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NOVEMBER 1974

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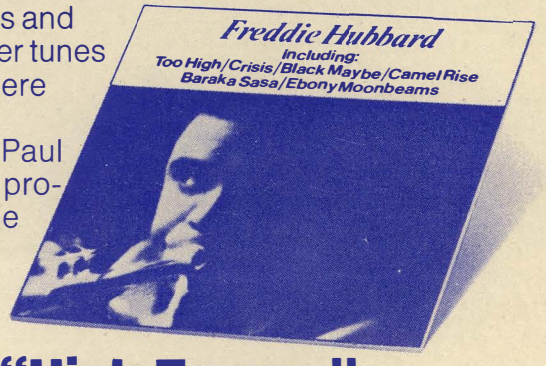

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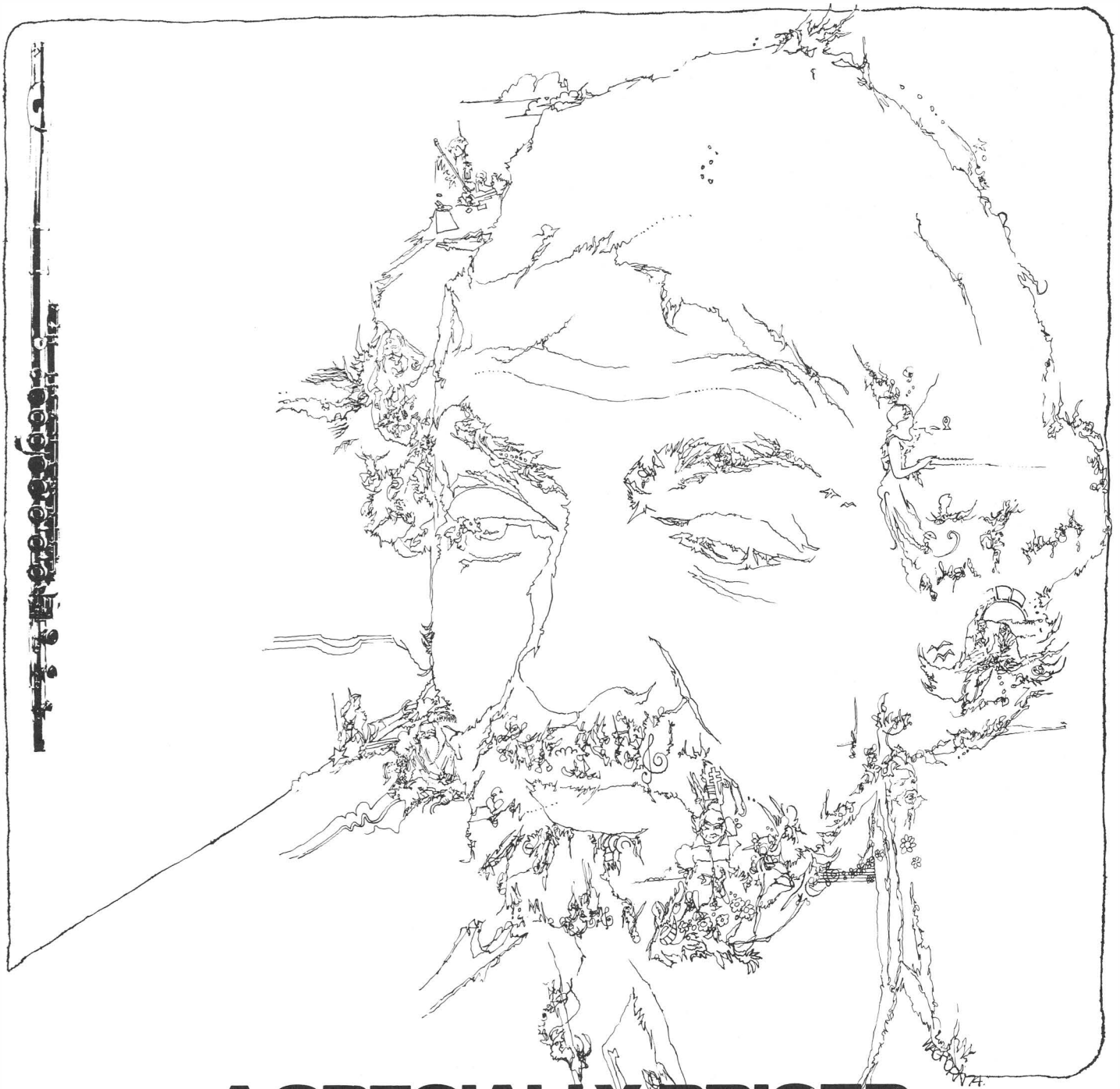

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JOE TURNER
drawing.....Charles Delaunay

EDITORIAL

The musicians create the music but there have always been interested people on the sidelines ready and willing to assist, for whatever reasons, in its development and recognition. A few of these people have established reputations of note and their preferences undoubtedly assisted the direction in which the music took with the general public.

In this issue we present the first part of a series of interviews with Charles Delaunay. His association with jazz has remained unbroken since the early 1930s and his efforts have made a significant impact. Further segments will follow at a later date.

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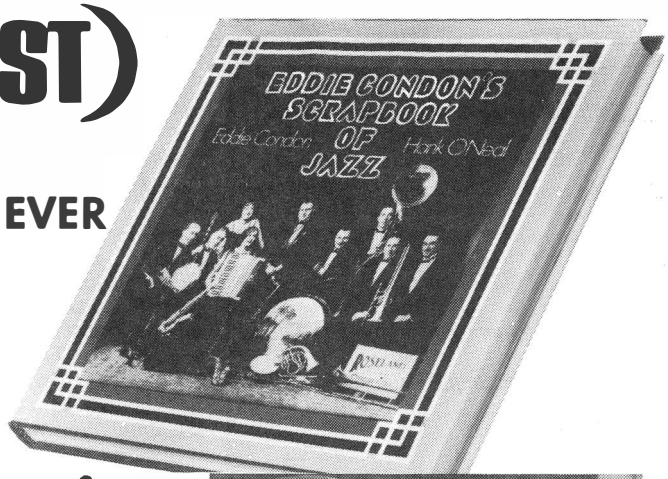

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DELAUNAY'S DELIGHT

Part I: Paris in the Twenties and early Thirties

"I was supposed to be an artist. But I found out that compared to my father who was a big man, who sacrificed all his life for his own paintings, that I did not have the strength myself to make it as an artist so I decided not to follow that; and I discovered at the same time that there was something really alive - where someone could realize himself - that was jazz. Even not being a musician myself, I became interested in jazz and it was fascinating in those days when I started, which means the very early thirties, because we had everything to discover. Jazz was completely new in Europe and it was fascinating to discover jazz history, jazz musicians, the music itself, the way of living of musicians, to live in that era, which I did - and I devoted myself fully to jazz."

CHARLES DELAUNAY, March 10, 1974

INTRODUCTION

On your first visit to Paris, you might be tempted to take a look at the famous Moulin Rouge in daytime - for a few snapshots with your camera maybe. You may feel a slight disappointment: Without the flashing neon signs and without all the people strolling along Boulevard de Clichy at night, the world-famous spot looks almost deserted, except for a few poor souls rubbing and scrubbing away like mad at the various brass knobs and locks of the large glass-doors, until they have them shining and sparkling as if made out of pure gold.

Trying to find some more romantic corners in the neighbourhood, you have the choice of two directions: You can go up the hill along rue Lepic or rue Germain to Montmartre and Sacre Coeur; or you may follow me on my way downtown again, along rue Pigalle where, on a sunny Saturday afternoon (and not only then, I presume), you may first encounter from one to half a dozen young ladies lingering near the doorways of some small houses and hotels. Passing by these quite attractive and pleasant-looking filles de joie, I overheard a kind old lady saying to one of the pretties in an amiable voice: "Still a little bit too cool for this time of the season, isn't it?". The slightly shivering girl nodded in approval while glancing in my direction, shooting a probing look out of veiled brown eyes under skillfully applied lidshades at me. Although the target of my promenade had something in common with the term "hot", this was definitely not the meaning of it. So I walked on (steadfast or reluctant - the reader may give me the benefit of the doubt) to my real goal: A short street, not more than 2 blocks in length, with quite well kept and respectable-looking buildings, one of them housing some branch of a ministry, another one of the offices of S.A.C.E.M., the French Society of Authors, Composers and Editors of Music.

Little did I know - when I reached this street for the first time - that at No. 20-bis a small back alley had once been ringing with cries of horror, torture and agony. It was there that in 1897 a certain Oscar Metenier, secretary to a police commissary and author of so-called "romans oses", bold novels about crime and eroticism, founded the "Theatre Grand-Guignol", starting with "Lui", a realistic play based on a horrible crime then terrifying all law-abiding citizens of Paris. In 1899, Max Maurey pushed "l'art grand-guignolesque" to incomparable heights of terror with sinister spectacles such as "Derniere torture", "L'Horrible experience", "Un concert chez les fous" and "L'amant de la morte" (the titles speaking for themselves in their subtle morbidity, I trust). In these plays, there was of course always a considerable amount of bloodshedding, produced by a skilfull mixture of hemoglobine and carmine - shade No. 2 - which was generously splashed onto the unfortunate heroine before she staggered on the stage with wildly rolling eyes and cries of frenzy, paralyzing the horrified spectators in their comfortably cushioned plush seats....

Those were the days of our grand-parents. As time went on, the demonic nightmares paled away in the face of the atrocities of two World Wars, and in the late Fifties, even the most devillish plots and fiendish characters were no longer able to keep the public breathless. Thus, demoiselles from the "Crazy Horse Saloon" stepped in for a while, presenting their "deshabillage-agacerie" - until the still existing "Theatre 347" finally took over with less spine-tickling plays. However, lovers of the hideous and creepy need not despair: the nerve-shattering monsters have returned to give you the shakes in a recent come-back of le Grand-Guignol at the Theatre "L'Europeen" on rue Biot, next to Place Clichy. So the groanin' and moanin' goes on...

Now, since neither tales of terror nor moments of leisure with lovely ladies account for the purpose of my pilgrimage, I must come to the point: My destination on that little street was No. 15, the "Cafe de l'Annexe", to be exact, an excellent little corner restaurant where ever so often on Saturday afternoons, about 8 to 12 young gentlemen convene in order to discuss the latest happenings in the world of jazz. This is the illustrous "comite de redaction" (secretaire: M. Laurent Goddet, directeur: M. Charles Delaunay) planning and debating the contents of the forthcoming issue of the famous "Jazz Hot" magazine, now in its 40th year of publication and characterized by its founder and editor, Charles Delaunay, as being "a very old-fashioned name - for the youngest magazine"...

The office of "Jazz Hot" is just across the street from the "Cafe de l'Annexe" - at No. 14, rue Chaptal (to which Kenny Clarke so aptly paid hommage by putting his composition "rue Chaptal" on the famous SWING label with a little help from his friends Fats Navarro and Bud Powell).

It was at the "Cafe de l'Annexe" that I finally encountered Charles Delaunay, (whose indefatigable activities in the world of jazz I have been following with interest and admiration for nearly four decades), in 1971 for the following interview - with talks resumed and continued in 1974...

CHORUS I

Having lighted one of his inevitable KOOL cigarettes (there's a particular story to that - later) and having recommended his favorite BEAUJOLAIS - "...since it is a good year, it's an easy wine...", which it was indeed - Charles Delaunay was ready for my questions.

T.L.: Let's start with your birthdate, - if you care to give it.

C.D.: I was born on the 18th January 1911, in Paris.

T.L.: Living in Paris ever since?

C.D.: Mostly, except during the first World War, when my parents lived in Spain. My father did not have to join the Army for medical reasons, he was not - how shall I explain?

T.L.: Not strong enough to qualify for the high standards of the French Army?

C.D.: He was stronger than you and me together... Let's forget about that. Anyway, from Spain we went to Portugal. When the Russian ballets came to Madrid, we joined Serge Diaghelev (1) there. Then my father started making "decors", sceneries, for the stage and my mother made dresses for the dancers etc.... Apart from that time, I have always been living in Paris.

T.L.: What did you want to become? As a child, everybody has some favorite professions in mind...

C.D.: First of all, you have to consider that my father was a painter, that is he started making drawings, to be more exact (2). My mother was painting, too (3). And when I was at school, I seemed also gifted for painting, but -

T.L.: Did your father have any contact with other painters of that time, was there a certain circle?

CHARLES DELAUNAY IN CONVERSATION WITH TEDDY LEYH

C.D.: In fact, my father was not very well-known as a painter, because, as you know, top artists are only known when they are almost ready to die or when they are really dead... But he belonged to that circle of people who were completely changing the facade of the world in bringing cubism painting, futurism.... there were so many movements going on. (4a)

T.L.: Any special friends?

C.D.: In these circles you could find all the writers of that time, poets, architects... and they used to meet not only in Montmartre, Montmartre had its own circle, but there were other circles in Montparnasse which were even more important. It started in Montmartre, as far as the first cubists are concerned, and then the main activity emerged in Montparnasse. And outside of that, there were the surrealists and my father was just among them. I remember Hans Arp, for example. All these artists, painters, poets, surrealists, were mixing up together - in their homes, in cafes - the closest place for us was "le Boeuf-sur-le-toit" which was just in the next block from our house, our apartement in Paris - near Madeleine. At night, my father would go there with my mother to meet Jean Cocteau and all the others. Those days were what we call the Roaring 20's. People were always discussing, meeting in cafes or for dinner - and there were always 20, 30 people getting together, something which doesn't exist anymore. It happened that people like Stravinsky, George Auric, Milhaud, the musical group of the "Six" - all these people were always in discussions with small groups. Among the painters, there were Juan Gris, Braque, Leger... (4b)

But let's go back to the beginning.

