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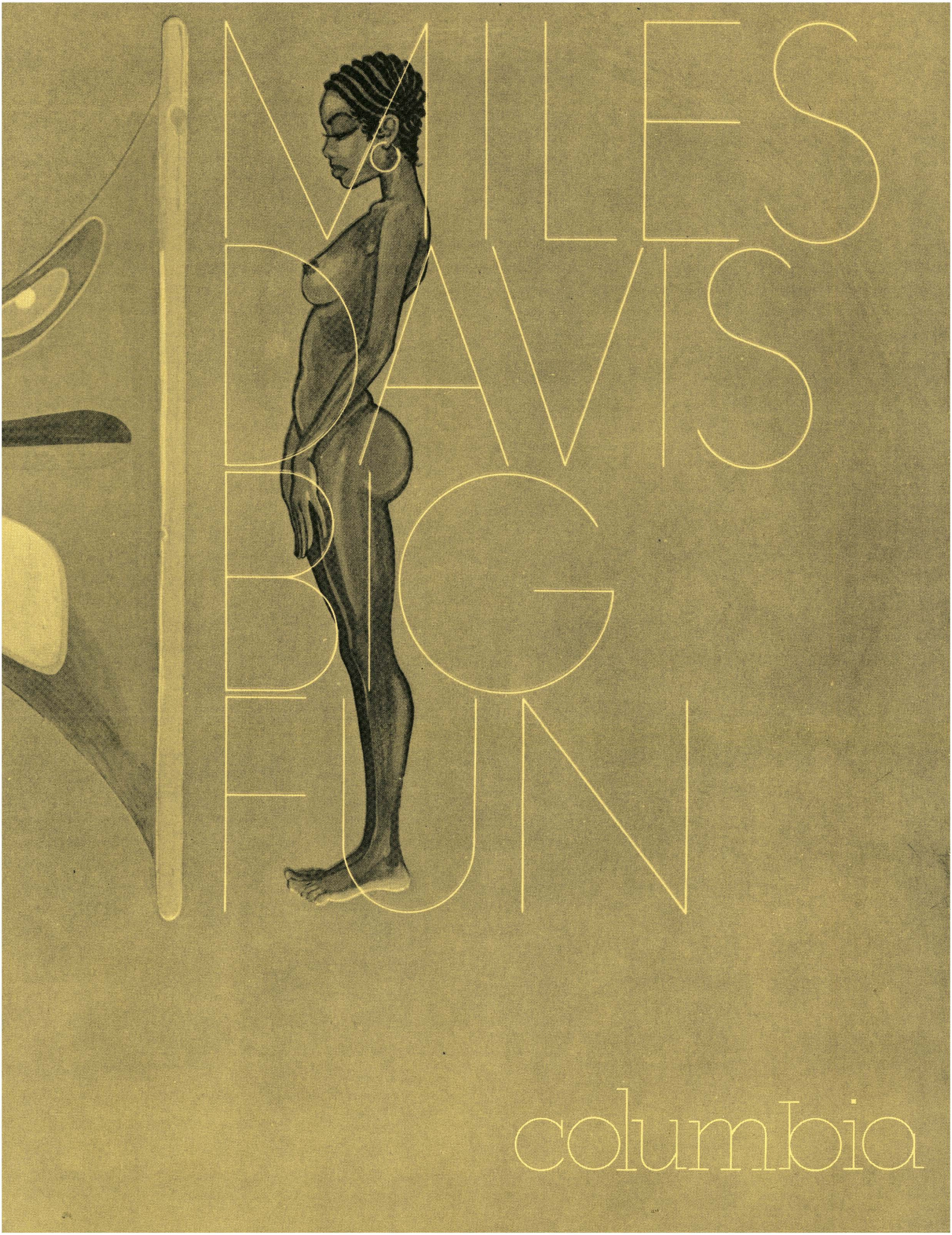
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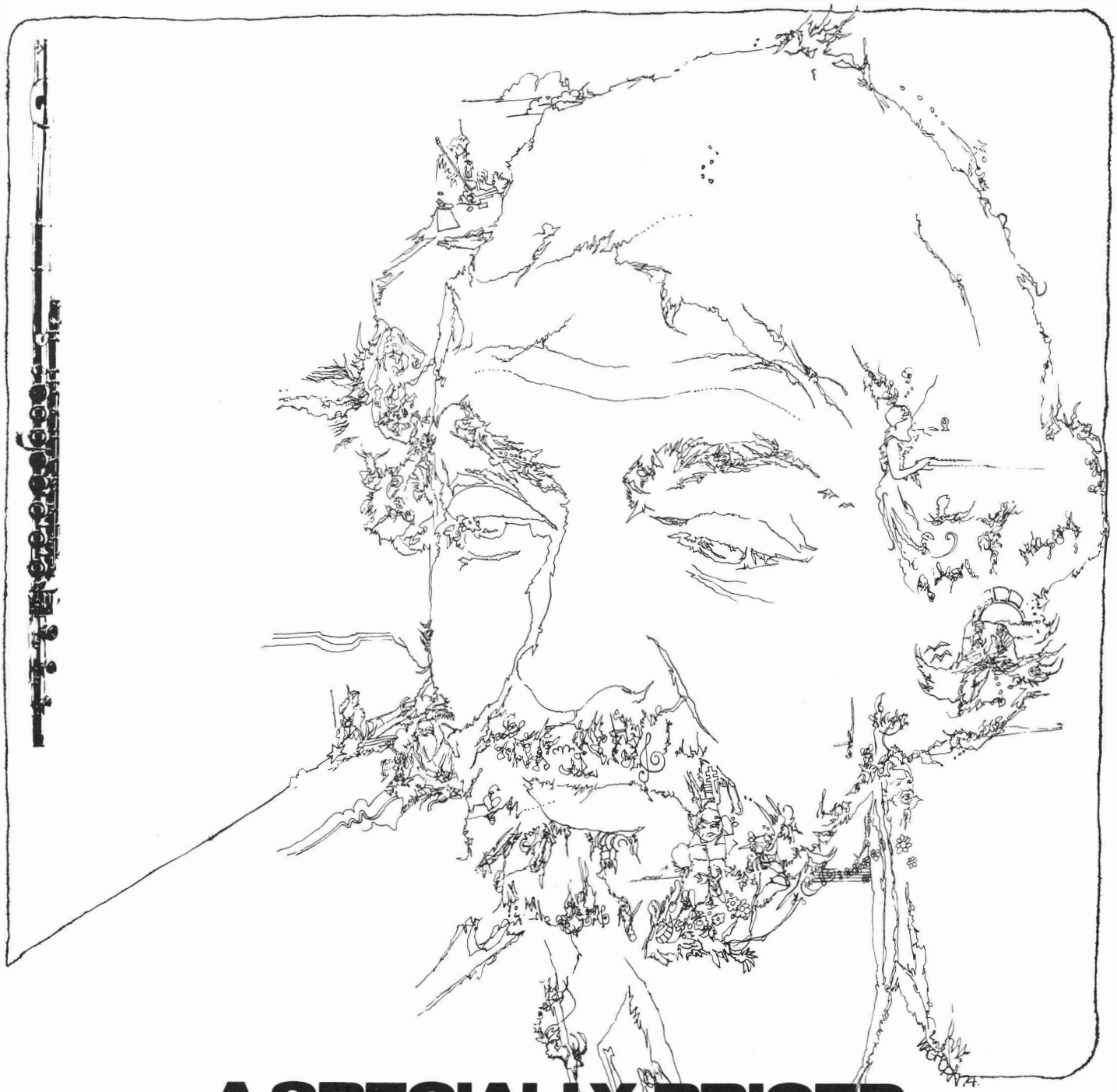

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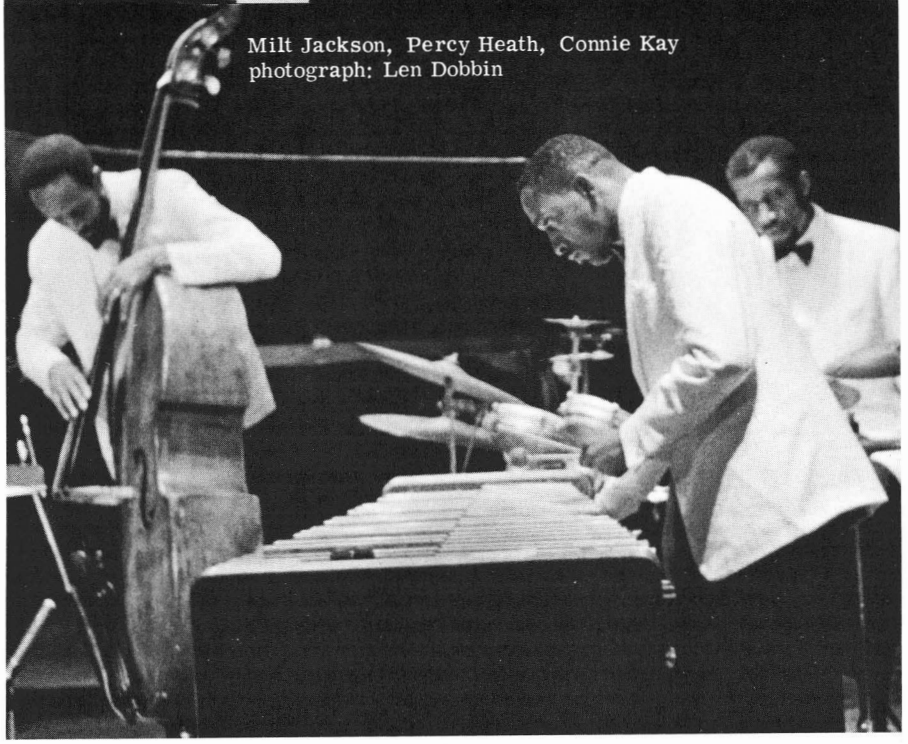

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DEPARTMENTS

COVER PHOTOGRAPH

FRANK LOWE AND RASHIED ALI
photograph.....Valerie Wilmer

EDITORIAL

Twenty years is a long time in the jazz world. That the Modern Jazz Quartet remained together that long as a viable musical organisation says something for their stamina and determination. They set a style, both musical and personal, which became a reflection of their time. They brought respectability to jazz (in the eyes of those who usually viewed it simply as barrelhouse) as well as developing musical ideas from outside the mainstream.

But twenty years is a long time to be together and their decision to retire (as a unit) was well chosen. The music is stepping in a different direction today and, as a unit, the MJQ has its feet firmly in the past.

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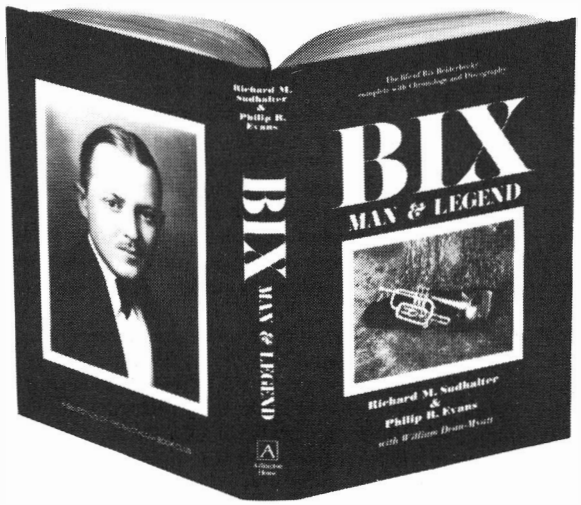
AT LAST
THE DEFINITIVE BOOK ON
BIX
MAN & LEGEND
Richard M. Sudhalter & Philip R. Evans
with William Dean-Myatt

He was an American musical genius—and an American tragedy. Along with Louis Armstrong, he towered over jazz in the Twenties. And, together with Louis, he brought jazz to maturity.

The genius of Bix Beiderbecke, his lovable yet sometimes eccentric ways, above all his early, tragic death in 1931—this was the stuff of legend, and Bix indeed became a legend, here and abroad, as early as the Thirties. His life loosely inspired Dorothy Baker's celebrated Thirties novel, *Young Man with a Horn* (later a film).

But as the legend waxed, the facts grew fuzzier—until this remarkable book. It restores the real Bix, and actually adds to his stature. Documented in lavish detail are Bix's early years... why his cornet playing with the Wolverines hit American music like a thunderclap ... Bix and the trailblazing Jean Goldkette band... Bix's widely misunderstood tenure with Paul Whiteman... his frustrating private life... and the losing battle with alcohol.

Two complementary talents collaborated on this major biography. Richard M. Sudhalter is a former UPI European correspondent *and* a cornetist who has played with many jazz giants. Philip R. Evans is a jazz researcher and discographer who has devoted most of a lifetime to tracking down every available clue in the Bix mystery, writing and talking to everyone he could find who ever knew him—684 people in all!



Result: the definitive biography—on four counts. First, the Sudhalter text is a sensitive portrait of a great artist—by a literate, understanding fellow jazzman who brings Bix to life. Second, the "diary" documents Bix's career virtually day by day. Third, the discography abounds in new data and renders all similar Bix studies obsolete. Fourth, of the more than 100 photographs, most are published here for the first time.

This volume will never be supplanted as one of the major biographies in the literature of jazz.

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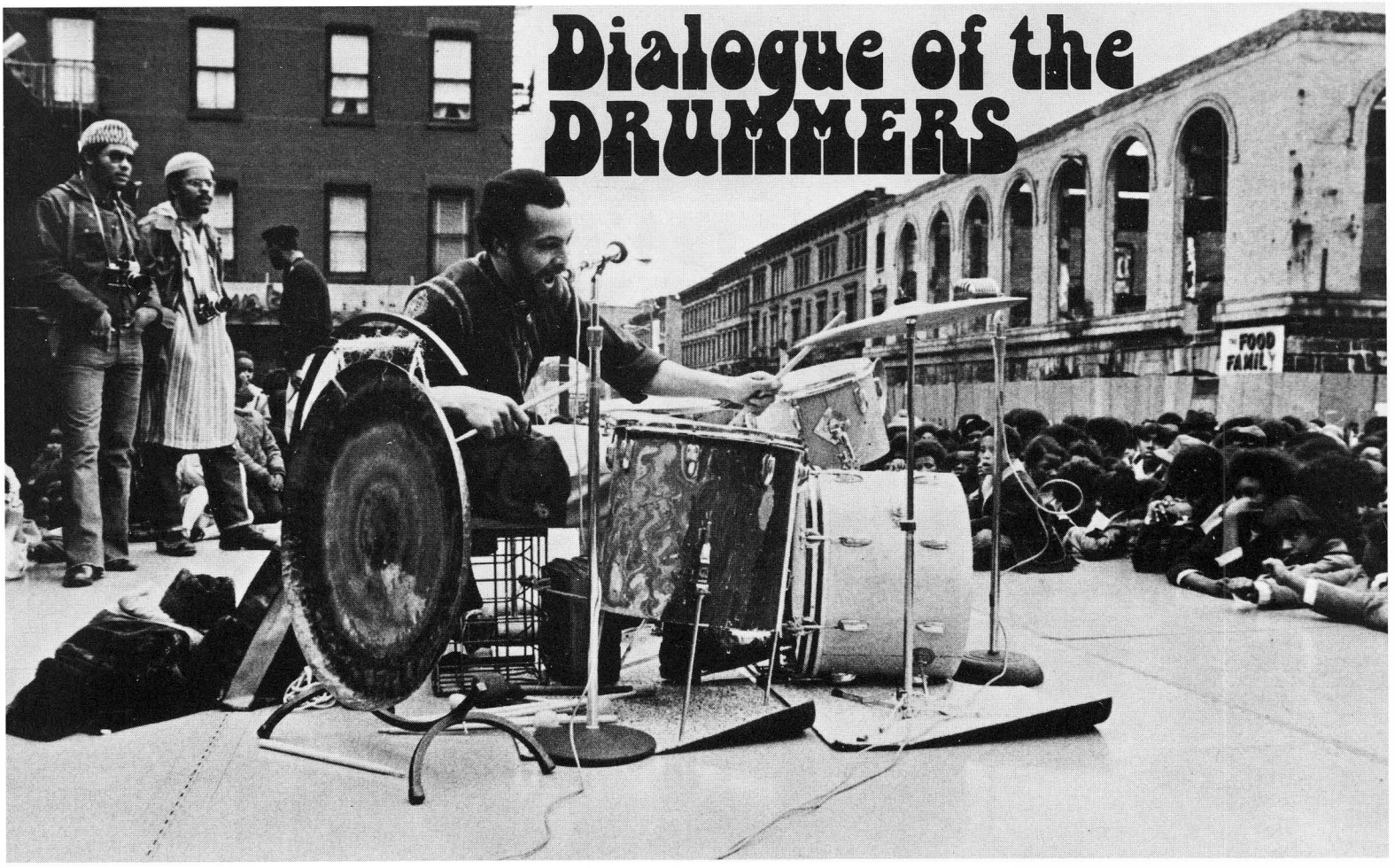
Dialogue of the DRUMMERS



RASHIED ALI - ANDREW CYRILLE AND MILFORD GRAVES TALK TO VALERIE WILMER

A couple of years ago, Rashied Ali, Andrew Cyrille and Milford Graves united for a series of concerts entitled "Dialogue of the Drums". I was lucky enough to catch one of them at Cami Hall in New York, and it was a masterpiece of rhythmic exploration and interplay. It also gave to the drum itself the prominence its role has always demanded but not always enjoyed in critical examinations of Black music. This interview is an edited version of a conversation with Graves and Cyrille to which Ali later added his own comments.

* * * * * * *

V.W.: What brought the three of you together - being such different drummers?

M.G.: Well, that's a good question. I always remind Andrew every once in a while that I played opposite him in 1961. Met Rashied in 1964... and I think this is one of the things that I notice now, that we were together then. And I think it was because of the vibrations, that all three of us were tuned into a particular thing.

V.W.: And is that something that you don't experience from other drummers?

M.G.: No, that's what I'm saying. It's exactly that and there's something that I detect in Rashied and I think there's a certain plane that we vibrate on...the same thing that I've seen with Andrew, there's always a different kind of experience. In other words, it wasn't like an opposing force, like an ego thing or a challenge. Like most drummers I meet, I get this kind of feeling that we're not coming together, we're moving apart like a challenge, or it's competitive, you know.

V.W.: Usually it stems from an ego trip.

M.G.: Yeah, well I never felt this with Andrew or Rashied.

V.W.: What do you say, Andrew, do you feel that way?

A.C.: Oh yeah, of course, but I also think of it in terms of fate, destiny and history, because we have been studying the instrument all of our lives and we have inherited certain things which have been passed down through the generations of musicians that have been here in America. And now that we have come to maturity, we have come to maturity under a different kind of social dynamic from the last generation. So consequently we hear and we conceive of things perhaps with the same kind of vibrations that perhaps many of the other musicians conceived and heard their music but still, yet and all, because we happen to be different individuals and we live in a different time, we play in a different style.

M.G.: Actually, Andrew asked me to do a concert with him a few years ago. We did this concert together and it was so successful that Andrew suggested that Rashied....

A.C.: ...be incorporated, right.

M.G.: But this is something (else). What I said before was just really an experience that I had. I believe that if I didn't have this feeling, then I would have just told him "No, I don't think I want to make the concert" because I'm really particular when it comes to playing with drummers. I do not like to play with a lot of drummers because it irritates me to play with a drummer that just can't play drums. It just bothers me.

A.C.: Right. And of course there's a certain thing as being in tune to one another in terms of how you hear and what you hear. You know there are different grades of doctors, different grades of lawyers...so of course you have different grades of musicians. And some people just happen to be compatible. And you know, of course, jazz or the kind of creative music that we happen to be involved with is such a personal thing that of course personalities will have to enter into the situation also. Because playing music involves the total being so some people you just don't get along with or you cannot synchronize something in your personality with their's for some reason or other. So of course, if you dig each other as people first and then you happen to be in the same craft or the same art, then you will probably be able to be in tune in terms of producing something else.

And then you know, drum choirs also

Milford Graves photograph by Valerie Wilmer

are not something which is new at all, they've been going on as far back as probably man has been alive. And in terms of what has been happening - as far as we're concerned - the generation that preceded us: Art Blakey and Max Roach and Charlie Persip and Arthur Taylor, Philly Joe Jones, all those cats used to play together quite a bit also. They used to have those drum nights up at Birdland and Blakey and Max Roach used to play together up at Minton's Playhouse.

But I knew that we had come along at another time, and we had inherited what they had manufactured and produced in relationship to what they had inherited from the people before them. As the chain continues and as evolution continues, we are here now, and we see it and we hear it slightly differently, even though we probably feed from the same kind of electricity.

V.W.: Yeah, right. Is there any special name for the three of you playing together or is it just "Milford Graves, Andrew Cyrille and Rashied Ali" ?

A.C.: That's the way it has been up to now, yeah.

M.G.: Well, really the name on all the performances that we play is "Dialogue of the Drums".

V.W.: Yeah, I think that's a beautiful name.

A.C.: It's (simulating a sort of) conversation.

M.G.: Not naming the group but just saying what's happening.

V.W.: It is a conversation. Really I suppose it is an extension of African tradition, anyway, isn't it?

M.G.: Definitely.

V.W.: What sort of response do you get from the audiences?

M.G.: We have performed for groups within the black community, we have performed for varied type of people, ethnically speaking, as was demonstrated at Cami Hall. We have also performed for people that were mentally retarded and that was a great experience because the people came in with very, what you'd call handicapped type of rhythmic movement, and after intermission, they were functioning almost like normal people!

A.C.: And they really dug it!

M.G.: It showed one thing, it showed the power of what rhythm can do.

A.C.: And they sat there and there were no problems, nobody left or anything like that, and we just did our thing. And they really appreciated it and they came up and told us how much they dug it after it was all over and they would like to hear it again if they could.

V.W.: You know, something that has always bugged me about the people that I know who like jazz who are whites generally, is that they just can't seem to identify with drums. They don't care too much for drums except "in the background" - he's always in the background in their minds.

M.G.: Well, historically speaking and from the research I have been doing, I just see it that... you pick up the drum and you think of the black man. You generally think of Africa and you think well, this is really his culture, and just as anything else by the black people has been supressed, I think that the drum has just been along with it.

V.W.: You think this is a deliberate thing?

M.G.: I really do, because it's really something that was a great contributor and it was a great factor of Black Africa, and I think this was the way it has been supressed, mainly because it played a major part in their whole lifestyle.

V.W.: But everybody should be able to relate to the drum because it echoes the heartbeat, that's what it's supposed to do.

M.G.: And not only that - if you study the anatomy of the ear, you'll see that the so-called eardrum is nothing but a membrane and the so-called hammer is nothing but a drumstick.

A.C.: But also why people many times suppress things is simply because they don't understand them. Which brings me to - this is funny - this Tarzan movie I was watching last night. Now you talk about white people not understanding - right? So of course they're in Africa, OK? And you have about seven or eight white people lost in the jungle, right? ... And then you hear these drums - you dig? (Laughter). And the chick says "What are the drums saying? What are the drums saying?" So the guy says "Nobody knows what the drums are saying, but I know one thing - we'd better get out of here!"
(General laughter).

M.G.: Even when I was a kid it was always a thing of like "stop the drums!" Like the drums drove the European traveller in Africa... crazy across to the bush... And I think that if you study how the drum was supressed in the Carribbean...

V.W.: Yes, because people knew that it was saying something.

A.C.: Yes, exactly that.

M.G.: It was a very powerful thing, you know?

A.C.: Well, you see some Africans believe that it was through the sound of the drum that God gave man the ability to speak or to understand one another in contrast to the lower animals, to differentiate him from the lesser creatures. So this is in a way symbolic or figurative, but this is how close the drum is to them. And you know, like I've said before, in our music the drum is like the mother of the music, it's like the heartbeat. It transmits the pulse, the energy, the basic feeling of the music, so this is something that is very, very close. If you take the drum out of most black music it would probably almost be lifeless - even down to rock. The whole thing people relate to in rock or rhythm-and-blues is the drum, and all the other things are just embellishments.

M.G.: You know, I had an experience with Steve Chambers, he's a composer, he's Joe Chambers' brother. OK, somebody listening to him who didn't know too much about music, right away they'd say "oh he sounds like a European classical composer". The thing that makes Steve's music sound like that is that the majority of musicians that he has hired to interpret his charts have had to have some sort of knowledge because things are written down and they are written down so technical that it takes somebody that has good technique to read them. So these people, unless they have 25, 30 rehearsals - it's going to take at least that to interpret what he's doing.

Now, I did some things with Steve Chambers and he let me look at the scores. Now, nothing was written for me - in other words, I composed my part and so the drums were very spontaneous (compared) to everything else. Then when we played at the Black Society of Composers at a concert up in Harlem, the majority of Black people in that audience did not like the rest of the groups. Why? Because either they had a tympani player or no drums at all. Now Steve's - they played their parts and he had female vocalists that were all opera-trained so it really sounded like a classical type of set, but I was very spontaneous. Warren Smith was playing tympani, but the interplay that we had turned the whole thing around.

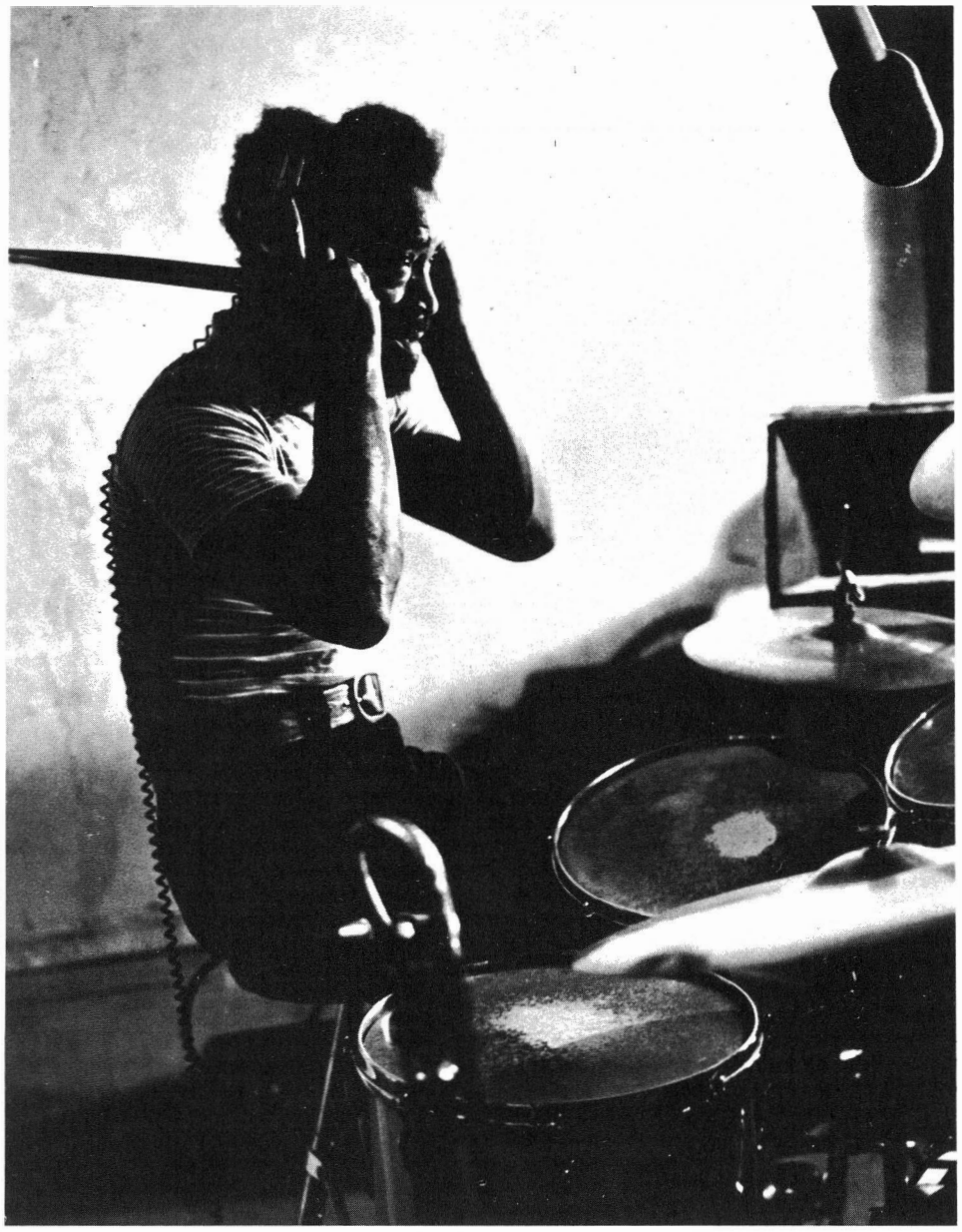
I think that if the European classical composer knew what the drum was about and had a drummer in his piece and don't dictate to him, it would change the whole symphonic thing around. And they could grab not only a middle-class white audience but they could get at everybody - just about. That's the main thing that's missing.

