicians have been victims of Sleeping Bonolom in the past ten years that the electric guitar has become almost as common as the valve trumpet

(as distinct from the slide trumpet, as distinct from the slide trombone, etc.—see last chapter). Some guitarists believe in AC exclusively; others swear by DC; many, on the other hand, are atheists.

Guitar music is usually written in AC, but if you have any difficulty playing it on a DC instrument all you have to remember is to transpose it up a fourth.

Bass Is Viol

The Violin, invented by George W. Violin, is a shrunken guitar without any fret-marks. Its reputation is en-

viola d'amore, the violoncello, the violon-cellopiccolo, the violoncellopiccolofagaro, and a thing called the viola bastarda, which is only played in places of doubtful repute.

I can speak with authority about the bass viol, having been one of the first to convert it into a forerunner of the new fashionable saxophone, by attaching valves to the strings and a horn to the bow. Needless to say, I would only use these attachments when there was an R in the mouth, so that I could refer to my bass viol as a brass viol.

The earliest bass fiddles were much larger than those in use today, since

sound-holes and caused my pants to ignite. Uttering an I-shaped epithet, I dragged him out of the instrument and used my sleep-technique on him. The cries of "Shams!" soon shortened into cries of "Sham!" After that I used a much smaller string bass, large enough only for the small flautist and his sister, Viola Da Gamba.

Monkhead, Frogfoot

Tiring of the string bass, I turned to fresh fields, and in 1823 invented something called the violicembalo, which was a piano played with a bow, with valves like a trumpet, strings like a harp, a slide like a trombone, head like a monkey and feet like a frog. This strange-looking device, which had a range of a fifth, was first played by Eddie Comandrum, who had a range of a quart. After his first pint he would pick the instrument up and play it behind his back, a technique later copied by Frankie Carlo.

The violicembalo proved to be a little impractical, since arrangers would not know in which section of the band to include it. When I first experimented with it, I found the arrangement was written with the violicembalo treated as part of the brass section for one chorus, part of the reeds for another, the rhythm for 16 bass and later as part of the furniture. After wandering around from section to section with the damn thing on my back for a few choruses, I decided to take up the harmonica.

Current Event

This experience drove me into seclusion for a while, and it was only to be expected that I would come out of seclusion with something new and different to offer the music world. I developed, printed and patented the first all-electric violin. Untouched by human hand, aged and dried seven years in the woods, this amazing instrument operated by means of an electric bow, which moved automatically across electric strings, turned over the pages of the music by means of an electric breeze, and was supposed ultimately to electrify the audience. This electric masterpiece, however, proved to be too eclectic for the average audience. There were many objections from reactionaries who felt that it should be possible to change the notes played by the electric bow on the electric strings. This electric instrument was featured by an unhappy character named Mill Stiff, who was abused by the audience with cries of "Viola bastarda!", which he is still trying to figure out.

On the whole, the use of strings in Le Jazz Hep can be dismissed as of major insignificance. As I shall explain in greater detail in a forthcoming chapter, they will never replace the now firmly established saxophone.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor Mc-Siegel will be glad to answer any questions for those who wish to stay behind after the class is dismissed. He is also available for high-class clambakes, weddings and barnburnings.)



Hind-Throb of the month is Fanny La Moppe, one of the few violinists who adopted the resourceful technique of having the rest of the orchestra sit in the auditorium, so that they could be close to their public. Public, seen in the lower right hand corner, doesn't seem to care about being that close to Fanny.

tirely based on the fact that it is played with a bow, although when plucked with the fingers, it cannot be compared with the electric guitar. The violin can be dismissed as a mere novelty which will never replace the lute.

Before the violin had shrunk quite so far, it was known as a viola, after some girl. Currently the only well-known girl musician named viola is a drummer.

A highly inflated violin is known as a bass viol, and no more base or vile instrument has been conceived. It is used principally for jokes about base viol players who reserve double-bed-rooms, etc. Other variations are the

In the olden days there was none of the fine precision machinery necessary to the production of the microscopically small parts needed for the present models. My first bass fiddle, given to me by my maternal grandson in the late eighteenth century, was large enough to accommodate an entire brass section plus a slightly undersized flautist. Critics were amazed at the variety of tone solely. I produced from one bulky four-string bass fiddle. The deception was only revealed when one of the interior trumpet men, after smoking a cigarette during a 16-bar layoff, threw the butt out of one of the I-shaped

Professor McSiegel On McSingers

Note: Since McSinger does not endorse any product, publication of this article does not constitute an endorsement of McSinger by McSinger.