T.L.: When did you hear jazz for the first time?

C.D.: My father - like many of the painters - was receiving some records from the musical critics of those days. They were getting lots of records from the record companies. Among the critics, one was giving away records to all the painters who had a gramophone. That was in the early 20's. We had about 50 or 60 records at home, all kinds of music, classical, folklore etc. After a short while, my parents didn't care for the gramophone and they didn't care for the records either. I took them in my room and since I had a lot of spare time, I was playing all these records. I got completely fed up with most of the records, but on the other hand, there were a few which went completely unnoticed at first, which I just started to discover very slowly; each time I listened again, I discovered something more. Something got stuck in my mind to take shape.

T.L.: You remember any of them?

C.D.: Yes. There was "Black Bottom Stomp" by Jelly Roll Morton; there was "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo" by Ellington on Columbia, English Columbia, that is. There was some Ted Lewis, Paul Whiteman... And so gradually I found

out that I did not want to become a painter!

T.L.: Why?

C.D.: Well, as I said, my father was a painter and my mother was a painter, too. So I knew by experience how bad the life of an artist was.

T.L.: Here, in Paris?

C.D.: Oh, everywhere. You know, there are 50,000 painters in Paris. How can they all live? Now, my father in particular did not want to tie in with the galleries, tie himself up with them. You know that some painters are making quite a living because they have to give all their works to the gallery which sells it. But my father wanted to remain independent. That's the reason why he never sold a painting.

So I decided to switch to publicity, to posters and things like that - "easy art". ...Already at school I was almost making a living as a publicity graphic artist. And one day I had to make some publicity draft for a record firm. So I asked: 'Would you mind if I get paid with records instead of money?! and the man in charge said that was all right with him, which led to the daring question: 'May I listen to all of your records?' and he said: 'Sure. Come every afternoon, whenever you want'.

What an offer! What a time! I spent about a month listening to all the records, - again some classical, some folklore - and finally my selection consisted of some half dozen Frankie Trumbauers with Bix and some Louis Armstrong. Of the latter I must say that I liked the records but did not agree so much with the voice. I remember I kept asking: 'Why does he sing that way?'. Anyhow, I finally left the record shop with a total of maybe 30 records...

T.L.: What time was that? Which year?

C.D.: It must have been about '29. And I remember there was one Ted Lewis record, "San"; "Lonesome Road" was on

the other side - with Muggsy Spanier. Well, that was the beginning of my collection...

T.L.: Where did you live at that time?

C.D.: With my parents, near the Madeleine. Until 1932. That was before I got into the Army. In those days I had my box with the records and my gramophone machine, wherever I went. Whenever I visited a friend of mine, a schoolfriend or whoever it was, I took my records along, nailing my friends down with the categorical request: 'I want you to listen carefully to that because I think it's terrific!'. And what do you say: I never succeeded once to find just one who liked it...

T.L.: Really not?

C.D.: No!!! In those days? There was nobody who cared about jazz. Nobody! - When I returned from the Army, however - that was in 1933, early in '33 -

T.L.: Did you reach the ranks of a General or a Field Marshall?

C.D.: No - no - I was telephonist at the meteorological forecast - that was my duty. Then I made some good friends who started liking the music. Around that time I also discovered a radio program presenting jazz music every Monday afternoon at 6:30 - that was in 1931-32, - so I said to myself: Well, there's someone who knows about that... I remember the terrific impression I got from one record played on the air: "The Mooche". So on the very first Saturday I could take leave from the place I was stationed, I went to a record shop in Paris and asked for that record. The guy behind the counter looked at me in a scrutinizing way, before he asked in an almost inquisitorical manner: 'Are YOU interested in THAT kind of music?!?'. - I didn't know whether I should answer 'yes' or 'no', so I just said rather carefully: 'I heard THAT on the radio!' - and then I found out that that kid - who was just about the same age as me - liked 'that kind of music' as much as I did. That was the first jazz fan I ever met!

T.L.: Do you remember his name?

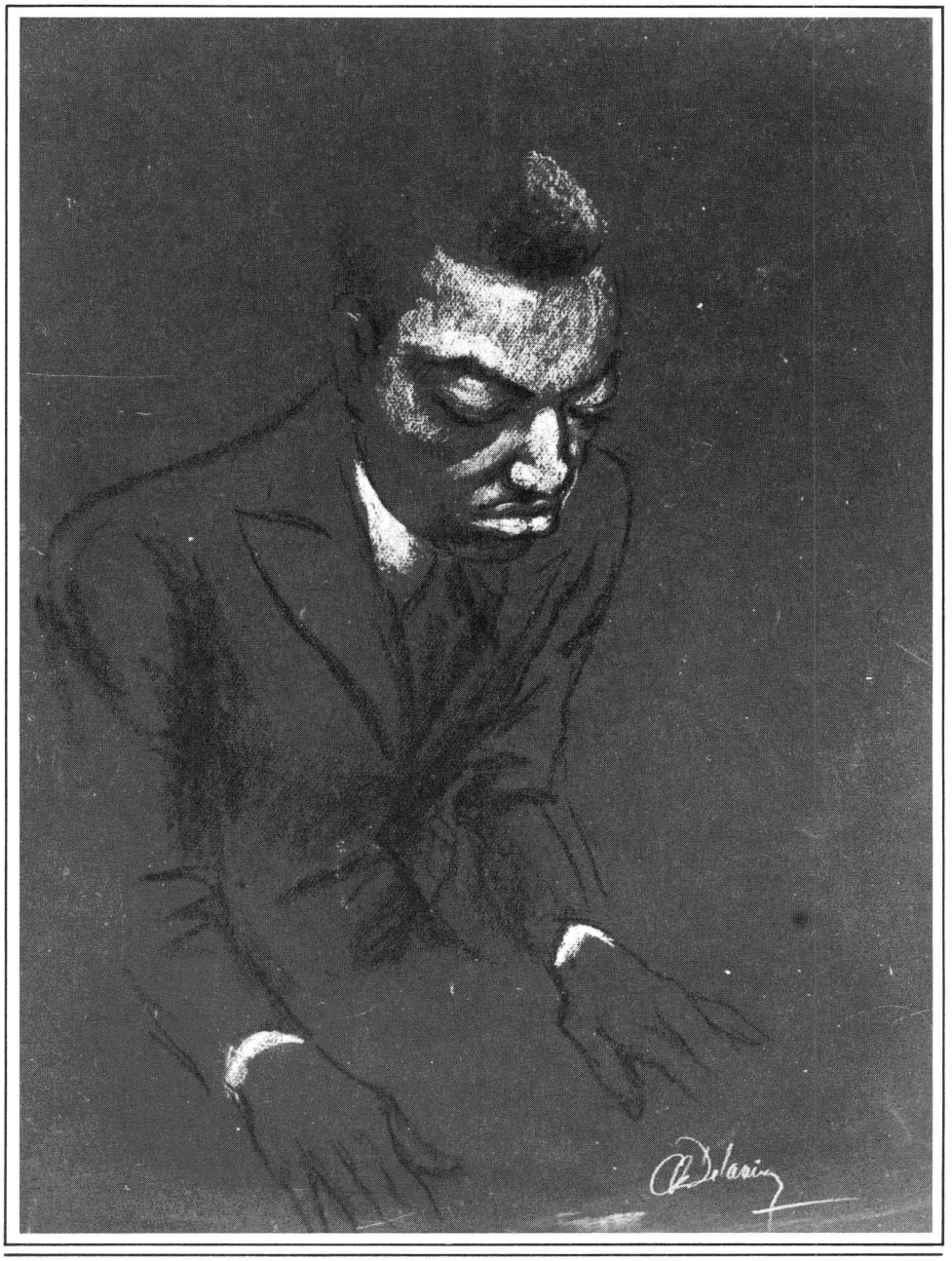
C.D.: Of course: Canetti. The name of the record shop was "La Boite a Musique" - 133, boulevard Raspail. That guy, Canetti, asked me: 'Are you interested in jazz? Well, you know, there's a new club which was just founded a few weeks ago, it's called the HOT CLUB DE FRANCE, won't you like to come to our next meeting?' and naturally I replied: 'Sure, I will come'...

INTERLUDE

At this point of the interview, our lunch at the Cafe de 'Annexe had reached the course of dessert with our charming waitress reciting the various delights of the French table - gateau aux poires, aux pruneaux, aux cerises; le petit tartelet aux fraises; Creme Caramel; Mousse au Chocolat and various ice creams... I thought it worthwhile to examine the musical taste of the young lady offering such tasteful dishes and the following interrogation ensued:

T.L.: Do you know Dizzy Gillespie?

W.: ?-?-? What's that?



C.D.: That's a cake with plenty of vinegar...

T.L.: Do you know Louis Armstrong?

W.: Yes !!!

T.L.: What do you think of Louis Armstrong?

W.: I like him very much.

T.L.: What do you think of Charles Aznavour?

W.: Don't like him...

T.L.: What do you think of the Rolling Stones.

W.: Well, I know the name, but that's all...

Everybody agrees that this will suffice. More questions, finally:

T.L.: What do you think of Louis Armstrong as a singer?

W.: He plays!

T.L.: He sings, too!

W.: I prefer him playing the trumpet!

And that was that. Continuing our interview, Charles Delaunay told me about his first contact with the Hot Club de France. Later on, at his very comfortable home near Chantilly, he handed me the time-honored folios containing the annual sets of JAZZ HOT in which he had chronicled the history of the HCF. The following paragraphs are translated from Charles Delaunay's original story:

"On that certain day, I arrived at boulevard Raspail well ahead of schedule, with my heart pounding, accompanied by a friend of mine, as I did not dare to go there all alone. Having paid the monumental sum of 5 francs (!) for entrance, we went downstairs respectfully to the Inner Sanctum.

My admiring eyes glanced over the awe-inspiring party of spectators apparently entangled in vehement discussions. They all seemed to know each other very well and I felt the sensation of being privileged to be among the momentous conspirators

drawing of Joe Turner (1935) by Charles Delaunay

of a secret sect.

Soon the little hall was overcrowded. The agitation reached high peaks. One young man hopping around on crutches seemed even more excited than the rest of the congregation. Later on I was to learn that his name was Hugues Panassie.

I'm confessing my ignorance here and now: I did not even know yet at that time who Hugues Panassie was.

But silence! Suddenly, to my great surprise, one of my oldest friends from school appears, approaching a gramophone: Jacques Bureau. He announces that the musicians are expected to arrive at any moment now, but that he would like to fill the time until then by giving us the benefit of listening to some records by Louis Armstrong.

I admired the brilliant speech he delivered about this artist, then listened attentively and awe-inspired to the exciting version of I Can't Give You Anything But Love which I had not heard before. (Only much later was I to learn that this record session was just arranged for the purpose of giving the leaders of the club ample time in trying to round up the musicians who obviously since their last meeting had forgotten the date of this session...).

So the record audition went on until the musicians finally showed up. They had some trouble making their way through the little crowd in the small place to establish themselves in the tiny space close to the time-honored upright piano representing the only equipment on that improvised stage.

I firmly memorized and buried in my brain the names of the musicians: Freddy Johnson, piano; Arthur Briggs, trumpet, Russell Goudy and Andy Foster, saxophones; plus a drummer whose name nobody seemed to remember.

To describe the impression I got from this very first jazz concert ever to reach my ears remains utterly impossible: I was glued to my seat, paralyzed by emotion to the point that the guy next to me became uneasy and carefully inquired whether I was pleased by "that" and feeling well.

It was the first time that I found myself in such close contact to some "real" musicians. The piercing trumpet of Arthur Briggs in particular seemed to make the walls of the tiny place tremble. And then, what life, what dynamics for a guy used to scanty records only...!

The great Garland Wilson and the little Louis Cole dropped in too, a fine pair of friends. I confess that I was flabbergasted by the intricate, sparkling way of playing demonstrated by Garland.

As soon as the concert was finished, I got hold of Jacques Bureau, strongly determined not to let go of him unless he would satisfy my curiosity: I wanted to know how he got around to occupy himself with jazz, how the Hot Club de France had come into being, and I had a million questions about details concerning the musicians and the records having intrigued me for such a long time already.

After the surprise and the excitement over our unexpected reunion had simmered down a little bit, we decided to take a long stroll along the Seine. I then learned that Jacques' passion for jazz dated back to the time when we both trotted along boulevard Malesherbes on our daily way to the Lycee Carnot where we took the same courses since 1922.

The history of the Hot Club, however, was a very short one, since its foundation dated back a few months only prior to the concert I had just witnessed.

Jacques told me that he had a modest weekly radio programme of jazz on Radio L.L., a private radio station of small range. While his first presentations had evoked a wave of vehement protestations, there had also been a few signs of sympathies, considerably less, to be true, but anyway... Listeners had been invited to co-operate on the third of these broadcasts which gave Jacques a chance to make the acquaintance of maybe half a dozen jazz fans. One of them had hurried up from Beauvais, another one from Versailles. The latter one, Pierre Gazeres, was completely hooked on jazz.

Moreover, Jacques Bureau knew also Hugues Panassie who had already written some enthusiastic articles and run a column of record reviews in a magazine for professional musicians called "JAZZ-TANGO-DANCING". In Summer 1932, Panassie had shown a letter to Bureau written by two young students who asked for a meeting in which they wanted to explain their project - the foundation of a club for jazz amateurs.

The experience Panassie had gained in his collaboration with "JAZZ-TANGO", read exclusively by professional musicians, did not make him feel too optimistic about this project, but Bureau, encouraged by the fans of his radio program, found the suggestion interesting and finally the two students were invited.