A.C.: Well, the perfect example - and to some degree that has been done already because Milford and I have had experience with the Jazz Composers' Orchestra, you see. And Mike Mantler who was the one who arranged and composed a lot of the music comes from Europe and he has a European ear and he writes very heavily. But at the same time, all the other parts were written and he did not tell - at least he didn't tell me - what ingredients to put into the music. He said "Well here, perhaps I might want you to lay out here" or perhaps "I might want you to play loud or soft" or whatever it was, but whatever it was that I heard, he let me play. So you know you can get a Bach fugue and you can put a dotted 8th or 16th on it and you can play the same thing all through and it becomes something different. Even though we don't neccessarily play the dotted 8th or 16th perpetually, we survive from the same energy, so consequently the music becomes something else.

And then of course a lot of people think that improvising is something that you just wake up and you do, like even little kids can do it. But that's not true. You have to study how to improvise and of course all the experiences that both of us - including Rashied - probably have had, have taught us the science of the art of improvising, because I have a pretty wide background in terms of black music.

V.W.: There are some drummers who seem to me they couldn't sustain a solo performance for any length of time, as though they're limited to playing with people.

M.G.: That's lack of knowledge.



A.C.: And the drum is melodic even though you don't have pitch like you do in the piano. But you do have different timbres and tones and you can get certain pitches out of the drum in essence of what the drum is by doing certain things and manipulating the instrument in certain ways. That's what's great about it.

M.G.: I think a lot of people don't realize also...but it is possible that any tune, bebop tune, standard tune, you can play that melody on the drum and recognize it.

V.W.: Yeah, right. Well, Max...

A.C.: Max Roach, sure...

V.W.: He's the supreme (master of that).

M.G.: No, but even more distinguishably than Max Roach because you have to have some quality of musical ear to understand what Max is doing. I'm talking about very - a child can't miss it. I understand what Max Roach is doing but I'm talking about any little school rhyme or any tune that anybody - you don't have to be a musician to recognize.

V.W.: Well, the drums are so versatile and the three of you have proved just what can be done in a modern context.

A.C.: Well, I don't know of too many concerts where drums have been the only instrument featured, because even with the cats down at Birdland they usually had saxophone players, piano players, bass players, to go along with them or to help their roots of whatever it was, but I just knew that we could do it.

V.W.: (Later, after playing the tape-recording of the above to Rashied Ali). Is there anything that you feel hasn't been said, the way you feel personally?

R.A.: It was pretty much complete because I guess the same thing holds true for me as far as vibes are concerned and egos, because I learned a long time ago, man, that being egotistical doing anything, it's hard to grow, or to make any kind of progress. And I was once in that type of a bag but then I learned differently from the company that I kept. When I first heard Milford play, he impressed me very much. That was around '64 or '66 - he was playing with Giuseppi Logan down in the Village at a place called the White Castle (White Whale?) on Macdougal Street. Pharoah, Don Cherry and myself had a group in there a little before that, and he really impressed me as the first drummer that I've seen who was working more in a complete different mode of drumming.

V.W.: He had a totally different technique, you mean?

R.A.: Yeah, well he had a different technique because I didn't know it at that time but I found out later that he played timbales and congas and those type of instruments before he went to the traps. I did that, too, but I didn't really lay into them as long as Milford did and therefore that gave him a whole different idea of playing the drums, the trap set, you know?

And then at the same time I was playing opposite Cecil Taylor with Bill Dixon... and Andrew Cyrille was playing in the band...and when we came off he talked, and then they went on and they played, and I was just as much amazed at listening to him play as when I listened to Milford because I was also used to listening to drummers who were playing more conventional drumming. Well, not conventional, either, man, we all had to go through that in order to get a style of playing.

To take it a little further, Sunny Murray is another drummer that I have a lot of respect for because he plays like - in fact, man, he was really one of the first cats that I've seen play that kind of different drumming. But I'm digging now where there's so many different styles just like there's so many different ways of doing everything else.

V.W.: You said that you had a problem with ego at one time and it's always seemed to me - I don't know if it's from neccessity - but drummers tend to be...

R.A.: Yeah, well...

V.W.: Do you think a certain type of person actually gravitates to being a drummer, or is it something to do with just sitting up there behind that flashy, dynamic instrument?

R.A.: I don't know what it is. It seems like drummers are actually natural leaders. With a good drummer there's no end to how far a band can excell because a band is only as good as its drummer - really. Saying this makes you think right away that "this drummer has ego", but I've heard this from so many people. Now John Coltrane was, we know, the innovator of the horn but he had to have a rhythm, man. Like everybody has to have a different kind of rhythm to make that different kind of sound on the horn get over. So consequently Elvin Jones had to play a very free type of drumming to play with the kind of music that Trane was playing. In other words, when Bird was playing, it had to be a Max Roach around to cope with that style of playing, to make that style move, so actually, getting back to that ego thing, I can see where a lot of drummers would have that because the main idea of a group is the rhythm. If

Rashied Ali photograph by Valerie Wilmer

the rhythm ain't correct, then the group ain't, it's not happening.

V.W.: Yeah, I've often heard that, when things fall apart and people overstretch themselves and the drums came back in...

R.A.: Yeah, right, and keeps it all, knits it up, it can sweep up all the rough spots, smooth it right out and get it back into motion again - you dig? So now, consequently every drummer that has gigs would have an attitude because he knows that he's keeping the band together - in a sense. The drummers know, man, regardless to what's happening, and so they form these kind of attitudes like "tough guy" or "I'm the baddest motherfucker in the world", that kind of thing. They form that kind of attitude right away, and so when they get on the bandstand with another drummer then it usually turns out to be a battle instead of any music being played. I mean, it's music being played but they're fighting each other, more or less trying to cut each other up to see who is the baddest.

V.W.: Rather than interacting...

R.A.: Rather than to interplay with each other and to get the best out of this. Now I was taught this when I got the opportunity to work with Trane... I know now that people can play together and that's one of the reasons why I've been playing with Milford and Andrew...

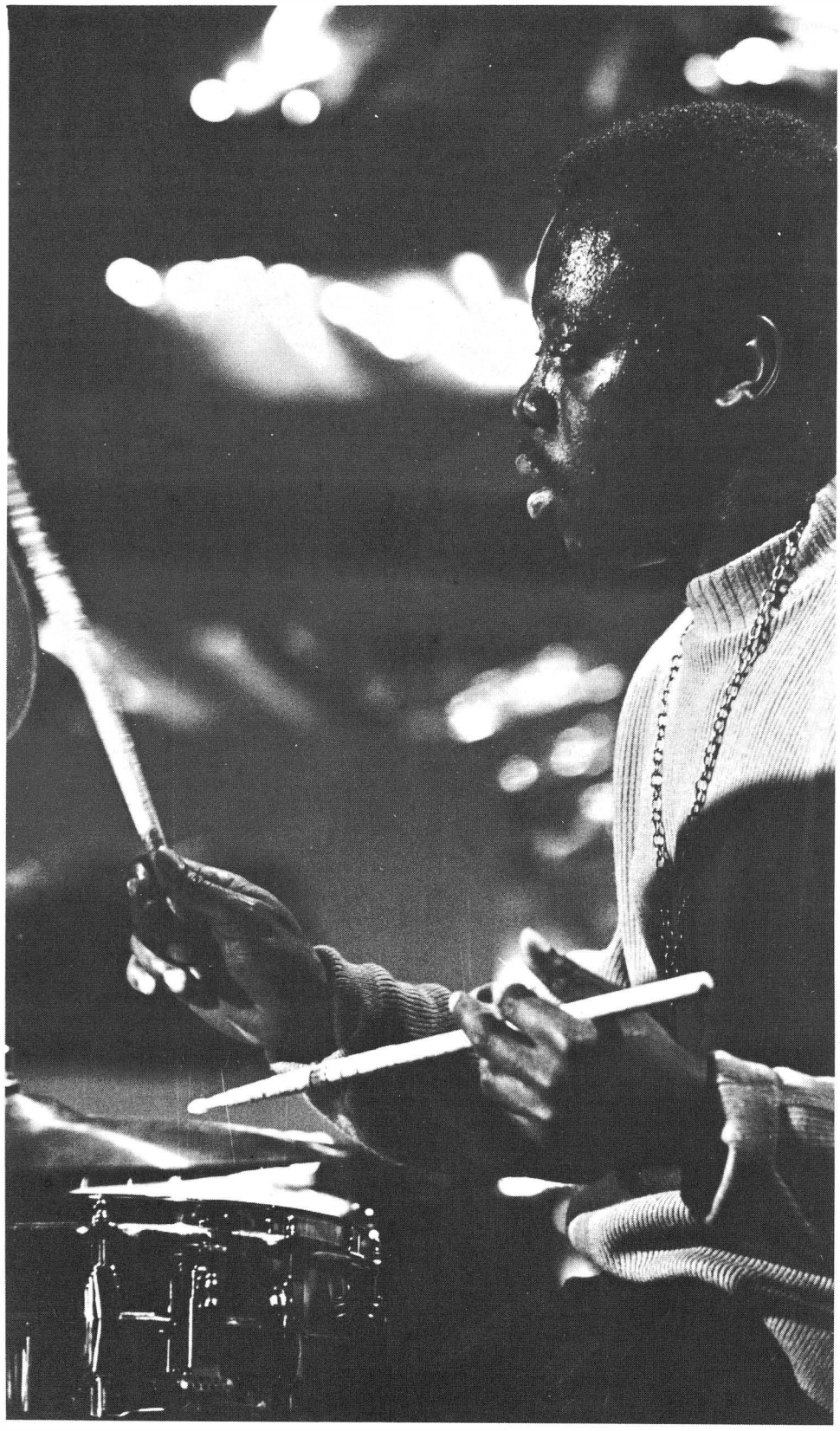
V.W.: It was said at one time when you both worked with Coltrane that Elvin couldn't stand playing with you. Was that a musical thing or a personal thing?

R.A.: That was some ego shit again. All this was going on at the time, like that wasn't the end of my ego trip, that was just one of the incidents, and even I might have a little bit of it now. But still I'm to the point where I'm talking about being able to play without any bullshit. Not only play but to live because you can't really live comfortable if you've got this big thing in you that's turning you off the things that you should be digging.

All drummers sometime at the beginning, expecially when they create a different kind of mode or a different kind of rhythm, they have these things - I don't know what this is, I don't know if it's to keep 'em from doing anything great or trying to get to something great, but it's a thing that makes them feel they're superior.

V.W.: You mean it's like a barrier that they have that will stop them from progressing?

R.A.: Yeah, and nothing else is happening, so they don't actually have anything else to feed on. Because you can dig anything. I feel like you can get from anything something - you know, there's something happening if it's happening, and you just don't put it down without checking it out.



Andrew Cyrille photograph by Valerie Wilmer

Recent recordings

"Dialogue of the Drums" featuring Andrew Cyrille and Milford Graves is available from IPS Records, P.O. Box 329, Lincolnton Station, New York, N.Y. 10057 for $5.00 plus $1.25 postage and packing.

Rashied Ali's recordings are:
Survival SR 101 - "Duo Exchange" with Frank Lowe.
Survival SR 102 - "New Directions in Modern Music" with Carlos Ward, Fred Simmons, Stafford James.
Survival SR 103 - "Quintet" with Earl Cross, Bob Ralston, John Dana, James (Blood) Ulmer.
Survival Records cost $5.25 plus postage from P.O. Box 1711, New York, N.Y. 10008.

JOHNNY HARTMAN

One Saturday afternoon during the closing months of World War II a young soldier stood under the shower in his army barracks. For those moments the agony of being in military service was softened somewhat by the knowledge that that week of soldiering was over and facing him was two glorious days of about as much freedom as a guy in uniform could hope for. He pushed all thoughts of dusty drill fields, bellowing sergeants and a boiling sun out of his mind as he vigorously soaped and scrubbed himself and sang to the top of his lungs...and dreamed of home.

But this pleasant reverie was suddenly shattered by the commanding voice which bellowed inquiringly from the vestibule just outside the latrine, "Who is that singing in there?"

The young soldier quickly snapped himself back from hometown day-dreams to the stark reality of military life. "Oh my God, I've goofed again!" he thought to himself as he quickly turned the shower off. Grabbing a towel he emerged from the shower stall hastily drying himself and simultaneously answering the authoritive voice with no small anxiety, "It was me sir, Private Hartman" With those words the young G.I. resigned himself to the bleak prospect of not going into town on pass that weekend. But the "shower singer" was to soon learn that even a war-time army could hold some pleasant surprises.

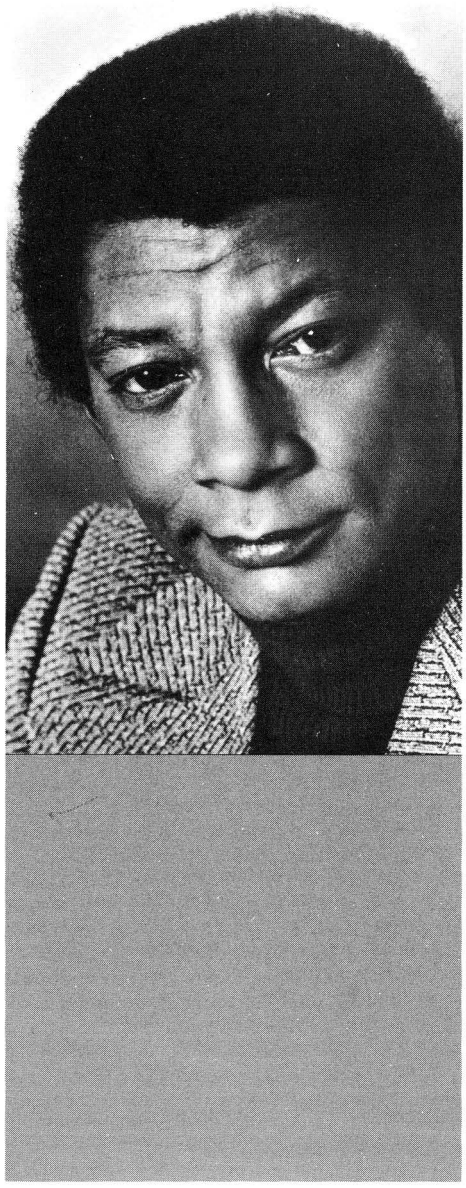
Instead of K.P. or weekend restriction the young soldier was transferred to the Post Special Services Entertainment unit.

In a sense, being transferred to Special Services was not unusual. There was at that time a crying need for morale boosters among the troops in the USA and abroad. Along with USO Entertainment units the Army's Special Services or Soldiers' Shows units were in great demand all over the globe. Therefore many entertainers of good or "so so" quality were recruited. Today, some twenty-eight years later many of these "soldier showmen" are forgotten. But not so for the young G.I. who "sang in the shower". The rich baritone of Johnny Hartman is very much with us these days.

"I've been very very fortunate" mused the 45 year-old singer who could easily pass for 25, as he recently recounted his childhood, and later life in show business which saw him sharing stages with such lights as Dizzy Gillespie, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Louis Jordan and the late John Coltrane.

In case you happen to be among that rare minority of those who haven't heard a song with the Johnny Hartman stamp let it suffice to say you've missed the sound of a MAN'S voice which sounds like a MAN'S voice.

Whether it's By The Time I Get To Phoenix, Games People Play, or such



time-proven standards as The Folks Who Live On The Hill or You Go To My Head, Johnny's rich (and we mean rich in temper - or timbre) voice will be heard to (1) obey the harmony and tune-rules (2) not escape into the heard-too-much falsetto utilized by those whose voices are in acute need of doctoring and, (3) sing lyrics clearly.

All this makes for a rarely enjoyed pleasure these days: A singer singing sensible songs into which we can retreat and day dream. This precisely is what Johnny Hartman does. Yet, written descriptions are far too inadequate. One has to hear him in order to know. Well, I had heard Johnny Hartman. I'd heard him often. But I just had to know even more than his singing told me. You just cannot put your finger on it. But there is something about this quiet unassuming guy which tells you that like an iceberg, there's far more to him than what is seen....OR HEARD.

At long last Johnny and I got together, and I was able to get a glimpse at more than just "the tip of the iceberg." (Incidently the "iceberg" simile is not at all complete. For Johnny Hartman is a very warm person.)

He arrived almost to the minute for our appointment in the executive offices of Perception Records for which he now records ("JOHNNY HARTMAN TODAY" (PLP-30), and "JOHNNY HARTMAN" (PLP-41).

After we settled down to chat Johnny affably asked, "Well where do we start?" To which query I replied, "Let's begin at where it all began, home."

"Home for me is Chicago." he smiled. Continuing "I had a beautiful childhood... it was a real gas! Looking back at those days, now that I have a family of my own I can kinda see what my family went through to give me things which made life so pleasant."

His father, an equipment mechanic for the city of Chicago was a good provider. Johnny recalls, "We never really wanted for anything. The neighborhood we lived in was nice...very nice. While no one there was rich, no one was poor either."

Johnny's mother was a major influence in his life. "My mother was a housewife and because I was the youngest she spent a great part of her time with me because I was left home most of the time. She was a very religious person and taught me so very much about faith and living." That his mother's teachings were lasting is more than evident in what he next said. "I've had to draw on her teachings so many times since leaving home... You know, being in different situations and around so many different kinds of people... I have really had to just stop, collect my thoughts and remember what that old lady had said", he concluded with a knowing smile.

The local Baptist Church which the Hartman family attended played a very important part in the life of young Johnny Hartman. Recalling his days as a youngster in church Johnny said, "We had so many young people in that church... and our days there were so full of activity. For instance on Sunday mornings we'd go to Sunday School...then we'd stay for the regular service....then there was the B.Y.P.U. Now there was also the evening service. We had so much fun... 'cause there was so many kids of around the same age, and we all had so much in common. What really made things at the church attractive to us was the fact that we had a young minister, and the guy was really 'down with us'. We had a ball! Dinah Washington was our

pianist, and Gene Ammons used to 'run through there' every once in a while."

Johnny Hartman's eyes lit up gleefully as he recalled the 'Junior Church'. "We even had a Junior Church, when on special days the young people took over serving as ushers, deacons...even preaching!"

Johnny Hartman summed up his life around the church quite adequately as he reiterated, "Man we had a ball!!"

School joined with family and church life to shape the person of Johnny Hartman. Perhaps the first musical figure to influence him was his school's band director Capt. Walter Diet an Army Reserve officer. About Capt. Diet Johnny had this to say. "He was one hellava teacher." "He would cuss you out if you got wrong...he'd give you a licking....but he was a very honest man. If you had talent he would bring it out. Some of the cats who were under him were Nat "King" Cole, Johnny Griffin, ... Dinah was even there with him. The cat was such an inspiration to everybody. He would play with you. But when time came to take care of business...you knew he meant business! In other words he demanded respect. He really taught us about respect - not only for him but for each other." Almost as an afterthought Johnny Hartman added, "You know that thing: RESPECT that's something you could find everywhere then! I kinda hate to see it fade away, especially among our young people the way it has these days... for it helped make much better men and women."

Returning to the subject of his mother's teachings, Johnny Hartman referred to his early army days just prior to his lucky Saturday "shower-songfest".

"She was sure right when she taught me that God does not put anymore on you than you can take...for as I told you I didn't exactly love the army. But things sure brightened up for me when I got into Special Services."

Not only did things brighten up for Johnny Hartman, but the direction his life was to take began at that time point to take on a pronounced definiteness.

The groups to which Johnny Hartman was assigned as entertainer included many pre-war jazz giants. Among these were drummer Louis Bellson and the late trumpeter Harold "Shorty" Baker a former Duke Ellington band regular. It was while he was assigned to the unit in which Bellson was drummer that Hartman established a precedent - intergration-wise.

Recalling those times Johnny and I found quite a bit of humor in some typical incidents which occurred while he (the only Black G.I.) was assigned as singer in an otherwise all white band.

"It was a funny situation...down there (in the South) it was 'the back of the bus bit' ...for Blacks...and we (the band) would be playing these different towns and camps....then we'd go into the service clubs' snack bars to get something to eat so we'd all sit together. And you know the funniest thing was we just finished playing and everybody in the camp enjoyed us. So there we are in the service club sitting together... Of course everybody is telling us how much they enjoyed the show. Now get this. We are almost through the entire meal and are just about ready to leave when it suddenly dawns on them that I'm Black...!!"

He also laughed as he recalled the number of Southern White "Belles" during the war years who, finding the chance would whisper to him "Gee I wish you weren't Negro".

Like all of us Johnny Hartman worshipped those glorious people who brought tons of happiness to the thousands who saw them on theater stages across the nation as they made music, or comedy or dance. However his favorite was a cat with boundless energy - bandleader Tiny Bradshaw.

"I'll never forget it... I was eight years old and my oldest brother took me to the Regal Theater in Chicago...and there was this cat up there leading the band... He was Tiny Bradshaw... Man I thought his and the band being onstage was the most fabulous thing I had ever seen! Man... big bands and those dancers up there!! Aw Man they were something else!"

That idol worship never stopped. For as Johnny continued I could detect in his eyes that same kind of "little boy glee" as he recalled, "And later...years later... after Dizzy (Gillespie) brought me to New York and sometimes we'd be in the same places people like Tiny Bradshaw, Lucky Millinder and others would be in and people would introduce me to them... man it would be like meeting God!!"

He added almost shyly, "The first time I met Duke Ellington I thought I was going to faint!!"

Hearing about Dizzy I asked Johnny to "backtrack" a little and tell me about his joining the Gillespie band.

"I was working in Atlantic City (rather I was supposed to have been working)...I was doing a thing as a production singer in a show over at Club Harlem. Now, at the same time they wanted to bring in Billy Daniels as a featured singer...the Headliner...and they didn't want another singer....so they kept putting me on notice.

Now some time earlier I did get a chance to sing there in Atlantic City, and Dizzy Gillespie had come through and had heard me sing. Meanwhile he had gone on to California. One day I get this telegram from Dizzy, and he's asking me if I wanted to join his band."

Laughing heartily Johnny continued, "Well....I thought to myself, wow! California is a mighty long way. Atlantic City is far enough...but California...I don't know about that!"

While working (rather being placed 'ON CALL') at Club Harlem Johnny had made the acquaintance of a barmaid at the Little Belmont located across the street from where he worked.

"I met this lady over at Little Belmont. We had become good friends. And I didn't know what in the world to do about Dizzy's telegram, so I took it across the street to her...and I asked her 'should I go all the way out to California'" He continued, "She looked at the telegram and hard at me and said 'sure you go on out there...this is a big chance for you. Boy, you get on outta here and go on to California!"

"The lady incidently" he added, "was Sammy Davis' mother..."

Hartman remained with Gillespie's band until it broke up. His "track record" with greats is more than just a list of names. These musical giants have contributed greatly to the development and maturity of this truly "singers' singer". Even non musicians have contributed to the building of Johnny Hartman. There is undoubtedly no adequate substitute for one's own words in such a matter.

"I've really met some beautiful people... real beautiful cats who were more than wonderful to me....people like Red Foxx... Bill Cosby...lots and lots of others....who really showed me what the real spirit of love and brotherhood is..."

And of course there was besides Gillespie, Earl "Fatha" Hines, who along with Gillespie "taught me everything I knew about showmanship." he said.

Perhaps it was Hines who taught Johnny Hartman the greatest lesson of all.

"I had just come into New York with Earl...we were appearing at the Apollo theater. That day, before show time, I walked around the block after leaving by the backstage door on 126th street. As I walked up 125th street I looked up at the marquee and there were all these names up there. There was "Fatha" Hines' name in the biggest letters, and in smaller ones there were the others. But I didn't see my name anywhere!"

After a brief pause he continued. "Man was I hot! I'm in this show like everyone else...why couldn't they put my name up there too?" Just about that time Earl walked up to where I was standing. I guess he knew something was wrong. After a moment or two he asked me was anything wrong. And I guess you just know I raised holy hell about my name not being up there on the marquee."

Then Johnny Hartman grew strangely quiet as he concluded that episode. In a subdued voice, almost a whisper he finished. "Earl told me. 'Look Johnny... you want your name up on a marquee and you haven't been in show business two hours'....'".

Earl Hines' closing words to Johnny Hartman could well be a sermon to all of us, I thought, as Johnny told me what Earl in closing told him.

"Look Johnny, remember this. Your name goes up when you've paid the dues...don't you worry...stick with the business...pay your dues...and you'll see your name up on marquees all over the world!"

I left my little "talk-session" with Johnny Hartman feeling kinda happy about the fact that he's stuck with the business....and from the looks (and sounds) of things I'd say his dues are paid in full.

Lewis K. Mc Millan Jr.

Mysticism is hardly the word most applicable to jazz music and yet it is almost a personification of Duke Ellington.

An aura surrounded Duke Ellington. It was noticeable the moment he stepped on stage - the band came together and generated a cohesiveness it often lacked without its leader. At closer quarters this was even more noticeable. There are countless memories, for me over the past fifteen years but the last occasion stands out - not because it was such an exciting night - but because it implanted in my memory the incredible presence of Duke.

Prior to a concert performance in Toronto, the band had been summoned to take part in a recording session. None of the musicians seemed enthusiastic and there was a general air of confusion. Finally, Duke appeared looking much the worse for wear. It turned out he'd flown in from Hawaii, where he had received some honorary degree (or award), and hadn't slept or stopped moving for several days. The music being recorded was arranged by Ron Collier and the scores were posing problems for the trumpet section, in particular. Duke was understandably a little short on patience (he curtly stated no photographs to the ever-present shutter bugs - he didn't feel beautiful enough that day!) and the music simply didn't go down very well. Finally, he gave everyone their release with some extraordinary piano playing on the blues and the looseness of exceptional music began to fill the room.

"Artist" is a term which comes to mind immediately when thinking of Duke Ellington. He lived entirely for his music (his art) and everything else took second place to that. He was also an exceptional diplomat whose courtesy never failed to charm and win over even the most sceptical of onlookers. His achievements and longevity are remarkable when one considers that he had to live and work within an environment which never really accepted him on his terms. He was always considered an entertainer in his own land and his genius as a songwriter only helped to confirm this viewpoint. It's true that his popular songs helped bankroll the band for many years but the striking originality of those songs, both in terms of melody and lyrics, are not always appreciated.

While acclaim was often forthcoming for his longer works - those which gave a stamp of respectability in certain circles - the true measure of Ellington's musical genius was in his ability to transform the barest idea into magnificent vehicles for his musicians.

Photograph by Jim Marshall

His methods and ideas reflected the heritage and traditions of his people in a very sophisticated and creative way. No other big band has been able to duplicate or approximate the sound of Duke Ellington. He created his own rules and ways of structuring music for a large orchestra. His language was the ageless voice of the blues - presented with miriad possibilities which gave special inspiration to the talents of his musicians.

Duke Ellington's virtuosity remained undiminished until the very end. Like Picasso and Pablo Casels, for instance, longevity of life was an asset. We should be thankful that Duke was able to give us so much and be humble in our appreciation and reception of these gifts. Undoubtedly there is much more music locked away in the vaults - Duke was perceptive enough to record most of his new compositions and Norman Granz had the initiative to record Duke at least twice in the role of piano soloist. "Duke's Big Four" (Pablo 3210.703) is the first of these to appear and is a magnificent demonstration of the man's extraordinary drive and dedication to music.

Understanding and appreciating all of the music given the world by Duke Ellington is a lifetime avocation - but it is one which provides the listener with continuing insights into the mysteries of jazz music. Thank you, Duke, for allowing us to be a part of your world.

John Norris

Edward Kennedy Ellington - better known as Duke Ellington, passed away on May 24. As we leave our hotel on the way to his funeral, it is a cool, overcast, damp morning, and we think "Sad, Sad Day". However, Duke wouldn't want people to be sad, - instead we should consider it a journey of "reminiscing in tempo". As we pass Times Square the song he wrote in honour of Bill Robinson, "Bojangles", comes to mind. At the Radio City Music Hall, where the Rainbow Grill is located, and where he often played in recent years, we think of "Sophisticated Lady", "I'm Beginning To See The Light", "Caravan", and "Satin Doll" the song he always played for the most lovely lady in the audience. Just up the street is Carnegie Hall, where Duke introduced "Black, Brown and Beige" on January 23, 1943.

Passing a subway entrance we think "A-Train", and Duke's long association with Billy Strayhorn, one that produced so much wonderful music. At 110th St. - Harlem Airshaft - now we're at 112th and turn the corner to the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, and the Sacred Concerts.

As we enter the Cathedral, Helen Ennico, of the New York Chapter meets us, and takes care of our seating arrangements. We are so fortunate to be seated in a very favourable location.

Duke's friends and admirers have come from all across America to pay their last respects, - Count Basie and his wife, Pearl Bailey and Louis Bellson, Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman, Russell and Helen Procope, Earl Hines, Mary Lou Williams, Ella Fitzgerald, Stanley Dance, Jack Dempsey, New York's Mayor Beame, and 10,000 more.