Le Jazz Hep: VIII

The art of singing is almost as old as jazz itself. It is no exaggeration to say, in fact, that singing is liable to last almost as long as jazz.

However, it is important to point out that a great deal of singing exists only in the imagination. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence that anyone sang before my time, since nobody is alive to offer first-hand evidence. Moreover, the fact that one of the best-selling records in jazz history emphasized singing no less than three times in its title (*Sing, Sing, Sing*) but actually did not include the first vocal whisper, is proof enough of the deception that has been carried on in this branch of music. Even the musical term *vox humana* is a palpable fraud, since it refers to an organ very different from the human voice.

The first singer known in history seems to have been a wealthy individual named Croesus. At all events, he was said to be able to produce "any number of C Notes" at any given time. Croesus spent all his money on his singing and his clothes, both of which were very sharp. In fact, the knife-edge on his pants has caused these edges to be known ever since then as *Croesus*. But this sharp cut soon fell flat; he flipped his wig, and that was that.

In the early days the only guide singers had was the song of the birds. The Egyptian birds chose only one key for all their work, and then sang slightly off it. They expected to be signed for a Crosby-Hope opus called *The Road to Cairo*, but because they sang in Egyptian, there was a little friction about their diction.

Pre-curses!

These early birds were merely the pre-curses of things to come. Before long human beings had the idea that if birds could do it, chicks could too. This was the start of the canaries.

The canaries were the first human birds to make with the larynx. They were called canaries to distinguish them from another early group, the thrushes, who did nothing but holler. The canar-

ies, on the other hand, did nothing but yell, and were thus called "yellers," and later "yeller canaries."

The yeller singers were tolerated for a while, but eventually, in the early days of amplification, they were thrown out of Egypt and drifted east, where they founded a yeller race. It was many years later, in the Dutch East Indies, that a reactionary movement against the yeller style of singing began with the rise of the Goom singer.

The first Goom singer, Blank Somatra, was discovered by a Javanese jive expert, who went out on a limb by declaring him the only, and greatest, singer of his kind. Somatra, a delicate fellow who had no microphone to support him and consequently was always falling down on his megaphone, built up a tremendous following, and would pass out a hair of his head to every autograph hunter. But his popularity waned, and it was his greatest regret that he never went bald.

Rewolt!

While these male singers were being under-developed, the women were getting ready to start a counter-revolution. They started it successfully at the nylon counter at Macy's, and continued it with the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Girl Singers Not Named Smith. Among the chief members of this Suihologian Institute were Bossie Smith, Mammie Smith, Trixie Smith, Kate Smith, Clara Smith, Sara Smith, O'Hara Smith, and others too numerous to list. Members who registered under false names were summarily dismissed.

Most of the Smiths weighed at least two hundred pounds and were described as hithersmiths. The story of how one of them, Fanny Smith, first came to be a blues singer, makes interesting reading. Fanny used to sing in the bathtub, in which she also distilled her gin. She thus developed a gin voice, and was known as a gin file.

The first time I remember using a singer in my band was the occasion of Patrick O'Lipschitz's booming-out party held in the Rest Room of the Small Hotel on the Sixth Avenue E. O'Lipschitz, long one of my most promising proteges, was a trifle frisky from whiskey, and it was no surprise to me when he staggered onto the bandstand and began singing in a sepulchral,

(Continued on page 29)

McSIEGEL

(Continued from page 20)

graveyard voice which was aptly described as a barytone. His lyrics—I shall never forget them—were immortal gems of appropriate prose. They ran:

*I'll get high,
As long as I
Have rye,
Though there be scotch
And bourbon too,
That's not for me,
It's all for you.
Lots of tea
May come to me
It's true,
But what care I,
'Cause I'll get high,
As long as I
Have rye!*

This was the beginning of the vocal chorus in jazz. O'Lipschitz soon went to work as a regular member of our organization, and although singers were considered lowly and unimportant individuals in those days, before long he had been promoted, and was assigned to carry some of our most expensive baggage. "Lippy," as we laughingly called him, was equally adept with jazz, ballads, and bags.

The distinction between singing and jazz singing is a very important one for the beginner to grasp. O'Lipschitz explained it this way: "Either you are a jazz singer, or, in certain circumstances. But the scat singing approach, in which the voice, perhaps also. Never-

FEBRUARY, 1944

theless, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that to get a real jazz feeling, it is essential. On the other hand, if you are judging a ballad performance by a set of standards."