The meeting took place in a boarding house at rue Berthollet which Panassie had rented and which, according to Bureau's description, must have overflowed with gramopnone records. The two students, Edwin Dirats and Jacques Oxenfans, turned out to be hardly older than 15 or 16 years. While they explained their project, Panassie had but one object in mind: To find out about their competence in jazz. On this point, he had to admit that both were profound ignorants. Panassie was disappointed.

But Bureau, set on fire by the self-assurance, the enthusiasm and the high spirits, however utopic, of the two youngsters, was not taken aback. He recognized that the two students just wanted to have their club. To them, jazz was just a pretext. But their "esprit d'initiative", their energy might well be used to form an actual jazz club all the same. There was nothing to lose. One had just to hope to find a suitable location.

Soon enough, Dirats and Oxenfans came up with a place in the rue de l'Isly as headquarters for their "Jazz-Club Universitaire", as they intended to call it. The location surpassed the most optimistic expectations: The bureau was already quite decently installed in a respectable office building near the Gare St-Lazare. It looked very impressive. Things became serious. The statute for the new association was discussed and set up and soon afterwards, its final name was agreed upon as proposed by Hugues Panassie: HOT CLUB DE FRANCE."

CHORUS II

(Interview at Cafe l'Annexe continued)

C.D.: Until I discovered that the Hot Club de France existed, I did not even know that there were any jazz fans in France... To my knowledge, you could almost count them on the fingers of your hands. Now, if you want to know about any magazines, the first jazz magazine which existed in France was named "La Revue du Jazz". It was founded by a jazz band leader called Gregor. He was a Turkish dancer who started a jazz band, a big jazz band, based on the Paul Whiteman or Jack Hylton type of band for the stage, and he was the first who started the magazine - at the end of 1929. "JAZZ-TANGO-DANCING" came later. It was first published in 1931 as a trade magazine for professional musicians and lasted until World War II.

Jazz records in those days were not even selling one hundred copies. One hundred was almost a maximum. But later, when Benny Goodman became popular in France, they still did not sell more than about 300 copies. Fats Waller records - which were rather popular - did not sell more than 250, so that gives you an idea how little jazz records would sell in those days. There were several French companies - I remember ODEON in particular, - which were releasing all American records. We still wonder why, because they hardly sold them.

T.L.: Any French recordings at that time?

C.D.: Well, the few French records ever made were by bands such as Ray Ventura's. And Ray Ventura was the type of big stage band with a lot of gags and gimmicks to please the public. The few jazz musicians in those bands were hardly able to play any jazz.

T.L.: When did the Quintet of the Hot Club de France get started?

C.D.: The Quintet started in September '34. That was much later, one and a half years after the foundation. A lot of things happened in the meantime!

T.L.: Such as - ?

C.D.: For instance, in July '33, Duke Ellington came to Paris. (5)

T.L.: Was that the first time you heard him personally?

C.D.: Sure. It was the first time he came to Paris. In the meantime, when I joined the HCdF, I immediately went to the office they had near the Gare St-Lazare and told them: "I'm very interested in jazz; if you need any help, you can count on me". Then I stopped making drawings - which was my "real" profession until then. Gradually I got involved with all the jazz musicians because there were not enough concerts - there was only one concert in several months. We always used to visit the

American musicians who were in town. And one of the most influential American musicians we ever had in Paris was a pianist, a Negro pianist called Freddy Johnson. He was a real nice guy. Incidentally he lived in the same block where we are right now - rue Pigalle, Hotel Pigalle, on the 3rd floor.

T.L.: How old was he then?

C.D.: Oh, about 25, 26, 27, I don't know exactly.

T.L.: And how did he play?

C.D.: (WITH EMPHASIS) He played good, he was a good musician!

T.L.: I don't doubt that, but - the style...?

C.D.: He was mostly composing and arranging. He was the pianist with Sam Wooding. He came to France with Sam Wooding and remained in Paris - where he was more or less starving. But he had a big influence on all French jazz because he was a nice person: Always trying to help, to give advice, like saying: "you know, the chord there is a c minor" or, "if you really want to swing it, you have to do it that way"... so all the musicians used to come, like Alix Combelle, Noel Chiboust, Michel Warlop... They were just 18 or 19, and they might come to him saying: "Ah, Freddy, I found a record by Fletcher Henderson, do you know it?". Then everybody was listening to that record. Ah! Freddy Johnson was an enthusiastic person. He could not stop from being enthusiastic about the music, like: "Ah! Nice! Listen to that!" - and they used to play again and again, say, Coleman Hawkins starting his solo, and listening to the ninth bar, observing the tremolo he was doing there and so on and so forth. So all the musicians used to come and meet there before or after work, whatever the time was: It could have been at 6 in the morning or at 3 in the afternoon. We would call him from downstairs, saying: "Hello Freddy, how are you? Can we drop in?" and of course we were always welcome which means that musicians were coming to visit him at any time of the day or at night, just to talk with him and to learn. And to play with him, because he had a piano there. They used to bring their instruments and blow with him. In those times, jazz was a new language...that you had to learn. To play it, you had to know it from the inside, you had to feel it to have the right accent. And everybody was trying, all the French musicians were trying to play like the Negroes, for after all - they were the teachers.

It was very different in England where they tended much more towards the white musicians. I think the British had a chance to know and learn about jazz before the French musicians did. The trouble was that in those early 20's, there was practically no Negro band which had been released on records in Europe. So British musicians started copying - like every Continental musician did - American musicians. But instead of copying the best, which were not yet known, they started imitating musicians like Red Nichols and those groups,..the commercial bands like Paul Whiteman and so on, they started first with copying the white bands because Negro records did not come to Europe until much later. I would not say that British musicians never had a chance to hear Negroes, since that band which came with Sidney Bechet in 1919 was a Negro band but most of the jazz music they were listening to was much closer to dance music. The American musicians who came to England mostly were white - like Adrian Rollini, for example. They had a big influence on British musicians. Of course I would not say that the British were prejudiced against Negroes. The simple thing was that Negroes did not have a chance to be known so much by Britishers, not even on records which they got from America. Don't forget that even in America, the records of Negro musicians did not have much chance to be sold among Whites because they were mostly on race labels for the Negroes and not for the Whites, except a few like Duke Ellington and so on. But there were still few who came onto the commercial labels. Also, the music made by American Whites maybe was close or easy to touch by English musicians because they were practically on the same level. And naturally, later, when they were educated to that music, it was more difficult to go to the real thing, to discover what was the best in Negro musicians, because they were not trained in that music. That might be one of the reasons. There are two different attitudes as far as jazz is concerned. Either you are enthusiastic about jazz, real jazz - and then you don't care whoever makes it. Or, if you just see the business part of it, just trying to make money, then you don't care about Negroes, because that might be a problem, a race problem - speaking of the early 20's, when Great Britain was more or less on the same level as America, commercially speaking. But in Europe on the Continent, there were some colored musicians like Sam Wooding. I don't know whether he played a lot in England. I don't think so. He played in Germany a lot, he played in Italy and in France. Noble Sissle - we're still speaking of the 20's - came to Paris - I think he went to England, too. There were quite a few Negro bands but not so many in England. Maybe they would not have accepted Negro bands in those smart hotels... That might be so, but I cannot say for sure. (6)

Maybe it was also a matter of feelings, maybe as well the contacts being made much easier between British and American white musicians.

T.L.: But that could have applied to all European musicians !?!

C.D.: No, at least not from a French viewpoint. The difference, as far as France is concerned - I can't speak for other countries - is that we had already understood that jazz music was Negro and that came way back with the cubist and surrealist painters, when they realized that African masks was a new form of art - not new, but genuine. The same critical evaluation was applied when we discovered jazz. We always made a difference between Waring's Pennsylvanians and Noble Sissle or Sam Wooding or Willie Lewis, even if they were pretty commercial trying to play high society music too. But they were Negroes and something happened at least sometimes. And I think that the few who were interested in jazz in those days have realized it - including Panassie who was a big influence in those days. I think that's important to remember. If I may say this - and it's not a matter of nationalism I'm putting there! - the reason why in France there was a better understanding of American music than in America - and in other countries, - was that American musicians were living in France and that jazz musicians and jazz fans have no race barriers, not in music. And another thing as far as France is concerned: There might have been a sort of snobbism about what was Negro, because it went further than it should have gone, because you could find a lot of people who did not accept jazz if it was not played by Negro musicians. That of course was sort of exaggerating. It became so stupid that certain people would rather accept bad jazz music played by Negro musicians instead of good jazz played by white musicians. And that snobbism always lasted in France, it has been carried all through the years - in certain circles at least.

Of course, in those days, when I was listening to a record by Red Nichols, it just sounded to me kind of artificial - not real jazz, but faked.

T.L.: I have that impression of Red Nichols up to this day!

C.D.: Yes, but you could not discuss it with Britishers, - not in those days. Here's another reason British musicians would - not prefer, but maybe more easily understand white jazz: Being Europeans, being Whites, they are used to more discipline, more careful presentation, as far as the music goes. But I remember, that applies almost to France, too! As far as big bands are concerned, like the Casa Loma Orchestra, which won great acclaim in the early 30's, as far as orchestration was concerned, has had a big influence in England as well as in France, because white musicians in Europe who had mostly been trained and educated by Academies and Conservatoires had a clean ear. By "clean ear" I mean: for "clean music"...

T.L.: Intonation, for example.

C.D.: Intonation and everything which, in fact, didn't go too far with Negro music which did not put so much severe importance on this point. As far as France is concerned, as far as French fans were concerned, we were always surprised, either discussing with or reading British critics, because they were often admiring people who didn't mean a damned thing to us like Red Nichols, the Memphis Five and all those groups which may probably have meant something to Britishers but not to French fans.

T.L.: Maybe the British judged more by the perfect playing than by the style...

C.D.: ...perfection seemed more

important than the content. On the other hand, something else happened in France. In the late 20's and early 30's, Hugues Panassie who was the first one to write about jazz with authority - definitely! - had met a group of American musicians who were playing in Paris: Mezz Mezzrow, Dave Tough et al. (7)

So Panassie got involved with what we call Chicago Style: Eddie Condon, Mezzrow, Teschemaker, Bix, of course, Jimmy McPartland.... Suddenly he emerged as the defender of the Chicago style which I have always regarded as a kind of artificial music. Now if you take it from that point, you can see how the French taste was made - and different from others. There's for instance that big place given to Chicago musicians. After all, they deserve their own place, I willingly admit that - but not that important place Panassie gave them at that time. That might be considered as one of the wrong parts of French contributions to jazz criticism. And then, later on, Panassie went to the exact opposite, saying the music of Bix and the whole gang was just nothing.

T.L.: How do you explain this change of opinion? How did he come to that conclusion?

C.D.: After his trip to America, after he lived with Mezzrow, Tommy Ladnier in Harlem for two months in autumn 1938. This gave him the idea there's only one thing worthwhile, which is Negro Jazz. (8)

CHORUS III

T.L.: Now about you! We are still stuck with the early history of the Hot Club de France. Do you remember when you first met Django Reinhardt?

C.D.: Well, yes, yes. The one who - I wouldn't say "discovered" him, best let us make it this way: There was a friend of mine, Pierre Nourry, - he was the Secretary General of the Hot Club, - who one day came to see me because a common friend of us, Emile Savitry, had told him about Django Reinhardt, saying "he's the greatest" and so on. So Pierre Nourry told me again: "I've discovered a terrific gypsy who plays guitar, so I'm gonna take him for the next concert we are giving" - and in fact Django came to that concert. It was a Sunday morning concert at the Salle Lafayette in 1933. (9)

T.L.: How did he play then? I mean, what impression did he make on you?

C.D.: He was playing with a terrific technique. He was playing a solo. He could play with the band too, but what was worth listening to was when he was soloing and improvising on whatever the tune was. And he could play one, two, three, four, five choruses on one number without stopping. He was appearing within a band because in those days, the Hot Club concerts were always jam sessions. Our idea was always to take musicians who weren't used to playing together so we were sure there was no riff prepared in advance, no routine, but they would really blow their top! That was the idea - and it worked pretty well. So Django could take as many choruses as he felt up to... The first time, he did not play so many of his own compositions, at least he did not play them in the concerts or even in the first recordings. We found out much later that he had written many interesting compositions, but in a different style, - different from jazz, that is, - it was mostly gypsy music.

T.L.: Some of Django's music appears to me as being music in the very sense of the word - no label from "contemporary" to "folklore" should be applied to it. Listening to pieces like Nuages, on the other hand, always gives me a faint reminder of some of Debussy's music, Syrinx for example. Strictly as an emotional perception, not from an analytical viewpoint, of course...

C.D.: But it's true that Django had a great admiration for Debussy's music - that was his way of thinking, harmonizing...

T.L.: Back to the Hot Club: With those jam sessions well on the way, did you count more than 30 jazz fans by then?

C.D.: Eh - real jazz fans...there were not many more...

T.L.: So the concerts were not for profits - just for pleasure?

C.D.: For pleasure, or for fun. We didn't make any profit. We never made profits until the occupation...

T.L.: ...when the Teutons came marching along?

C.D.: Exactly.

T.L.: They paid with Reichsmark?

C.D.: No. Heavens, no! But that's an interesting chapter. We will talk about that when we come to the 40's. Right now, let me turn back to Freddy Johnson once more. To us, he was a sort of mentor. Every concert we used to run, we were asking Freddy Johnson: "Whom should we take for our next concert? Would you ask So-and-so to come?" - because he knew all the musicians - as for us, we were just kids! We wouldn't dare to go to any of the hotels and ask the musicians to come to our concerts because we couldn't even offer them 5 francs. So we asked Freddy Johnson because he was a real amateur, he was just playing for the pleasure of it. All the concerts were always settled by Freddy Johnson. He might say: "Next time I can bring you that tremendous saxophone player who just arrived from Argentina, - or maybe that guy from Italy - he's a good one". And we were listening to his words faithfully, saying: "Ah, he's terrific!"... They were all terrific...!!