The Service begins, - With the accompliment of Jo Jones, Hank Jones and Lyle Atkinson, Joe Williams sings My Mother, My Father; The first and second reading are followed by the Gospel, and Stanley Dance delivers the first eulogy. Earl "Fatha" Hines then plays a medley including Mood Indigo, Don't Get Around Much Anymore, and Satin Doll. Following the second eulogy we hear Ella Fitzgerald, accompanied by Billy Taylor and Jo Jones sing Solitude and Just A Closer Walk With Thee. Mary Lou Williams follows the third eulogy.

Ray Nance playing violin and Brooks Kerr, Piano, conclude the musical tributes with a rendition of Come Sunday.

Now the Duke is borne by the pallbearers out of the Cathedral to recorded music from his second Sacred Concert - the beautiful tune Heaven, sung by Alice Babbs. It is difficult to realize that the Duke is gone. However, he'll certainly not be forgotten as he has left such a tremendous legacy of wonderful music, which will live on forever to preserve his memory.

As Ken Whitten, Fran and I leave the Church to return downtown, we think how fortunate we are to have known the Duke and his music. As one musician commented, when he heard of Duke's death - "Now there'll be some good music in Heaven".

May He rest in Peace.

- Frank Taylor
President Toronto Chapter,
Duke Ellington Society

SWING AS AN ELEMENT OF JAZZ

In an article dealing with Ornette Coleman published in 1962 I wrote, "Kaleidoscope and Folk Tale are taken at very fast tempos. Coleman's solos (on them) do not swing because relaxation, one of the necessary elements of swing, is not present in them...It is not necessary for him to swing to play effectively, as long as his solos have good ideas. It is possible that the music we know as jazz may eschew swing as it evolves. If and when this happens people will become indignant, as they did when Parker and Gillespie broke with tradition. It is not valid to condemn music simply because it does not swing, however."

I'm not accustomed to my articles causing reader reaction, but this one did. A couple of issues later the journal that had published it ran a column in which a well-known, conservative critic took offense at my remarks. He and another reader, whose letter was published, stated that since Coleman's music didn't swing it wasn't jazz.

This controversy was soon forgotten. The critic who'd bad-mouthed me later read an article of mine praising Duke Ellington's sidemen, concluded I wasn't such a bad guy after all, and apologized to me in print. But the issues raised in my piece were crucial ones, and I'd like to examine them now, over ten years later. How important an element of jazz is swing? Can music that does not swing be considered jazz?

I won't attempt to offer a definitive definition of swing because it means slightly different things to different people. For example, I think Lennie Tristano's music swings, but I know people who would dispute this.

However, I think it is possible to reach an agreement regarding certain characteristics of swing. Swing is a buoyant rhythmic feeling that jazz musicians project. They do this by using syncopation and by alternately building and releasing tension. There is an element of flowing ease in swinging music, even in the music of men like Sonny Rollins, who often play violently.

Most of the jazz recorded prior to 1923 doesn't swing much, if at all. The work of most very early jazzmen was too stiff, too jerky, too clumsy rhythmically to swing. This does not necessarily mean that it was bad music, however. I find Johnny Dodd's work praiseworthy and interesting and think that he was an important musician. But he didn't swing much. The difference between his rhythmic conception and that of Louis Armstrong, a great swinger, is like night and day. Armstrong's playing is much more supple and relaxed.

Armstrong, Bechet and Tommy Ladnier were among the first musicians to swing,

Ornette Coleman photograph by John Morgan

as their 1923 recorded work, Armstrong's with King Oliver, Bechet's with Clarence Williams and Ladnier's with Ollie Powers, illustrates. (Ladnier has been highly praised by moldy figs for his very traditional style. How ironic that he was actually, during the early 1920's, an avant-garde musician with a radically modern rhythmic concept.)

By the middle 1920's the rhythmic ideas of these men had caught on with their contemporaries and begun to spread. Ten years later it was commonplace for jazz musicians to swing. A technically competent jazzman who had an understanding of the devices it took to swing usually could swing, though some swung more than others. I think that there are degrees of swing, that some musicians swing more than others.

Terms began to be used like "swing bands", "swing music", and "the swing era". Swinging jazz, so rare in 1923, was commonplace by 1937. It was so commonplace that it became thought of by many as an essential element of jazz. Thus Woody Herman said, "One of my strongest convictions about jazz is that jazz has to swing to be jazz. When you stop swinging you're competing with Mitropoulous, and, man, that cat cuts you."

Andre Hodeir's chief criticism of Johnny Dodd's playing was that it didn't swing. Interestingly Hodeir wrote, "some very fine players of the blues like Johnny Dodds may be mediocre jazzmen." Hodeir apparently thought non-swinging blues playing, even in a jazz context, was O.K. However, he rapped Dodds because he thought the clarinetist was limited and could only play blues well. Actually Dodds improvised just about as competently and unswingingly on non-blues selections. Even on them, however, his playing had a bluesy feeling. I think that Hodeir's criticism of Dodds is unjustified. Music is music. Either Dodds is playing good music or he's not. It seems silly to me to say Dodds is a good bluesman and a bad jazzman, or that his playing on a particular slow blues is good blues improvisation, but bad jazz improvisation.

Jazz continued to swing during the bop era; on the whole, in my opinion, it has never swung more. The extremely infectious swing of a good bop performance was caused, in part, by these factors: bop musicians generally used eighth note lines in places where many swing era musicians employed dotted eighth-sixteenth note figures. The playing of some swing musicians, like Coleman Hawkins, who relied on dotted eighth-sixteenth note lines, seemed to chug rather than swing. Dotted eighth-sixteenth note figures obviously are not as smooth rhythmically as eighth note figures. Therefore, a musician who uses dotted eighth-sixteenth note lines often hampers his ability to swing.

Bop solos contained longer phrases than pre-bop solos; they were less chopped up into short phrases and isolated single tones; consequently they flowed more smoothly. In addition to this, boppers played lines intended to release tension in a smoother, more legato manner than pre-boppers.

Generally the boppers used syncopation more than did earlier jazzmen. This accounted for their music having an extremely jumping, buoyant quality.

The boppers swung in various ways. Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie often played in a fiery, though still graceful, manner. Wardell Gray's work, though influenced by Parker was, in the 40's, mainly drawn from Lester Young and was more relaxed and restrained than Bird's. (I do not, incidentally, regard Young as strictly a bopper or a swing era musician, but as a transitional figure between swing and bop, as Debussey was between romantic and modern classical music.)

The post boppers of the 50's swung somewhat less than the boppers, I think, because their work was somewhat more jagged and choppy rhythmically. The angularity of post-bopper Jackie McLean's playing is an essential and admirable feature of his highly distinctive style, but he swings less than did Parker or Sonny Stitt. It may be that jazzmen learned to swing about as much as they could during the swing era, and that the playing of musicians in movements that followed bop would inevitably not swing more and could quite possible swing less.

I have compared the music of the traditional, swing and post bop musicians and have concluded that, as a group, the boppers swung the most. However, I should point out that there were plenty of individual pre-bop and post-bop musicians who could swing with marvelous ease and assurance, including Armstrong, Bechet, Young, Johnny Hodges, Cannonball Adderley, Clifford Brown and Harold Land.

I was speaking in generalities in comparing the swinging qualities of the music of the various jazz movements and was primarily interested in illustrating to the reader what I considered to be the essential characteristics of swinging music in the process. My opinion regarding the swinging characteristics of swing era, bop and post bop music are admittedly quite subjective. I have acknowledged that everyone seems to have a slightly different opinion about who swings and how much they swing. I would not dispute the views of someone who felt that swing era jazzmen or post-boppers swung more than boppers.

However, I would argue with those who claimed that the playing of Dodds and Kid Ory swung much. It would seem to me that anyone who did might very well not appreciate the difference between swinging and "getting hot."

Before the revolutionary rhythmic inventions of Armstrong, Bechet and Ladnier, jazz did not swing much. Then, from the 30's through the 50's, swing was a common characteristic of the music. However, beginning in the late 50's, the pendulum began swinging in the opposite direction until today much modern jazz no longer swings.

Perhaps the movement toward non-swinging jazz can be traced to Thelonious Monk. Monk has a fascinating rhythmic conception but swings very little. His first recorded work with Charlie Christian and Hot Lips Page in 1941, when he was basically a member of the Earl Hines school of pianists, is rather jerky rhythmically and because of this seems to bounce like a wagon going over rocky ground. But, unlike many of his young contemporaries, Monk did not smooth out his playing. Instead, it became even more jagged and unpredictable rhythmically. By 1946 he was not much concerned with swinging. He wanted to play with as much originality as possible and succeeded in becoming one of the most unique of all jazz stylists. Here was a modern jazzman in the middle of the bop era who wasn't particularly interested in swinging. (I should point out that though Monk's solos didn't swing, he employed swinging sidemen so that portions of his group's performances did swing.) This was extraordinary, although it was not appreciated by many jazz listeners, who were so preoccupied with Monk's harmonic ideas that they did not understand the revolutionary nature of his rhythmic concept.

Like Lester Young, Monk had a belated influence. His contemporaries, the boppers, derived certain ideas from him but he exerted a stronger influence during the 50's, when pianists like Herbie Nichols, Mal Waldron and Randy Weston came to the fore. These men obviously learned from Monk, as did some horn players, including John Coltrane. One of Monk's most important students was Cecil Taylor, who gained prominence in the late 50's. Taylor absorbed some of Monk's interesting but unswinging rhythmic ideas, and he was also influenced by Bartok and Stravinsky. In fact, his playing sometimes sounded more like improvised modern classical music than jazz. Though ponderous at times, his soloing often crackled with excitement. However, it did not swing; it was too tense, too nervous.

The late 50's also saw the emergence of Ornette Coleman, Coleman demonstrated on his early records that he could swing in a powerful, if rather crude, manner, but he often chose not to swing. This was especially apparent during extremely fast tempoed selections. On them Coleman often blew torrents of notes, shrieked and wailed, but did not swing. This was because he did not use syncopation enough and because his work was not relaxed.

Albert Ayler, a major influence on avant-garde jazzmen in the late 60's, improvised even more explosively, playing faster and screaming more than Coleman. His work had virtues, but did not swing.

As I write this, swing is still an important element in contemporary modern jazz. The techniques needed to play swinging music have been discovered and are widely known so that, unlike jazzmen in pre-Armstrong days, musicians of today can generally swing if they want to. Many still do. A number of today's younger jazzmen have their roots

in the post-bop era; they know what it is to swing, they can appreciate swinging. Some of the more prominent contemporary jazzmen; Chick Corea, Joe Henderson, Joe Farrell, Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock, demonstrated early in their careers that they could swing without difficulty. They still can, but often choose not to.

Another factor accounting for there being less swing in contemporary jazz is that many jazz pieces are now done out-of-tempo or in meters other than 4/4, It's been pointed out that, "nothing swings like 4/4." It's the easiest, most natural meter to swing in.

Coleman, Ayler and Taylor have had a major influence on today's young jazzmen. As a result, swing has become less important to them and swinging music is heard less frequently now than a decade ago. I think many jazz listeners would agree with that statement. The more conservative among them certainly would; they dislike avant-garde jazz partly because so much of it doesn't swing. Avant-garde fans might agree with me too; I've heard them praise the music of Ayler, Pharoah Sanders and Cecil Taylor, but not because they thought it swung. Frankly, I don't believe many of them have thought much about whether contemporary jazz swings or not.

O.K., Where do we stand now? There are those who would argue that swing is an essential characteristic of jazz; that music that does not swing can't be jazz. I disagree with this viewpoint. Prior to the emergence of Armstrong jazz was pretty much a non-swinging music. There was jazz before there was swing.

Swing has characterized jazz for many years. However, as an art form evolves it can sometimes lose some of its most important characteristics. For centuries the diatonic scale was an important characteristic of Western classical music, but, for decades now, many classical composers have written atonal music. Still we categorize their music as classical. We do not say that the atonal music of Schoenberg is not classical music just because it is not diatonic. We recognize that Schoenberg's music was influenced by Wagner's; that, although advanced, it grew from classical music of the past. Therefore, despite its revolutionary nature, we regard it as classical. I don't think that Coleman or Ayler have made greater breaks with tradition than Schoenberg, so I regard them as jazzmen.

Of course, many readers may disagree. In a sense though, it really isn't important what label is attached to the music of Coleman and Ayler. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." What really counts is the quality of the music, not its label. That being the case, let's again consider Herman's remark, "when you stop swinging you're competing with Mitropoulous, and that cat cuts you." This statement implies that the only thing jazz has to offer is swing, that when a jazzman stops swinging his music is pretty bad compared to the stuff Mitropoulous conducted. I don't agree with that. Jazz has always had something to recommend it in addition to swing. In every era jazzmen have employed beautiful and/or strikingly original tone colors. The tone colors and textures produced by today's avant-garde jazzmen, including Coleman, Sanders, Archie Shepp and Anthony Braxton, are quite varied and rich. There is plenty of melodic and harmonic meat in today's jazz, as the work of Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea illustrates. Rhythmically jazz continues to be interesting, even when it doesn't swing. Consider, for example, the fascinatingly innovative work of bassists Scott La Faro, Richard Davis, Miroslav Vitous and Stanley Clarke, drummers Tony Williams, Sonny Murray and Milford Graves and percussionist Airto Moreira. Coleman, Taylor and other soloists like John Tchicai, Don Cherry and Don Pullen may not swing much, if at all, but they have original and interesting rhythmic conceptions.

Western music is not stagnant, it is constantly evolving, constantly changing. Having perfected the art of swinging in the 1930's and 40's, jazzmen began to evolve away from it.

Fifty years from now people may look back at the swinging years of jazz, from the late 20's to the late 60's, as the golden age of jazz. Perhaps jazz will not even survive much longer as an independent stream of music. But there have already been many outstanding performances of non-swinging jazz and there may be many more to come. I therefore urge listeners to listen to the new, non-swinging jazz with an open mind.

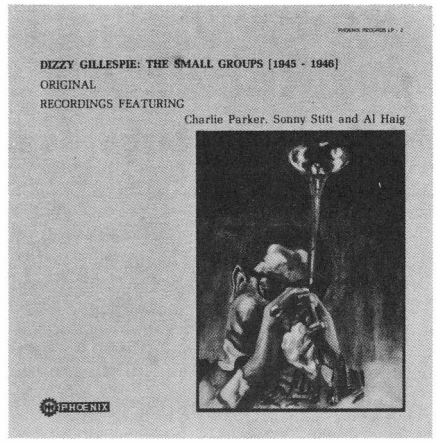
BY HARVEY PEKAR

record reviews

Ron Anger
Eugene Chadbourne
Peter Friedman
Mark Gardner
Eugene Kramer
Doug Langille
John McDonough
Mark Miller
John W. Norris
Brent Orenstein
Barry Tepperman
Tex Wyndham

DIZZY GILLESPIE

The Small Groups (1945-1946)
Phoenix LP-2



It was in the mind of the young John Birks Gillespie in the early 1940s that the harmonic and rhythmic concepts giving basic shape to bebop style for trumpet and trombone took root and furnished a sturdy stalk for most of the developments in jazz brass performance since. Very few younger players have escaped his influence. These fifteen titles - some well-known, some rather obscure - from the first flowering of Dizzy's maturity give full measure of the man's genius. This record demands your attention. It summarizes two landmark years in the man's career and in the descent of the art of the trumpet. Some of the less-known selections give new insights into his development even now, thirty years later. The music is presented with proper respect for its artistic worth, with as clean a sound as possible and generally none of the technical screw-ups that plague many reissues. The album is comprehensive, carrying the complete known proceedings from five sessions cut for various small independent companies of the day; and departs from being completely chronological only in that the seven titles from the two Gillespie-Parker 1945 sessions are all on side two, while side one contains music from two 1945 sessions and one from 1946.

Dizzy's innovations are now accepted without second thought in the mainstreams of American improvised and popular musics. The earliest session here shows rather glaringly exactly where his way parted from that of his contemporaries. My Melancholy Baby, On The Alamo, and Cherokee are taken from a January 1945 session under clarinetist Joe Marsala's stewardship, involving musicians of such disparate inclinations as Gillespie and Chuck Wayne in one camp and Marsala and the striding Cliff Jackson in the other. You can almost feel the "moldy fig" - "bopper" conflict of the time in the music. The trumpeter's showcases are stunning technically to the point of extravagance and almost preciosity, as - feeling the lack of sympathy from the group around him and seeming to need to prove his point - he pulls almost every harmonic and rhythmic trick in his vocabulary against the band's steady, uninspired, and totally conventional accompaniment. His solos are resourceful, but not ingenious to the point of making such incongruous surroundings click. For all his imagination and commitment to the music, his playing is uninvolved and sterile in this setting because of his simple refusal to condescend to the level of those around him. Vintage Diz, perhaps, and fascinating, but certainly not mellowed. Marsala, a swing-era hack at best, is far more successful in all three instances because he reflects the limitations of the group as a whole, and functions effectively within it rather than standing outside looking down like some Colossus. Even Wayne - Dizzy's soulmate on the date - fares better than the trumpeter because his rhythmic conception draws mainly from the Lester Young-Charlie Christian school, to which all the band members could relate appropriately. Wayne's harmonic concepts had absorbed a great deal more of the protobopper's acuity of chord-running and substitutions than was the case with most guitarists of the bop heyday; but even so, he kept it under wraps when he knew it wouldn't work. A fourth title from the session - Perdido - is missing and presumed lost; On The Alamo was previously unissued, and the other titles haven't reached LP before.

Less than a month later, Gillespie cut Groovin' High and Blue 'N' Boogie with his own sextet, including Dexter Gordon, Wayne (again), and three lesser lights. That Groovin' High was rejected and presumably destroyed; Blue 'N' Boogie (taken more slowly than its now-usual tempo) is here. Each solo is a little gem. Wayne, certainly, is in full flower; Dexter, who hadn't quite yet developed much individuality to assert, delivers a master's thesis in prezology; pianist Frank Paparelli (who?) fuses an effective command of the new harmonies with a lopsided vision of Teddy Wilson's lines. But it is Dizzy, here, who is the driving force, who starts things swinging, who keeps the feeling going when it falters, and says everything that need by said in his couple of choruses. A treasure well worth refurbishing.

The first real masterpieces out of the new movement on disc had to wait until Gillespie made it to the studios with Charlie Parker. The February-March 1945 sextet date helped to bring the conflict between the old and new musics to a head, and generally upset a lot of people. Gillespie had somehow matured since January. Despite a rhythm section that coped only waveringly with the demands of the new style, the trumpeter's assurance and lyrical power reached new peaks in Groovin' High and All The Things You Are. Bird - who was dubious and fidgety in the slightly earlier Continental sides (with Trummy Young, Rubberlegs Williams, Clyde Hart, and Sarah Vaughan) - comes forward on Groovin' High to take his place for the first time as the definitive alto saxophonist, setting a standard of improvisational excellence which he repeats in Dizzy Atmosphere and to which all since have been compared. (amen)

The May 1945 quintet date (Gillespie, Parker, Al Haig, Curly Russell, Sid Catlett) was somehow even more of a miracle. Everything was exactly in place, with fully sympathetic accompanists, and both protagonists at the heights of their powers. I need say little. Bird's rhythmic and linear audacity is the exultant joy of Salt Peanuts. Hot House is a shiningly lyrical performance over Tadd Dameron's sinuous restructuring of What Is This Thing Called Love. The flaming Shaw Nuff is the first of the era's long and honourable lineage of up-tempo romps on the I Got Rhythm foundation. Sarah Vaughan was one of the few singers of the day who could effectively couple with the new concepts; Lover Man is her definitive performance, with an absolutely breathtaking trumpet obbligato.

Just over a year later, Gillespie again recorded with a sextet of luminaries, but this time there was no sharing of the mantle; there was no doubt as to who was the leader, the star of the date. Sonny Stitt gets in a few good licks, but is wary, still a bit unsteady on his Parkerfeet. Milt Jackson was well-oriented in Diz' sphere, Al Haig was by now the ideal pair of hands behind any bebop horn, and Ray Brown and Kenny Clark were the inevitable first choices for rhythm. All of them play extremely well, but none outshines the light that burned so brightly

out of the trumpet's upturned bell. Oo Bop Sh'Bam and One Bass Hit (part 1) are (of course) classics of the time. Alice Roberts' A Handfulla Gimme was an old blues in new guise with a mediocre-to-out-of-tune vocal and a delicious obbligato. But the title I keep returning to, consistently, is That's Earl, Brother, whose brash exuberance and runaway lyricism somehow encapsulates for me everything musical that Gillespie ever achieved.

Enough said. Some of these titles have been in various record companies' catalogues intermittently for years and have been profusely written about; others are virtually unkown to anyone who wasn't around and into the jazz scene at the time. It's good to have them all in one place; I'd like to see some of the Continental sides with Bird and Diz put out in the same way. A lot of Gillespie's contemporaries had certain aspects of the trumpet art relatively more perfected than he - Miles Davis the essential lyricism; Fats Navarro, the sound; Clifford Brown, speed and sound. But they all came out of Gillespie's head at one point or another, and retrospectively they still go back to him. This album documents Birk's musical evolution from a brazen, callow, self-seeking iconoclasm to the full, mellow assurance of his playing even today. Unless (as some do) you think that jazz died with Fats Waller (or earlier), you must have this record.

- B.T.

In The Beginning
Prestige 24030

When an album is a true classic, the music on it well-ensconced and of acknowledged influence in the history of jazz, relatively little criticism need be made of it. This is such a recording.

The first two sides of the two-LP set contain twelve definitive bebop small-band recordings. (In all of post-Parker jazz, only Parker's own groups and the Coltrane and Coleman quartets are comparable.) Blue 'N' Boogie is Dizzy's fine, brash young trumpet alongside Chuck Wayne and the vice-presidential Dexter Gordon. The two 1945 sessions with the quintets Gillespie co-led with Charlie Parker - here in chronological order - are the classics that virtually single-handedly made the musical revolution. By the time of Diz' 1946 sextet session (with Stitt, Milt Jackson, Al Haig, Ray Brown, and Klook), the initial onslaught had succeeded and we were into a second line of modernists, those who put aside the challenge of Parker's lines for a new flair, a fresh polish and lyricism that meant the new sound had triumphed. All these warrant much more comment - but I've already written extensively on them in my review of "Dizzy Gillespie - The Small Groups" (Phoeniz LP-2), and to avoid repetition I would refer you there for further discussion.

Despite the musical excellence of these small groups, bebop didn't make its ultimate public breakthrough until the establishment of Gillespie's big bands. Not that the essence of his music changed with its adaptation to large proportions, but the apparently increased depth and power given it by the bulk of the orchestra appealed to the mass of critics and public who (as hangovers of a previous era) were still largely the disciples of Big Bands. It was in front of his various orchestras from 1946 to 1950 that the trumpeter made many of his most profound statements; but that wasn't even the main distinction of these ensembles. With the aid of Gil Fuller, Tadd Dameron, and others, his ensembles demonstrated beyond the intricate complexities that bebop was a viable ensemble language - musically and commercially - rather than a profound but scope-limited new resource for individual expression. As such the orchestras have affected all large ensembles since in a way that only three other aggregations in jazz history - Henderson, Basie, and Ellington - have done. That, coupled with an ensemble drive second to none and the deep, ruminative power that draws from mass personal enthusiasm for what the band was doing and the conviction in what they stood for on the part of the bandmembers, makes the reasons behind the greatness of the 1946 Musicraft recordings (on sides three and four) all the more obvious. (The comparison is quite favourable with, say, Woody Herman's herds, where power meant one man behind the drums and precise, clean execution like close-order drill, not necessarily personal involvement in the art.)

All eight Musicrafts are here. The five strictly orchestral titles - Our Delight (the wonderful world of Dameronia), One Bass Hit (part 2), Ray's Idea, the volcanic Things To Come, and Emanon (a magnificent example of writing for the brasses) - are the bases of almost every chart in virtually every subsequent big band up to JCO and Sun Ra. The three vocals are more extinguished than distinguished. Kenny Hagood's I Waited For You is dramatic, but far more rewarding is Dizzy's solo on a lyrical plane he didn't find again until Lover Come Back To Me (1948). Alice Roberts has the manner of a good blues (Good Dues Blues), but only the manner; her timing and pitch are never quite right. The band's rhythm section - John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, and Kenny Clarke (later Joe Harris) - was a closely-knit alive source of white-hot, loose propulsion. Soloists may not have all been stars of the magnitude of Gillespie or Jackson (I would have liked to see them identified in the notes), but they all had the spark. Bebop spoken here, indeed.

Around about 1950, with the aid of inflation and an unreasonable Union and its self-flagellating recording bans, large ensembles became much less economically viable and Gillespie formally disbanded his orchestra. Dissolution had actually set in earlier in his case, though, when enthusiasm was replaced by apathetic competence and the repertoire turned more and more to comic novelties and rhythm-and-blues. When it finally drifted apart, the 1950 version of his band wasn't greatly missed. Shortly afterward (September 1950) Gillespie took a sextet into the studios for Prestige and recorded four sides, of which three are included here. (All four were on the now-deleted-and-rare "Trumpet Giants", New Jazz NJLP8296.) The missing title, Too Much Weight, is a fun calypso vocal, but with precious little jazz interest. The remaining three sides were typical small band jump music of the time, bebop with the rough edges knocked off. Jimmy Heath's baby-fat alto sits squarely on the beat, with Bird's harmonic inspiration staring benignly through him. Tenorist Jimmy Oliver plays jumping Dexterish horn, and the whole band cooks along quite happily thanks to a close and well-heeled rhythm section (Milt Jackson - on piano this time, Percy Heath and Joe Harris). For all that George Gershwin

wrote derivative Tin-Pan Alley trivia, his trivia was superlative. Dizzy's version of Nice Work If You Can Get It is about as well-played as any straight performance of the standard could be. Both this selection and Thinking Of You show a deeper and more consistent lyricism and thoughtfulness of line on the trumpeter's part, almost melancholy, than previously. She's Gone Again is a jump blues with a riffing band vocal, exuberant in Lips Page's style. (Gillespie grew up on Roy Eldridge's music, but he was surely weaned into blues from Lips' bottle; no other first-generation modernist - with the exception of Bird - knew the meaning and conviction of blues that Dizzy did. And still does.) The titles from this session are hardly the examples of inspiration and perspiration that the remaining selections on this album are - but they are still worth hearing.

My sole reservation about this recording is the fact that there was a royal screw-up somewhere in its programming. Apart from being intentionally out of chronological order on the second disc, three titles on side three aren't to be found on the record where they're listed to be. Things To Come is dubbed in place of Our Delight; "Delight" replaces Ray's Idea; and "Idea" ends the side in place of "Things". Even though most reissues seem to be moving away from fake stereo or added echo now, the sound of these recordings is truly superior.

All in all, with this album you could seriously have a 2-LP bebop collection and know a very great deal about the music. This, the Parker sides, and some Monk are all you'll ever really need.

- B. T.

LIGHTNG HOPKINS

Arhoolie 1063

Hopkins is probably the most comprehensively recorded blues artist of the post-war period, and as such needs little or no introduction to blues fans. This addition to his corpus finds him in fine form, singing and playing up to his usual high standard.

This is not a live Lp, but a sympathetically recorded updating of Lightning's current material. Side one is solo, generally of slow songs, with some topicality attempted, as in Please Settle In Vietnam. However, since much of his material is more spur of the moment than set classics, "topicality" must be understood in the Hopkins framework, which is often commentary on or songs built about whatever is happening around him.

Side two, which has Francis Clay on drums, is rather faster, with some jump and boogie material, and it is good to hear him well accompanied. All in all, this is a good album, which as a whole provides enjoyable listening, but without any really outstanding pieces. With someone who has recorded as extensively as Hopkins the level of excitement must be somewhat higher than is present here to make this a necessary purchase. - R. M.

MILT JACKSON

Sunflower
CTI 6024

Jazz has very few constants in its equations; continual change seems one of its fundamental doctrines. One of those few absolutes is Milt Jackson's sweeping lyricism, which makes him the consummate ballad artist. For ample reason, he's often featured on ballad dates whose aims lie more in the realms of commerce than those of aesthetics; this recording, with strings and reeds arranged by Don Sebesky, is another such showcase.

Jackson is most comfortable stretching out over the Bluesy People Make The World Go Round (with electric rhythm section and no strings); but he's at home everywhere else. All four titles are attended to with the same loving care, the same silver filigree that marks him as a peerless balladeer. His accompaniment features Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Billy Cobham, and Freddie Hubbard. Hubbard solos on all titles with a consistently more acid and adventurous lyricism than Jackson. Both men's running lines hang suspended over the accompaniment in splendid isolation, with a premium on craftsmanship and little real invention. Hancock's rhythmic counterpoint fed from below works as well as it does for John Lewis in keeping the vibist moving with incisive chordings and placements much less staid than Lewis'. The pianist's For Someone I Love solo has a dry, drawing warmth (like good cognac) that neither Hubbard nor Jackson attain here. The rhythm section (Hancock, Carter, Cobham) gives Bags a multiplicity of intriguing harmonic and rhythmic options, ones that he rarely chooses to explore. (In that respect, Hubbard is much more responsive and adept.)