Think this over until you are ready for the next chapter, which will deal exclusively.

"I Invented John Philip Sousa!"

**Hellicon, schmelleon,
as long as you're healthy,
says noted Jazz expert**

By Prof. Snotty McSiegel

Note: Prof. McSiegel is not responsible unless checked.

Le Jazz Hep: IX

IN THE preceding chapters we have examined the whole jazz picture, its nature, its state, structure, and fracture. We have examined the various instruments and taken them apart; we have also taken apart some of the famous performers on these instruments.

It now remains to step back and get a full perspective of the entire scene so that we may see where Le Jazz Hep is going, and what the future holds in cold storage for it.

What of Le Jazz Hep ten years from now? Will Basic still count? Will Buddy strike it rich? Will Cootie grab some honey? Will Venuti? Will Zutty? Will Roadley?

To make predictions on problems like these is as hard as answering military questions about the progress of the war. However, it can be stated categorically, and with fear of contradiction, that what will happen to these people in the next ten years is contingent upon developments in the respective lives of the persons involved, and may vary according to the circumstances which may overtake them, or, in some cases, fail to overtake them. On such factors, and others which may and will arise, may depend the whole crux of a situation which, at this point, may be said to be at the turning point of a giant pincers movement aimed at the corner pocket of a small bottleneck which may prove to be the central key to the whole position.

Save the above paragraph and read it again ten years from now. You will be able to tell your children: "See, McSiegel was right. He knew which way the wind was blowing."

So much for the future of the men who make jazz. Now what of the future of the music itself?

Frammisation!

The wind in this case, my friends, is blowing in one direction. It is blowing through a sousaphone. Blowing right in the mouthpiece and right out through the bell. Blowing hot on the neck of the future.

Yes, the future of jazz is firmly entrenched in the sousaphone. Nothing else can get it out of the rut, rid it of that "over-35" feeling, endow it with new tonal zest, start a rhythmic renaissance. The sousaphone will enter a new era of glory. And, as a result, I may get a job.

It is not because I personally happen to be a sousaphonist that I take this view. Anyone who has been bored, up to now, by trite trumpets and triter trombones, must know that future brass

sections will call for something involving a larger horn. In the rhythm section, too, the sousaphone can outblow piano, guitar and bass for volume. As for the reeds, instead of adding a fifth sax or a sixth sax, why not just employ one sousaphone, which wastes far less manpower, and just as much metal as all the saxes together?

John Philip Hellicon fell inside one, and, at a subsequent concert, during a particularly fortissimo passage, became the first human being ever shot from a sousaphone. The music really sent him. He was sent all the way from Central Park to the Park Central. As a result of this incident John Philip Hellicon changed his last name to

under Hellicon, describes the instrument as a bass tuba "made in circular form so that it may encircle the body and rest on the shoulder."

This is a fallacy. On every job I play, I always wear the sousaphone outside my body, so that I may encircle the bar and rest on the rail.

The Cyclopedix also says the horn is "sometimes called 'rain catcher', because the bell opens upward and is likely to collect water in a rain."

This is a fallacy. Everyone knows that in "a rain," the wind blows the rain down at an angle; thus if the horn is facing directly upward, the rain hits it at an angle and glances off. Most sousaphones are now built with the horn at an angle, so that the rain can be caught without difficulty; then a small lever is switched, the horn turns at right angles, and the rain can be shot directly at the audience.

Special models are built to cope with all emergencies. I was the first to patent the Alaskaphone, which is built to catch snow instead of rain. One of the valves adds sugar while the player blows vanilla (or your favorite flavor) down the mouthpiece, and ice cream is then served to the entire band.

Another model is the Hailicon, designed to weather hailstorms. Even the biggest hailstones cannot stall the Hailicon, which has a bell opening upward, outward, forward and inward, and can only play one tune: *Gang, Gang, The Hat's All Here.*

In the same family, though sometimes regarded as a brass sheep, is the tuba. This is described as the generic term for "several sizes of brass instruments played in a vertical position, as distinguished from the horizontal position of other brass instruments. . . ."

Well!

The brass of these people!

As you well know, this is an outright lie. During my first experiences as a jazzman, I remained in a horizontal position for ten years at a stretch. I not only played sousaphone horizontally; I also ate horizontally, grew horizontally, and roomed with Bix horizontally.

Any musician worth his salt (and his fire-water) will know that to get anywhere in Le Jazz Hep it is *quintessential** to be able to play any instrument both vertically and horizontally. This gives you a broader perspective of music and opens up new horizons.