T.L.: Could you perhaps recall the names of any French piano players of whom one could say that he was influenced by Freddy Johnson?

C.D.: None was. Because when you went to Freddy Johnson, he would play records by Fats Waller or Earl Hines for you. Earl Hines was his first and foremost idol. So the few French pianists around like Stephane Grappelly and Leo Chauliac tried to play like Earl Hines. They all tried to play like Earl Hines or Fats Waller! And Freddy Johnson, he never even tried to explain how to play like he himself did. He just said: "Listen to Fats! Listen what he does - !

Listen to Earl Hines! You'll see the way he carries the melody like a trumpet player ! "....

T.L.: Do you remember what became of Freddy Johnson?

C.D.: He left France in 1934. He went to Holland. He went there for a Cabaret or something like that, because he was starving in Paris.

Of the various concerts Freddy Johnson had been helping to realize by rounding up the musicians and participating actively in as a pianist, I remember one in particular, for which he had lined up a big band with 3 trumpets, 2 trombones and so on. That was the first opportunity he had to play his own arrangements, and he made those on Brunswick records. He was under the influence of Don Redman in those days; partly Ellington, too, but mainly Don Redman...

CADENZA

It may be well worthwhile to give a few additional credits to Freddy Johnson's activities in these early years in Paris by once more quoting excerpts from l'Histoire du Hot Club de France as retold in "Jazz Hot":

"On May 17, (1933), about one hundred persons hurried up rue des Petits-Hotels (for Salle Lafayette) in order to hear the orchestra Freddy Johnson had managed to put on stage: Arthur Briggs (tp), Big Boy Goodie (ts, cl), Peter du Conge, Maceo Jefferson (g), Juan Ferandez (b), and Billy Taylor (dms).

The success of this concert permitted high hopes for the future of the Association which from now on had to make its way without the efficient concurrence and mediatorship of its president. This was the time when Panassie departed from Paris to live in the country, a date coincident with my entry into the bureau as a "militant" member.

While I may not yet have had more than modest knowledge in the more technological matters of jazz, I compensated this lack of overall information with an overwhelming enthusiasm for this music to which I was firmly committed, determined to sacrifice my career as an artist.

All set to strike a definitive coup, the Hot Club organized the following concert, scheduled for June 30 at Salle Chopin with publicity on a large scale never known before. There was even, for the first time, a sumptuous program presented with pride.

The band was presented as the "Hot Club Orchestra". Actually it was nearly the same combination as in the previous concert. However, in view of the publicity campaign as well as several broadcasts and a few records to be cut for Brunswick, Freddy Johnson had rehearsed this band with some most effective arrangements which assured complete success to this concert in which, by the way, the marvellous black vocalist Alberta Hunter was participating.

The first season of the Hot Club thus came to a majestic climax which was only eclipsed, a few weeks later, by the arrival and sensational appearance of Duke Ellington and his orchestra...

Our next season started with quite some complications: Messrs. Diras and Oxenfans, being aware of the fact that the Hot Club was committed strongly to music, dismissing the idea of becoming a lush and lusty playboy club (as they had hoped for), lost all interest in the club. Bureau and Gazeres pretended to be too busy with their studies, and Panassie, in his rural retreat, seemed to become more and more estranged from the activities of the club.

Under these circumstances Pierre Nourry, who until then had been acting voluntarily in the background, become our Secretary General. Assisted by Michel Prunieres and me, he took the direction and management of the club into his hands.

The situation of the Association was far from flourishing. From now on we also had to consider the dangerous competition of Canetti. There was no doubt that he disposed of much more efficient means than the club. Not only had he "kidnapped" Freddy Johnson's orchestra by providing commerical engagements for it, he also organized jazz concerts on his own.

Nevertheless the Hot Club continued its activities with prudence by preparing two concerts in the small Salle de la Revue musicale. On November 10, Freddy Johnson for the first time presented some young French musicians: Noel Chiboust (tp), Alix Combelle (ts), Michel Warlop (v) and a drummer from Scotland: McGregor. Although modest as it may have seemed, this concert marked an important date in the history of the club as well as in the story of French jazz. The names of hitherto unknown French musicians emerged on the jazz scene, gravitating around Freddy Johnson who guided and encouraged them, campaigning also against the prejudice that only black musicians should be capable of playing jazz music.

Another concert took place on December 8th with the strongest pillars of our club: Freddy, Arthur Briggs and Garland Wilson; followed by a concert on the 12th at Salle Adyar featuring Big Boy Goodie, Al Romans and some other musicians in the course of which a vivacious discussion - mostly polemic - was set in motion in the auditorium.

In 1934 our concerts returned to the Salle Lafayette. The first one was scheduled as a matinee on February 4 with three trumpet players to be present. None of them showed up and the concert started with spectacular retardation only after Pierre Nourry with superhuman efforts had rounded up an ensemble at random. It was well worth waiting for, though, since it provided the first chance for one musician to appear in the Hot Club concerts: Django Reinhardt.

On the 24, Freddy Johnson gave his "concert d'adieux", signing, dedicating and distributing innumerable photographes to all his friends, fans and admirers.

With him, the Hot Club lost a real friend and the one man who had contributed the utmost to the successful establishment of our Association..."

CODA

C.D.: Reminiscing on Freddy Johnson, I would like to say that even having picked up a band with rather second-rate musicians, - which were available in Paris at that time, - and some good musicians, too, of course, the band, as you can witness on the Brunswick records, sounded pretty good and almost up to the level of American Negro bands of that time. By the way, these recordings have been re-issued on a pirate label.

When Freddy Johnson left, the Hot Club lost its main driving force and spiritus rector for the organization of our concerts. That's when Pierre Nourry kept saying: "Well, we have a great guitar player, we just have to do something with Django who is the only French musician who can probably compete with the Americans."

By that time, he had the idea of making an all-string group, considering there was as yet nothing like that in jazz. We thought of Stephane Grappelly... I don't know how the word reached him, maybe Django suggested it...or it was mainly Louis Vola, the bassplayer, who mentioned it. They were all playing in the same Tea Dance Band at the Claridge Hotel, in the afternoons. Actually, it was a band split into two sections, one for Tangos, one for Foxtrots, roughly speaking. During the intermissions - while the Tango band section was performing, - they - these jazz-minded musicians - were rehearsing in a back-room and Django was always playing the guitar there and the Hot Club Quintet really got started that way, just playing for their own pleasure...

FOOTNOTES

(1) Diaghilev, Sergei Pavlovich, 1872-1929, Russian ballet impresario. His famous "Ballets Russes" were founded 1909 in Paris, from where tours around the world were undertaken. Dancers included Pavolva and Nijinsky. Most important productions originated in Paris, such as Debussy's "The Afternoon of a Faun", Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring". Close co-operation with painters Bakst, Picasso, Derain, Matisse, Rouault, Utrillo, Delaunay et all, as well as with contemporary composers. Choreographers Fokine and Diaghelev must be credited with great artistic influence on the evolution of modern ballet productions.

(2) Delaunay, Robert, 1885-1941, initiator of abstract painting based on colours. His most important contribution to modern painting, the development of colour into light was achieved in the years before World War I. His essay "La Lumiere" has achieved central importance for the history of modern painting. French poet Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918), whose art

criticism promoted cubism, evaluated Delaunay's colour art as "peinture pure". Among his most famous works should be mentioned: "Saint-Severin", "La Ville", "Tour Eiffel" (series, 1909-10); "Cathedrale de Laon" (1912); "Fenetres" (1912 - begin of his "epoque constructive"); 1915-17 various stays in Spain and Portugal, friendship with Diaghilev, Nijinsky, Stravinsky, De Falla, Diego Rivera. 1918 decors for "Kleopatra" (Russian Ballet), portrait of Stravinsky. 1924 "Tour Eiffel" (2nd series), 1924-26 :Coureurs"; 1930-35 "Jeu de Disques multicolores", "Rhythmes".

(3) Sonia Delaunay-Terk, born 1885 in Russia (Ukraine), studied painting in Germany (Karlsruhe), settling down in Paris, married to Robert Delaunay in 1910. Attracted by the paintings of Gauguin and van Gogh, she tried to find her own style by the strongest intensity of colours. Later, experiences from cubism and fauvism helped her develop her own expressions which were not confined to painting but also included book covers and strongly colored textile fabrics. In 1920, she opened a fashion saloon in Paris. Fabrics were being produced according to her personal designs which were later acquired by some of the big fashion houses in Paris. Her printed textures were being displayed and awarded prizes on major arts and crafts fairs all over Europe. The University of Paris invited her for lectures on the relation between art and fashion. In the years after World War II Sonia Delaunay-Terk pursued her artistic conceptions both in painting and applied art.

(4a) In 1911, Elisabeth Epstein, a friend of Jawlensky and Kandinsky, arranged contacts between Delaunay and the Munich Artists Circle known as "Der Blaue Reiter". Invited by Kandinsky, Delaunay participated in their first exposition. As a result, he strongly impressed and influenced the work of August Macke, Franz Marc and Paul Klee in the following years. Trip to Berlin in January 1913 (together with Apollinaire) for his own exposition in the gallery "Der Sturm" in which Herwarth Walden presented most of the avant-gardists of that time - the artists of "Der Blaue Reiter" and "Die Brucke", Italian futurists, French cubists, German expressionists, artists from the Far East. Walden also promoted Kokoschka, Chagall and Archipenko in particular.

(4b) Apart from painters and musicians, American writers in the Paris of the 20's included Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, James Joyce and Frances Scott Fitzgerald. Ernest Hemingway who had been dispatched as special correspondant to the Far East and Switzerland by the "Toronto Star", spent five years in Paris - until 1927. His reflections upon this time can be found in his book "A Moveable Feast" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

(5) Charles Delaunay counts the audition of Duke Ellington's first Paris concert among the deepest impressions received in his life. More about it in a later paragraph.

(6) These reflections on jazz in Britain in the 20's - remarks made at random and in comparison to jazz in France in the same decade particularly - might provoke some controversial debates. Anticipating them with pleasure - if they should be helpful in bringing factual information to light, - I would nevertheless beg readers to kindly resist (to) the temptation to send M. Delaunay and/or this writer plastic bombs contained in harmless-looking music cassettes, or poisened cookies. I hasten to add the information that in a later interview planned with a notable British jazz writer this topic will be discussed at length.

Meanwhile it might be interesting to point out some remarks by two jazz writers who have personal memories of that time:

In his book "JAZZ" (Doubleday, Coran & Co., Inc., 1944), Robert Goffin mentioned Louis Mitchell as being the first to bring a jazz band to Europe, arriving in London shortly before WW I and being hailed by the London press as "the world's greatest trap drummer" and "the noise artist supreme". When the war broke out, Mitchell returned to the States, but re-opened in London on August 6, 1915. Goffin has some pleasant little stories to tell about this visit (pp. 57-59). Then Mitchell accepted a 3-week engagement in Paris. Back in London, he picked up a talented dancer, Rudolph Valentino, and his pretty partner, Leonore. In 1917, Mitchell's "Syncopated Band", after an engagement in Belfast, went to Paris again and changed its name to "Mitchell's Jazz Kings". It was then that this Negro band was replaced in London by the white Original Dixieland Jazz Band (p. 68).

In the sleeve note on the record "Jazz in Britain - The 20's" (PARLOPHONE PMC 7075), Brian Rust sets the date for Nick La Rocca's arrival with the ODJB in London as spring 1919. Mr. Rust recalls that La Rocca gave him a poster advertising the ODJB's opening at the London Palladium on April 14, 1919. The poster contained the flat statement that this band was said to be the originators of jazz... Mr. Rust concludes by stating that all bands on this record were composed of white musicians - except for the two final tracks which were recorded by Noble Sissle and his orchestra, on September 10, 1929, featuring Buster Bailey, Rudy Jackson, Pike Davis and Demas Dean. Mr. Rust also states that "London had a pretty good influx of welcome Negro visitors from the States during the 'twenties' " ...