Jackson's more musicianly devotees will probably find this album long on production and short on inspiration. (As, indeed, are the bulk of his recordings in this sort of context.) But if what you want is thirty-five minutes of pleasant, pretty musical diversion you could hardly go wrong here. - B.T.

DILL JONES

Davenport Blues
Chiaroscuro CR 112

Bix Beiderbecke's piano playing was captured on only four recorded sides. Three of these can be called casual "ad lib" performances (Big Boy, with the Wolverines, plus For No Reason At All In C and Wringin' And Twistin' with Trumbauer and Lang.) Judging solely from these three sides, Bix was not a jazz pianist with great ability (first-hand accounts of his piano playing paint a different picture.) The fourth example of Bix's piano on record is the solo performance of In A Mist. This is one of Bix's four published piano compositions, which he worked on for years. Bix plays his In A Mist beautifully, but it was carefully worked out, without those spontaneous moments that abound in his cornet playing. (It is said that Bix never played even his In A Mist exactly the same way twice, but I bet that a second master of this particular record would show very little variation between versions, in sharp contrast to different takes by a jazz pianist like Earl Hines or to Bix's own alternative masters on cornet.)

Since it appears that Bix himself was a piano player with limitations, I think he would have especially likes Dill Jones's new interpretation of his four piano pieces, plus some other material linked to Bix. For Dill Jones owns the piano the same way Bix owned his horn.

When the "Welsh Wizard" - as Dill is known to some - returned to the United Kingdom in 1972 for a visit after being gone eleven years, it was noted that "he left this country a good pianist, he came back a world class musician." With his enormous command of the piano, combined with his many-sided talents as a jazz pianist, Dill Jones is perfectly equipped to attempt the definitive recording of Bix's four impressionistic piano pieces: Flashes, Candelights, In The Dark, and of course, In A Mist. Dill comes as close to doing this as anyone could. It is awfully hard for me to judge Dill's In A Mist, since anyone who has heard Bix's own recording as many times as I have is bound to get a psychological fix on the way it should sound. Dill Jones's version has more freedom in its tempos, and includes a slow section near the end that was in the published version but not on Bix's 1927 Okeh record. As for the other three piano pieces, Dill plays them with affection, and I'm sure that the spirit of Bix is happy with what Dill has done with them, as well as with Davenport Blues. This Bix song was arranged for piano in the Bix-style by Bill Challis, but I don't know if Dill's version drew upon the Challis arrangement. In his album notes, Herb Sanford describes Dill's Davenport track as "slow and easy, reflective and authentic Bix."

Everyone reports that Bix loved the tune I'd Climb The Highest Mountain (actually, the disc of For No Reason At All In C derives from this tune). Dill plays it very nicely, displaying his skills as a jazz pianist. Two other tracks on this album are associated with Bix, the aforementioned Big Boy, plus From Monday On (three different masters of Paul Whiteman's Victor record featuring Bix's cornet on the opening chorus have been released). Dill takes a go at these in stride style, but neither of these conventional songs has the interest found in the Bix compositions or I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.

There is a good deal more on this bountiful recording than just the Bix-related material: the album is subtitled "Dill Jones plays Bix and Others." One of the "others" is Eddie Condon, represented by his Wherever There's Love. (The composer was in the studio during this session, and seemed quite pleased with Dill's rendering of his composition.) Dill also does Cole Porter's Anything

Goes and Joe Sullivan's Little Rock Getaway. Each is a tour de force, Dill displays a startlingly independent left hand, reminiscent of Bob Zurke, that sometimes makes it seem we are listening to two pianists.

Finally, in the playing of Dill Jones' own moody composition Celtic Twilight, we can perhaps discover some clues to the mysterious affinity that enables a favorite son of Lampeter, South Wales to do such a remarkable job with the music of a favorite son of Davenport, Iowa. - E.K.

ROBERT JR. LOCKWOOD

Steady Rolling Man
Delmark DS 630

ROOSEVELT SYKES

I Feel Like Blowing My Horn
Delmark DS 632

JIMMY DAWKINS

All For Business
Delmark DS 634

Some blues musicians you love, others you like. The kind you like can turn out an excellent record here and there if they've got good material and cooking sidemen; the kind you love, well, anything they do - even singing in the shower - is allright.

I like Jimmy Dawkins and Robert Jr. Lockwood, but Roosevelt Sykes..... Mr. Sykes is clearly The Grinder, as he calls himself occasionally. This new album on Delmark just grinds and grinds and GRINDS. Part of this is due to some tough enough Sykes material - My Hamstring's Poppin', I'm A Nut, even a ressurection of Eagle Rock Me, Mama - and really tough sidemen, but when you come right down to it, Roosevelt Sykes could have come into the studio backed up by his cousin Leroy on wastepaper-basket and sung Dixie and it would have been allright. Get what I mean?

As they said in the Depression, Roosevelt is always right.

Anyway, "I Feel Like Blowing My Horn" is an attempt to show off Sykes' jazzier grinds - King Kolax and Oett Mallard are on hand, and Robert Jr. Lockwood is around to trace out a few Charlie Christian licks. Kolax and Mallard are terrific, yet ultimately wasted since Sykes is such a ham. He really is an A-1 ham, no doubt about it. His comping behind Lockwood's solos steals the show completely, and even Mallard, a fine, fine sax man, has to really sizzle to keep your ears from wandering toward what Sykes is putting down. If this group was playing live, you'd watch Sykes constantly.

Kolax blows two solos, both good, and stays in the background otherwise. Mallard contributes lots of solos and fills behind Sykes, and on My Hamstring's Poppin', comes through with background work that is unbelievably better than the usual chirping sax players come up with when the old 12-bar is staring them in the eye. Now that I think of it, both Kolax and Mallard have been pretty hard to hear these days; hopefully, Delmark will work them into more sessions.

"I Feel Like Blowing My Horn" is a beaut. That really goes without saying if Roosevelt Sykes is around, but I'll say it just in case you want to hear it anyway.

"Steady Rollin' Man" is a basically likeable album. I first heard Robert Jr. Lockwood on the Candid Otis Spann reissues. He's a good guitarist, and a good singer, and, as you can imagine, sounded a little pale next to Spann. I forgot about him after that, shelving this hype about him being Robert Johnson's foster son or whatever (cousin-once-removed?, half-brother in law?) since from what I've heard about Robert Johnson, it's probably true and probably 600 other dudes down South are related to him, too. Then, Freddie King told me months after I heard the Spann albums that besides Jimmy Rogers and B. B.. Robert Jr. was his main man. "Robert is still playing down in Chicago, and brother! He's playing better then ever."

That aroused my interest, so I layed right into this new offering, ready for the ultimate blues...shucks, it sounds just like his stuff with Spann, except Spann isn't there. It sure would sound better if Spann was on this album, and come to think of it, every blues album released since the great man died. So as I said, there is some good guitar playing, and good singing. Lockwood's versions of Robert Johnson songs are strange, as they totally lack the rough, hellish edge that made Johnson's origianl recordings so powerful. Lockwood's Kind Hearted Woman is slick.

There are also some of Lockwood's original blues, which are good, and a few jazz instrumentals that are nice and moody but really go nowhere. Lockwood, in a way, can do no wrong, but his stuff is always just GOOD. Nothing better. He's got Louis and Dave Myers and Fred Below in back of him here, which is part of the reason the album gets played as much as it does around my place.

To be tough about it, "All For Business" is a pile of junk. That's really being too tough, but I can see myself hauling this copy down to the SWAP 'EM, SELL 'EM, BUY 'EM record mart before too long. I like Jimmy Dawkins, and lord knows he's played some powerfully mean stuff, especially on Johnny Young and Shakey Walter's "Chicago Blues" album on Arhoolie, but nothing happens at all on this new set. The main fault is the material. When you're working with the old 12-bar, you really need fresh, good material. Compare the songs on this to Sykes' stuff on "Blowing My Horn" and you'll see what I mean. Sykes is singing about something, expressing something, getting something across...the songs here are just pitiful moaning and droning about never havin' nothin' and your baby leavin' you and it bein' so late at night all by yo' self, yo' hear, lord have mercy! It really is bar music. Sure, most blues gets played in bars, but Junior Wells, Buddy Guy, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, and so on and so forth deserve to grace the finest stages in the world whereas this stuff should just stay in the bars. The material lacks an image, when you come right down to it. There's nothing to feel.

Dawkins does play some good blues guitar, and Otis Rush, a wise choice as a second-gun to Dawkins, burns up the wax, especially on Cotton Country. Most of the vocals are by Big Voice Odom, and yeh, he's got a big voice, but it's a completely forgettable voice. too. This album reminds me of much of Earl Hooker's work - if he'd had something good to play to begin with, things might have worked out. Sometimes it's the song, not the singer, that calls the shots. - E. C.

THE NEW MC KINNEY'S COTTON PICKERS

Bountiful B-38001

TOM SAUNDERS

Bountiful B-38002

Joy reigns supreme in the music of the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers - not the empty, fleeting joy of nostalgia or "camp", but the joy inherent in the work of professional quality jazzmen who are doing something which they like to do, which they know isn't easy, and which they know they can do well. Their work brings vitality and validity to the two-beat early big-band style.

Although the thirteen musicians are quite capable soloists, it's the overall blend that gives the NMCP its unique flavor. The four-man reed section turns out a thick, full-bodied, meaty sound that's rarely been heard in jazz since the lighter-blowing sax men of the late 30's came to the fore with their fleet, pre-bop lines. And for well-rehearsed, clean brass section work, grab the introduction on Who's Got It - a contemporary composition that catches the period perfectly.

Dave Wilborn, banjoist with the original McKinney's, handles the vocals, and his blurry, husky delivery, with its wide vibrato, couldn't be better suited to the band's style. His presence, as well as the NMCP's extensive use of original arrangements from the 20's and 30's, lends an air of authenticity to the proceedings that further enhances the Lp's appeal.

One of the NMCP's best soloists is Tom Saunders, whose aggressive, often-plunger-muted cornet work shows up to good advantage both with the NMCP and with his own Surfside Six, a group playing Chicago-style Dixieland that keeps threatening to break out into a mainstream-bop idiom. Saunders' own sidemen, however, do not seem as much at home in the traditional style as does Saunders; moreover, his lp has somewhat more of a polished, smooth approach than lovers of hot jazz might expect. No faults on this score with the NMCP team though - if your tastes are at all inclined toward jazz pre-dating, say, 1935, you should hear them.

(Both albums available from Jim Taylor, 12311 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48205 - $5.50 - postpaid.) - T.W.

JAY MC SHANN

The Man from Muskogee
Sackville 3005

Muskogee, Oklahoma, near the confluence of the Verdigris, Grand and Arkansas rivers, had a population in 1920 of 30,277, of whom about 1/4 were Negroes, was the headquarters of the Indian Agency for the Five Civilized Tribes (of which the most important was the Cherokee), served an agricultural and oil area, noted as a rail centre and for oil refineries, cotton gins, cottonseed-oil mills, etc., and had just adopted the managerial form of government. It must also have been one hell of a place for jazz music because some of the most original talents of various decades are associated with it. Jay McShann and Claude Williams were born there, Pee Wee Russell studied music there, it was a stamping ground for years for Charlie Christian, and the scene of fond musical memories for Lee Wiley and Jack Teagarden (both of whom had Cherokee blood), and so on, and so on.

If this latest Sackville release is an example of Muskogee-style jazz, I can only say let's have a lot more of it. The album unleashes a truly amazing musician in Claude Williams. Although the liner notes tell us he has been recording since the '20's, he has never had an opportunity before to really shine at length as he does here, with the result that this album is an astonishing revelation. How such a wonderful jazz player could have remained in obscurity for so long is both a mystery and a shame. In any event, here he is, playing more violin than you are likely to here for a long, longtime. When I first heard the album, I thought it was Stuff Smith and, while repeated listenings reveal marked differences between the two men, it remains true that no one else I've heard plays the instrument with the same passionate intensity Stuff had. I don't mean to suggest that he imitates Stuff because, for all I know, he may have formed his style before Stuff's emergence on the national scene. After You've Gone, Nancy Boogie (his own tune) and Jumpin' At The Woodside are burning, fiery performances that draw a raw power from the violin that one can scarcely imagine this respectable concert instrument possessing. I'll Catch The Sun reveals the lyrical side of his playing and is a beautiful performance. Not even the godawful tone of his electric violin can vitiate the sheer musicality of every note he plays. As if his versatility on violin were not enough, he also plays excellent electric guitar on one track.

Leader Jay McShann plays his usual brand of South-Western piano. Although he is most effective on the blues, it is nice to hear him get away from this material on several selections. Having him record alumnus Charlie Parker's Yardbird Suite was a nice touch, too. Mercer Ellington's Things Ain't What They Used To Be is given a performance that belies its title. As a vocalist, McShann just makes me wish Walter Brown or Al Hibbler had been around.

Paul Gunther has been Jay McShann's drummer for many years and one can hear why in his unspectacular, completely swinging rhythm. Torontonian Don Thompson was not a regular member of the group, but turned out to be a brilliant choice for bassist as he plays as sympathetically and swingingly as Gunther.

The recording, done June 24, 1972, is of excellent quality and the record is handsomely packaged in the new style of inner sleeve with fold-over cover. This not only gives added protection to the record, but gives space for a fine array of lay-out and photography. The notes, however, do not utilize the available space and one could wish that John Norris had written more. He states that McShann's advanced arrangements were never recorded and that this album should alter the misconception of his "blues image". Personally, I find nothing "advanced" on this recording, even by '40's standards, and don't think that a "blues image" of McShann is a misconception. There are a couple of gaffs in the tune listings: Four Day Rider should be 'Fore (before) Day Rider and Things Ain't What They Used To Be is not by Duke Ellington and Johnny Mercer, but by one person - Mercer Ellington.

I can't think of another album I've heard this year which is an essential for the jazz buff or as much fun to listen to as this one. Mr. Williams is truly amazing and the all-around fine playing by everyone concerned makes it really a joy. - R.A.

NEWPORT IN NEW YORK 72

The Jam Sessions Vols. 1 & 2
Cobblestone 9025-2
The Jam Sessions Vols. 3 & 4
Cobblestone 9026-2
The Jimmy Smith Jam, Vol. 5
Cobblestone 9027
The Soul Sessions, Vol. 6
Cobblestone 9028

Newport '72 witnessed a great revival of the world's most famous jazz festival at a new location - New York City. No rioters were present to disrupt the music and spoil the feast for those who had paid to hear their favorites. Although the concept of an outdoor festival, away from the big city where jazzmen spend most of their lives was lost, many new friends for jazz were gained.

The idea of the all-star group, so successful in Norman Granz concepts down the years, was tried again and found to be stimulating. The jam session blossomed anew; stars unfamiliar with each other's styles found themselves playing together - and liking it. For a few days at the start of July 1972 jazz was king of New York.

The highlights of the festival are contained on these six albums, recorded at

festival concerts in Radio City Music Hall, Yankee Stadium and Philharmonic Hall. The first two double albums present the products of three jam sessions at Radio City on different evenings. Record one has the contrasting trumpets of Cat Anderson and Jimmy Owens, the apposite saxophones of Buddy Tate and Charles McPherson and a rhythm section of ex-Lionel Hampton faces - Milt Buckner (organ), Roland Hanna (piano), Charles Mingus (bass) and Alan Dawson (drums). This octet blows Jumpin' At The Woodside and Lo-Slo Bluze, extended performances running over 20 minutes apiece. An excellent tenor solo by Tate highlights Woodside. Everybody does well by the blues particularly McPherson (alto) who produces a passionate statement of great beauty.

Volume 2, made three days earlier on July 3, brings together some of the Bop masters - Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Green, Stan Getz, Milt Jackson, Kenny Burrell, Mary Lou Williams, Percy Heath and Max Roach, along with violinist John Blair. Their stomping grounds are Bags' Groove and Night In Tunisia, somewhat shorter performances than on record 1. Benny Green's rich trombone (good to have him back) is first soloist on Groove and he stirs up an exciting atmosphere with Big Black's conga pumping hard behind him. Getz takes a fiery solo and then Bags himself expounds, followed by Blair, Dizzy (in form), Mary Lou and Max before the closing ensemble sounds. Dizzy (who else?) generates the heat in Tunisia wherein Burrell, Getz, Green, Milt (peculiarly recorded so that his vibes sound more like a marimba), Mary Lou and Big Black (congas) also shine. There's a great, unexpected encore by Roach just when you think the performance is over.

On Volume 3 we are again offered some interesting contrasts of style with Joe Newman and Nat Adderley (trumpets), Illinois Jacquet and Budd Johnson (tenors), Gerry Mulligan (baritone), Tyree Glenn (trombone), Jaki Byard (piano), Chubby Jackson (bass) and Elvin Jones (drums). Jacquet begins the proceedings on Perdido and both he and Johnson are the scene-stealers here, but Newman also plays extremely well and the rhythm section is a joy (please don't go away again Chubby!). Side B starts with a brief and delightful Misty, a showcase for Jacquet's tenor sax. A 13 1/2-minute exploration of Now's The Time is next. Soloists are Glenn, Johnson, Adderley, Mulligan, Newman, Byard, Jacquet and Jones. As a whole this performance is more uneven than Perdido.

On to Volume 4 and first a long medium-paced dip into Blue 'n' Boogie, lasting almost half an hour. An unusual line-up features Clark Terry and Howard McGhee (trumpets), Sonny Stitt and Dexter Gordon (tenors), George Duke (piano), Jimmy Smith (organ), Gary Burton (vibes), Al McKibbon (bass) and Art Blakey (drums). After a lively opening by Terry, Gordon is curiously languid and uninspired; he also stays on too long. Things improve when McGhee takes over the microphone for a well-constructed and shaded statement. And then comes Sonny Stitt, bubbling over with power and invention. By contrast, Gary Burton's 22 choruses contribute very little and one feels a sense of relief when he finally hands over to George Duke. Smith plays well and in the tenor joustings (with Art Blakey playing piggy in the middle) Stitt is the clear victor. Blakey and McKibbon respectively have the closing solos.

A completely different group assays So What on the second side - Harry Edison (trumpet), Kai Winding (trombone), James Moody, Flip Phillips, Dexter Gordon, Zoot Sims and Roland Kirk (tenors), Herbie Hancock (piano), Chuck Wayne (guitar), Larry Ridley (bass) and Tony Williams (drums). Edison is exciting, Phillips surprisingly together and controlled, Gordon much happier than at the other session, Winding playing probably better than at any time in his career. You'll find nothing to complain of in the fine solos of Jomes Moody and Zoot Sims, but you may well be turned off by the monumental ego display from Kirk, Hancock's florid pianistics and Williams' unsympathetic drumming. However, Ridley's bass solo witnesses a return to earth from deep space, before the inevitable drum solo.

Another version of Blue 'n' Boogie crops up on Volume 5, recorded at Yankee Stadium, and sporting an eight-piece band comprising Joe Newman and Clark Terry (trumpets), Illinois Jacquet and Zoot Sims (tenors), Jimmy Smith (organ), Kenny Burrell and B.B. King (guitars) and Roy Haynes (drums). Smith gets the show rolling and Clark Terry and Zoot Sims (magnificent) catch the spark. Burrell moves all over his instrument with ease while Newman brings facility and taste to his outing. Jacquet rolls and romps along, assisted by the rhythm section's molten fury. B.B. King does his thing, helped forward by strategic riffs. Smith wails a few and Haynes puts together a model solo before the collective cheerio.

Over on side B we find an attractive ballad medley: What's New (Sims), Since I Fell For You (Terry), The Man I Love (Jacquet), Ode To Billie Joe (Newman), Please Send Me Someone To Love (Burrell and King). Jacquet's Man solo is a wiz and his only backing for much of the way is supplied by Haynes' tasty drums. All-in-all a very satisfactory session.

Finally to Volume 6 - the only one you can really do without and even then there are nine minutes of inspired music on it. Thoughtfully placed at the start of the album so that you don't have the drudgery of ploughing through the rest to reach them are a couple of gems by Billy Eckstine. First he does I Apologize accompanied by Bobby Tucker (piano), Art Koenig (bass) and Charlie Persip (drums) - truly soulful. Then, for his classic Jelly Jelly, Billy and Co. are joined by the front-line of the Giants of Jazz - Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt and Kai Winding. After this electric beginning it's mostly downhill through the absurd posturings of Curtis Mayfield (Stone Junkie and Pusherman) and on to B. B. King (I Need My Baby), Herbie Mann (Hold On I'm Coming), Les McCann (The Price You Pay To Be Free), Roberta Flack (Somewere and Ain't No Mountain High Enough), most of which has very little to do with jazz. Perhaps Cobblestone could arrange for the two Eckstine tracks to be reissued on a sampler or even on a 45?

Those who like their jazz pristine and perfect may be disappointed by these records, but true jazz is never without blemish. For my money, volumes 1, 2, and 5 are essential while 3 and 4 have moments which will keep them in my collection. It's a joy to share in the rebirth of Newport and that's part of what these sides are all about. - M.G.

MIKE OSBOURNE

Outback
Turtle TUR 300

Such is the character of an international organization like Mike Osbourne's band, that everyone speaks roughly the same language and yet brings something a little distinctive to the proceedings. Osbourne, an alto saxophonist is English. Pianist Chris McGregor, bassist Harry Miller and drummer Louis Moholo are South Africans. And trumpeter Harry Beckett is West Indian.

The South Africans, better known as the heartbeat of the Brotherhood of Breath, work collectively as one, although their relaxed drive occasionally strains with the differing rhythmic approaches of the two horns. Despite holding the strong hand, the South Africans are hard put to loosen the tenseness in Osbourne's playing or to force some bite into Beckett's light and bouncy style. (Substitute Dudu Pukwana for Osbourne and Mongezi Feza for Beckett, and watch out! But this is indeed Osbourne's album and it's unfair to indulge in speculative thinking at his expense - Outback has much more to commend than condemn.)

As might be expected, McGregor, Miller and Moholo alone, freed of the neccesity to adapt to someone else's lead, provide the most cohesive music. But even in a backing role, they're constantly opening up new directions for the soloist and backing off respectfully when those directions go unheeded.

There are two loosely organized tunes, Outback and So It Is, both short, simple and somewhat bittersweet lines which give equal scope to the melodically based improvisations of Osbourne and Miller and to the freer playing of Beckett and especially McGregor. Osbourne's strength is his fierce emotional involvement in the music, tempered by an awareness of his limitations as a saxophonist. His style is surprisingly conservative, leaning at its freest towards the vocalized tone of Eric Dolphy. In contrast to Osbourne's impassioned lyricism, Beckett's flutterings are much softer and less committed. (In fact, his "trumpet" sounds suspiciously like a flugelhorn.) And just listen to McGregor reacting to each musician. Although he plays a

continuous complimentary stream of thought with Osbourne, he changes to a straight forward comping pattern under Beckett. In their extremes, the two make an uneasy pairing and to follow one's solo with the other's is a little rough on the consistency of the music.

Almost as hard to take is Osbourne's reluctance to finish the tunes coherantly. So It Is simply drops off abruptly on an uncompleted bass run. On the other hand, Outback has at least three false endings, the real one (a high alto wail resolving downwards) being decidedly the strongest. This sort of thing suggests that Osbourne puts the freedom of self expression as the first of his priorities and organizations as last. But he knows his personal strengths and weaknesses as a player and that in itself is a considerable gift in these times of excess. - M. M.

RON PROBY

Evian
Radio Canada International 374

Ron Proby has switched from trumpet to soprano sax, with little real effect on his music since his previous Radio Canada transcript. It's that grooving, In A Silent Way moog again - ethereal soprano, electric piano, steady bass, insistent cymbal work, and of course, someone shaking a bag of dried beans here and there. It all begins to sound alike after more than one listen. Proby and pianist Richard Sasnow solo competently, occasionally landing on an interesting lick. An unidentified guitarist sort of drags along.

Love Rattle and Nile Lady on side one are best, with Proby's soprano effecting a gentle, soothing voice. Thanks For The Lift, closing off the album, is close enough to Miles Davis' Yesternow to be considered a swipe.

All in all, this music is allright in a shake, but really - I love In A Silent Way, and I'm sure Ron Proby does, too. But In A Silent Way was recorded years ago. It's time for something else, don't you think? - E. C.

OLYMPIA BRASS BAND

of New Orleans
Audiophile AP-108

There are only a handful of recordings which accurately document the graceful swagger of a New Orleans marching Band. The Eureka have two to its credit (Pax and Atlantic), the Young Tuxedo band shone erratically on their Atlantic lp while the Olympia, augmented by European musicians, were impressive on their MPS lp.

The Olympia Brass Band was organised by alto saxophonist Harold Dejan in 1960 and today best exemplies a tradition which dates back to the turn of the century. In its ranks are such superior parade musicians as Emanuel Paul, Kid Shiek and Andy Anderson while much of its power comes from the assertive brass work of trumpeter Milton Batiste and trombonist Paul Crawford.

This is ensemble music and the role of the soloist is secondary to the overall pulsation of the band. The music is functional in the truest sense and any recording only captures a percentage of the music when heard in its true environment - on the streets of New Orleans. Nevertheless this recording accurately captures the excitement and pathos of marching jazz. The music is neatly divided between sacred and secular with side one containing some excellent dirge renditions of hymns as well as a strutting version of Telephone To Glory. The musicians really open up on the second side with extended versions of parade favorites, including Panama, Weary Blues and Willie The Weeper.

Henry Glass and Andrew Jefferson perform the unique percussion work so vital to this music with syncopated flexibility. Finally the Olympia Brass Band have a well recorded document of their living music. - J.W.N.

JIMMY RANEY

Strings & Swings
Muse 5004

It has been a good many years since we had a new release from Jimmy Raney. The last I can recall was a disappointing session with Jim Hall and Zoot Sims on the Mainstream label about nine years ago. Around that time, for various reasons, Jimmy turned his back on New York and it wasn't until 1972 that he entered the recording studios again. This Muse album, as Dan Morgenstern says, helps to bridge the gap in the Raney discography.

It is made up of two entirely different dates taped 12 years apart. The first side presents an ambitious Raney work in five movements entitled Suite For Guitar Quintet and here an instrumentation of violin, viola, cello, bass and drums with the guitar as leading solo voice is employed. To quote Morgenstern again, "It is an indictment of the record industry that this piece, recorded to perfection by an ensemble of first-rate players, had to lie dormant for more than 15 years."

The Suite was recorded at a time when Raney was studying with the late Hall Overton. It demonstrates a rare compositional ability that Raney had not displayed hitherto. His writing for the ensemble is intelligent and beautiful. This is a formal structure yet Raney's creative ability as soloist and writer makes it jazz all the way. The strings - Gene Orloff, Walter Trampler, Charles McCracken and Peter Ind - achieve Raney's aims remarkably well, and Nick Stabulas serves as a most sympathetic drummer. Jimmy's pure sound and melodic lines are evident all over these 22 3/4 minutes and especially in the closing Finale: Presto.

Side two is something else again. It reminds us of the 1951 Stan Getz Quintet of which Raney was a most important member. The instrumentation is identical and with Bobby Jones (tenor sax) sounding not unlike Getz at times, the similarity of approach is heightened. This 1969 gathering was held at the Port O' Call Gallery in Raney's hometown, Louisville, when Jones was unknown and Raney was out of most listeners' minds.

With a local rhythm section, Bob Lam (piano), Jack Brengle (bass) and John Roy (drums), Raney and Jones wax eloquent on some old familiars, Bernie's Tune, Darn That Dream, Stella By Starlight and Round About Midnight. All of which makes us fervently glad that Raney is back; he's been away far too long. -M.G.

SAM RIVERS

Streams
Impulse! AS-9251

Generally speaking, streams are small rivers. This "Streams" is a brief self-portrait of a man named Rivers; and, as Claude Nobs notes in his spoken introduction to this Montreux 1973 performance, if you've never listened closely to Sam Rivers before you're "in for a big, beautiful surprise."

"Streams" is a continuous, flowing performance extending the length of the disc (50 minutes) through Rivers' four instruments. The only formal divisions of the work are the timbre changes when he picks up another axe (soprano, tenor, flute, piano) or moves into vocalise, and the breaks for his accompaniment. But for all that the work lacks preconceived formal constraint and thus moves extremely freely, "Streams" is a well-defined, solidly-wrought opus. Some segments vary in terms of power and content more than others, but all are driven from one man's musical existence.

The opening segment for tenor saxophone builds from an enunciation of themes over an elastically-filigreed subdivision of rhythm by Norman Connors. Through direct thematic extension and rhythmic elaboration, these motifs serve as the base for the whole section - a freely-blown, powerful improvisation that plays down into the drummer's polyrhythms and that synergistically spurs and is spurred by Cecil McBee's sound imagination. There's little waste of sound or idea, neither strain nor bloating with unnecessary fill. Rivers plays a lot of very meaty post-Coltrane horn which, while it doesn't stretch to the extreme's of the tenor's ranges, bears down with a vocal intensity that easily suggests and moves into the chanted vocalises used (over polyrhythms) as transition to the flute section.