Next month I shall give you a little advice on how to play the sousaphone in some of the most unusual positions; I shall then draw a few conclusions, and spoil a few illusions, on the future of Le Jazz Hep.

(Note: Send a stamped envelope to Prof. McSiegel. He is out of stationery and stamps.)

* Essential to five people.



Tuba Or Not Tuba: that is the question, according to Professor McSiegel, who, in 150 years of professional musicianship, has blown just about every brass horn in captivity. In fact, even when he's not in captivity, he has blown everything from the sousaphone's bottom register to his own top.

Thus where the band of today has, say, three trumpets, three trombones, five saxes, piano, guitar, bass and drums, the band of tomorrow will consist of three sousaphones, three sousaphones, a sousaphone, a sousaphone, and drums.

The sousaphone is no newcomer to music. Ninety years ago a tot named

Sousa, in honor of the instrument which had given him his first real ride chorus. Conversely, some students now call the instrument a Hellicon, in honor of the man who was shot from it.

According to the International Cyclopedix of Music and Musicians, the first sousaphone had a bell which opened directly upward. The same volume,

Bass Is Basic Basis of Basie

Last of a series in which our profound professor propounds preposterous propaganda

By Prof. Snotty McSiegel

NOTE: Please do not throw cigars, hats, waste paper, etc., into Prof. McSiegel.

Le Jazz Hep: X

Having examined the various types of sousaphone available to us, we now enter into a brief discussion on how to play this noble bass horn.

First, of course, you measure your neck and get a model to fit you. Artists who started playing sousaphone young have often run into trouble in this respect. Treating their horns like a wedding ring, they have considered it unlucky to remove it, and after wearing it through adolescence have been choked before reaching maturity. Some of the greatest sousaphone players' careers have been cut off this way, not to mention some of the greatest sousaphone players' necks.

After you have been perfectly fitted, place the fingers on the valves and depress the first valve. You should get a sound that goes something like this:

BLURP.

Now press the first and second valves down in turn. After a while, you should accomplish the following:

BLURP BLURP.

Finally, try depressing each valve in turn, pull in your lips, adjust your embouchure, draw in your breath, stand with feet well apart, payse for dramatic effect, and you will get a sound approximating:

BLURP BLURP BLOOP.

Notice the "omear" effect on the last note. This is achieved by letting the sousaphone fall slowly from the lips. However, always have an attendant at hand to break its fall. Sousaphones are getting kinda scarce.

Go on practicing this for a few hours, depressing each valve in turn, until you are ready to start depressing an entire audience.

Before going any further you should learn something about the general handling of the instrument. To keep it clean, get a small wire swab about three inches long and insert it in the bell of the horn. To clean even more thoroughly, follow wire swab into horn and do a thorough scavenging job. After this is finished, you may find it easier to come out the same way you went in.

Next, practice breathing. Many teachers do not believe in breathing, but others hold that it is essential to go through the two respiratory movements, namely aspiration, which is the inhaling or introduction of air into the chest, and expiration, which is the expulsion of the same from the same.

Aspiration comes first. Without aspiration you will experience frustration,

degradation and even extermination. In fact, before you even start to play the sousaphone, on your first day, you should just place the handsome horn in front of you and simply sit there for a half hour or so, aspiring.

Expiration, following aspiration, completes the act of respiration, and is an operation usually accomplished in desperation. Never expire until the end of a hat, as you might be letting the rest

phone at right angles. This is known as Lester Young style sousaphone. If you can't get a chaise-longue, try a settee, a divan, a sofa, a couch, or a plain old-fashioned bed. If you are ambitious, get a double-bed so you can fool around with a double-horn.

Continue blowing, with maybe a half hour off to relax every now and then, but remember never to take the instrument off, and keep on blowing all night



Huge Panacea, as his name implies, is no small-time small-talker. He eats everything, including his own words, and blows his own horn, as you see here. Huge entertained Prof. McSiegel during his Continental travels, and they spent many delightful nights on the left wing of the left bank, discussing life, liberty, and the pursuit of a thing called Joe. Panacea has been perfecting a new combination of the flugel and bugle, which he calls, laughingly, the flugel-bugle. It is believed that if he plays it in public enough, France will soon be unoccupied.

of the hand down. If you must expire suddenly, send for a standby and ask to be excused.