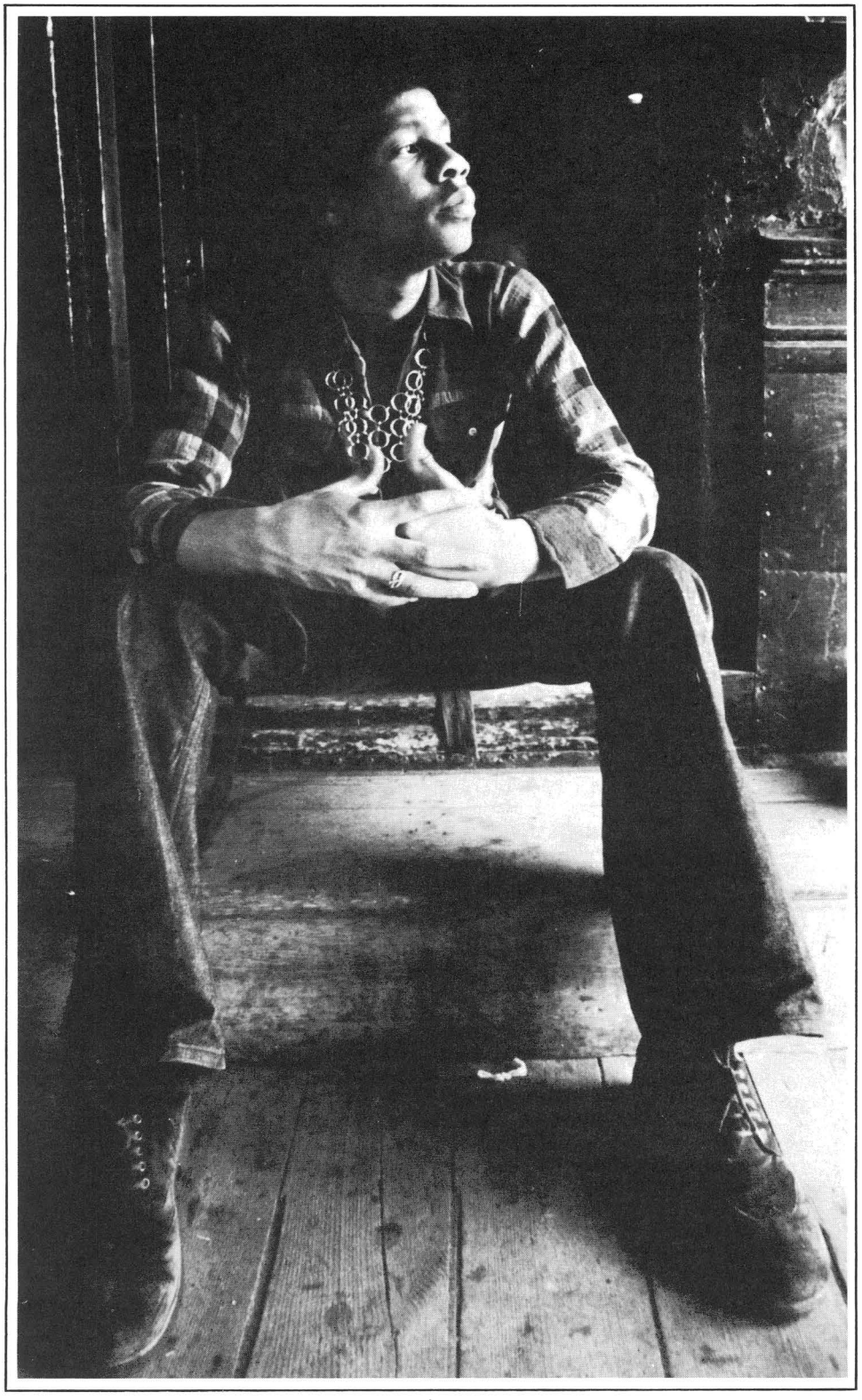
(7) For details, see "REALLY THE BLUES" by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe (Random House, Inc., 1946), Book Three, Chapter 11: "Vo-do-de-o and a Minsky Pizzicato".

(8) Item; Book Four - Chapter 16: "God Sure Don't Like Ugly", and Appendix 3: "A Note On The Panassie Recordings".

(9) The story of Django Reinhardt's discovery in Spring 1933 and the idea of founding a formation "of which Django was supposed to be its soul" is recalled from Pierre Nourry's memories in Charles Delaunay's book "DJANGO MON FRERE" (Eric Losfeld, Editeur, Le Terrain Vague, Paris) pp. 63-65.

(left to right) Stephane Grappelly, Roger Chaput, Big Boy Goodie, Jerry Blake

HOWARD KING talks with ROLAND BAGGENAES



Howard T. King was born in New York on December 21, 1955. Before he started playing with Gary Bartz' NTU Troop King had worked with the Jazzmobile organization and various musicians, among them Jackie and Rene McLean.

King's playing can be heard on two albums with the NTU Troop, JUJU STREET SONGS (Prestige 10057) and FOLLOW, THE MEDICINE MAN (Prestige 10068). He is featured on a record with Larry Young released under the title LAWRENCE OF NEWARK. To get a fuller and more up-to-date understanding of this young man's talents you should try to catch a live performance also.

This interview was done in Copenhagen on July 1, 1973.

H.K.: I started listening to jazz when I was about ten. We had a friend who lived upstairs, he was one of my brother's friends and he was always listening to jazz. I used to go up sometimes with my brother and we would listen to tapes. My uncle plays piano and he was involved with a group in the States called Jazz Interactions for a while and that uncle was an influence when I started listening.

I remember I listened to people like Jimmy Smith and that type of thing. The friend would also put on Miles and Trane and someone like that and I really couldn't understand their music then. I didn't like it as I didn't know what was really happening. It took quite a while till I began to stretch out a little more and began to listen to people like Art Blakey, Freddie Hubbard, and Lee Morgan. To understand and appreciate Trane it took some time and I didn't until 1971, about two years ago. I wish I could have heard him in person. When I was younger as I said I preferred to listen to people like Jimmy Smith. I could hear what they were doing a little more. You know, if I couldn't sing what they were playing or just be able to see how it was going, then I didn't understand.

As far as instruments, I've always liked the trumpet. Earlier I liked the organ and the vibraphone and when I began to listen to Blakey I began to appreciate all the different instruments.

R.B.: When did you start playing yourself?

H.K.: I started when I was about 12, in 1968, in the junior high school band. I remember I went down every day and asked if I could be in the band so I could play. The first year I was in junior high school I didn't play but the latter part of the second year I played with the band. The first two years I was playing drums I was interested in it but not really interested. I was just playing because everybody else was playing an instrument in school. After that I started going to a workshop called Jazzmobile. "Tootie" Heath, Max and different drummers used to come down and instruct classes there. I would be playing there with the band but then somebody else would take over. After a while I would get kind of angry at that so I went home and practised and listened. I played baritone horn in school but that's the only instrument I could say I played other than drums. I would like to learn to play piano and bass.

R.B.: Which drummers did you listen to when you took up the music more

photograph of Howard King by Jorgen Bo

seriously?

H.K.: Well, as I said I was listening before I began to play. Speaking of drummers I listened to Art Blakey, Max and Tony, Roy Haynes, a lot of younger cats that are starting to be recognized now, Lenny White, Jack DeJohnette, people like them. Even before I started myself, when I was only listening, I used to sing different drum solos. You can almost say that I got a direction and as soon as I started playing I knew more or less where I was going. Also Miles had a great influence on my playing. The way he spaced, not playing continously, I try to develop that playing on the drums. Playing things backwards, forwards, leave stuff out... things like that.

R.B.: The term "loud" is used very often when the playing of Lenny White, Jack DeJohnette, Tony Williams and yourself is being discussed. You play very loud.

H.K.: It depends on where your level is. Since I came to Europe I've noticed that the Europeans eat light, they speak softly, their whole way of living is very casual so therefore I think maybe they would like to listen to something more subdued. But I mean sometimes you're angry and you play loud, sometimes you feel different and you play soft. I don't think the people you mentioned play loud all the time, not at all, and I think that when they do play loud there's a reason. I recall one time recently in Chicago a newswriter - he knew nothing about nothing - he wrote that my loud cymbal work would be more suited for a rock band, something like Humble Pie or Jeff Beck, and it doesn't really make any difference, but that was the first time I ever read something like that, you know. I got kind of upset about it and I called Max Roach and told him about it. He told me that way back, even before I was born, they wrote that he couldn't keep time and that Dizzy played like he had marbles in his mouth and that Bud Powell played like he only had one hand... etc. So that's the way writers are anyway, most writers.

R.B.: You talked of taking up other instruments. Do you plan to continue as a drummer or have you other plans?

H.K.: In September 1974 I'm going to the University of Massachusetts to take up arranging and composition which Max told me about. He teaches up there and he told me that he would like to see me arrange for a big band. I have always been thinking of that, like I feel I kinda have a certain knack for arranging music which I enjoy doing. And then with a big band your drummers can bash and everything and it doesn't sound loud. I like watching big band drummers. I also want to master music education so I could teach later on.

Up in Norway I talked to Gerald Wilson about that. He's a good example of a big band arranger. I would like to do something along his line and Thad Jones' and people like that.

R.B.: The drummer's role has changed a lot from the beginning when the drummer was merely a timekeeper.

H.K.: Yeah, at one time it was more playing four and a bass drum, mainly keeping the time and catching whatever accent there was, but not really playing a lot. But like all the other instruments the drums have been developed. I think what's happening now is that the drummer kind of keeps his own time. I mean, he's not keeping the time just monotonously. The way all the players are playing now - and this is one of the things Miles had a lot to do with - it's not continously playing through a chorus. It's spacing and stuff like that. I find that when I'm playing with somebody who plays a lot of notes there's little I can do other than just keeping time. But somebody like Bartz and Miles and Trane and people like that, they kind of give you much more chance to stretch out and this is fun. So a lot has changed.

R.B.: Which group did you start playing with?

H.K.: When I really started with the Jazzmobile I played with a lot of different cats and the band was like a big band. From that we got together in small groups and the first group that I started really working with was Jackie's son Rene McLean. Working with him helped me tremendously because most of the time I used to practise and when I started working with him it gave me a chance to start with other people. In 1972, on April 15 up in Buffalo I started with Gary Bartz. You see, I did a gig down in Baltimore with Rene and Gary was there too. He told me that he was going to call me and he got my number. Gary told me I was going to make a gig in Camden which I didn't make though, but he called me and I've been with him ever since.

Since I started working with Gary Bartz there's numerous things I've learned. Basically what I have learned from Bartz is how to relax and choose, to play and swing. He told me a great deal about playing and from working with him and different types of people I've learned how to play. Once you have certain things under your belt you can kind of see what is happening and go for yourself. One of the first things I did with Gary was in Buffalo, we did a concert and then we played in a club. After the first night I walked over to him at the bar and he said to me "Say, you got the whole week. Are you trying to play all your stuff in one set, just kind of relax, take it easy." I tried to keep that in mind. The drums are a type of instrument that may cancel everything out, I think you can kind of overshadow the whole thing without knowing it, without being aware of it. The drummer has to be very sensitive in the group because he can kind of control what's coming out. It's important to always keep your ears open and listen to the other members. If you play what you think is appropriate, I mean that's all you can do. Everybody else in the group see where you come in from. Some people might hear a whole lot of drums, some people don't.

R.B.: Could you name some of the other bands of today you like to listen to.

H.K.: Well, I like Miles, Joe Henderson, I like Sonny Rollins' new group, and McCoy. I haven't listened that much to Chick Corea's new band. It's a different type of music but I like it. I used to go out and listen a lot but I haven't had too much time this last year because it was my last year in school. So between playing and going to school I just tried to relax and do what I wanted to do. And I don't like going to clubs, they stink, they're full of smoke, people are drinking. The only reason I'm in the clubs is because I'm playing. When I first started playing the only place for me to go was there, that's where the music is to be played which is a drag.

R.B.: Would you like to have the music out of the clubs?

H.K.: Yes, I mean it's not doing what it should be doing because it's performed in places like that where people of my age can't go to because of the alcohol. There's a place called The East in New York which is a place that doesn't serve alcohol. You can bring your family and listen to the music. It's a much more pleasant atmosphere and I like that. In the normal clubs it's not a healthy kind of atmosphere. Consider classical music, you know, by Stravinsky and all them being performed in clubs with people sitting around talking and smoking and drinking. Classical music is performed at big halls where everybody's attention is on the music. I like concerts much more.

R.B.: Some musicians say that if you're lucky enough to play in a good club the atmosphere there may be more intimate and thus make you play better.

H.K.: Yes, you feel closer to the people, but I feel intimate when I play at The East and there's not a lot of excess talking and alcohol drinking and smoking. When I come out of a club and go home my hair smells like the smoke. I mean you should be able to perform in places with an intimate atmosphere and without alcohol and smoke.

R.B.: Do you like travelling around as a musician?

H.K.: Yeah I do. I never got the chance to travel that much before. I like to go to different places and I never thought I was going to come over here. When I was in school and was learning the language - I don't know how I got through it - but my teachers always used to say "You should study the language so later on when you go out....." and I would answer "I'm not going to other countries, I wanna stay here". And now I'm over here and I wish I knew some of the language. You know, reading in my history books about Europe was like I never wanted to come here anyway. The way they made it seem, so slow and backwards, and the capitalistic governments, and the behaviour, like locked up, caged up and anything else.

But I enjoy being here though I don't think I could live here. You ever heard the expression "get down" ..... I mean it's such a casual kind of atmosphere. And I don't see enough black people here, I want to see more black faces around me.

R.B.: Several black jazz musicians

have come over here to live, in Copenhagen, in Paris or elsewhere in Europe.

H.K.: I wouldn't like that. I would like to come over and play and stay for four weeks but that's good enough for me. I wouldn't like to go to places like the West Indies or the Bahamas, you know places where you go for vacation. I like to live in New York and I don't want to be too far away from there. Eventually I may leave, maybe go to California, I like California.

R.B.: What do you feel about the political and cultural life and situation in the States right now?

H.K.: From what's happening right now - it's funny but not funny in the sense of the word "funny" but a sad kind of funny, and it scares me to a certain extent. The things the government and Nixon and the rest of them are trying to do, the control they have over letting you know what they want you to know. In the schools there's a lot of propaganda. Like I was telling somebody the other day that I remembered reading in one of my history books that Lincoln was one of the first people to free the slaves. But then they were showing you on the same page a picture of Lincoln sitting in a chair with a black servant holding a tray with a cup of coffee or tea. Because of all the propaganda you just go for it because that's the right answer. So when you get a test paper you see that and you say that Lincoln was the first one, and George Washington is the father of our country and Columbus discovered America - but of course you know the Indians were there when he came. Myself, I really believed that propaganda then which is sad. And a lot of people don't even pay attention to it, a lot of parents are not aware of it so they can't even tell you what's right. When I think about that I start to wonder what's going to happen. Personally, I don't think we will be here much longer if things keep happening the way they are - this planet is gonna cancel itself. Just talking about pollution, I think they say that breathing the air in New York in the day is like smoking a pack of cigarettes - plus you have people smoking cigarettes around you. The food is out, you know, I'm just learning about different foods and what's good to eat. What's eaten is a lot of white sugar and white bread, white rice and there's nothing in it, no kind of nutrition. My teacher's telling me that if you're drinking a lot of cola then you should drink an equal amount of milk, because the cola does something to your bones, it weakens your bones. And you don't check it out until you're 35. A lot of things are happening and are just out, it seems like everything is going right out.