Unfortunately, the flute section consists of short, sweetly lyrical passages relatively impoverished for ideas, interspersed among the vocalises. While the effect is dramatic, it has little form or substance, and serves no apparent function in terms of carrying forward the heated momentum the previous segment had built. As with so many flautists, you

have the sinking feeling of the instrument playing the man. The vocalises realize far more fully the intensity toward which all the other sections of "Streams" strive.

With the third section, for piano, Rivers moves again to establish easy energy and flow. He has yet to mature as a pianist to the extent that he has as a saxophonist, but his years alongside Cecil Taylor have stood him in good conceptual stead. His dark, treacherous chord blocks occasionally become held down in each other's textures. Their tale is changed from that of his saxophones, and reveals a very different, almost mystic, aspect of the man. They move with assurance into the final section, for soprano.

This last part of "Streams" is more a summary than an exposition. It returns to and re-explores the original motifs of the tenor section, more from a vantage point of tone colour and its exploitation over free space than the hyperkinetic change-running of the earlier passages. The sound of the instrument is elastic and bitter, like a malleable shenai, with a body that few artists find in the straight horn.

Rivers calls "Streams" "evolution of a concept". The base concept is Rivers' own, but this particular transformation for it would have been virtually impossible without the impressive artistry of Norman Connors and Cecil McBee. McBee's thick, rich bass sound has been too long absent from the scene; his sense of free harmony and empathy for melodic feeding into soloists has few peers. Connors trades in brawny, fleet, dancing rhythms that give horns room to vibrate and dance among them.

"Streams" is Sam Rivers' best recording yet. - B. T.

RIVERSIDE REISSUES

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
Milestone 47001

BILL EVANS
Milestone 47002

WES MONTGOMERY
Milestone 47003

SONNY ROLLINS
Milestone 47007

YUSEF LATEEF
Milestone 47009

Between 1955 and 1963 the Riverside label released in the region of 300 albums. It was not a company that concerned itself overmuch with the avant garde, but it provided invaluable exposure to such artists as Thelonious Monk, Barry Harris, Blue Mitchell, Benny Golson, Wynton Kelly, Pepper Adams, Art Blakey, Randy Weston and many others, besides the five musicians represented by the double Lp sets listed above. The catalogue is undeniably an important and substantial segment of jazz history.

While the Riverside product was never quite up to the standard of its contemporary, Blue Note, its best records are indispensable to the collector. What killed Riverside, I suppose, was the sheer volume of its releases. Even the most avid enthusiast could never keep pace with the welter of albums, few of which could be considered at all commercial.

In Orrin Keepnews Riverside had a producer whose taste in jazz, to judge by the music he has recorded, is right up my street. After Riverside folded, Mr. Keepnews started Milestone. Both labels have now been absorbed in a vast group, but happily O.K. is still in charge of reissues and Riverside material is now appearing on Milestone.

It is fortunate that the man who taped these sounds has charge of compiling these repackages because he is not a person to sling together random anthologies. All five albums are improvements on the originals for in most cases they contain one or two unissued titles or alternate takes.

The Adderley collection brings together "Portrait Of Cannonball" and "Things Are Getting Better", both sessions dating from 1958. Two takes of Minority, from that marvellous session with Blue Mitchell, Bill Evans, Sam Jones and Philly Joe are included, along with the Miles Davis composition Nardis which Davis himself never recorded. Sides 3 and 4 are the later session with Milt Jackson, Wynton Kelly, Percy Heath and Art Blakey - also of a high standard musically.

Bill Evans has probably never surpassed his playing on the June 1961 "live" dates at the Village Vanguard, made only a few days before the untimely death of the trio's bassist Scott LaFaro. These pristine performances require no further recommendation. Suffice it to say that in this reissue the pieces have been programmed in the exact order they were played and there is the added bonus of the previously unreleased Porgy and a splendid liner note by Michael James.

Among my favorite Wes Montgomery records was the album entitled "The Incredible Jazz Guitar Of Wes Montgomery", recorded at the beginning of 1960 with Tommy Flanagan, Percy Heath and Tootie Heath. Here it is to relish again plus another session from the following year ("So Much Guitar") where the supporting cast includes Hank Jones, Ron Carter, Lex Humphries and Ray Barreto. Beautiful music all the way from the most influential stylist on his instrument of the 1960s. Like LaFaro, he did not live to see the 1970s but there are still hordes of guitarists living off his licks.

The Sonny Rollins presentation gathers together "The Freedom Suite" and "The Sound Of Sonny" albums, with an important addition - Funky Hotel Blues, previously available only on a hard-to-get anthology. On The Freedom Suite and five standards on side 2, Rollins is backed by the great rhythmic team of Oscar Pettiford and Max Roach. The tenorman's playing is never less than good and very often brilliant. This was made a few months before Sonny's three-year "retirement" from the scene. The remaining 10 tracks date from 1957 and find Rollins in the simpatico company of Sonny Clark, Percy Heath (or Paul Chambers) and Roy Haynes. Sonny tackles some unlikely tunes here - Toot, Toot, Tootsie and The Last Time I Saw Paris among them - but turns these "dogs" to his own advantage, as ever.

Finally to the Yusef Lateef "two-fer", not among his most memorable albums, I fear. Lateef's work whilst always well intentioned can sometimes be uneven. "The Centaur And The Phoenix" was one of those days when things failed to jell, despite the presence of stalwarts Clark Terry, Richard Williams, Curtis Fuller and Joe Zawinul in the assembled octet. "The Three Faces Of Yusef Lateef" (sides 1 & 2) is better. Eyes will light up when they see that Jungle Fantasy and Titora, a pair of titles issued before only on a 45, are squeezed in. But though they have Barry Harris on piano, these tracks aren't distinguished and tend to be hindered by a laborious vocal group. Still, for those who dig Yusef, the compilation tidies up some loose ends.

I trust this fine series will prove to be economically viable and that Mr. Keepnews will venture to offer some of the long out-of-print sides by Randy Weston, Monk, the Messengers and early Bill Evans. The project deserves success for care and thought have gone into these re-issues. My only complaint: Surely Milestone can stretch to providing inner sleeves for the records so that they reach the customer unscratched? - M. G.

DICK WELLSTOOD

and his Hot Potatoes
Seeds 3

Most of the jazz music that is being cheered by the critics today is boring stuff - boring in the sense that it is a mechnical review of things past played by musicians who don't seem to give a damn,

or couldn't even if they cared. The saxophonists are still saluting Bird or Coltrane, because it's chic. The trumpeters are all fire and brimstone, little heart and soul; the Bobby Hacketts in life are rare indeed. And the rhythm players hammer away, forgetting how deftly Jo Jones could guide an ensemble with a delicate touch of the cymbals. There is little classic jazz being recorded today, despite the efforts of an avant garde whose explorations, for the most part, have gone astray.

The tragedy of the matter is that there are players around with the ability and vitality to produce music that won't be forgotten in a couple of years. A few have emerged to the surface, but most remain underground, appreciated only by their few peers and those who emulate them. Dick Wellstood, a pianist of great depth, and Kenny Davern, a brilliant reed player who has forsaken the clarinet, for the time at least, for the more popular soprano saxophone, are two such jazz musicians. Wellstood is a part of four overdue new albums that display a versatility and breadth that no other living pianist possesses. A solo album, "From Ragtime On" (Chiaroscuro 109) is described in Down Beat by Dan Morgenstern as "a remarkable musical self-portrait." It is all that and more. On "Jazz at the New School" (Chiaroscuro 110) he demonstrates his compatibility with a Chicago type group that includes Gene Krupa and Wild Bill Davison. And on "Dick Wellstood and His Hot Potatoes" he is a part of a quartet that has produced a classic jazz album.

Davern joins Wellstood for the "New School" and "Hot Potatoes" ventures. The two men have always been musically compatible, but on the "Hot Potatoes" LP they have outdone themselves. It captures both the roots of their music, which lie in the jazz of the '20s, and their explorative nature, which carries them into areas where their traditionalist colleagues have always feared to tread. The blend produces a music of vitality and originality, with an obvious empathy among the participants. But more importantly it is the kind of jazz that bears repeating many times, the kind where you hear new things upon each playing. This is what makes good jazz, good popular music, good rock, good serious music. Hear Ellington's In A Mellotone once and you may be adversely struck by the passages of purposeful discord. But hear it a third and fourth time and you'll begin to see how those passages help portray the whole.

The album has a spectrum of excellence that, in retrospet, reaches its peak on the opening track, the venerable Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me, where Wellstood and Davern engage in some inspiring interplay before drummer Al McManus and bassist Gene Ramey lay down an undercoating that brings the two soloists back for individual choruses. Handy's Atlanta Blues is a Wellstood-Davern duet that moves into a more traditional area. Both men find it comfortable, and even though Wellstood tells us in his erudite liner notes that this is his last time with this Handy line, he'll be at it again. Suppertime demonstrates how important selection of material is to the memorable recording. This is a little-known Irving Berlin line that Ethel Waters once featured. Davern learned it from an uneventful recording by Artie Shaw (1939), and recast it here in his own distinctive fashion. He is undoubtedly the finest soprano saxist in the business today, and this recording may awaken those who can bring his work to the attention of the mass audience.

These four men (Franklin Skeete replaces Ramey on Ellington's Shout 'Em Aunt Tillie) sound comfortable together. Working together makes it that way. But there is much more than compatibility. It lies in the melodic richness of Davern's horn, his fearless intrusion into territory that might offend the traditionalist, Wellstood's remarkable individual blend of many inspirations, and the unerring time of McManus and Ramey. You'll hear traces of Pee Wee, Bechet, and Hodges in the Davern horn. But in total he is his own man. And though Johnson, Waller, and Monk have all played a part in Wellstood's development, he has brought it all together in his own way.

The fact that Davern and Wellstood have settled in Central Jersey has brought them a legion of fans in the area. But most have never heard them play in quite this way. It's a revelation. (Available from Seeds, R.F.D., Vineyard Haven, Mass. 02568). - D.L.

MIKE WESTBROOK

Live
Cadillac SGC 1001

Mike Westbrook, so the press sheet with this record tells me, is "Britain's leading younger composer, orchestra leader, and multi-media exponent..." and such. Well and good - I'd learned that a few years ago from recordings like "Release", "Celebration", and "Marching Song"; and when he's really up to it, Westbrook is still in that league. My reaction to this new album can be summed up in one word - "Why?" Why would Westbrook, with all his distinctions and talents, now prefer to be heard (in fact to produce and issue a recording himself) at the helm of an electric quintet that is disorganized at best and trivial at worst? Perhaps he knows...I don't.

There are five titles on this album, of which heads and progressions for four can be found in "Sing Along With Solid Gold Cadillac", the second of a set of songbooks published by Cadillac Music (Westbrook's own), if that interests you. Travellin' is a fairly basic riff blues featuring George Khan playing out of Everyman's Thesaurus of Muscle Tenor Phrases through a nauseating varitone. Compassion, the one untranscribed title, and Down On The Farm are collective creations made up of elastic sounds pinned in free time in a mesh around each other. Each man of the five is certainly talented, there was real and sincere group empathy, and the band members obviously enjoyed the music. What's the problem, then? Well, Compassion, a completely spontaneous composition, never achieves any directed form. Down On The Farm, based on a series of vamps, is just as nebulous in its free section, with substantial improvisations coming only when the band members get back to working strictly around the riffs. The vastly mistitled Pleasure City is an extended outing for guitarist Gary Boyle, who has just about enough imagination to carry him through the first eight bars, and for Khan's obnoxious varitone again. Fortunately, Khan comes back into his normal perspective in the final, gentle Hyde Park Song, a ballad with the grace and power of a mountain lion, and the one piece of the five I'd really care to hear repeatedly.

Butch Potter plays good section electric bass, and some interesting ensemble flute from time to time. Westbrook plays decent composer's piano, but Westbrook the composer has been lying down on the job, I gather. Drummer Alan Jackson, whose work I normally enjoy, sounds about as dull (or numbed?) as he possible could; the rhythm section pulsates like a migraine. Solid gold Cadillacs have no subtlety.

The album sleeve quotes a very favorable review given the quintet's Tavistock concert (which produced four of the selections on the disc); if you want to see a positive assessment of this recording, go read the sleeve. I can see that this music would have been a gas to play, and perhaps quite enjoyable in the concert hall the first time. But on repeated listening it's boring. Westbrook can write and play challenging and significant music; Khan is usually a very meaty tenor voice; Alan Jackson can be a great percussionist when he feels the urge. What the hell happened this time?

Just because Westy and the other four put up some of their own bread to issue this album is no reason for you to plunk down yours for the dubious privilege of owning it. - B.T.

LESTER YOUNG

Archives of Jazz 501

There are a few of us around for whom the question of quality regarding a recording of Lester Young "live" at the Savoy Ballroom circa 1950 is practically beside the point. Lester Young...at the Savoy!.... Well, you can but see Malcolm X (William Evans), Kerouac and Cassady jumping in the aisles.

If you're not too sure what I'm talking about, then you had better think twice before buying this one. To begin with, despite the claims made in the liner notes that "the original tapes have been brought up to current sound technology by an extraordinary effort of technical application" the sound on this record resembles that of a crowded streetcar. Glasses crashing on the floor, entire solos obscured by jokes being told in front of the mike (you can't even hear the jokes), spade hipsters falling all over themselves at Lester lagging behind a break on

Lester Leaps In, shouts of "Easy on that cymbal Jo", It's....well....the Savoy Ballroom, 1950.

Then too, a good many critics see this as the time when Pres had passed his creative peak, though these are often the same people who can't understand why a musician of Lester Young's resources wouldn't want to play in 1950 the same way he played in 1938. If you happen to feel, as I do, that Lester's playing matured rather than declined during the later years, there's some beautiful music to be found here, particularly on These Foolish Things and Sunday, not to mention those incredible Lester leaps.

The group consists of Jesse Drakes, Kenny Drew, Aaron Bell and Jo Jones and there's no information in the liner notes as to whether this material has ever been issued before, though I do recall a record called "Pres is Blue" on Charlie Parker Records that I believe had the same personnel.

You can't argue about the spontanaeity of this record, but you might want to listen before you buy it. - B.O.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

RADIO BAND REMOTES
Radiola Records 13/14

In serving the nostalgia market, particularly that portion of it with a fancy for the old radio shows, Radiola Records has come up with a package that should fascinate anyone interested in the big band era.

There are 26 orchestras heard here, all recorded from authentic remotes, not transcriptions. Each comes on with its theme and the usual announcer talking about "gay, festive settings" and so on. Then each band is heard in one complete selection; Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey for some reason are allocated two each.

What is interesting about the package is that it seems to offer a particularly accurate cross section of the way things really were in those days. In addition to all the brilliant orchestras whose work is still exciting today, we also hear a generous sampling of the Mickey Mouse groups which purred among the crystal chandeliers and potted palms of the stuffier dance palaces and hotels of the day. We are reminded that for every Count Basie or Charlie Barnet, there were probably dozens of Del Courtneys and Shep Fields'. In short here is a collection which offers something not available in high concentrations of brilliance: perspective.

I don't mean to suggest that there isn't valuable music here, however. There is Tommy Dorsey and Clambake Seven in an amusing novelty and the full band backing Jack Leonard (September 14, 1939); There's Will Bradley doing Flying Home from the Famous Door with a good solo from Joe Wiedman to boot (February 21, 1941); There's Louis Armstrong doing a trumpetless Brother Bill before an audience of GIs; And there's Glenn Miller romping through a charging Tiger Rag from the Cafe Rouge (February 5, 1940).

Most collectors will already have the Basie Bugle Blues from the 1937 Savoy air shot (available on CC 8), and Goodman's Down South Camp Meetin' (edited after the reed ensemble chorus) and Limehouse Blues are available as full broadcasts on Sunbeam 125.

But there's a rare sample of Fletcher Henderson's wartime band which offers a glimpse of then unknown Art Blakey on Stompin' at the Savoy (the opening theme, Christopher Columbus, seems to be edited). There's Cab Calloway (being interrupted by news bulletins of the Japanese surrender) from August 14, 1945, and Gene Krupa in another Savoy rendition the very next day. Don Fagerquist and Charlie Ventura both make strong impressions on the latter. Sideman Si Zentner solos with Jimmy Dorsey (July 18, 1944), and Charlie Barnet does a lively Skyliner (January 30, 1946). There is finally a pretty Stardust by Lionel Hampton (June 16, 1944).

There is also the other side of the musical coin: Russ Morgan (1938), Glen Gray (Wartime), Jimmy Grier (1932), Jan Garber (1965), Blue Baron (postwar), Del Courtney (1938), Phil Harris (1934), Ted Fio Rito (1945), George Olson (1945), Henry Busse (1949), Freddy Martin (with Merv Griffin), and of course Lombardo from New Years Eve, 1969.

Sound is generally first rate where the masters allow, and the liners are highly informative on how remotes are produced. The album is available by mail only for $8.95 plus 60 cents postage from Radiola Company, Box H, Croton-on-Hudson, New York 10520.

Radiola, by the way, recently issued another LP (Radiola 19) that will interest the more vigorous Benny Goodman collectors. It's a transcription of the Joe Louis-Jack Sharkey fight of August 18, 1936. In order to broadcast the match, CBS interrupted the Camel Caravan as BG was winding up a rousing Sugar Foot Stomp. About two minutes of the band is heard. The item is not listed in Connor. - J. McD.

TROMBONE WORKSHOP
(MPS 21, 20915-6)

The MPS folks like workshops. Violin, alto sax, and now trombones, with Slide Hampton, Ake Persson (Sweden), Albert Mangelsdorff, and Jiggs Whigham (U.K.). Everyone involved has done better on their own - especially Mangelsdorff who sounds annoyed throughout. The compositions are all sort of dull, the exceptions being Mangelsdorff's A Certain Beauty and Uli's Dance, which mingles be-bop rhetoric with a funk-edged progression. Albert himself fails to get going here, but Slide toys around with the theme as if he'd written it, making teasing quotes and blasting them aside with bluesy lines. A Certain Beauty is a nice ballad, if somewhat stilted. Both in the composing and soloing Mangelsdorff seems afraid of honest sentimentality, and chooses eccentricity instead. Jiggs Whigham wipes him out with a honest-to-God crooning solo.

Everything else falls short. Hampton's Trombone Suit is just that; a man trying on a bunch of suits and then leaving without making a purchase. Whigham does a bit better with Mother Someplace, displaying his inventive melodic touch, but his Ice Nine is stupid - an excuse for each trombonist to noodle around acapello before the piece turns into a dull funk-o-ramic with everyone imitating Miles (wah wah wah wah).

The rhythm section - George Gruntz, piano; Isla Eckinger, bass; and Tony Inzalaco, drums - sound the most comfortable, perhaps because this was less of a workshop for them than the rest. It's this "workshop" thing that gets me - every workshop I've been into consists of a lot of sawdust and old tools lying around. This is no exception. - E.C.

MASTER JAZZ PIANO - Volume 3
MJR 8117

Two solos a piece from five talented pianists, each one given the opportunity to play whatever and however he chooses. The results are varied enough to provide an Lp that generally keeps you interested and on a high enough musical plane to make comparisons of the artists unnecessary. There are both pluses and minuses, mentioned below, but on the whole it's a worthwhile set.

The two big names here are Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson. Hines runs the gamut of his prodigious skill, from Blue Skies, at top speed with dazzling cross-rhythms and gleaming runs, to his own Blue Fox with its droning left hand that produces about as earthy a sound as you'll ever hear from Hines. Wilson does a fairly conventional job on One O'Clock Jump, but comes up with a light, driving, medium-tempo Satin Doll with plenty of that characteristic fleet Wilson right hand.

The two tracks from the late Sonny White are so satisfying that one can only regret his leaving behind a mere handful of piano solos. I Got Rhythm swings like crazy with marvelously selected substitute chords and gem-like arpeggios, while the slower Memories Of You moves logically from its out-of-tempo opening through a medium-bounce treatment back to free rhythm at the end.

Gloria Hearn is the most modern of the five, as far as her selection of harmonies is concerned, but she keeps you with her most of the way, despite a tendency to let her musical ideas run a little too long before moving ahead to develop the solo. Keith Dunham's How Long Has This Been Going On? shows that he can play well, but his flying leap at Carolina Shout, which speeds up during the first chorus into too-fast tempo and then smears its way to the end leaving a number of notes and even a few beats behind along the way, is the only real failure on the Lp. - T.W.

FRIDAY THE 13th - COOK COUNTY JAIL
Groove Merchant 515

What we have here is a recording of a concert performed for the inmates of the Cook County Jail in Chicago on October 13, 1972. On side one we hear a group led by organist Jimmy McGriff while on side two we find the Lucky Thompson Quartet. It is rather a strange pairing to my ears. I would expect that the record buying public of these two artists would be composed of rather different persons. This is likely to lead to dissatisfaction on both ends, that is, if either group is willing to lay down their bread for just one side of an Lp.

The McGriff side also features guitarists George Freeman, known for his work with Gene Ammons, and O'Donel Levy. This is not the type of jazz I would purchase and so perhaps my views should be taken accordingly. The side is made up of two long tracks labeled Freedom Suite Parts I and II. All three soloists play competently but nothing happens to make me want to ever hear it again. Perhaps those of the organ cum guitar persuasion would be able to build up more enthusiasm than I can.

Side two is another matter altogether. Here we have three standards by Lucky with Cedar Walton, Sam Jones and Louis Hayes. I'm not certain if the live audience is responsible, but Lucky seems more inspired than on his previous Groove Merchant release. While I prefer his tenor playing as a general rule, on this record Lucky sticks with his soprano saxophone all the way and does a commendable job with the higher pitched instrument. As is often the case when Cedar Walton appears on a record, he receives the bulk of my attention. Even though playing an electric piano which sounds less than clear (to be charitable), his well developed solo excursions are a pleasure. The rhythm section is poorly recorded from start to finish. - P. F.

Finger Poppin' Volume One
Jezebel 101

The credentials for this recording need to be set straight at the beginning as the title gives one little clue of the musical calibre. Featured are Herman Autrey, Rudy Powell, Bobby Gordon, Jack Fine, Jimmy Andrews, Larry Kitt and Mike Burgevin and the recordings were made on location between October 1971 and March 1972. Technical quality is good and the musicianship is particularly satisfying.

The essential spirit of the music is to be found in the work of those musicians who made jazz into a freewheeling solo art in the early 1930s - when improvising was restricted to the blues and 32 bar standard songs. Musical creativity was largely based on the way in which the music was interpreted. This spirit persists in those musicians who retain their musical interests from that period as well as in the imaginations of younger musicians choosing that idiom within which to express their feelings. This music is a wedding of youth and experience.

Herman Autrey immediately gives the music an identifying sound - if you need references look to Waller's small groups and The Saints and Sinners. Rudy Powell was part of both those ensembles and his alto sound graces Mood Indigo, St. James Infirmary and Sweet Lorraine. Clarinetist Bobby Gordon is the principal soloist and this is probably his most compelling jazz recording to date. He has added a mature jazz approach to his obvious mastery of the instrument. He shines particularly in California Here I Come but also sparkles on every selection where he is featured. His low register work, in particular, makes a fluid and intriguing counterbalance to Herman Autrey's often muted lead lines. Jack Fine's cornet work is brasher, more energetic but he drives the ensembles in Indiana and Crazy 'Bout My Baby.

Without belittling the efforts of those already mentioned (I am sure they would agree) it must be stressed that the highlights of this lp are often the dazzling flights of fancy concocted by pianist Jimmy Andrews. Where has he been all these years? He is an important stylist with a strong grasp of the middle traditions of jazz piano. His touch is distinctive and strong while his solos always remain interesting - whether it's an up-tempo romp or a moody blues. He voices his chords in such a way that they augment and fill out the ensembles. He's a delight and he blends well with Larry Kitt and Mike Burgevin to produce a tasty rhythm section.

This style of jazz has been around a long time and it would be unfair to anticipate fresh masterpieces within the idiom. But it is possible to produce music of quality, substance and lasting interest - and this lp justifies that statement. More importantly, this lp has thrust into the limelight pianist Jimmy Andrews - a musician who deserves much wider exposure. The lp can be purchased from Jezebel Records, 1233 Greenleaf Street, Allentown, Pa. 18102, U.S.A. for 5.00 postpaid. ($5.50 overseas) - J.W.N.

RASHIED ALI

New Directions In Modern Music
Survival SR-104

It's a funny thing about "new directions", but there are really very few of them around. Most human endeavours tend toward review or direct extension of ground already covered or at least foreseen by others. This recording is no different in that respect, but that's part of its fascination. These four men play out of what they know and love best - the art and persona of John Coltrane - but within that realm they establish their own identities rather than merely emulate Coltrane's accomplishments.

Percussionist-leader-composer Rashied Ali is the only member of this ensemble to have performed on a regular basis with Coltrane's band. (Altoist Carlos Ward played with him on occasion.) When he took over the drummer's chair from Elvin Jones in that last quintet, Ali took up and extended the challenging implications of the freely-flowing thrust of rhythm with which Jones approached the ensemble. But much more than that, he brought to the group his own lucid approach to drum texture and tonality, a richness neither as formal nor as overpowering as his predecessor's, but flying above as well as nourishing the ensemble sound. By sympathetic listening and being a tonal and rhythmic foil to the other members, Ali changed and drove the music of the quintet. Since 1967, he has become a more towering figure from the drum seat - germane, powerful, and directive - who in many ways controls and determines the interaction of the entire quartet in this recording. Often the fast-moving and jagged textures of his band seem no more than the upper tonal reaches of his rumbling undercurrent; and the piercing, cascading flow of his compositions closely reflect his percussion conception.

Pianist Fred Simmons (on record here for only the second time) is very closely attuned to the percussion lines. His basic orientation to the keyboard draws - appropriately enough - from McCoy Tyner, but unlike Tyner or most other pianists in recent Black Music (who are often irrelevant at best), Simmons plays

a very important role in the whole ensemble. While Ali strikes heavily polyrhythmic lines which imply the music of the other three between his sticks, Simmons' interprets and condenses metres to kick up incisively from beneath and spur Ward. To my ears, at least, Ward's lines respond much more closely and are most meaningful only in direct relationship to the pianist. Tyner or Alice Coltrane rarely fed back to the soloist, and functioned relatively independently of the ensemble as groundings and as constant foils to the rest of Coltrane's music. Simmons, above Ali, resounds and transmutes Ward so that the music reverberates between them. And although his playing superficially resembles Tyner's, he draws from the keyboard a much less elegant, harder sound close to the percussionist's, and gives it a wider working harmonic range - not just modes or chords, but higher-level harmonizations and extensions.

Coltrane's single recorded flute performance, To Be, implied a direction for the quicksilver horn that few musicians have attempted. It most prominently reflects the influence of Pharoah Sanders' entry into Coltrane's world (Pharoah's piccolo solo Upper Egypt And Lower Egypt on the album "Tauhid" is much akin, and predates To Be by over a year). Since that time, Sanders has continued in that area of feeling; with much less attention, Walter Armstrong (of whom I've written previously) has moved toward a flute music of his own from that starting point. The extended flute solo Akela here demonstrates that Carlos Ward, too, is personalizing from that source. Rather than relying on the flute's classic fleetness and bell-pure sound the way Eric Dolphy did, Ward fairly wrings humanity (rather than metal) from the instrument with a thick, almost-sighing sound extended in a slow space he stretches over Ali's flying metric repartee. As-Salaam-Alikum is a fire-breathing energy performance by Ward on alto - a fleet, kinetic improvisation kicked along by Ali and Simmons. It's also a performance I have some difficulty in relating to. It has always seemed to me that Carlos Ward the saxophonist is incapable of sustaining energy without help because he lets his technique get the better of him; without his own drive, his long, loping strings of notes get to be too many when a more opportune use of space would open his lines, allow tension to build, and render them more immediately communicative. As-Salaam-Alikum, like his performance with Karl Berger (my only other exposure to his music), seems overpopulated.

The role of the bassist in this ensemble conception is vital because although relatively free of the traditional "jazz" harmonic or rhythmic restrictions he has had to find his own solutions to the potential problems of binding together several individual and occasionally disparate soloistic directions simultaneously. He has to be the keystone to the ensemble interaction. Stafford James supports easily and imaginatively; his extended "Akela" solo is harmonically and rhythmically personal.

Put together, then, this is a recording from a session at the "East" by a quartet of exceptional sympathy and musical adventure. John Coltrane's ghost does hang over the music; but the spirits evoked are healthy and friendly, and these two pieces are indebted to no-one for their power. - B. T.