When you start playing sousaphone, you may find it hard to breathe; it must be done slowly and imperceptibly, even in half-measures (demi-respiration) or quarter-measures (demi-semi-respiration). If, after aspiring, expiring and inspiring for a while, you start perspiring, just take it easy. Ration your perspiration. Relax. There, is that better? Want to lie down?

Okay, get somebody to lend you a chaise-longue, lie on it and try the same thing horizontally, with the sous-

aphone at right angles.

Remember, there is nothing more basic than a bass in any band, be it string or brass, Basie or Treble, horizontal or vertical. A band without a bass is a house of cards without an ace; it's totally out of place and a disgrace to the race.

Jazz today is in mortal peril. It is in danger of becoming more popular than ever. Immediately this happens, of course, there will be no satisfaction left for the jazz man and jazz fan who complain that they are the only people who know what the real jazz is. They

will therefore discover that this jazz, which has become popular, isn't the real jazz after all, and they'll step-back another generation or two and find that jazz died with Buddy Bolden.

Huge Panacea, the crackpot critic, explained it to me this way while we sipped a Pernod one day in his Montmartre garret:

"McSiegel, mon sieur, jazz is in a sad state. The young musicians listen to Beeny Goodman and Artie Shaw on the air and copy these terrible, sophisticated people instead of copying my great and good friend, Philbert 'Pher' Phoster. This means that they will not be able to progress; for if they started building their style on Phoster's, they could spend the rest of their lives advancing toward perfection at the same pace. But if they start right out copying these terrible Goodmans and Shaws who are already disgracefully near perfection, what are they going to do after they hit the top?"

"The modern musician, instead of playing beautiful melodies like *Paralytic Hophead Blues* and the *Jazz Me Sugar Wabble*, plays melodies of his own which are too complicated to follow. Jazz has to be simple, mon sieur, if I am to follow it. Why should I give myself a *mal de tete* trying to understand what Roy Eldridge and Teddy Wilson play, when I can write about Jelly Roll Carey and Mutt Jefferson? Those men died in New Orleans fifty years ago and nobody can dispute my opinions of their work."

Huge Panacea is right. The only way you can progress is backwards. For if the jazz research workers and record collectors are to continue their work, how can they possibly investigate music of the future, discover records that have not yet been made? No, clearly they must delve further and further back until finally we shall be back in the Original McSiegel Era, when Adolphe Saxophone himself played in the reed section of McSiegel's Sixteenth Century Hepset.

In this survey of the history and instrumental constitution of jazz, I have attempted, in my own small way, I hope that my efforts, however humble, have gone a long way toward proving, if proof be needed.

Jazz has come a long way since the first McSiegel Satchel-Plate Sousaphone hit the market, since the hipsters of the old Hippodrome first discovered the answer to the magic question, "Jazz and swing, who cares what is the difference between?" But if my modest words have done their share in contributing to the general confusion, then at least my efforts will have been in vain. No man can have less satisfaction than that.

THE END

METRONOME



NAVY V-12 UNIT
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N. H.

April 4, 1944.

Prof. Sutherland Rowland
c/o Metronome
N.Y.C., N.Y.

Dear Snotty -

Until today I have managed to hold my
peace concerning METRONOME's new editorial policy
of tearing down what they call "Ye Olde Time Toppin."
Until today you have been the jazz writer who
afforded me with more kicks than any of the
others. But today my April METRONOME arrived
and with it your latest article.

Snotty, I am sorry to say that I am
sincerely disappointed in you. This, the last of

your extremely entertaining articles, left me with
the feeling, I have, after hearing the latest Lombardi
killer on the local juke-box (by someone else
nitch, I assume you) in the final $\frac{1}{2}$ of your
article, presumably on how to play a saxophone,
you expound the well-worn theories of your
lovers, which are amply expounded elsewhere
in the world under their own name.

McSiegel's Method

Have you a song you want to have published?
Do your friends all laugh when you sit down?
Here is Metronome's solution to your problem
written by a man of unlimited inexperience

METRONOME welcomes back to its pages this month the world's foremost jazz authority, Professor Snottwood Rosenzweig McSiegel. His absence was due to his employment as a song-plugger on Basin Street, but recently the plug was removed from the Basin in a general clean-up.

By Snotty McSiegel

THIS GUIDE for the amateur songwriter should prove helpful to those who are anxious to find a market for their material with the least possible personal effort and for the maximum of financial returns. The young songwriter, given a degree of talent, may well find a substantial source of income in the creation of lyrics and music for use by world-renowned orchestras and singers. Never has the shortage of new songs been more desperate than at the present time, and seldom have there been more artists in need of new material.