African culture is music and art which I should know more about but I haven't had the time to really read about it. It's things like that I wish I had learned in schools. The white kids in school would be learning about people that they liked to learn about and which didn't interest me. So it seems you have to do these things on your own.

Jazz is a funny sounding name and I don't like it because of how people use it. I don't like labels anyway. How can you label what is jazz and who plays jazz and who don't? I was talking to Gary one time and he was telling me that he considered Al Hirt and Stan Getz and musicians like that jazz musicians. These people gave the name jazz to the music they played. Like Benny Goodman, that's what they play - jazz. Myself, I play African rhythmic black culture, that's what I feel I can hear. Because in the music there is a message whatever that message is. I can't even label it and the only reason why I would label it is to try to explain it to you. So I wouldn't call it anything.

And when you ask me what I wanna do with my music I'll have to say that I want to make it meaningful. Not just to play but whenever I play to have some kind of meaning behind what I'm doing. And mainly for my satisfaction, I'm not that interested in what people think of how I play or what. I'm interested to a certain degree but if I like it I don't care if you like it or if somebody else likes it. I'm kind of forced to take that opinion. In the music so many different things are being expressed, like how you feel. So when people say they don't like what I play it really doesn't make any difference to me. If I like something I like it, and if I don't like something I don't like it.

record reviews

Roland Baggenaes
Jack Chambers
Mark Gardner
John McDonough
Mark Miller
John R. Nelson
John W. Norris
Barry Tepperman
Dean Tudor
Tex Wyndham

THE SMITHSONIAN COLLECTION OF CLASSIC JAZZ

Smithsonian Associates P6-11891

Putting a wide range of classic jazz recordings from all eras into a single collection used to be considered a desirable educational project of near-impossible proportions. Considering all the difficulties of financing such a project and obtaining recording and royalty rights to everything that might be worthy of inclusion, no one commercial outlet could overcome its own petty interests and those of the other industry members to put out such a package. An independant collection seemed the only answer. Folkways tried it in the 1950s, and ended up producing some eleven albums of no great merit because various recordings of pertinence were not available. Considering the American government's long-standing interest in jazz as a public-relations and propagandic weapon both at home and abroad, it's hardly surprising that the Smithsonian Institution, serving Washington as a means of preserving the nation's accomplishments, would be able to come up with the money and persuasive manpower needed to overcome the various obstacles in assembling such a package. But... given the desirability of producing what one hoped would be a comprehensive source documentation of jazz, who is to determine the details of its content and means of selection? Eureka again, as the Smithsonian emerged with Martin Williams in its employ. Collation and negotiation were under his control, and it shows, in that the final package demonstrates the same biases that Williams' critical writings do to the extent that anyone who has read much of Williams' output could predict reasonably accurately what the set would contain, sight unseen. That's a neutral factor, though. While I disagree with a number of his choices - as will virtually everyone aware of the music who sees the package - the only alternative would have been selection by committee, which - especially in the midst of a government-funded bureaucracy - would have been inevitably slower and far more wasteful. One cannot ask for everything before starting.

A set like this one warrants discussion from three vantage points - what it does contain, what it misses, and the quality of production. To deal with production in brief, the packaging of the set is handsome indeed, and recording quality of the masters is uniformly good. But the volume of recording fluctuates from track to track on several sides, and quality control is certainly deficient when three of the six discs in my copy were severely enough warped to make for difficulty with the mechanics of listening. The records come boxed with an excellent, large-format booklet by Williams introducing the history and nature of jazz as he sees it (which, again, is not necessarily as I or you do), showing some fairly familiar musician photographs, and discussing and justifying each title included according to its relative merits and circumstances. Good stuff, but again quality control seemed lacking; some eight pages of my booklet were printed so far off-center (and left uncut) that about a quarter of the text on each page was lost. And as one might expect, some proofing errors and minor bits of misinformation (would you call Albert Ayler either an alto saxophonist or an Ornette Coleman disciple?) crept in. Finally, the order of dubbing of artists and titles makes little sense idiomatically or chronologically in the early discs. A job this potentially impressive deserves to be done right.

More important to the production of this package is the practice of excerpting solos that Williams has taken up. While it does facilitate the educational aims of the recordings by allowing quick comparison of takes (Charlie Parker's Embraceable You or the five spliced choruses of Charlie Christian's "blues sequence" from Breakfast Feud), and does save time and vinyl, the fact is that the jazz soloist's art is an instantaneous one which relates to reality through its context as much as through its own content. The result of excerpting a solo is unpredictable - it may demonstrate a stable timelessness in that it still makes sense abstracted from its surroundings, or a valid and purposeful expression by a creator may be eviscerated by removing any evident object or direction. Both happen in various of the excerpts here, and by a more salubrious solution would have been to avoid the practice altogether. Certainly, of the nine times selections are excerpted and spliced in the set, only one is justifiable on extramusical grounds (it would not likely have been practicable to dub all of Ornette Coleman's "Free Jazz", and as it happens in this instance Coleman's solo from that recording is self-supporting removed from context), and there is no musical justification for excerpting. Particularly egregious is the dub of a solo chorus from a previous take into the ending of Parker's Little Benny (= Crazeology; why the title change, Martin?) dub, like an afterthought. It has no relationship to the reality of that particular quintet performance, and in fact destroys the subtle formal integrity that (as Williams is careful to explain in his booklet) is the main justification for including that particular selection at all. Such caprices are unjustifiable.

Each knowledgeable listener will come away from this collation with questions about the misrepresentation of some artists or the omission of others. A few gaps in this collection are, to my mind, inexcusable:

1. Given the indirect financial support of this project by the U.S. government, it's hardly surprising that European jazz goes totally unrecognized. Admittedly, the collection's broadest coverage is biased toward the 1920-1950 period, and in that epoch few Eurojazzmen compared with those included. But in any case one of them - Django Reinhardt - should have warranted passing mention in the notes, if not inclusion. As it stands, there's a bitter irony in that I can hear the MJQ play Django in this set and not be exposed to the guitarist's own music.

2. The blues is represented by three selections - Robert Johnson's Hellhound On My Trail (1937), and Bessie Smith's St. Louis Blues and Lost Your Head Blues, recorded slightly over a decade before that. Since 1937, the manner of the blues has changed somewhat, and there has been extensive cross-fertilization with the jazz stream of AfroAmerican music that - whether you choose to ignore it or not - has altered the course of both musics considerably. Fuller blues coverage is justified; but not

even the very influential blues-oriented jazzmen of the 1950s (thinking particularly of Art Blakey or Horace Silver, never mind Ray Charles or B.B. King) are acknowledged.

3. Apart from the two Frankie Trumbauer-Bix Biederbecke selections (Riverboat Shuffle and Singin' The Blues), white jazzmen of the 1920s are ignored. True, a great deal of what was considered "classic" music at the time turned out vaporous and shallow; but artists the like of Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Venuti, and Bud Freeman (and possibly the Chicagoans in general) are worthy subjects for inclusion. By the same logic - or lack thereof, where are Jimmy Noone, Edmond Hall, any of the New Orleans marching bands, or Jimmy Rushing?

4. With the significant exception of Gil Evans (heard twice in collaboration with Miles Davis), and one aberrant Charles Mingus opus, coverage of the medium/large-ensemble idiom stops with the 1940-1942 Ellington orchestra. Despite their great and undisputed influences on contemporary jazz orchestral practice, the 1946-1948 Dizzy Gillespie orchestra (particularly the recordings with Gil Fuller and Chano Pozo), and the first two Herman herds are almost totally ignored. (Herman does get mentioned in the booklet.) The work of George Russell represents yet another major gap in this area.

5. I can vaguely understand that Williams would be loath to include members of the post-Coltrane generation of Black musicians, since their creations are still too close to hand to permit the same kind of pseudo-objective value judgment that one can now comfortably pass on, say, the art of Thelonious Monk. However, their place in the world might have been acknowledged.

I don't propose to catalogue and analyse the content of these twelve sides; all the titles are too well documented and dissected to warrant rehash in these pages. Nor do I wish to pontificate at length as to why I feel title X should have replaced title Y as representative of a given artist; again, you can compile such a list for yourself if you wish. Williams generally gives what he feels are appropriate reasons for including the various titles here, and for the most part serendipity has served him well. There are a few minor inconsistencies - i.e. if Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday each merit two titles, how does Sarah Vaughan warrant the same honour? or why, out of all the major Hawkins disciples of the 1940s, does Don Byas alone merit a whole selection to himself? But these are minor quibbles in the face of what I see as a major conceptual problem in this set, one which - even making allowances for omissions (which were likely inevitable in the face of economic necessity) - prevents it from fulfilling its self-appointed tasks as an accurate tracing of recorded jazz history.

Williams sees the development of jazz not as a continuum of simultaneous activity in multiple spheres, but as a sequence of cycles between domination by an innovative improviser of genius and a composer synthesizing that improviser's advances with the foregoing musics. Thus, the decades of jazz can be summarized as Bolden - Morton - Armstrong - Ellington - Parker - Monk - Coleman; and having concluded that, Williams has programmed these artists (with the obvious exception of Bolden; even the Smithsonian couldn't find the cylinder) into the set as if they were the only game in town. Together these six perform in just under half of the music in this set. Up to the early 1940s, his point is reasonably well-taken, and in any case to that time he has programmed in a reasonable amount of music from other streams of jazz. With the music of the Parker age and later, however, his view narrows so as to block other influences who were equally germane at the time and since. For the modern era the cyclic theory amounts to a virtual canonage of certain artists, one that is far too limited to admit to others. Two particularly obnoxious examples of this distortion of jazz history stand out in my mind. The first is that fact that, of the three founding fathers of modern jazz, St. Bird of K.C. is to be heard on seven selections, St. Monk on six. But Mr. Gillespie, whose influence on improvisers through the '40s and '50s was just as valid and just as much genius-driven as Parker's, is heard only twice, and in one of those shares the limelight with Bird. (Incidentally, it's also amusing that the Monk selections chosen predate for the most part the synthetic influence that Williams reads into Monk's impact on the jazz world, while his most influential bands in that regard - those of the mid-1950s with Rollins or Coltrane - go unnoticed.) Similar things happen with the foundation of the present "avant-garde" - Ornette is heard three times, Coltrane twice (once with Miles), Cecil Taylor once at length, but Eric Dolphy only for two sideman choruses with Mingus. Even accepting Williams' notion that jazz moves in waves from improviser-to composer-dominated eras, one would have to concede that the late 1950s-early 1960s composer period was dominated not by one, but by two very divergently ingenious composer-improvisers - St. Monk and Mr. Mingus. Williams' canonization has no room for Mingus. While Monk's solos and compositions are reproduced and analysed in detail, Mingus' total representation is one title from one of his less-successful large-band dates. Somehow, the overall impression is that the aim of objectivity in compilation of this volume was observed closely up to about the year 1950; post-Parker jazz is just not covered in a depth or breadth of devotion comparable to that given the music's earlier years.

"The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz". What is here, is classic, but the title has to be taken at face value. It is only a collection, not the history it presumes to be, more a companion volume to "The Jazz Tradition" than anything else. Taken in that light, it's quite a handsome set at an attractive price. But the aim of the product was to give people accessible resources for learning about jazz. Up to the magical cutoff date - 1950 - it does that admirably; the later assemblage of music teaches the attentive listener relatively more about Martin Williams than about his subject. It's a marvellous idea, one whose time has truly come, but whose execution is compromised; and compromise should not be necessary in a project of this scope.

(Available for $20.00 plus $1.50 postage and handling from Classic Jazz, P.O. Box 14196, Washington, D.C. 20044, U.S.A.) - B.T.

NAT GONELLA

The Georgia Boy From London
Parlophone PMC 7149

The sleeve tells me to take this LP and "File under JAZZ - Miscellaneous". What a nerve! No one could possibly consider Nat Gonella as "Miscellaneous" and many years ago I filed his records as they were issued in numerical sequence. To this day, I can recall some of the catalogue numbers, and I can picture the bright cream and maroon sleeves the old 78s came in. I belonged to the Nat Gonella Fan Club and had a badge to prove it. (I think Beryl Bryden was President of the club). I even tried to learn and play the trumpet and "Gaudeamus Igitur" was about the sum of my repertoire. And I must say to you, Messrs. E.M.I. and Parlophone, that it took you long enough to reissue on LP some of those old best-sellers by Nat Gonella And His Georgians. But better late than never.

The basic Georgians consisted of Nat Gonella (trumpet and vocal), Pat Smuts (tenor sax), Harold Hood (piano), Jimmy Mesene (guitar) (I am sure it was Messini in those days - he also did a few ballads a la Dan Grissom), Tiny Winters (bass), and Bob Dryden (drums). (There was also a girl vocalist not heard on this LP called "Mystelle" = Miss Stella Moya). This was the stage group that was so successful on the British music-halls in the mid and late thirties.

For recording purposes, Nat's brother Bruts was usually added on trumpet and sometimes it was difficult musically to tell them apart. Pat Smuts played a robust tenor in the Coleman Hawkins/Chu Berry style, and I agree with Humphrey Lyttelton's liner note about pianist Harold Hood: "he strikes me on re-hearing as having more authority than I credited him with at the time".