DON CHERRY

Organic Music Society
Caprice RIKS-DPL-1

Documentation recordings always bring to mind the musicological researches of Sam Charters and Alan Lomax, and field recordings of unknown performers at parties and parades and prison farms. Don Cherry, on the other hand, is an alive, vital artist who - even considering the non-commercial art he espouses - still manages to make it to the studios with reasonable frequency for tracing his artistic odyssey. That notwithstanding, this 2-LP set is a Don Cherry documentation, following the peripatetic musician/philosopher through Scandinavia for a year, culling for our perusal those masterpieces of his spontaneous creation that would likely not get to the large company studios.

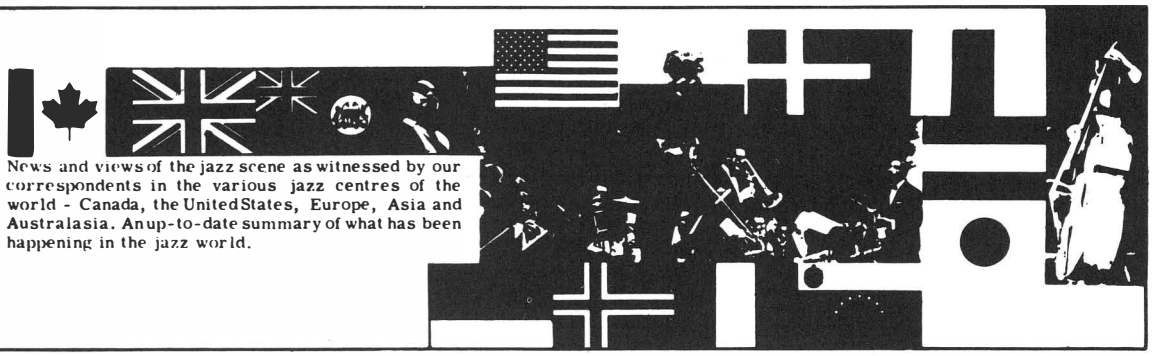
"Organic Music" is Cherry's particular interpretation of his art, something that - like the whole "Whole Earth" movement - sounds naturally good for heart and soul. But as some who have attempted macrobiotic diets attest, there is often not much on which the physical or cerebral entities of the being might survive, and such, too, has become the fact of Cherry's music. His sound is very calm and contemplative, simple like childhood; the brazen iconoclasm and the drive to prove of his early years beside Ornette is washed away. The spiritual evolution he has undergone is in many ways akin to that of the late John Coltrane - but much faster and with much more drastic application to his creation. (Where 'Trane gradually awoke, Don was startled into consciousness. And where 'Trane was constantly searching, Don has found and settled.) His music has become an intricate fusion of rhythms, sounds, and textures; and commensurate with the speed at which it has evolved, it is deeply felt, but of little definition. It has a broad span, but not yet concentrated depth. Even accepting this (as I do but you might choose not to), his gentle sound is set apart as much more substantial than that of the rabble attempting to emulate him, by virtue of his total commitment to the art he lives in at the moment of creation, and by virtue of the tight rein he holds on the form the sonic bud assumes as it blossoms. Control is one key.

The transition between ghetto and cosmic consciousness is almost complete by now. The "old" Cherry (who disappeared around the time of the BYG "Mu" albums) rematerializes on trumpet only very briefly on the second disc. He now molds his sound with bells, flutes, percussion, voices, plastic textures, and people; and the sweep that his revealing lyricism commands (here as on the JCOA "Relativity Suite" recording) is startling and beautiful. And diverse. In the various contexts here, he is heard as wordless teacher (with percussionist Okay Temiz fronting a Swedish youth orchestra in pieces by Dollar Brand and Terry Riley), philosopher-king (the chant of an abbreviated "Relativity Suite" over ostinato bass and percussion), and cantor and spiritual leader ("North Brazilian Ceremonial Hymn", "Resa") as well as always the musical fountainhead for the proceedings (especially as recorded at the Stockholm Museum of Modern Art "Utopia and Visions" exhibition). The artists he works with are little known in North America (although I have written previously of Okay Temiz, Maffy Falay, and Tommy Koverhult, respectively with "Sevda" and Bernt Rosengren's quartet), but - particularly in their command of instruments from the Third World (Hans Isgren's sarangi, Nana's berimbau, Christer Borthen's dousso n'gouni, Bengt Berger's mridanga) are exceptionally skilled and amazingly empathetic. The music literally blooms under his command.

This is not music to ponder. The sound is sincere, and warm, and even with some rather dubious recording in places, is a much truer picture of Cherry's art than others of his recent recordings. If the music of Don Cherry in the 1970s interests you at all, this is the album to get. - B. T.

(Caprice Records are available through Kulturcirkeln, Sveavagen 41, 111 34 Stockholm, Sweden.)

around the world



News and views of the jazz scene as witnessed by our correspondents in the various jazz centres of the world - Canada, the United States, Europe, Asia and Australasia. An up-to-date summary of what has been happening in the jazz world.

TORONTO

The Creative Music Workshop presented an afternoon of live jazz at St. Paul's Church on Avenue Road. Performers included Clayton Johnson, David Chan, Lionel Williams and Wayne Jackson in a group called Message. Another group, Dusk, included John T. Davis, Jean Evans, Bob Boyer and Ron Hedland...Bobbi Sherron, a well known singer has just been signed to the starring role for a new film produced by the Anglican Church of Canada ...Toronto Centre for the Arts' Summer Program presented "Raffi"; Jack Schectman; Dov Christopher with Guido Basso, John Tank, Peter Marcus and Doug Fraser in a group called "Ja-Blu-Fuse"; Brent Titcomb with Michael Creighton and Tom Graham; and Shigoose with Redbird... Drummers will be interested in a new book by Peter Magadini, a popular local percussionist called POLY-CYMBAL TIME - a comprehensive study in polymeters for drums. It contains fifty-six pages of exercises and ideas related to poly-rhythms as is exclusively designed for the drum set. The book is completely hand written to add a personal touch to the work. Magadini, who holds a master's degree in percussion, has also written the successful two volume set "Musicians' Guide to Polyrhythms". His playing experience includes the Don Ellis Band, Barney Kessel, Denny Zeitlin, John Handy, George Duke, Mose Allison, Diana Ross and many others. Poly-Cymbal Time may be ordered from Briko Publishing, 105 Deloraine Avenue, Toronto M5M 2B1 ($6.00 ppd)...Oscar Peterson was honored by the Broadcast Executives Society on June 13 at a special "Canada Day" luncheon. Other head table guests (representing all styles of music) included Peter Appleyard, Gene Lees, Tommy Ambrose and Phil MacKellar. Instead of the usual speech, Peterson delivered several numbers which were highlighted by several movements from his Canadiana Suite. CTV also took advantage of the occasion to preview their eight week series "Oscar Peterson Presents" which will probably have run its initial course by the time you read this. Reruns are hoped for as well as an extension of the series, which included appearances by Joe Turner, Dizzy Gillespie, Bernie Senensky, Al Grey, Count Basie and others...a one day free jazz festival will take place on Toronto Island on Saturday, September 7 from noon to 7 p.m. featuring a cross section of talent. Call 924-1373 for information...outside Toronto, on August 9, the Minden, Ontario, Rotary Club staged a mini-festival featuring Illinois Jacquet, Milt Buckner and Jo Jones with special guests Russel Jacquet and vocalist Jodi Drake.

The following section was written by John Norris - the balance of the column by Alan Offstein.

If you're thinking of buying electronic equipment or appliances during a visit to the U.S. you should be made aware that it is necessary to keep (for ever) your customs receipt (whether duty paid or on your tourist exemption). If you don't and your local RCMP officer visits you he can (and will) either seize the goods or make you pay the full duty on the Canadian price of the merchandise. You are guilty until you can prove your innocence (by producing your receipt). And if you're wondering how they find you - it's simple. They send a man to look through the warranty cards at the various U.S. plants.

Veteran reedman Bennie Weinstone passed quietly from the scene in early June. He was a familiar sight around town as he gave a listen to all styles of jazz. His recollections of times past when he was an associate of the world's best kept him going. At his death he was practicing hard for a record date that didn't materialise.

There's been a lot of music in Toronto this summer - but much of it lacked public support, for one reason or another. Following the placid waves of Keith Jarrett's piano at the Masonic Temple in mid-June it was the turn of McCoy Tyner on July 1. His current quartet introduced us to a dynamic young drummer - Fletcher Wilby. Much, much more is going to be heard of this young man. Azar Lawrence is rapidly becoming a solo voice of distinction while Buster Williams is one of the best in the world today. And what can you say about McCoy? He has to be one of the most original and totally committed jazz pianists working today. Despite the poor acoustics and sound system his message came through loud and clear at Convocation Hall. The Contemporary Arts Ensemble made an over-long warm-up appearance at the beginning of this concert. The people came to hear McCoy Tyner.

Belvedere Cigarettes (owned by Benson and Hedges) lost a lot of money in their first attempt at a summer jazz festival. The organisation was poor, artistic selection left a lot to be desired (in terms of attracting a large audience) and the promotion simply didn't exist until Gino Empry stepped into the breach a week from opening date. Ten or eleven bands entertained those people who showed up on Saturday and Sunday July 20 and 21. Those who came to hear Super Sax were impressed by Warne Marsh's solo efforts and a bevy of illustrious West Coast studio musicians were much in evidence backstage. But Basie, Dizzy, Carmen McRae, Ferguson, Herman etc. put out with some good music which was appreciated.

Another event doomed to attendance failure was the excellent St. Lawrence Centre concert by the Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet on August 7. Lack of promotion once again was the cause. Simply hiring Phil MacKellar as an MC doesn't guarantee a full house in Toronto. Jazz fans listen to CJRT for the word on jazz and it's time that promoters understood this. The Braff-Barnes combination was a joy to hear. Quality tunes of the Thirties and Forties constitute much of the group's repertoire and they have made great efforts to avoid monotony by varying the treatment of the 32 bar structures they prefer to play. The intimate setting of a drumless quartet seems to suit Ruby and his interaction with George Barnes is often telepathic. Barnes' clean lines derive from the inspiration of Eddie Lang and Django Reinhardt but he is very much his own man - and a much underrated musician. Rhythm guitarist Wayne Wright and bassist Michael Moore were unobtrusive in their support but the rhythm guitarist's role was a vital key to the integrated sound of the quartet.

The summer season at Bourbon Street was highlighted by a two week appearance of flugelhornist Art Farmer. He remains one of the most tasteful, creative horn players on the scene. There's an understated authority to everything he plays and his solos have the mature flow of a major musician playing completely within his capabilities at all times. His consistency, inspiration and dedication to the jazz muse makes his infrequent visits to North America regretable.

Pianist Johnny Guarnieri delighted his followers with expertly crafted sets of long remembered tunes. Perhaps his Fats Waller medley was a high point as he chose to play some of the less obvious numbers associated with the immortal Fats as well as perennial favorites. Bassist Dave Field and drummer Pete Magadini got into the spirit of things and some vigorous music resulted.

Sadik Hakim, now more firmly established in the city, delighted his followers with some excellent interpretations of standards from the Miles Davis reper-

toire as well as some of his own original compositions during a week-long stint at George's Spaghetti House. Sadik was also heard under better conditions at a concert for Burlington's Public Library where his music was well received.

British cornetist Ken Colyer took a busman's holiday in June and made several appearances with the Climax Jazz Band. Their association was climaxed by a mini-New Orleans Festival in mid-June at the Brunswick when Joseph "Cornbread" Thomas made the journey from the Crescent City. Colyer's distinctive tone and approach gave the Climax Band a lot to think about while he played alongside them and the musical results were sometimes quite gratifying.

Esther Phillips received royal treatment at a first night party thrown by CTI for the media. Musically, Ms Phillips needed a tighter band to showcase properly her considerable talents.

THE SCENE

ALBERT'S HALL, THE BRUNSWICK
481 Bloor Street West
Climax Jazz Band - six nights a week
BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen St. W.
August 26-
September 7 - Phil Woods
16-28 - Thad Jones
30
October -12 - Harry Edison
COLONIAL TAVERN - 201 Yonge St.
September 9-14 - World's Greatest Jazz Band
30-
October 4 - Cannonball Adderley
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina
September 2- 7 - Downchild Blues Band
9-14 - Willie Dixon
16-21 - Luther Johnson
30-
October 5 - John Lee Hooker
FOUR SEASONS SHERATON HOTEL
Pinnacle Room, 123 Queen St. W.
September 2-
October 5 - Buddy de Franco w. Victor Feldman
GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE
290 Dundas Street East
various local jazz groups
GROSSMAN'S TAVERN - 379 Spadina
Monday/Wednesday - Modern jazz
Thursday - Dr. Jazz
Fridays and Saturdays from 8 p.m.
(Saturday matinee 3 p.m.)
Kid Bastien's Camelia Band
MALLONEY'S - 85 Grenville
Saturday afternoons - Climax Jazz Band
SAPHIRE TAVERN - 14 Richmond St. E.
Paul Rimstead with Jim Galloway - nightly
FREE JAZZ FESTIVAL
Toronto Island - September 7
phone 924-1373 for information

VICTORIA, B.C.: The Jazz Society organized a jazz club for the summer which opened with Paul Horn and the Jerry Bryant Trio. Located at 106 Superior St. in the Servitus Hall, the cover is $1.50 for members and $2.25 for others and the music starts at 10 p.m. As long as there is music, the room will remain open.

NEW YORK: Jazz Interactions showcased an orchestra of twenty-four student musicians of professional potential. Led by Joe Newman, the June 24 concert turned up another gig, a Jazz Vespers service. Midtown outdoor concerts will continue three times a week, free of charge, until October at the Fountain Plaza in front of Pub Theatrical, 5 to 7 p.m. Groups include JPJ Quartet, Machito Orchestra, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Collectiv Black Artists Ensemble and many others ...The N.Y. Jazz Museum continues to October 30 its current exhibition "About John Coltrane". Included in the exhibit are rare photographs, poetry, original art work, memorabilia and films. When it closes, it will be available for touring to schools, colleges, libraries, community organizations and other institutions... WKCR (89.9 FM) of Columbia University continues to service the N.Y. jazz community with more than just radio. They sponsored the three evening series with Cecil Taylor, and dates by the Roy Brooks Artistic Truth, the Melodic Art-tet, Paul Bley & Scorpio, Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes and Gill-Scott Heron... New Music Distribution Service, now handling over fifty labels including Strata East and WATT, have hired some high-powered talent in the person of Jack Somer to head up their marketing and promotional activities. Somer's background includes engineering and A&R work with RCA, North American Philips and he is a full time free lance writer. This type of expertese applied to the task of disseminating "non-popular" arts should expand the scale of new music activities.

WASHINGTON: The Smithsonian Institution has scheduled a ten day Institute of Jazz Criticism held under the auspices of the Music Critics Association, September 23 through October 2. Organized by Martin Williams, Director of the Institution's jazz program, this program concerns itself with criticism as it relates to a specialized music activity. Ten "fellows" will be selected by members of the MCA Education Committee and will receive travel expenses and a subsistence stipend. During the sessions, the Fellows will review musical events and attend daily seminars and colloquia with a faculty of critics and musicians. For the institute in Jazz there will be a jazz ensemble in residence which will hold regular open rehearsals, and informal jam sessions and offer at least one public concert.

TEXAS: The second annual KERRVILLE RAGTIME FESTIVAL took place the first week of July and featured Olive Brown, pianist Terry Waldo who studied with Max Morath and Eubie Blake, Chuck Reiley's Alamo City Jazz Band and an appearance by Max Kaminsky, his first since 1937. Swedish clarinetist Orange Kellin, now a resident of New Orleans was on the program as well as banjoist "Father Al" Lewis and drummer Ray Bauduc. Highlight of the festival was the Fourth of July Ragtime Champion Piano Contest.

- Alan Offstein

MONTREAL

Le Videographe showed a video on new improvised music in Quebec the first week of June. Live improvised music was played on some nights.

Following this presentation, AME organised at La Bibliotheque Nationale du Quebec, one week of films on music: "Musiques a Voir. (All music, ethnic, avant garde, jazz...) The selection was done according to our budget plus availability of the films as such. "Amougies" (Prima Film), Big Ben, St Louis Blues, Musiciens d'Iran, (Cinematheque Quebecoise), Explosion Demographique, Reel du Pendu (ONF), Pierre Mercure (Charles Gagnon) didn't cost us anything. La Cinematheque Quebecoise (Robert Daudelin) provided their services for free as well as L'Institut d'Art Contemporain (Norman Theriault) which covered more than half of a considerable deficit. I.A.C. is also responsible for the exhibit that same week in

la Bibliotheque Nationale of the work of the Artist Jazz Band of Toronto. Their music was played before/between projections. The three big days of the week were Wednesday (Mauricio Kagel), Friday (John Jeremy and Saturday (Marion Brown).

Mauricio Kagel will be coming to Montreal (as well as Toronto) in 1975, as a guest of S.M.C.Q. (who have also offered AME a possible participation at la Biennale Internationale de l'Unesco in Canada, October 1975). We thought he should be represented by two of his numerous films, which are as essential as his music for a decent understanding in depth of the contemporary-true art scene now. The only two in America are Ludwig Van and Hallelujah (available from Theodore Presser Company, Presser Place, Bryn Maws, Pa. 19010.) The reference for these films was provided by Nic Parent of Gimel in Quebec City (Groupe d'interpretation de musique electroacoustique). Working with Nic Parent, leader of Gimel, are Marcelle Deschenes-Harvey, Gisele Ricard and Jean Piche. This group played a free concert in Montreal on June 16 at le Vehicule Art Gallery. For information on Gimel: Nic Parent, 3304-2 de la Monnerie, Ste-Foy, Quebec 10 (418-651-6436 or 418-656-7067).

It would take too long to get into a detailed description-analysis of these two fascinating films, Hallelujah being especially convincing. Subtitles at times would have been welcome (both films were in German only, few words though). The films of John Jeremy have already been described and praised in Coda. We wish to thank Bill Smith for being responsible in bringing John Jeremy to Montreal. Bill ended his stay in Montreal at l'Amorce, le cafe experimental du Jazz Libre du Quebec where he played two sets with local musicians who granted him warm hospitality. Two days later l'Amorce was destroyed by fire followed the next day by the legendary Black Bottom club. A criminal hand is responsible for both fires. Police have opened an investigation on the matter. They (Jazz Libre du Quebec) had enough time to save all their equipment plus instruments. They are now playing at La Grande Passe, Ontario and St-Denis, one of the numerous coffee houses that belong to the parallel circuit: la Releve-Kebek (similar to Rezo-Zero in France). It is expected that twenty coffee houses throughout the province will be part of La Releve this autumn. It is the only way for artists, not recognized officially, to find work on a regular basis and make a living out of it. Maurice Richard (bass) is responsible for the organisation as such.

On Saturday we showed two films brought to Montreal by Marion Brown: "See What I Am Trying To Say" (15 minutes, New York, Henry English) and "See The Music" (56 minutes, 1970, Germany and Austria, Theodor Kottula, with Leo Smith, Fred Braceful etc...) A concert followed with Fred Hopkins (bass) and Steve McCall (drums).

In Quebec City, next year, Jean Pascal Souque and Denis Lelievre will be responsible for organising several concerts of new music - the first three being scheduled through Creative Foundation Inc. are: September 15 - Jack DeJohnette Trio; October 6 - Sam Rivers Trio; December 1 - Karl Berger.

Also in Quebec City on June 10, thanks to Jean Pascal Souque and Denis Lelievre, AME has done a four hour live radio program on its activities and new music in general with original tapes-records.

Following Richard Teitelbaum's excellent concert in Montreal, Vincent Dionne of AME played a very successful concert in St John the Evangelist Church in Montreal, a concert of solo percussion, including some of his own compositions. Vincent now in Europe for a month with the World Youth Orchestra is planning a trip to Indonesia for this coming autumn.

There is a new jazz club in Montreal, In Concert, (2 Le Royer, corner of St. Laurent, below Notre Dame, 861-5669). They have presented so far Roland Kirk, McCoy Tyner, Howlin' Wolf, Ahmad Jamal, Esther Phillips and Charles Mingus.

Kevin Austin of Metamusic, the sound of three hands clapping, a group of live improvised music in Montreal (they did the set up for R. Teitelbaum and Vincent Dionne concerts) is now a producer for CBC and intends to do something to promote local creative musicians.

AME has suspended more or less its public activities for the summer. Many projects for the next year. We will hopefully receive the support ($) we need to keep things going. - Raymond Gervais

VANCOUVER

Following Mike White's group at Lucy's in Vancouver was Pacific Salt, the west coast group including P.J. Perry on reeds and flute, and Oliver Gannon on guitar. Subsequently, Horace Silver's quintet came to play. The word has it that very good music followed, especially from the group's most recent tenor player. Woody Shaw then showed his style. He's a jabbing trumpet player who embelishes harmonic ideas with punches, turns, twists, and angles of creative sound. On tenor and flute was Emanuel Boyd who is firmly rooted in the angular harmonics of his acknowledged predecessors, Coltrane, Henderson etc. Emanuel also plays very interesting flute. Tom Grant on piano, Nate Hygelund on bass, and Ron Steen with drums - all of Portland - drove the group with ample energy. After the first week, the group stayed on without Woody.

Following those musicians, Ahmad Jamal's group came into Lucy's for another week. Not having caught him, I imagine he was up to his usual tasty performance level.

The Queen Elizabeth theater staged two other performances of note. First Dave Brubeck and his sons played with the symphony and in quartet form. Brubecks excerpts from "The Gates of Justice" and other works were quite acceptable and of special note was Chris Brubeck on bass and, during "Gates", on very mellow bass trombone. Darius handled electric piano in excellent form, and 17 year old Dan, cooked very nice on drums - barefoot and all. The son's trio segment played interesting energy music with Darius all over the piano, and the bass and drums driving without fail.

Oscar Brown Jr. performed the theatre on a bill with the Pointer Sisters. Oscar is creator of eclectic, artistic wholes.

And, the Victoria Jazz Society presented Gary Burtz's NTU Troop. Gary is a great alto saxophone player. He's clean, balanced, and of great spirit. His is one of the few really original sounds coming from that post-Trane and Ornette group of reed men. Tonally, his saxophone projects a lucid, clear sound that, at the same time, pierces deep. His group maintains excellent creativity which provides both tangible feeling with abstract thought. Maynard Parker's guitar drives and picks up super neat sounds in the outer harmonic dimension. Hubert Eaves III on piano, James Benjamin on bass, and Howard King on drums keep a very closely knit group together. NTU is one of the few who have managed to put together an original art form out of the last exits of the Rock - R & B kings on one side and the extremities of the Aylers on the other.

- Robert A. Rouda

EDMONTON

On the surface it's been a quiet spring and summer, but there's been music if you were quick enough to catch it. The Gary Bartz Ntu Troop was in Edmonton for three nights in late May, followed two weeks later by a solo piano recital by Keith Jarrett. Calgary missed out on both concerts typically, but picked up two nights of the Ted Moses Quintet on its swing west, and is probably grabbing Big Joe Turner in August. Big Joe will be playing Edmonton and Calgary with a selection of new local home musicians - such as New York drummer Clifford Barbaro (dynamite!) and singer Big Miller, both Edmonton residents. Elvin Jones may be happening in August; other tentative plans include return engagements with Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Gary Bartz as well as Milt Jackson in October.

Other happenings: The Jazz Workshop in Banff featured Oscar Peterson and the Phil Nimmons Quartet. Both played concerts, Oscar packing the Eric Harvie Theatre for one set of solo piano. a second set of trio music with Stan Perry, drums and Dave Young, bass. The trio action was acceptable; the solo piano sterile to the point of no return, as if Oscar was testing the piano to make sure all the keys worked. The Edmonton Jazz Society's plans for a summer festival in Banff or Edmonton have been shelved, with hopes of getting it together for next year. - Eugene Chadbourne

MINNEAPOLIS

It seemed like an incongruous blend - Kid Thomas and his Preservation Hall Jazz Band, playing on the same bill with the Minnesota Symphony Orchestra - but it

occurred on July 27 in the Minneapolis Auditorium.

As it turned out, a crowd of about 8,000 heard Kid Thomas play one of his best concerts here in recent times...fresh from the Nice Jazz Festival and a couple of Lincoln Center performances in New York.

Thomas Valentine and the PHJB were replacements for the late Duke Ellington. They proved to be more than adequate substitutes. After the Minnesota Orchestra played some Lohengrin and a long, slow-tempo, but nice tribute to Duke, Mood Indigo, arranged by Gunther Schuller, the orchestra ended its brief prelude concert with violinist Han Gorski featured with the Minnesota Orchestra on Paganini's Concerto for violin and Orchestra, No. 1 in D major, Opus 6.

The audience gave the symphony orchestra very polite but not resounding applause.

Then, after a 15 minute intermission, the men from New Orleans took over. Leader Kid Thomas was joined by Emmanuel Paul, tenor sax; Louis Nelson, trombone; Paul (Polo) Barnes, clarinet; Emmanuel Sayles, banjo; Joseph (Twat) Butler, bass; Charlie Hamilton, piano, and Alonzo Stewart, drums.

Some of the crowd, I'm sure, thought that these men in their 60s and 70s from the Crescent City were "nice" and "cute" and didn't expect them to really play a lot of music. But soon, they were clapping (with Louis Nelson leading the way); then they were stamping their feet. And, by the time the band played two encores - Tiger Rag and the inevitable Saints, with Kid Thomas strutting up in the balcony with his top hat, blowing his horn back at the band, the PHJB had every person in that 8,000-plus crowd in their grasp. Although tired from thousands of miles of travel, the septegenarians signed autographs for more than a half-hour, smiling and chatting with old-time trad jazz buffs, and many brand new fans who had never heard the band before.

It was one of several Summer Pops Jubilee concerts in Minneapolis held this past summer. Of special interest to area jazz fans was the first Minnesota appearance of English singer Cleo Laine, along with her husband, Johnny Dankworth, and the Minnesota orchestra directed by Richard Hayman on July 20.

Incidentally, Kid Thomas and his Algiers Stompers return to Minnesota September 20 and 22 at the Mendota Jazz Emporium and at the 3M Company annual meeting and banquet September 21.

Downtown Minneapolis now has a new jazz establishment called the Longhorn. It is booking some of the Twin Cities' finest modern jazz musicians including excellent guitarist Mike Elliot, Bob Rockwell, the Art Resnick Quartet, Natural Life and Bobby Lyle, the pianist-organist who won the Yamaha International Organ contest in Japan.

The 7th annual Mendota Jazz Fest July 19, 20 and 21, featured the Bogan, Martin and Armstrong string blues quartet from Chicago. They played blues, bluegrass, pop tunes and even some jazz music. Leader Howard Armstrong was accompanied by his son, Tom, on bass; Ted Bogan, guitar and vocals; Carl Martin, mandolin, banjo and also on vocals. They drew good crowds throughout the Jazz Fest, alternating with the Bill Price All Stars, playing Chicago-style jazz, and the Godfrey Daniel Jazz Band, which plays both New Orleans and Chicago jazz. The Hall Brothers played two afternoon concerts on Saturday and Sunday, July 20 and 21.

The Milo Fine Jazz Ensemble - consisting of Fine, Cox and Maistrovich, has been playing frequent gigs at the Extempore Coffee House, 325 Cedar Ave. S, in Minneapolis, as well as at the Lutheran Student Center at the University of Minnesota. This group, playing free jazz and avant garde stylings, has some albums out, and they're available by writing Milo Fine Free Jazz Ensemble, shih shih wu al records, Inc., 7700 Penn Ave. So., Apt #2, Richfield, Minn. 55423.

From London, England, the Max Collie Rhythm Aces who will be on another cross country tour of the States, are slated to appear at the Mendota Jazz Emporium September 13, 14 and 15 at Rochester, Minnesota's Ramada Inn September 16.

Following Max Collie, the Emporium of Jazz will feature Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern, with guitarist Marty Grosz, and Tom and Bob Andrews of the Hall Brothers in the Davern-Wilber "Soprano Summit" presentation. The new album is creating something of a sensation in the Twin Cities area, just as it is in other parts of the U.S.

The Upper Mississippi Jazz Band played a concert at the Minneapolis School of Art auditorium August 12, and the Hall Bros. Jazz Band made four appearances at the Lake Harriett Bandstand on the shores of beautiful Lake Harriet this past summer, and also a University of Minnesota concert on the Northrop Mall August 6, as well as many other concerts around the state of Minnesota in smaller town festivals.

A week of performances and workshops featuring the music of Keith Jarrett is being discussed for December under university sponsorship...a newsletter called Afro-American Music Opportunities, Box 662, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440 contains valuable information relevant to Black Music in the fields of publishing, recording and other media and is a good source of new material to scholars.