Let us assume, then, that you are one of the estimated five out of every four Americans who want to become a songwriter.

Your first step, needless to say, is toward the piano. If you have no piano, borrow a friend. If you have no friend, borrow a piano. Rental rates as low as \$15 a month, plus transportation charges at the union scale of A minor. Cheaper instruments may be obtained from scale at lower rates, but then who wants to play a piano that plays below scale?

Next, you hire a tuner to bring the piano up to scale. Practice a few scales yourself to make sure. Then take any popular song, play over the chorus, remove every third note and transpose in between the first and second notes. Presto! You have a brand new song. This is known as the "New Order" method of composing.

A better method is to take one bar out of one tune, then pick up another melody in a second bar, get

something from the juke box in the third bar, and relax when you arrive at the fourth bar; but not for long—remember, the bars close at four. As you pass each bar, write down your impression on a piece of manuscript paper. The notes you write down are called by musicians the "dots" or "spots." If your tune is a sentimental ballad, find a soft spot in each bar. Use soft-lead pencil; remember, no bar of music is complete without heartedness.

Your next move is to find an artist to perform your song. Let us assume that it has lyrics and that you therefore need a lyric soprano. Since most professional artists are already tied up with some other songwriter or publisher, all you need do is discover a brilliant new star whose talent has as yet been unrecognized. Now let us assume that your song is called *When It's Eastern Wintime in Poughkeepsie I'll Be One O'Clock Jumping For You (Blaze)*, and your singer's name is Dolores DuBill. You sign her to a personal management contract, buy her a modest wardrobe for maybe \$500, and hire a hall for her first concert. Your hall, advertising, tickets and miscellaneous expenses will not stretch beyond \$1,500, so for \$2,000 you have your first performance, heard by what may be anything up to a capacity audience, according to the audience's capacity for listening to songs and singers of this kind.

Now your most vital objective is to get the tune recorded. The Victrola people turn you down because they are currently busy trying to produce 2,000,000,000,000 copies of a platter of a sonata by Sinatra. The Schmecca people can't help you because they have nineteen new hit songs published by a publishing company which they own themselves. Caposapper Records rely on their president to write all their big songs. The only solution is for you to go into the recording business yourself, which you can do for a modest two or three thousand. You get a band together, hire someone to arrange your tunes, rehearse Dolores DuBill and rent a studio to make the recordings.

Now, your job is to find a pressing plant, or factory, that can press the records.

Pressing plants between the pages of scrap-books will not help. Pressing pants may tide you over. Ultimately, however, you will have to buy your own factory, since all the currently active factories are busy pressing their own recordings by their own singers; some are just busy pressing their own singers.

Now, let us assume, for the sake of fantasy, that you have found the singer to sing the song, the dresses to dress the singer, the recorders to record the record, the pressers to press the pressings. All you need now is a publisher to work on the song. Most of the major publishers

are tied up with movie companies and can only plug songs from the films. The minor publishers have trouble finding contact men, or song-pluggers, and when they do find them the men have difficulty making contacts, or plugs. So, rather than rely on a second-rate organization that can give you no promotion, you dip just a little deeper into that pocket (how deep can you dip?) and invest a trifling few grand in forming your own publishing house.

In order to identify your publishing venture with your record company, you call the records Mop Records Inc., and the publishing house Mop Songs Corp., or The House of Mop. You flood the market with records of your songs sung by Dolores DuBill. You set up, at an immodest cost, a booking agency to handle Dolores' bookings. You put her picture on the cover of the sheet music of your songs. You flood the market with song copies. (If the paper shortage keeps up, your flood will be damned.) Finally, for not more than \$35,000, for a full half-hour show, you land Dolores and your songs on a coast-to-coast commercial program on the Mesh Network.

You are about to start the first program. You sit nervously in the control room, watching the final preparations. Just as the clock turns to the futility hour, a process server named Roger Mortis comes in and hands you certain documents. You look at them in spite of yourself. This is it. Bankruptcy has set in!

Your next step is very simple. You give up the radio commercial, sell your record company and your publishing house and your piano and your pressing plant, get a job for Dolores in a chorus, and go back to pressing pants while your affairs, too, are ironed out.

After this, your next move is obvious. You still want to have a hit song. Your first step, needless to say, is toward the piano. If you have no piano, borrow a friend . . .



Inspiration flows from the facile fingers of "Pee-Wee" Wiener, one of the many famous tunesmiths who have learned many a lesson from the McSiegel Method of song exploitation. Now turn to the top of the page.