The earliest recording on this LP is from January 22, 1935 and is by a group augmented by Bruts and a third trumpet, three extra reeds, and Monia Liter on piano instead of Hood. The title was E Flat Blues and Bruts plays a fine accompaniment to Nat's vocal. The basic six piece group is heard on Ol Man Mose, and with Bruts added on Wabash Blues, Someone Stole Gabriel's Horn, Bye Bye Blues, Spooky Takes A Holiday, Georgia

On My Mind (Nat's signature tune), Flat Foot Floogie, and Mahogany Hall Stomp. The latter is notable for its foot-to-the-floor arrangement, and is a real power-house number. All these typical titles are from the period 1935-1937.

In January 1939, Nat Gonella visited New York for a holiday and while there recorded four rather commercial tunes with Buster Bailey, Benny Carter, Billy Kyle, Brick Fleagle, John Kirby, and Jack Meisel (drums). While not at his boisterous best (vocally), Nat battles well instrumentally with the four banal titles: You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby, Just A Kid Named Joe, Jeepers Creepers, I Must See Annie Tonight. He holds his own with Bailey's fluid clarinet and Carter's creamy alto.

Two "instructional" numbers are also included on this LP, Tiger Rag and When You're Smiling, and they are far from devoid of interest. A leaflet accompanied these discs with the Gonella solos transcribed so that the budding Gonellas (like Humphrey Lyttelton) could follow along with the key modulations, "breaks", and hot improvisation. One side of the disc was just the oompah rhythm, and on the other Nat dubbed his solos over the same rhythm - quite effective. (The late Freddy Gardner did the same thing for Parlophone). For some reason, the personnel of these two titles has not been included on the sleeve.

The last Gonella title is from February 7, 1941 and is with his "New Georgians" (a much larger eleven piece group) and is called Oh Monah!, a Gonella classic if ever there was one, and recorded by him several times over the years, from the days when he used to be with the Lew Stone Orchestra.

Lyttelton describes Nat's voice as "chirpy, unabashed cockney" as indeed it was. The Louis Armstrong influence is of course present in Nat's singing and playing, but this is more evident in titles that were also recorded by Louis - none of the Gonella versions are included on this disc.

Which leads me to request that Parlophone will not be tardy in issuing a second album by the basic Georgian personnel - there are plenty of them left in the vaults, among them such classics as I Can't Dance, Capri Caprice, Tiger Rag, Ti-Pi-Tin, Some Of These Days, If You Were The Only Girl In The World, and many more.

Nat Gonella always played and sang in a happy jazz environment and his listeners established an immediate rapport with him. This exceptional LP captures much of the carefree musical atmosphere that surrounded Nat Gonella and His Georgians, and it is a tribute to a man who contributed so much to the evolution of jazz in Britian. - J. R. N.

JOHNNY GRIFFIN

Blues For Harvey
SteepleChase SCS-1004

With some musicians, the flame in their playing leaps brightly and in a few years is down to a flicker. Not so with Johnny Griffin who sounds as spirited and enthusiastic as on his first album 18 years ago. JG is something of a law unto himself. He has changed his approach hardly at all since the mid-1950s. He still attacks every note, wails the blues with freewheeling gusto and handles supersonic tempos with undisguised relish.

There are two excellent blues tracks in this live session from the Montmartre, Copenhagen (recorded July 4 and 5, 1973) - the title number (dedicated to Griffin's favourite bartender at the Montmartre) and the long (14 1/2 minutes) opener, That Party Upstairs. The latter is an easy-paced groover, allowing ample room for Griffin's exhortations, those of pianist Kenny Drew and bassist Mads Vinding. The strain was once called Satin Wrap and has a definite Red Top flavour to it.

Griffin is in more reflective mood on his own Alone Again, a slow ballad but no bar to Johnny doubling the tempo when it suits him. There's a luminous solo from Drew who, Harvey Pekar notwithstanding, is a superb pianist, I suggest Harvey hears Kenny's "Everything I Love" LP for SteepleChase before writing off this accomplished musician.

Soft And Furry is a well known Griffin line. Here he plays the melody in duet with Vinding. This performance builds in power as the rhythm section gradually bears down. Griffin is a man who employs the full range of his horn and his authority is never in question - whether he's up in the clouds or down in the basement.

In Blues For Harvey Griffin gets into a very creative vein and for several early choruses is accompanied by just bass and drums. The feeling is reminiscent of Johnny's days with Monk - a reminder emphasized by the closing theme Rhythm-a-ning. I note that I haven't mentioned the drummer by name - well it's Ed Thigpen who is "Mr. Taste" throughout. He and Vinding have a good understanding going.

Johnny Griffin in the 1970s remains "The Little Giant" - a joy to hear and this must be his most representative album in ages. It plays for 47 1/2 minutes, recording is good and the music is valuable and vigorous.

- M.G.

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

Volumes 1 and 2 (with Oscar Peterson)
America 6129 and 6131
Satin Doll
Festival 596 (2 lp set)

After receiving international recognition for his contributions to the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, violinist Stephane Grappelli submerged himself in a career as a successful cabaret entertainer. Only recently has he reappeared on the jazz scene as a dominant performer. In the past few years he has recorded prolifically in a variety of settings. His

collaborations with Barney Kessel were of high quality, as were his numerous forays with a British group under Alan Clare's leadership. These have been surpassed, however, by the remarkable lps in collaboration with Oscar Peterson, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and Kenny Clarke. All four musicians perform at the peak of their capabilities and the interaction and enthusiasm of everyone is readily apparent.

The overall musical philosophy reminds me very much of the sessions Peterson was a part of for Norman Granz in the 1950s. There's a looseness to the music which defies description. And yet, it is obvious that everyone knows exactly in what direction they are going and the ultimate shape of the music. Imaginative interaction is the key here and there is little to choose between the two volumes. They complement one another rather than being graded numerically.

The 32-bar song dominates the proceedings and most of the songs are older standards well suited to Grappelli's style. They include Them There Eyes, Makin' Whoopee, Walking My Baby Back Home, Thou Swell, I Won't Dance, Autumn Leaves and If I Had You. The romantic in Grappelli shows itself in the ballads but his sense of swing is well developed in the brisker numbers where the rhythm section really romps along. Particularly attractive is the semi-stride interaction of Peterson's piano with Grappelli in My Heart Stood Still. There's also an original, medium-tempoed blues to keep everyone in the groove.

Kenny Clarke is, of course, one of the master drummers and his light, understated but dynamically driving percussion sets up the kind of groove on which Oscar Peterson loves to ride. Then too, there is Niels Henning - the modern personification of the Blanton-Pettiford-Brown tradition - who is one of the finest bassists currently performing in the jazz world. This trio, as a working combination would be scintillating. We are thankful they came together in the studio to collaborate with Stephane Grappelli in the creation of some wonderful music.

The Festival two-record set is a definitive showcase for Grappelli's talents. He works, here, with Eddy Louiss (organ), Marc Hemmeler (piano), Jimmy Gourley (guitar), Guy Pedersen (bass) and Kenny Clarke (drums) - with the backing combination varying from track to track. Once again, most of the selections are tried and true standards of the calibre of Ain't Misbehavin', Body And Soul (two versions), My Funny Valentine, You Took Advantage Of Me, Pennies From Heaven, Exactly Like You as well as such newer pieces as The Girl From Ipanema, Ebb Tide and Satin Doll.

Grappelli's talents lend themselves best to his role as an embellisher of melodies rather than a thorough improvisatory exploration of the harmonics of a number. His playing is sometimes too sweet to swing but everything he plays has a delicacy and a tasteful eloquence which more than compensates for any shortcomings one might find in phrasing or rhythm. The musicians support Grappelli well but their role is definitely subservient and, because of this, the overall impact of the music is less satisfying than the collaborations with Oscar Peterson. This could be personal taste, of course, but anyone with a love of Grappelli's music will respond positively to this extended showcase for a talented violinist whose playing remains fresh and resourceful. - J.W.N.

BENNY GOODMAN

Benny Goodman
Jazum 16
Benny Goodman
Jazum 17
Benny Goodman
Jazum 18
Benny Goodman
Jazum 19
Goodman: Kingdom of Swing, vol. 7
French RCA 741 072
Goodman at the Madhattan Room
Sunbeam SB 127
Broadcasts from the Congress Hotel:1935
Sunbeam SB 128
Broadcasts from the Congress Hotel: 1936
Sunbeam SB 129
Broadcasts from the Congress Hotel: 1936
Sunbeam SB 130
Broadcasts from the Congress Hotel: 1936
Sunbeam SB 131
Broadcasts from the Congress Hotel: 1936
Sunbeam SB 132

The four Jazum records fill a legitimate need among swing collectors and Goodman specialists particularly, even though from a musical point of view they are weak compared to previous collections of Goodman's more famous efforts. These selections, for the most part, were not the ones that earned Benny his reputation as the King of Swing. They are mostly pleasant, dancable low-profile renditions of period pop pieces, which Goodman performed obligatorily.

But these records were assembled for the specialist, and for the most part the project was accomplished with few mistakes by Bill Love. For the collector who has been buying Goodman LPs since about the mid-1950s and has acquired the two German Jazz Star Series from overseas, these four LPs coupled with Jazum 7 will give him virtually all titles recorded by Benny during the Victor years of 1935-39, plus a generous seasoning of alternates. According to my figuring, only a big band version of Pick-A-Rib and Estrellita have failed to make LPs in the western hemisphere. So too a never-issued test of You Got Me.

Three selections duplicate issues on the most recent French RCA reissue, considered below: Bach Goes To Town, Found A New Baby, and Life Goes To A Party. But Love couldn't have known the intentions of French RCA. He might have known that Who'll Buy My Bublitchki was issued on German RCA 10022 and that I Let A Song is available on a Readers Digest package, as is I Found A New Baby. Aside from these minor matters, the balance of the material (52 tracks) are either new titles to LP or alternate performances of titles previously available.

Among the more interesting alternates are Ding Dong Daddy, in which BG's work takes fresh turns and Gene Krupa's long drum solo is considerably more bombastic than the familiar version; and a polite Life Goes To A Party, where Benny's solo is completely different from the roaring issued take. Other alternates containing surprises include: Can't We Be Friends, I Cried For You, Changes, My Honey's Lovin Arms, Stompin At The Savoy (quartet), and Pick-A-Rib. If one Lp of the set had to be picked, it would probably be 16, which includes Ding Dong, Bach, and Changes. It also features a very mellow big band chart of Whispering from late 1938, probably a Henderson arrangement.

It is unfortunate that the collection fails to include the two alternate versions of the second part of Sing Sing Sing. They are substantially different from the familiar version, particularly in the Goodman-Krupa sequence. One finds the two musicians engaging in a series of stop-time breaks, totally unlike any other known version of the performance. It would have adden needed sparks to this collection. It should be said, however, that Love's stated purpose is not to issue every alternate. In any case, his transfers are generally good and the originals clean. There are a couple of instances where a performance begins at too high a recording level and is quickly toned down, a characteristic that belies a bit of amateurism. A little more bass would have given the music a firmer bottom, but after all is said, this remains a set that Goodman's hard core fans will want to acquire at once to fill those gaps in their collections of Goodman's original and perhaps greatest band.

More casual Goodman collectors, who lack the passion for completeness of the true believer, would be better directed toward the French RCA LP. In addition to duplications cited above, it contains much familiar music issued on such collections as the five LP "limited edition" of 1956 and the two recent "This Is Benny Goodman" twofers. Only three of the 16 tracks are vocals, however, and the musical level is very high. Smoke House Rhythm swings hard and is lifted to the heights by some terrific drumming by Lionel Hampton, who falls in with Ziggy Elman particularly well. Roll 'Em, Walk Jennie Walk, New Baby, Life Goes To A Party, Kingdom Of Swing, and Camel Hop are all ultimate swing performances. Goodman's reputation as a major band leader could confidently rest on the contents of the set. For the novice BG buyer this is essential, and the sound is excellent - better than the German issues and much superior to the Jazums. The two Life Goes To A Party versions side by side, incidently, illustrate the world of difference between the two: the first, wild and impassioned; the second,

demure and restrained. Hard to believe they're by the same band!

The first of the Sunbeam's wraps up the Madhattan Room broadcasts by picking up four selections not included in the SB 124 issue of the November 6, 1937, broadcast: Naughty Waltz, Once In A While, More Than You Know, and Pop-Corn Man. Waltz gets a spirited treatment, and Teddy Wilson simmers with a warm glow on More Than You Know. Vieni is not the best quartet material, but they make the most of it. Krupa gets off a rocking solo.

Filling out the LP is a One O'Clock Jump, featuring an unusual BG solo, a ballad by Martha Tilton and a nice Life Goes To A Party.

Perhaps the greatest interest in this record centres on the two unissued titles from the first Carnegie Hall concert - titles that failed to make the celebrated Columbia album because of poor sound quality. The pickup on If Dreams Come True seems satisfactory, although the master used here is undoubtedly many times removed from the original and has a muffled quality. The same is true of Sometimes I'm Happy, plus the brass is very weak. Harry James fills Berigan's shoes well in his Happy solo, and the reed ensemble passages remain among the most beautiful ever scored for a jazz group. There are equally well performed versions of these pieces around in more listenable form, but it's nice to have the long lost Carnegie drop outs around and available.

And finally we come to the great Congress Hotel broadcasts, the ones that were only presumed to exist until last spring when Robert Thompson of Milwaukee announced he would take bids on a group of aluminum 12-inch transcriptions containing the legendary performances. The winning bid of $1,000.00 led directly to these five records.

They are not a disappointment. The sound is superb, the finest I have ever heard for broadcasts of this vintage. These need not be treated as historical relics, to be decoded through a wall of static and surface noise. They are more listenable than the Manhattan LPs and approach the quality of the Columbia collection of 37/38 air shots.