- Ron Johnson

SMALL ADS

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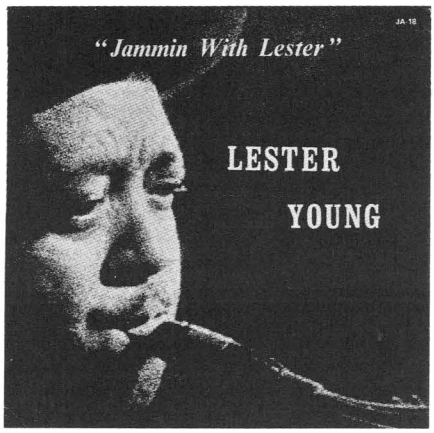
JA-16 THE COUNT AT THE CHATTERBOX - COUNT BASIE and his ORCHESTRA
These 1937 recordings are taken from live performances of the early and exciting Basie band as they held forth at the Chatterbox of Hotel William Penn in Pittsburgh during January and February 1937. The record showcases the great trumpet work of Carl "Tatti" Smith and Buck Clayton. Guitarist Claude Williams doubles on violin! The reed section of Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Jack Washington, and Caughey Roberts supply some great moments, as does the leader's fantastic stride piano. The selections are:
(Side One) Shoe Shine Swing, Oh Lady Be Good, St. Louis Blues, Tattersfield Stomp, Rug Cutter's Swing
(Side Two) King Porter Stomp, I'll Always Be In Love With You, You Do The Darndest Things Baby, Swinging At The Daisy Chain, Oh Lady Be Good #2, Yeah Man!

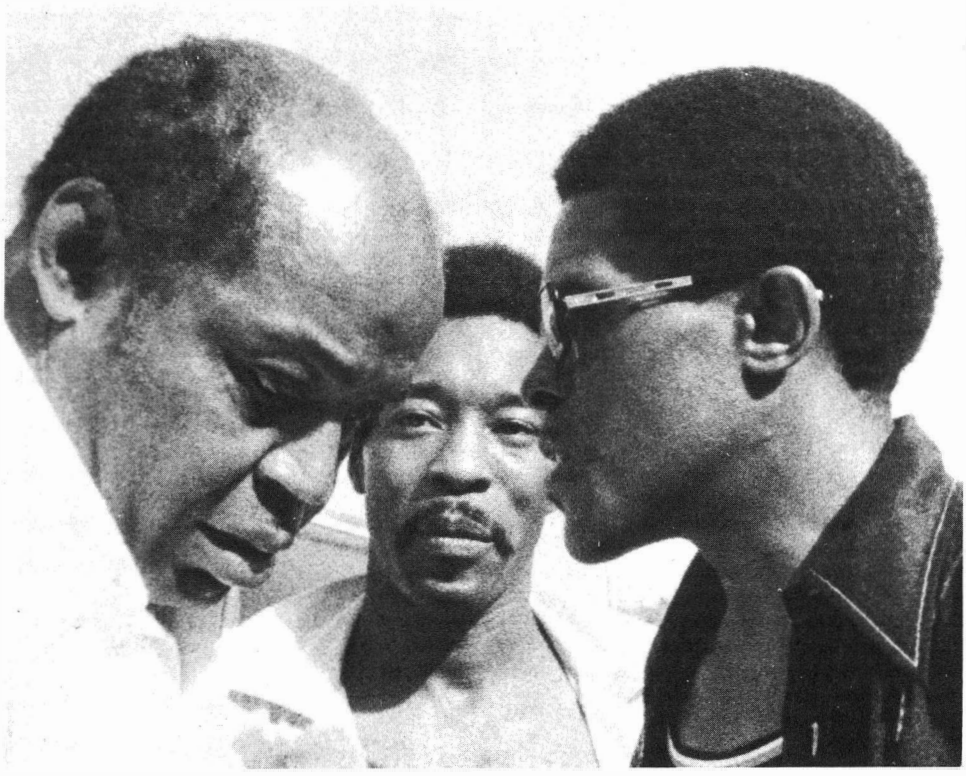
JA-17 HOT LIPS PAGE - PLAY THE BLUES IN 'B'
An album that showcases one of the neglected immortals of jazz. Oran "Hot Lips" Page. This record takes you from a live 1944 performance of Lips with Teddy Wilson, Ed Hall, Benny Morton, and Sid Catlett, up to a 1950 performance with Lester Young. In between you will hear Lips with his big band from the stage of the Apollo Theatre and from the same stage Lips backs Billie Holiday. Then there is Lips at a Sunday jam session in Philadelphia playing blues and traditional music with Ralph Sutton, Cutty Cutshall, and Peanuts Hucko. In all over 44 minutes of musical excitement. The selections are:
(Side One) Honeysuckle Rose, Get The Mop, Savannah, Billie's Blues, All Of Me
(Side Two) The Blues In 'B', Muskrat Ramble, Squeeze Me, Take Your Shoes Off Baby



JA-18 JAMMIN' WITH LESTER - LESTER YOUNG
This is probably the most important "Prez" release of 1974 or any other year. The first side of this record is taken from a recording session done on the West Coast in the summer of 1944 with Dicky Wells, "Sweets" Edison, Illinois Jacquet, Barney Kessel, and others. Three of the selections recorded here were later used in an award winning film short. The entire recording session can now be heard for the first time! Side Two showcases Lester playing in New York during the Spring of 1946. These live performances have Lester playing in a group with both Hawkins and Jacquet and also highlights the artistry of such stars as Buck Clayton, Ken Kersey, and Joe Guy playing with Lester. The selections are:
(Side One) Blues For Marvin, Midnight Symphony, On The Sunny Side Of The Street, If I Could Be With You, Sweet Georgia Brown, Jamming The Blues (alternate take)
(Side Two) Oh Lady Be Good, I Can't Get Started, Tea For Two

JA-19 "THROUGH THE YEARS" BUNNY BERIGAN - LEADER & SIDEMAN
The interest in Bunny Berigan and his music continues to grow. Here is a record that takes you from a November 1936 Saturday Night Swing Club program (with Red Allen and members of the Mills Blue Rhythm Band as guests!) up to the last known Berigan aircheck (April 12, 1942). Also, you will hear Bunny with his own band and that of Tommy Dorsey. One of the highlights of this record is a 12 minute jam session broadcast (June 1940) featuring Bunny jamming with Harry James, Roy Eldridge, Jack Jenny, Tommy Dorsey, Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, John Kirby and Gene Krupa. The selections are:
(Side One) I Can't Get Started, Notre Dame Victory March, The Jazzeroo, Body And Soul, Ride Red Ride, Mr. Ghost Goes To Town, Sweet Varsity Sue, Downstream, Black Bottom
(Side Two) Study In Brown, Sugar Foot Stomp, Contact, East Of The Sun, Ad Lib Blues, I'm Confessin'

Heard and Seen



FESTIVALS

TORONTO BLUES FESTIVAL
Olympic Island, Toronto. July 13/14

In many respects, the Olympic Festivals' Two Days of Blues on July 13 and 14 was a disappointing farce and a clear illustration of how unorganised moneymongers approach and try to exploit an art form. It also served as a happening or gathering for the hip under-the-counter culture with their unlimited dope and booze, expensive dogs, trendy costumes, frisbees and out-of-sight logic. To many of these people music is of secondary importance at a festival.

To begin with, such high calibre (and advertised) blues artists as Howlin' Wolf, Hound Dog Taylor, Wild Child Butler, Big Mojo Elam and Eddie Taylor failed to appear. It is realised that Hound Dog is not presently in the best of health, but one begins to wonder if the promotion people hastily used several of the other blues names as bait, since they couldn't very well fill their posters with the names of Canadian blues-influenced pop/rock bands. After all how many blues fans are going to pay $11.00 to see Shakey Al, the Hock, and Mike McKenna. However, Bobby Blue Bland and the Johnny Otis Review appeared with little foremention and helped bring the festival back into a blues perspective.

The festival was advertised to begin at 12 noon on the Saturday. However, by 3.30 there had been a few pop-oriented white blues interpreters playing intermittently while the stage was completed with stairs and a roof.

The music played between sets was completely divorced from blues and leaned towards a pop orientation. It was observed backstage that the only blues people present were Sunnyland Slim, Bonnie Lee, their backup band, and members of John Lee Hooker's Coast-to Coast Blues Band. Maybe it was just as well, for the promoters must have read in Rolling Stone that blues artists exist on alcohol and have little use for such essentials as washroom facilities, drinking water or adequate dressing rooms. This problem persisted throughout the duration of the so-called festival with no water available to thirsty artists following their sets and two small and very public tents serving as change rooms. However, the promoters saw fit to provide the artists with free beer and wine, and eventually, if the artists were present at the appropriate time, a very fine roast beef dinner.

It would also be fairly accurate to say that the white pop-oriented acts were generally given longer sets and what appeared to be a priority over the black entertainers. For example, Sunnyland Slim and Bonnie Lee had been told to be ready to go on at 6 p.m. Both of them were ready to go on before 6.00, however, they were kept anxiously waiting until 7.20. To my way of thinking this is inexcusable inconsideration.

With the appearance of Sunnyland's group things began to cook a bit. The band, consisting of Sunnyland (piano and vocals), Bonnie "Bombshell" Lee (vocals), Harry Duncan (harp and vocals), Alan Heitman (guitar), Tom Paterson (bass), and Paul Demark (drums), started things off with an uptempo shuffle and a very slow and easy blues instrumental.

Duncan went into three vocals, with Bonnie Lee coming on strong with Everytime It Rains and Sad And Evil Woman and Sunnyland finally shaking things up with Rock This House, Everytime I Get To Drinking, Got A Thing Goin' On (with Bonnie) and closing with Levee Camp Moan. This proved to be a very enjoyable set, making the long wait worthwhile. However, the only criticism was that there was too little of Sunnyland, Bonnie Lee and their group, and far too much of the pop-oriented acts. Mean And Evil Woman is from a new single by Bonnie Lee soon to be released on Slim's Airway label and Got A Thing Goin' On is a rocking blues duet by Slim and Bonnie currently out on an Airway's single.

John Lee's band with Luther Tucker on lead guitar was the next blues band to show. At the beginning things seemed like they might well develop into something good. Hooker and the band did a convincing Serves You Right To Suffer. However, as a reaction to the crowd they turned Boom Boom into an endless Canned Heat/Hooker so-called boogie. At that point we left the hipsters to their cult party. It is understood that Roy Buchannan and a Montreal band came on respectively after John Lee Hooker and carried on well past midnight.

Sunday proved to be more of a day of blues with the appearance of fewer blues interpreters and more blues artists. The Sunday show began with a Toronto based, West Indian male gospel group. I believe that they were called the Harbour Lights. Their brand of white bible belt influenced gospel was well received by the audience.

The Hock, a local phenomena, followed with his rocking brew of blues interpretations and of course was well received by his many fans and admirers.

Luther Allison and his band were the first to really bring the island down with their tight electric blues. His band featured his long time friend Bob Richey on drums, Paul White on piano (a grand was on stage by this time), Henry Peterson on bass, and Willie Higgins on rhythm. Although Luther has a very modern sounding blues approach he is still able to inject a very real life-based emotion into his music. He is a very convincing artist and after casual conversation with him, one has a greater understanding of his commitment to blues and the emotional basis behind his blues expression. Luther is a hard driving bluesman with the potential of becoming a major artist with mass appeal. Upon talking to him and hearing him play one cannot help but remember the song he did with Fred Roulette and Big Mojo; Gotta Move On Up. Luther is one hell of an individual, deserving much more than his present hussle.

After Luther it was show time with the Jr. Wells/Buddy Guy Blues Band. Besides Jr. and Buddy the band consisted of A.C. Reed (electric tenor), Phillip Guy (second guitar), Clarence James (drums), and Herman Applewhite (bass). Phillip Guy

Willie Dixon, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells photograph: Bill Smith

provided the youth appeal with his fuzzy heavy guitar during the brief warm up. Jr. then went into a Chicago set with such classics as Everything Going To Be Alright, Sweet Home Chicago, Hoodoo Man, Little By Little, Hootchie Cootchie Man, and of course Messin' With The Kid. Buddy took over with a version of Got A Mind To Give Up Living, Man Of Many Words and Stormy Monday. At this point A.C. Reed came in with a brilliant solo which eventually led him into a sax instrumental blues and the Jimmy Reed classic Going To New York.

At 6 p.m. Sunnyland Slim came to the stage upon the invitation of an undisciplined volume group, Shakey Al's Blues Band. Slim did a boogie, and Got A Thing Goin' On with Bonnie Lee, but was drowned out by the very pretentious Shakey Al band. This was very unfortunate because it was an opportunity to hear Slim play on a fine piano.

To the surprise of most people Son House actually made a brief appearance. His playing reflected his age and it was obvious that the whole affair taxed his system. With an understanding of the circumstances, it was easy to enjoy and appreciate one of the last remaining Delta stylists and it was equally pleasant to see an appreciative, if not patronizing crowd give the man a healthy spoonful of respect.

Eventually Bobby Blue Bland with his very professional backup band, Mel Jackson and the Mellow Fellows came on stage. No Bobby Blue fan would have been disappointed. He smoothed the crowd over with such Bobby Blue standards as I'll Take Care Of You, Don't Cry No More, I've Had My Fun, Stormy Monday and, of course, I Pity The Fool.

Only one way to describe his set - superb. Bobby mentioned backstage that he was cutting an lp with B.B. King in August and that he would be returning to Toronto in October.

In terms of straight blues, Willie Dixon and his Chicago All Stars put on one of the best shows. It was the usual band with Willie on standup bass, Lafayette Leake on piano, Cary Bell on harp, Buster Benton on guitar and an electric bass player whose name I neglected to catch. The band stayed away from the tired Dixon standards and at times performed as an innovative blues band with plenty of low register amplified harp/piano/bass interplay. The crowd kept quiet and you could actually hear Lafayette on the grand piano. Their low register pieces were extremely eerie as dusk went into night. Interspersed with the effective instrumentals, Cary sang Leavin' In The Morning, Lafayette did Trouble Trouble, Buster did the two sides from his forthcoming Jewel single Good To The Last Drop and a Blandish Money Is The Name Of The Game. Finally Dixon closed things down with Crazy About My Baby, I Don't Trust Nobody and Wang Dang Doodle. At this point the crowd reached a high point of attentive excitement and refused to let the Dixon band off in order to let the Johnny Otis Show appear. The Dixon band was in A-form with Lafayette really shining forth.

Johnny Otis closed the festival down with a fast paced professional set which lasted just short of an hour. The set featured Delmar Evans, the Three Tons of Joy, Johnny Otis, and the Otisettes with songs ranging from Ride Sally Ride to Dust My Broom with the classic Willie And The Hand Jive thrown in.

The Otis set was excellent and just what the festival needed to tie the loose ends together into an exciting climax. However, such greats as Eddie Vinson, Pee Wee Crayton and Gene Connors were missed.

All in all there was a great deal of superb music presented by the different blues artists, who for some unknown reasons were able to transcend the chaos of the festival. While the blues that was actually heard was quite impressive and possibly worth the many hassles experienced, the promoters can not escape criticism for their inconsideration to not only the artists but also to the people in the crowd that had actually paid to hear blues. There was lacking: program organization, a knowledgable MC, an informative official program guide and above all consideration for both artists and fans as human beings. If the promoters try it again, it is hoped that they get their act together half as well as the blues artists that they presented.

- Doug Langille

STUDIO RIVBEA
New York City, June 28-July 7, 1974

New York. A ridiculous monster of a city that some say is in its dying throes. If this is so, then even dying New York is more alive than most cities ever get. Mecca for both player and listener of jazz, The City sways to the many rhythms of the generations of jazz being played there at festival time.

So much happens that it's almost impossible to keep track of who's where and when. The Newport concerts, Ornette's place, the Jazzmobile, Studio We and the various other free concert series held in parks and halls all over the city.

But there's one place where it's guaranteed you can hear the bands who are playing the new music: Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea.

The address is 24 Bond Street, in the East Village area near the Bowery. Choice territory it's not, but you're there for the music not the scenery.

Studio Rivbea was started in 1971 and has grown to prominence on the avant garde jazz scene. Events happen all year round there, but summer festival time is a concentrated, intense period. Each night of the Newport Festival (this year June 28-July 7), Sam presents his counter-festival.

Newport: for $9.00, Diana Ross. Poobah. Rivbea: $4.00 per night for six hours of two or three of the top avant-garde bands in New York.

Foremost this festival was Sam himself. He played five of the ten nights, in as wide a range of music that's possible for one man: trio, sextet, two big bands and a jazz opera ensemble.

Rashied Ali, Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons, Ken McIntyre, Ed Blackwell, Karl Berger, Sunny Murray. These were some

of the more famous musicians who participated in the Rivbea festival. Along with them were groups that are known in New York but little has been heard of them elsewhere.

The setting: the studio is in the basement of an old 5 or 6 story building. The Rivers family lives on the main floor, others live upstairs. The concert area is long and narrow, about 100' x 30'. During the concerts, lighting is provided by a couple of stage lights, some candles and the flickering of thermostat Christmas lights obscured by a cloth suspended below the ceiling. People sit either on the rug-covered floor in front of the players or on chairs towards the back. Modern abstract paintings hang on the painted brick walls.

It's a relaxed, natural atmosphere (helped by Sam's uninhibited younger children) and you just know it's going to be real music, direct and honest, by musicians playing for an audience who are there to listen.

What follows is a night by night description of the festival (the general pattern was for the evening's groups to each play one set, then start over again, the music lasting from before 10 p.m. till after 3 a.m. each night).

Friday, June 28: Karl Berger and Friends, Sunny Murray Spiritual Ensemble Mugo Eddie Gale & Co. was scheduled but Gale was out west).

Vibist Karl Berger's Friends includes his frequent associates Dave Holland on bass, Ed Blackwell on drums (Blackwell is able to come out of the hospital occasionally to play), Karl's wife Ingrid on vocals and miscellaneous percussion and dancer Sarah Coock.

They have developed a tightly controlled group sound. The music revolves from Berger's bell-tolling vibes to Blackwell's crisp and musical drumming to Holland's strong bass playing. Ingrid's scat vocals, poetry readings and percussion fill out the sound and all the while Sarah floats on, her perfectly timed movements giving form to the music.

Completely opposite to the quiet control of Berger's group was the avalanche called the Sunny Murray Ensemble. Murray is one of the wildest drummers, but uses just a three piece trap set. He drives the music ferociously, drooling, yelling, pounding, never letting up. (During his solo, Sam's three year old daughter said to Sunny: "Why do you keep hitting them?")

The group started out as a trio, with Art Brooks on trumpet and Earl Freeman on fretless electric bass. Sunny said "This is a workshop group, you know, you rehearse but you still don't know what will come out till you hit it." In their second set two more horn players stood in, a trumpeter who started playing at the back of the room and walked on, and a reed man (soprano sax and bass clarinet) from California named Roland Young.

This was the kind of free blowing jam session that Studio Rivbea is all about. Imagine someone from the audience walking on stage at a Newport concert at Carnegie Hall.

Saturday, June 29: Jimmy Lyons Trio, Andrew Cyrille and Maono, Sam Rivers Sextet.

Lyons and Cyrille, both members of the Cecil Taylor Unit (Sam has also played with Taylor) provided an interesting contrast when leading their own groups. Altoist Lyons, with Hayes Burnett on bass and Sidney Smart on drums, is closer to the traditional concept, though he is a modern player. This is due to the bass and drums playing subordinate roles to the sax.

In Cyrille's group, it's his drums that take the lead. Drive! Push! Like a tidal wave or an earthquake (it's odd using the words of death to describe the music of life). Art Williams' trumpet played in short bursts mixed in with the sounds of Cyrille's miscellaneous percussion instruments while David Ware's screaming tenor rides over.

Sam's sextet came on softly, with Sam and Joe Ferguson on flutes, Olu Dara's trumpet muted. Then pow! The flutes became a tenor and an alto and off came the mute. None of the instruments are wasted by playing unison lines, everyone (the others were Joe Daley, baritone horn; Hakim Jami, bass; Doug Hammond, drums) has separately scored lines in the ensemble sections, plus room to blow in free sections and solo passages.

Sunday, June 30: Charles Tyler Quintet, Apogee, Ken McIntyre Quartet.

Tyler's group played a range of material from post bebop-type melodies to much freer stuff. They performed with a hearty spirit that was fun to listen to. The group was Earl Cross, trumpet; Arthur Blythe, alto (guest artist); Ronnie Boykins, bass; Steve Reid, drums. Their second set was more of a jam and they were joined by Roland Young on soprano.

Apogee is led by David Ware (tenor, from Cyrille's group), with Dave Saphra on bass and Marc Edwards on drums. Ware took things back a few years to when Albert Ayler was at his peak. His sax dominated the group (unlike with Cyrille) and after his harsh, wicked solos he would pick up bell strings, just for more sound, keep the music happening. Push!

Ken McIntyre got out of the tense Apogee feeling with his wonderfully happy music. They worked through many rhythms (snappy enough to keep you awake at 3 a.m.), with the pianist (Rich Harper) generally playing in percussive note clusters and a rich texture developing from the mixture of conga (Yao), drums (Andrei Strobert) and Ken's alto sax, flute, oboe and bass clarinet.

Monday, July 1: Flight to Sanity, Muntu, Orchestral Explorations.

Flight To Sanity is a very new quintet consisting of Art Bennett on alto, soprano and flute, Joe Ferguson on tenor and flute, Sonelius Smith on piano, John Dana on bass, Harold Smith on drums. With much work they could have a good melodic sound, but they have to co-ordinate the rhythm section with the horns. When they broke from the heads it did not come directly from what they were playing but seemed to be an artificial use of the new music techniques. Bennett and Ferguson were good but lacked backing from the rhythm section.

Muntu, a quintet of Cecil Taylor's stud-

ents from Antioch College, have problems similar to Flight To Sanity in keeping the rhythm section together with the soloists. Their themes, as played by the trumpet-alto front line, and a strong Mingus-Dolphy derivation and the pianist playing in a Taylor vein.

Orchestral Explorations is a group of young musicians directed by Sam Rivers (who plays with them on his customary tenor, soprano and flute). There are about 50 involved, 12 played this night. It was totally made up of wind instruments: 2 tenors, 2 altos, 3 sopranos (1 Eb, 2 Bb), 1 trumpet, 2 flutes, 1 piccolo, 2 trombones, 1 clarinet, 1 bass clarinet. The music is composed by the whole group (some scored, some improvised). There is so much going on (now the brass - now the reeds - now everyone) and it is played with tremendous spirit by these young musicians.

Tuesday, July 2: Mickey Bass and the Cooperation, Paul Jeffrey Octet, Warren Smith's Composer's Workshop Ensemble.

Bassist Mickey Bass's sextet, featuring tenor player Carter Jefferson, is a strong mainstream group, but play with a strength that avoids the constipation their formula arrangements could lead to.

Paul Jeffrey (tenor sax, is in Sam's big band and also plays with Monk) works within of themes and strict solo order, but from the more modern basis of Coltrane songs. So his group has more harmonic freedom than Bass' group, with occasional passages of exciting ensemble improvising. Especially noteworthy is altoist Julius Hemphill.

Drummer Warren Smith's 7 piece ensemble is centred around him, not like, say Andrew Cyrille's group, where the music is percussive based, but in the same way Buddy Rich's band is centred on him. The music goes through frequent and radical rhythmic and harmonic changes, from hard bop to the Far East, with everyone playing miscellaneous percussion instruments when they are not blowing.

Wednesday, July 3: The Aboriginal Music Society, James "Blood" Ulmer, Byard Lancaster's Sounds of Liberation.

The lovely textures of the Aboriginal Music Society come from their being a double group - an African rhythm and percussion group, and a jazz quartet, fused through their trap drummer who plays in both modes. They are led by conga/bass player Juma Sultan, and feature Art Bennett on soprano, Earl Cross on trumpet (from Flight To Sanity and Charles Tyler's Quartet, respectively), Tyrone Walker on drums, plus two or three conga players and a female vocalist.

Guitarist James Ulmer is definitely not playing rock guitar. The music of his quartet (Doug Hammond, drums; John Dana, bass; Shihad, miscellaneous percussion) is improvisational, harmonically free, based on the multiple rhythms the musicians play. Ulmer builds long, slow lines with perfect control, and the group plays extremely tight, as close together as possible.

Saxophonist Byard Lancaster was in Paris this night, and most of his sextet didn't show up either. The two sets were small jam sessions led by drummer Dwight James, with pianist Marcia Fraser (who played in strong Tyner-like blocks of chords) and several horn players.

Thursday, July 4: Black Artists Group-Human Arts Ensemble, Harlem Ensemble.

The Black Artists Group-Human Arts Ensemble blasts off screaming, wildly chaotic at peak volume, but when their cruising level is a fast funk with fun moments of pure sound - tweeks and twangs and plunks and whatnots bouncing back and forth. They are a sextet led by Joseph Bowie on trombone (Lester's younger brother). Outstanding is Raymond Ching, on violin doing with his wah wah and fuzz box what Jimi Hendrix did on guitar. His violin in the second set succumbed to his frantic antics, the bridge came off. (Reedman Frank Lowe joined them for the second set - whew!)

The Harlem Ensemble is Sam Rivers' stupendous big band. There are 35 or so people involved, this night it was a 12 piece band featuring Sam with Paul Jeffrey on tenor. There were also 3 trumpets, 1 alto, 1 baritone sax, 2 trombones, 1 French horn, electric bass and drums (Warren Smith). The music, all composed by Sam is overwhelmingly powerful. The complex ensemble lines seem to attack the listener. Rivbea is too small to contain this cataclysm. The charts utilize the full range of the instruments involved - at one point there was Sam and 3 others on flutes, plus bass and drums. In succession the sections come and go: the music just never stops moving.

Friday, July 5: Joe Lee Wilson Plus 5, Jazz-Op Ensemble, Doug Hammond's Reflections In The Sea of Nurmen.

Singer Joe Lee Wilson's group (Monty Waters, soprano and alto; Charles Majeed Greenlee, trombone; Ryo Kawasaki, guitar; Ronnie Boykins, bass; Claude Jones, conga; Art Lewis, drums) in their first set of the evening simply weren't trying very hard to play anything creative (with the exception of a deeply moving version of The Lady, using only Wilson's voice and Kawasaki playing soft arpeggios on guitar). The second set got cooking, ranging from a beautiful, straight version of Somewhere Over The Rainbow to some wailing apocalyptic stuff, but mostly was in a bouncy, post-bop style where they didn't try to be flashy as they did in their first set.

The major thing wrong with Wilson's second set was that it went on too long to allow for a second set of the Jazz-Op Ensemble. JOE is directed by singer Ed Taylor, with singers Jeanne Faulkner, Beverly Mason and Lydia Payne. Behind these marvelous voices is a quartet of Sam Rivers, electric pianist Kasa, bassist Ronnie Boykins and drummer Scoby Stroman. The material ranges from pop songs old and new to blues to modern topical (the ghetto, VD) songs to an African drumming piece with one of the singers dancing. Sam doesn't tone down in his lines behind the singers. When it's time to blast, he blasts. Only these highly professional musicians could combine what could be lifeless material (how many times have It Ain't Necessarily So and Bridge Over Troubled Water been done?) with top classical operatic singing and modern jazz and come up with not a misshapen monster but an immensely beautiful and creative work of art.

As a last minute replacement group for the absent Norman Connors Dance of Majic, Doug Hammond's group played. Hammond (drums, also in Sam's sextet) led a quintet that played very peaceful electric music. The instrumentation was tenor sax, electric violin, electric piano, bass and drums. The violinist had just recently come out of California and the tenor player had not played with the group before, but fit into the band well.

Saturday, July 6: Rashied Ali Quintet, Sam Rivers Trio (Dewey Redman's Quintet was scheduled but did not show).

This was the night! Over 200 crammed into Studio Rivbea to hear two of the very top bands on the scene.

Ali was with trumpeter Earl Cross, Jimmy Vass on soprano, alto and flute, pianist Fred Simmons and bassist Benny Wilson. Their first set was perfectly performed. It was an hour-long piece, with ensemble opening and closing sections around long solos by each member. Ali drives the music but doesn't overshadow the rest of the band. Cross, playing for his third time of the week at Rivbea, was able to really stretch out. The second set unfortunately suffered from a broken pedal on Ali's drum set and a misbehaving pick-up on the bass.

And now Sam's trio! Pure Sam - in all his other groups the music must make considerations for the other players, none of whom could possibly have Sam's energy. Sam said "The music the trio plays is totally improvised, we never know what we're going to play before hand. This keeps my writing for the other groups free." Whether on his soaring soprano, lyrical flute, his mighty tenor or singing/crying/stomping, Sam is intense to the brink of collapse - both his and the audience's.

Barry Altchul is the perfect drummer for Sam in this setting. With his spectacular percussive set-up of bells, pot lids (which he bows), noisemakers and whirly-

gogs (not to mention his drums) he captures every nuance of rhythm that Sam is blowing/shouting/waving.

Due to the unavailability of Dave Holland and Cecil McBee, the bass player was Hayes Burnett, who did as well as could be expected in a setting where it takes a master bassist to make room for himself between Sam and Barry.

Sunday, July 7: Abdullah, Monty Waters Quartet, Charles Majeed Greenlee Quartet.

Trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah's group is a strongly innovative one. The guitarist, Masuja, like Blood, plays in a new jazz style that gets away from both the common wimpy minor seventh chords and the crashing rock style. Richard Dunbar, on French horn, used a wah wah attachment to surprisingly good effect. Outstanding in the sextet was stand-in Joe Rigby on tenor, soprano, flute and piccolo. He's a huge person and plays as strong as he looks. Their second set was the final one of the festival.

Monty Waters got more into his own leading this group than with Joe Lee Wilson, though it was mostly the same musicians (Kawasaki, Boykins and Lewis). The group's playing was inconsistent, and best solos came from Waters and Lewis.

This was the first gig for trombonist Greenlee's quartet. As their drummer (Charles Persip) didn't show, they went through three or four drummers in their poorly rehearsed rehashing of old Parker and Monk tunes. Nothing remotely new.

And that was Studio Rivbea's summer festival, 1974. Whew! Almost 30 groups in 10 days, with a phenomenal level of energy sustained through the many styles and forms of music presented.

Where else could that many musicians be brought together with such a generally high quality?

New York is the place. Musicians go there for the flow of ideas, the atmosphere. "A lot of music is being created and that's the main thing", is Sam's comment on the state of the New York scene.

The groups at the festival are picked from the avant-garde ones of New York. Says Sam, "I could have had 30 different groups but these are the ones I have contact with."

The festival was about one-third funded by the New York State Council on the Arts, part of the slowly (but at long last) growing support for creative music. (And if anyone should be getting grants, it's Sam Rivers. His studio, his trio, his sextet, youth band, Jazz-Op Ensemble, Harlem Ensemble. He is totally involved in the new music and there is no doubt that his contributions will gain him new recognition as the Main Man.)

The grant, plus the low ($4.00) admission is what goes to the musicians. Sam: "They play more or less as a favor to me because they're only getting a little more than union scale. But they like it because it's a place where they can play how they want."

This free setting is what Studio Rivbea is all about. The studio is part of the growing involvement of musicians within their community. As well as a concert hall, Rivbea is a gallery for local artists to get exposure for their works, films are shown periodically, in the fall a play will be presented.

There is a terrific interaction among the musicians, check out the number of people who played in more than one band in the festival.

The community of people who come to Rivbea are not separate from the performers the way the commercial audiences are. At Rivbea, a substantial part of the audience are young blacks, peers of the people making the music. Check the lily white Newport attendance.

As expected, most of the audience was already hip to the music, but happily, there were people who were getting their first taste and enjoying it. "I don't know anything about this music, a friend brought me here, but it's great!" was a comment heard a few times.

Attendance averaged 60-70 per night, with a low during the 10 days of 20, and a high of over 200, the night Rashied Ali, Dewey Redman and Sam's trio were scheduled. "I'll never schedule a night like that again" said Sam, "I was worried with that many people there, there's just too many problems."

An important issue, and one that must be taken care of not now but right now, is that of the preservation of the music being created. Radio station WNYU taped the nights of July 5 and 6 for broadcast, a few of the groups taped their performances and a few private tapes were made.

Due to the commercial pressure of large recording labels, more artists are turning to forming their own recording companies. With low overhead, an album can turn a profit after only about 2,000 copies.

British film maker John Jeremy was unable to get funds to make a visual record of this year's festival. "People are much more willing to put up money after the musicians are dead", he laments. Hopefully he (or someone) will be able to do so in the future. Let's not wait to film these musicians until they are gone. (There is only one film of Charlie Parker, and the original soundtrack has been lost. The only known film of Coltrane is a 1959 film made of the Miles Davis band recording So What.

In the meantime, listen to the music. There are concerts every weekend at Rivbea, plus workshops and rehearsals during the week. Sam: "Don't let this be a one time happening for you, it's not a one time happening for us."

The music is important historically for its place in the development of music, important for its sociological implications (free black music in an unfree white society), important for any number of reasons. But Christ! it feels good to listen to.

These sessions aren't the old after hours sessions. They are the hours. Ours. Support the music! - Randy Hutton

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matrix incorporating THE DISCOPHILE

It may be that you are interested enough in your jazz records to want to know who plays on them and when they were recorded. You may already own the standard jazz discographies but still need to know that bit more. MATRIX is the magazine designed to fill that need. Issue 102/3 contains the first part of a listing of the Egmont AJS series which was taken from the Charlie Parker Record label, it has an article by Bert Whyatt on discographical techniques, many pages of limited edition jazz lps and there is another instalment of the discography of Gene Austin. A Billie Holiday series resumes with the next issue.

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SPRING JAZZ SERIES
University Art Museum, Berkeley, Calif.
May 29-June 4, 1974

The University Art Museum at Berkeley held a Spring Jazz Series of Concerts which featured many of the finest local talents. The importance of such programs, which can potentially do so much towards bridging the chasm between the artist and the community, can hardly be over-estimated, and the person who moved mountains to make it happen is Ms. Bari Scott. Working out of the Special Events Department of the Museum, Bari conceived, planned, and saw the project through, mobilizing musicians, writers, sound and video people, and doing the lion's share of the work herself. (Special note should be made of a few individuals who pitched in and helped with the details at the last minute - Eric Ross, Jamaica Shine, Vieve Clark, Millie Hodson, and Nashira.) This precedent-setting series reflected intelligence in all stages of planning and presentation and went off almost without a hitch.

The first concert featured the Martha Young Trio with Faye Carroll, and Hadley Caliman's Quintet. Martha Young and Faye Carroll kicked things off energetically and got a generally enthusiastic response, but this was the one act I didn't like in the series. Ms. Carroll possesses a strong voice perfectly suited - without being categorical - to soul material. She should lay off material like Round Midnight and Lover Man and get with a soul band with appropriate instrumentation. Of course, nothing a piano trio could do would sound right with her. For their own part, the trio sounded over-arranged and cocktailish to me, as even very good pianotrios do sometimes. Harley White sounded fine on bass, but drummer Bernard Primeau didn't, in this context. Martha Young is the neice of a certain tenor player named Lester some people may be familiar with . . . on her own merits she is obviously a very fine pianist in a Mary Lou Williams vein, obviously not great. I say this last because of Ms. Young's unfortunate comment in the

program notes that the reason she hasn't recorded is "due to the race thing. If I was white, I'd be rich." Well, I can understand that a close relative of one of the most tragic figures in jazz history is bitter, but this is, supposedly, the real world and I, for one, don't feel constrained to support such delusions. All jazz musicians are under-heard and underexposed, and being rich is hardly a relevant goal for an artist.

Hadley Caliman is the tenor player with Eddie Henderson's group which played June 3, but Bari's feeling that he deserved to be heard as a leader gave us practically the same band twice - not that anyone should complain about that. This is the most impressive band, man for man, in the area. With Hadley the band was, besides Henderson; Cecil Bernard, keyboards; John Heard, bass; Terry Bozio, drums. As might be expected, the group did sound better behind Eddie, partly because of the fact that the material and format were familiar, I suppose. Given the chance to blow the lead, Hadley displayed his full capabilities on all his instruments - tenor and soprano saxes, flute and wooden flute. His versatility and command of all his axes are impressive. When he's excited, Hadley is a joy to behold, with a physical style that brings to mind what Ornette said about "that honk, that thing" that the tenor has. Sometimes, though, he seems to lose confidence and sounds stiff and very derivative; like everyone else, he played more consistently on Eddie's right. Henderson, himself, did very little behind Hadley; seemingly he had been bit hard with Hubbarditis (tendency to meaningless pyrotechnics). No complaints about John Heard, a terrific bassist, and only one about Terry Bozio, a true monster on the drums. That, of course, would be his overkill volume, which often renders everything else on the stand inaudible. This proved quite offensive on Hadley's night but was not a problem at all with Eddie. Terry is young though (21) and so impressive that a comparison with Tony Williams is hard to avoid. (Tony can be quiet, or used to.)

Cecil Bernard is a South African pianist - yes, he is an associate of Dollar Brand - whose conception is quite attractive. I can't help thinking that Cecil does more for a band than it for him. Because much of his subtlety is lost in the high volume level. Hadley's tunes are good vehicles but the band was not together as it would on Eddie's night.

Thursday the 30th Charles Moffett appeared with the Moffettetes, a youth band of 18 young people from the Community Learning Center in Oakland, and the Charles Moffett Family Band. The Moffettetes are a lot of fun, averaging around 12 years in age and playing with real enthusiasm. That Moffett is a man who loves to teach music is evident in the results he gets with this band, but especially with the Charles Moffett Family Band, including Codarly Moffett, drums; Mondre Moffett, trumpet and baritone horn; Charles Jr., alto and tenor saxes. The only non-Moffett is the young bassist Patrick McCarthy, whose classical background brings David Izenzon to mind.

After seeing this performance, I have to say that the Moffett Family Band is good jazz on any level, though most people cannot get past the freak-show aspect and listen to the music. Actually, at least two prevalent misconceptions - that true talent will occur only once in a family and that a long, tortured background is necessary to soulful playing - are shattered by this band. Moffett is really giving us a revolutionary picture of where music comes from. Everyone in the band has prodigious technique but more importantly, ideas far beyond, so that they can only improve. Their tunes are originals, highly attractive, witty and straightforward with the expected Coleman-Cherry flavor. Hopefully, this band will soon be able to branch out and spread their music beyond the Bay Area.

Friday, May 31, the series presented Roland Young and Glenn Howell's Infinite Sound and Mugo Eddie Gale's Inner Peace Ensemble. Roland Young, who will be familiar to some in the area for his fine radio show on KPFA, plays a vast array of instruments, from clarinet, bass clarinet and soprano sax to the various "small instruments" that have become standard in contemporary ensembles. Generally, Roland is the lead voice, and Glenn Howell (primarily) is supportive. This is not your bebop sax-over-rhythm-section relationship, however, but much closer to that rare thing in jazz, a true duet (Lang-Venuti, Lang-Johnson, Davis-Dolphy, who else?). It should also be said that Infinite Sound is not concerned with presenting "jazz" music per se, but employs every musical tradition in the world that Young and Howell find expressive of their needs. The synthesis which results is impressively crystallized; everything from mainstream and avant-garde jazz to modern European "classical" music to African and Balinese rhythms to R&B to pure hokum, a la Wilton Crawley or Sonny Boy Williamson, is present. I am particularly attracted to Roland Young's wit, which is a quality all too rare in contemporary music. In this and other ways, Infinite Sound reminded me of the great music played by Al Neil with Greg Simpson in Vancouver in 1968-69.

Eddie Gale's ensemble was a good follow-up. Gale communicates warmly and directly and tries more than anyone I've seen to break down the false wall between himself and his audience, which we see too many people devote their energies to building up. The group's performance was highly varied - from Eddie's simple, Ayleresque vocal God Is A Spirit to the piece which Eddie said was taped and sent to the President of the U.S., an expression of his feelings that he wanted that lofty soul to hear which were based on things Eddie had learned with Cecil Taylor. Too bad Nixon doesn't listen to things he gets in the mail - what Eddie played May 31 would straighten just about anybody out. The rest of the Inner Peace Ensemble were strictly supportive, though drummer Robert Freeburg had interesting moments.

The Monday, June 3 concert was shared by Eddie Henderson and a group made up of Leon Williams, reeds; Greg D'Augelli, tenor; Jules Rowell, valve trombone; Bruce Somers, bass; Marvin Patillo, drums. This quintet led off the evening in fine style with a set of straight-ahead originals. A high level of playing was maintained throughout the set and throughout the band. It is a shame that such bands have such a hard time making themselves heard, but in a town where John Handy, Julian Priester and Eddie Henderson cannot work regularly, what can you expect? The soloists never rose to great heights but all showed their potential (they have been together as a quintet only a couple of months) and the ensembles were tight. The rhythm was solid - Patillo, a veteran of some ten New York years, is a highly competent drummer who drives the band well, and 18 year-old Somers already has a big sound - the sky should be the limit for this young man.

The band led by Eddie Henderson was different from the Hadley Caliman quintet only in that Bill Douglas replaced John Heard on bass, and Kenneth Nash, an exceptional conga player sat in as well. The difference when the group was on familiar ground was amazing. Partly, this can be explained in terms of the two nominal leaders - Hadley is untested and unproved as

a leader but knows just what to do as "sideman", while Eddie, who contributed but little behind Hadley, is a very strong leader. Whatever the reason, the band transformed itself from an every-man-for-himself affair to a unit, from good playing to an excellent music. Everyone contributed to the group music and, at times - particularly during "Dreams" and the piece that ended the concert, the music reached a level of greatness which compared with the best jazz I've heard.

The last night of the series featured the great Julian Priester and his ever-changing band, in this case, Robert Burch, tenor; Curtis Clarke, keyboards; Courtney Freeman, bass and Augusta Collins, drums. As is getting to be the case at Priester's concerts, I found myself wondering if this would be the night when Julian would find himself in the company of the band he will surely form here sooner or later that will make his voice heard once and for all. Well, it wasn't the night. The members of the band couldn't get together and the magic of group playing did not occur. The best moments were all Julian's solos, which were outrageous, as always. Curtis Clarke, a very original young pianist I had hoped would do well with Priester, has trouble like everyone else, though he did turn out some characteristically interesting solos in the second set. It seemed to me that Curtis' harmonic concept was pretty much at odds with that of Robert Burch, and I don't know if these two can work effectively together. Robert didn't really unwind all night, but he seems to be pretty much in Julian's band now and he's capable of filling the job in style.

There were two additions in the second set; Patrick Gleeson on synthesizer, and a newcomer to the area, Ms. Aminata Moseka, formerly Abbey Lincoln, who displayed her almost incomparable talents on one great song. Julian played a duet with Patrick which has some amazing moments. A whole very important facet of Priester's playing has evolved from his association with this moog-man, but I must confess I sometimes don't know what Patrick is trying to do. Of course, the synthesizer is new to jazz and new to me, so this is only natural.

The one contribution Aminata Moseka made was one of the high points of the series. She sang Retribution, Priester's song, from the classic "Straight Ahead" record which, as a sidelight, brought together Coleman Hawkins and Eric Dolphy in the same group. Her rendition was, as could be expected, masterful, and Julian's solo was incredible. His feeling for unusual time signatures - 5/4 in this case - is better than that of anyone else that I know of.

Thanks again to all the people involved in an excellent series which gave us, for a week, what we need to hear 365 1/4 days of the year.

Readers who may have been in the area to witness any of these concerts are urged to write to the Board of Directors of the museum and commend them for their far-sighted program, which, we all presume will be extended to an annual event (at the least). - Richard Baker

YUGOSLAVIAN JAZZ FESTIVAL

From June 13 to 16 the fifteenth annual Yugoslavian jazz festival was held at Krizanke, a tent-roof covered open air stage set up amidst medieval, castle-like surroundings in the heart of Ljublijana (Slowenia). Three Yugoslavian big bands and 13 combos from all over the world presented a program that covered today's jazz from folk-blues to the extreme avant garde.

The big bands were the least impressive: updating a Kenton-approach with rock rhythms they could not shake off the impact of their daily routine at the radio stations in Ljubljana, Zagreb and Belgrade. Aladar Pege's quartet from Budapest opened the first night featuring the leader's agile, light bass who made up in fastness what he might lack in jazz-feeling. They were followed by a local favourite, the B. (osko) P. (etrovich) Convention. Vibraphonist Petrovich's quartet uses elements of the MJQ plus Yugoslavian folklore to produce quiet, introverted music. Then, the highpoint of the first night: the Barney Kessel trio (with Rob Langereis, bass; Alex Riel, drums). The interplay between guitar and bass was perfect, the drummer wisely kept in the background, the tempo was raised and raised in a program of standards and blues until the performance reached that high level of virtuosity and communication which fascinates an audience.

Next night began with FREE SOUND, an Austro-Polish group led by saxophonist Hans Koller (with Zbigniew Seiffert, violin; Adelhard Roidinger, bass; Janusz Stefanski, drums). European avant garde music, using some electronics, some rock and a lot of solid playing especially by the strings. Their clear and distinctive lines always managed to take the action-music into different moods and emotions. FREE SOUNDS was followed by Tandem from Prague, a duo of flutist/altoist Jiri Stivin and guitarist Rudolf Dasek. Their combination of great instrumental technique, jazz (mostly avant garde plus Roland Kirk), flamenco, influences of Czech folk music and a terrific sense of musical humour resulted in a unique, very European kind of contemporary music full of vitality and good fun. When Stivin produced a five inch wooden flute and began to play super fast, straight bebop on it the audience broke up completely.

Saturday night had good, unpretentious folk-blues singing by singer / guitarist Mickey Baker from Louisville, Ky., followed by a fine performance of the Italian Gianni Basso quintet who stuck to a solid conception of modern bop blowing (tenor sax, valve trombone plus rhythm).

Then it was time for the climax of the festival: the Yosuke Yamashita trio from Tokyo. (Yamashita, piano; Akira Sakata, clarinet and alto sax; Takeo Moriyama, drums). This is definitely one of the heaviest avant garde ensembles of today's music. Overpowering passion, tremendous instrumental facility and carefully structured compositions distinguish this trio of quiet, friendly Japanese who are transformed into a high-energy unit upon entering the stage. Yamashita's total commitment to his music is as Japanese as TANDEM'S sarcastic humour is Central European in it's origin. When the piano-lid became loose and finally crashed down during his thundering solo, Yamashita absent-mindedly just grabbed it, threw it off the grand and was back in the flow of music without any interruption. The group's music is not difficult to relate to, they simply take the black jazz tradition another step forward. Yamashita's early influence was Hampton Hawes, he still knows many of his solos by heart. Next logical step was Cecil Taylor, then finally his own music. The drummer comes straight out of Elvin Jones and altoist Sakata said: "I respect Charles Parker, John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy but I love Jackie McLean." The usually more conservative audience reacted with roaring applause and kept asking for more until police had to clear the stage long after midnight.

Sunday night commenced with the Yugoslav Export Jazz Stars, local musicians who made it abroad. (Dusko Goykovich, trumpet; Jovan Mikovich, tenor sax; Bora Rokovich, piano; Branko Pejakovich, bass; Lala Kovacev, drums). "Viches brew" Jimmy Woode called them but the brew was not very potent and lacked inspiration that night. Next was Odetta, in good form and voice, performing on her usual high standard. Then the duo of Jasper Van T'Hoff/ Wolfgang Dauner who employed all kinds of keyboards and synthesizers without really getting anywhere, at least from my impression. Finally the Clark Terry - Ernie Wilkins quintet (with expatriates Kenny Drew, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums) played a beautiful set of top-caliber music, five seasoned virtuosi who brought the festival to a happy finish. - Matthias Winckelmann

DON CHERRY

Piazza del Carmine, Firenze, Italy
June 27, 1974.

The music of Don Cherry and the Organic Music Theatre (it is the name of the whole community of musicians and friends who live with Cherry in Sweden) may change performers, instruments,

Don Cherry photograph: Guy Le Querrec

latitude but the result is always the same: a feeling of quiet happiness warms your heart, no matter how nervous or frustrated you may be at the moment. It is love that wins on your stress.

The spiritual togetherness of the group is something which immediately conquers every audience. Just look at Don's little girl's joy while she sings, listen to Lanoo (his son, five years old) play a trumpet solo like any child can play a trumpet solo, or see Don's and Nana's eyes filled with joy as they play and listen to the music. There is something magic and nonetheless wonderfully human in a concert by Don Cherry. No matter how far, no matter what you have to do, try to experience it yourself: you will come away richer, stronger, a more beautiful person.

The music and mood of that night was not very different from the recordings for Caprice. Very simple tunes, speaking of joy and sorrow, the basic feelings of all men; folk themes, from different ethnic sources (mostly oriental), seemed to live of the same spirit and strength - the universally human need for music - which brought them to life. North Brazilian Ceremonial Hymn was the opening song, a simple melody sung by everyone on stage with a marvellous berimbau solo by Nana Vasconcelos, a really amazing musician from Brazil (berimbau means "musical bow", it is a one stringed instrument with a calabash as resonator). Then everybody to their instruments to play a Turkish folk theme, rhythmically and melodically fascinating even to unaccustomed ears: Nana on percussions, drummer "Basha" Bengt Berger playing unbelievebly well (he is still in his teens), Christer Boten on piano and dousso n'gouni ("the hunter's arp", another of the many instruments whose beauty Cherry is showing to us), Moki, Don's wife, on tamboura, an unknown but splendid Swedish reed player (alto and tenor saxes, flutes), and Don Cherry on trumpet, piano and anything he chose to play (often sitting on the stage floor with the children). Everyone lost the perception of time and space. Maybe someone will remember Don's heartbreaking trumpet solo on RawalpindiBlues and his piano playing on a babies' song, a lullaby that went on and on, his girl singing with him. Then the encore for an audience not willing to let them go, Desireless ("Hope" or "Utopia and Visions"), pure love, not music.

- Roberto Terlizzi

OSCAR PETERSON

Ontario Place Forum,
Toronto. June 4, 1974.

Ontario Place proved a fitting venue for Canada's most celebrated son of Jazz to give one of his standout concerts with a trio consisting of Ray Brown and Herb Ellis. The programme sat nicely midst the concrete spars, piers and islets of Toronto's watery pleasure park, adjuncts that all support the central principle of

recreation, just as Peterson's keyboard enbellishments support the central principle of his music - a powerhouse swing firmly anchored on a solid 4/4 time sense rendered dramatic by being set up by the leader's extraordinary out-of-tempo introductions, runs and codas.

Peterson is currently at the height of his powers on the second go round, the changing personnel of his recent trios having springboarded a deal of pianistic investigation and an overall pruning of his more florid excesses. Even so, despite the pleasure of seeing (one of) the original Peterson trios in action again, it was a unit that had fewer textures than the trio he recently took to Europe, with Joe Pass and Nils Henning Orsted Pedersen. There was a sense of greater intertwining of roles and ideas with that group, largely emanating from the vortex of Pedersen's churning bass.

Here, Peterson dominated the proceedings, very much the maestro working out with some favorite henchmen. Herb Ellis got to solo only on every third number, although Ray Brown fared rather better with some quirkily humourous features full of unlikely quotes. In support, Brown's bass is neat and nifty rather than strutting and propulsive. The group musicmaking therefore tends to have a more traditional trio sound than many of the later combinations.

There is still no denying the unique blend of surprise and delight that catches one unerringly throughout a Peterson concert when the leader, swooping in solo flight through the thermals of the higher stratospheres, dips his swingship towards earth and almost imperceptibly bass and drums lock in and track him with rhythmic radar on each flank.

Easy Living was like this, settling into a slow chop tempo that was positively louche. Autumn Leaves was another, the characteristically orchestral introduction segueing into a sidewalk stroll with that easy rolling action from the hip. But it was Green Dolphin Street that demonstrated best the amazing range of dynamics that Peterson employs so adroitly throughout a long set to sustain interest, variation and surprise. After a duo statement from Ellis with Brown arco, the leader crept lightly in and, tip-toeing his way with single-note runs over the swaying catwalk of his support, gradually insinuated his way into the company of his fellows with a display of low-revs credentials. With the change into a surging 4/4, he opened up to maximum fire-power, charging through the changes with two-fisted relish, now building to a peak with tremolo locked chording, now easing off into the insolent strut of a street dude showing off some new vines, the pay-off given mocking commentary by Herb Ellis with some off-beat fret-knocking. There were other delights a-plenty, notably Sweet Georgia Brown showing a clean pair of heels and a Satin Doll who preened luxuriously for her encore.

It's good to hear this kind of joyously communicative jazz in an open-air setting like the Forum. Judging by the reaction it's a policy that could easily be extended to include other jazz acts throughout the summer months. It's good to hear, also, that Peterson is to host his own TV series. An unnecessarily long proving flight for Canada's celebrated jazz son - or perhaps it's meant as a birthday present for 25 years as ambassador without portfolio.

- John Jeremy

KEITH JARRETT

Solo Piano, June 12,
Convocation Hall, University of Alberta, Edmonton.

His is a music of many moods and feelings: Playful, wistful, dreamy, joyous, loving, sad. Most of all it is a music of exquisite sadness. It is a sadness of memories and dreams. Light, then heavy; contracting and expanding; it wells up in the soul like a tear in the throat and sits there, fully expanded, awaiting its release like a tear in its eyelid-cup. And with the quickest, darting jerk (a blink of the eye) explodes inwardly - into insight; becomes a self-acknowledged sadness - an ecstacy of pain (the relief of release).

From feeling to knowing; Hearing to being; Keith Jarrett's music is one of transition. Both described and mirrored, it is a transition that takes place within us and without us. It is in the music, in the air, in our hearts, and at their source (in his heart). It is at the meeting place of all these things (the meeting place of all things) - a reality that existed before any of us entered the room - the reality that came into view when his fingers touched our ears. All our dreams, our sadnesses, our hopes, our feelings, our thoughts, our joys, are the meeting place. What we are. Universal soul. The balloon that entered you when it ceased to be that dot in the sky. The things we find when we aren't looking.

- David Goorevitch

BENNY GOODMAN

Meadow Brook Festival
Rochester, Michigan. July 12, 1974

Benny Goodman brought a genuine all-star ensemble to the suburbs of Detroit/Windsor recently and played a program of swing standards that pleased the crowd, which appeared to be in excess of 8,000, about a thousand more than he drew almost one year to the day before in the same outdoor park.

Benny is not a completely consistent musician. The character of his playing varies not only from night to night, or even song to song, but often from chorus to chorus. This is not intended as a slur. Indeed it's a high complement. Because Benny Goodman, unlike so many star jazz performers, still possesses the capacity to surprise his listeners. Many times he will play a solo as if he were on automatic pilot. Yet at any time at any given point in a chorus, he may suddenly lock into a groove with the rhythm section, grasp the essence of whatever it is he's playing, and soar into the height of emotion and inspiration. Sometimes these intervals are accompanied by a striking change in tone. From the clean, transparent classicism in which he frames so much of his work, to a searing, grinding coarseness that reaches back to Teschemacher. The contrast is startling and thrilling. It surfaced briefly at Meadow Brook during a long Stompin' At The Savoy, Goodman's unpredictability was evident in more than just the music. It was written all over the faces of his sidemen, who seemed to share this writer's amazement that after navigating his way through Savoy so many thousands of times he can still find new and uncharted routes to travel.

Sometimes no one seems more surprised by the new discoveries than Goodman himself. Often he'll seemingly stumble on a riff or a twist of some sort, run it through again and, like a child with a new toy, play around with it for a spontaneous extra chorus. Goodman - and perhaps this is the key to his continuing vitality as a creative musician - is very responsive to the moment. He played two forceful choruses on I Found A New Baby, and then after Urbie Green completed his chorus and all that remained were the closing formalities, Benny suddenly made it known that he had further comments on the material. Three choruses worth, with some particularly aggressive drumming (with sticks) behind his third from Ronnie Bedford. Goodman also listens to what his men play. He sets generally appropriate and sometimes genuinely interesting riffs behind their solos. And he picks up what's happening when he's not playing. When Chriss Griffin tossed a pinch of Skokiaan into a lyrical I Can't Get Started, Benny chuckled. Benny knew.

Zoot Sims was on board, and he and the rhythm section (Bedford, Slam Stewart, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Hank Jones) opened the show with three numbers. After their half hour set and a fifteen minute intermission, the full group came on with BG to play a non-stop 98 minute set. Peter Appleyard was very satisfactory on vibes. Urbie's solo number was, as usual, Stardust, a highly polished showcase for his virtuosity that has both the advantages and shortcomings of a set routine. Same for Appleyard's Fascinatin' Rhythm.

The program included a peppy I Want To Be Happy, lively dixielandish versions of That's A Plenty and I Found A New Baby with Griffin leading the ensemble choruses, a humorous Entertainer with Benny doing some slap tongue playing, and a Slipped Disc with Sims taking honors and Benny drifting rather aimlessly through his one chorus.

Perhaps the most rewarding moments came during the encore - Honeysuckle Rose. From Hank Jones' opening Basie-like choruses, it was exceptional for all. During Green's solos, Sims whispered to Goodman and Griffin. Benny nodded, and when Green finished, the entire four-horn front line broke into a beautifully balanced a cappella ensemble chorus. The delicate interplay blended marvelously for what was apparently an off-the-cuff stab at a new idea and created a stirring tension broken by the return of the rhythm section.

The balance of the program included ballads - Memories Of You, Rainey Day. The one-chorus-and-out vehicles which Benny continues to play but never seems to do much with in terms of variations or improvisations. A new flourish here or fresh run there, but little else.

From Meadow Brook, Benny took the same group on to Philadelphia and Rochester, N.Y. In November and December he'll be playing in West Point, N.Y. and Sioux City, Iowa, and with the El Paso Symphony, Texas. All things considered, Goodman is playing better today than in some years. His schedule is crowded, and his mind and fingers in superb shape. He remains one of the great contributors to music, and young people particularly are fortunate to be able to witness this outstanding man still in complete control of his unique art.

- John McDonough

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