The band was beginning to jell at this point. It wasn't the monster of 1937 yet, and it was still in the process of outgrowing some of its early stock-like charts - I Surrender Dear and Stardust, for example. But it was enough at ease with its basic swing repertoire to make it work. SB 129 is the pick of the litter with a charging performance of Madhouse with an inspired Goodman in full flight, and excellent versions of Walk Jennie Walk, Bugle Call Rag and Blue Skies. There was no trio or quartet yet, so the half-hour broadcasts tend to carry more than their share of ballads and novelty items. But BG was not yet established, and he was hired to play dance music. It's to his credit that he played good dance music.

SB 128: The only 1935 broadcast highlights a Get Happy played at the same brisk tempo of the original Victor record, in contrast to the slower version on SB 104. There's an early Remember arranged by Fletcher Henderson and Jingle Bells. More important there are fine charts that never got recorded: Music Goes Round And Round, I've Got A Feeling You're Fooling, and particularly Someday Sweetheart. Joe Harris does the trombone and vocal on Basin Street, based on the 1933 Goodman/Teagarden version. Three Helen Ward vocals are also heard.

SB 130: One of the weaker broadcasts. Big John Special is too slow and played almost tentatively. It lacks the confidence of later versions. Digga Digga Do is something else, though. Goodman is excellent and Gene Krupa drives like a hurricane, impailing Goodman in a blaze of rimshots at one point. Goody Goody, You Hit The Spot, I Can't Give You Anything But Love, and I'm Shootin High are smooth vehicles for Helen Ward.

SB 131: Another Basin Street and Shootin High are off-set by a fresh Farewell Blues dominated by some low register Chicago style clarinet by Goodman and aggressive drumming by Krupa. An original - Transcontinental - is interesting as an arrangement, but never opens up enough to really swing. Stompin At The Savoy sounds like the original record. There's a partial of Honeysuckle Rose that starts with Goodman's clarinet solo but is cut off during the trumpet solo. Honeysuckle never failed to swing, though. Momentum is gathered fast.

SB 132: Two complete shows on this LP (there were two on SB 130, but not complete) for those who appreciate quantity. Dodging A Divorcee is a chart of some charm, although often it sounds like a cross between a Bach fugue and a finger exercise. Sandman is heard again along with the second of three Alone's. King Porter Stomp reveals the weakness of solo strength in Goodman's brass section at this time. Side two is distinguished by I'm Going To Sit Right Down by Goodman's band within a band, the Jam Dandies, a straight-on dixieland ensemble that made some lively music. BG's breaks stab hard through the group.

The excitement generated by these performances rests almost entirely with Benny and the great Gene Krupa, without whom Goodman would have been left with a severely diminished group. Less flashy, but equally compelling is the work of Jess Stacy heard throughout these sides. Joe Harris' trombone also makes substantial contributions. One mention should also be made of the 32-bar Let's Dance openings. Benny's fluttering break at the 16th bar will startle ears familiar with all other versions.

Russ Connor has contributed excellent liner notes to SB 128/132, typically informative and accurate. He did them with Goodman's permission, incidently. Bob Thompson and Carl Kendziora, Jr. confine themselves to the music. All in all, Alan Roberts, who put out these records, has shared a real treasure of the swing era with the world. - J. McD.

GIANTS OF JAZZ

Atlantic SD 2-905

Listening to this recording of a live performance at the Victoria Theatre in London in 1972 is like attending a retrospective where most of the old masterpieces have faded. You didn't need to look nearly so hard to see them as masterpieces twenty years ago, when the lustre was still on them. Nevertheless, the essential lines and proportions are just blurred a bit, and they lend a measure of pleasure to the hour and a half of music on this two-record set.

"The Giants Of Jazz", as nearly everyone knows by now, is George Wein's trade name for the co-operative group comprised of Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Kai Winding, Thelonious Monk, Al McKibbon and Art Blakey. It may come as a surprise, then, given the presence of "giants", to discover that most of the pleasure derives from what they present rather than what they invent. Their repertory is a slice of the bop songbook, carefully arranged to show it off as the excellent vehicle for improvisation that it is. Clearly, it is no fault of the repertory that the solos are played with less flair than the ensembles which frame them.

Preserved here are extended treatments of Chano Pozo's Tin Tin Deo, Denzil Best's Allen's Alley, Monk's Round Midnight and Blue Monk, Dizzy's Tunisia, Woody 'n' You, Tour de Force and Blue 'n' Boogie, and the pop standard Everything Happens To Me. The latter finds its way into this company by virtue of its place in Bird's book, among others.

The way they are stated should go a long way toward a rediscovery of how attractive these melodies are. Round Midnight is an excellent case in point. Everyone who isn't stone deaf must have heard it in almost every imaginable permutation by now, but it shines anew in the Giants' simple arrangement. Monk introduces the theme over a complementary riff by the horns, gives way to Stitt's alto for the bridge and to Winding for the final eight before he re-enters to begin the round of solos. Simple enough, but they communicate their feeling for its familiar melody. Woody 'n' You and Blue 'n' Boogie are equally effective.

These tunes easily survive several flaws in their execution. On the Tunisia head, Winding and Stitt are disturbingly out of phase on their unison riff. Dizzy fluffs the out chorus of Blue Monk by starting a bar ahead of everyone else. His phrases trail off in the release of Woody 'n' You, and the whole group loses steam after a tough passage at the end of Tour de Force, a couple of mementoes of pulmonic systems that are hardening into middle age.

Larger problems beset the soloists. Dizzy still owns remarkable range and speed, but his solos have stultified into a single formula. He invariably enters sotto voce for a chorus or two and then builds up the volume for a chorus or two of eighth notes which peak in upper register runs. It is the construction of the solo rather than the phrases he plays which has become a cliche. By contrast, Kai Winding, whose range and facility were never remarkable, seems more limited than ever. His solo on Allen's Alley hardly moves at all, and his only really adequate turn is on Blue 'n' Boogie.

It has become next to impossible to pass lightly over Thelonious Monk's desultory performances any more. His phraseology remains unique, but only in the sense that he is the one musician who uses it. For him it is a fossilized stock now, and it is hardly surprising that he has lost his enthusiasm for taking an inventory of it every time he faces a keyboard. He seems to be copying himself rather than extending himself nowadays.

An older problem haunts Monk at one point, too. His ponderous comping on Everything Happens is in jarring contrast to Stitt's excellent form on this track, which is a showcase for Stitt's alto. Otherwise this track has the best sustained improvisation on the record.

Besides Stitt, who is good on tenor and excellent on alto throughout, the highlights include Blakey's cooking time on Blue 'n' Boogie and a duet by McKibbon and Dizzy on Tin Tin Deo. Along with the ensembles, these moments provide some musical vindication for a production like this one at a time when nostalgia is the most profitable hype in the marketplace.

- J. C.

HIGH SOCIETY JAZZ BAND

RCA (F) 740 113

Not being able to read the French liner notes or understand the spoken introduction to this unlistenable record, I cannot report whether they contain something to indicate that the material on this LP is intended as some kind of a gag. At any rate, this band's cornball and inept imitations of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band will do little more than send you to your copies of the ODJB originals for some relief.

To the basic five-piece ODJB instrumentation, a lead-footed brass bass is added, changing the ODJB's straight-ahead, shuffling four-beat approach into a lumpy two-beat that, particularly on the four tunes in three-quarter time, is reminiscent of background music for a German beer garden. Instead of Nick La Rocca's confident, singing horn, the HSJB's sound is dominated by a cornetist with a grating, unpleasant tone who is either over-recorded or playing too loud most of the time and who is completely lacking in inspiration whenever he attempts to depart from copying La Rocca's lines.

Leader Pierre Atlan plays clarinet with a nice, thick period flavor, and pianist Martine Morel keeps good time with a solid, straight-up raggy approach. But the LP is mostly ensemble, and in that respect the HSJB succeeds in capturing only the surface features of the ODJB - the nervous, clipped phrasing, for example - and has none of the underlying blend that caused the ODJB's recorded performances to work so well and to stand up through the decades. I can't imagine anyone buying this LP for any kind of serious listening; it's all I can do to stay with it long enough to feel able to review it.

- T. W.

LUTHER JOHNSON

Mud In Your Ear
Muse 5008

Let's clear up one thing first: there is a certain amount of duplicity about this record. Originally, these items were on a pair of Douglas lps under bassist Luther Johnson's name (indeed, he has all the vocals here except two by George Buford). This is the basic 1967 Muddy Waters Blues Band, with sidemen singing the selections. As such, it is very similar to Spivey LP 1008, substituting George Smith on that 1966 date for Buford on this present disc. Of course, the sound is a lot better on Muse. It occurs in music to release material under an artist's name when he is designated the leader (for A. F. M. purposes). Often, too, a prominent soloist will be later highlighted rather than the original group when the tracks are reissued (as with IAJRC 12 and Elmer Snowden material). The problem with Waters' band is that everyone is good enough to be a leader, and indeed Otis Spann had a number of issues on Bluesway, Spivey and Prestige using Muddy and his band. Because of contracts, these usually had a mysterious guitarist present - Dirty Rivers or Main Stream (and other ex-Waters greats such as "Joe Denim" or "Friendly Fellow"). But none of that here. The Muddy Waters group is listed under "Muddy Waters" - even though Waters is far in the background and does not sing - nor is all of the material his. All this is brought on by the artist's name change in the entry credits, and the incredible philosophical ramblings covering 70% of the liner notes on the importance of sidemen, when they should ever get star billing, and development by the leader. This is all academic, even more so when the notes run through the white vs. black blues business - again. Muse is trying to have it both ways - give credit to Luther Johnson as a sideman par excellence, and push him back in favour of Waters in order to sell the record. Truth in labelling, indeed.

Now, to the music: it is great material from a tight and dirty band, one that has rarely been captured on Chess, and this is what makes the album exciting. Personnel includes George Buford on harp and two vocals (Watch Dog and Sad Day Uptown, the latter my favourite cut on the album). Often recorded as Muddy Waters Jr., Buford has a pleasantly smooth if undistinguished voice. Others are Sammy Lawhorn (typo here in the notes) lead guitar, Otis Spann, piano, and Francis Clay, drums. The three instrumentals are a mixed bag. Sting It features stinging bottleneck guitar with

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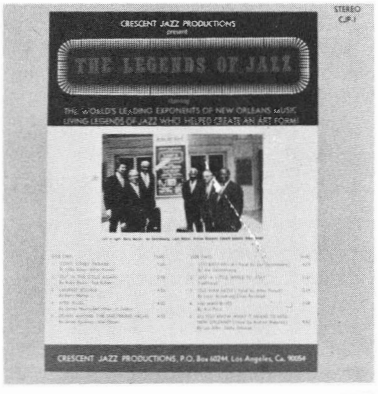

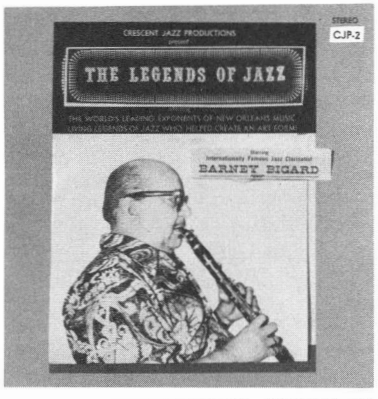

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CLP 4 SCANDINAVIANS IN NEW ORLEANS
Percy Humphrey/Orange Kellin/Jim Robinson/Ricardo Hansen/Chester Zardis/ Josiah Frazier b) Tony Fugerat/Freddy John/Jon Marks/Barry Martyn/Lars Edegran/Girls Go Crazy/Blues/Ti Pi Tin/My Buddy/Down On The Farm b) Oh Marie/I Surrender Dear/Exactly Like You/You Came Along

typically rolling Spann piano. The title track is none other than Mojo. Top Of The Boogaloo is an adventure that foreshadows the Guy-Wells roadshow, Johnson's uncouth vocals get great choppy support from Spann on Natural Wig, while Long Distance Call is a remake of the 1951 classic - this time with Johnson spitting out the vocal line. These ten selections cover little more than half an hour of music, but if the Muddy Waters Blues Band is your bag (and they made better recordings in the sixties away from Chess) then get it. - D. T.

JOACHIM KUHN

This Way Out
MPS 21752-3

Joachim Kuhn is a very confident musician. That's one way of interpreting his liner note, "We play European music. The fact that we have added two American compositions shows our open mind towards all good music. This we also expect of the listener." Of course, it's one thing to make a statement like that, with the implied American-European comparison, and another to back it up. That particular controversy is really a dying issue, and one that might not have even occured to the open minded listener, had the German pianist and saxophonist not brought it up. Ironically, as fine as Kuhn's music can be on "This Way Out", by any standard, it doesn't lend much support to the distinction that he has made.

A double album, with one record by his trio (completed by bassist-cellist Peter Warren and drummer Daniel Humair) and the other by a quartet with saxophonist Gerd Dudek added, "This Way Out" does reveal Kuhn's many and various sides, from the lovely piano ballad She's A Beauty to his free alto sax on Do Dat Dudek. It also reveals something of a shift in his stance as a musician long known for his leanings towards the avant garde.

Once a pianist who forged his style in the fires created by Cecil Taylor, Kuhn has more recently stepped away from the heat. Some of Taylor's influence certainly remains in the jagged and clustering lines and the occasional passage of arhythmic two-handed interplay, but the intense energy has been largely replaced by a more relaxed, even rhapsodic style (his solo piano Body And Soul comes on very much like Oscar Peterson). For the change, Kuhn isn't really any more of his own man. If Taylor's influence has diminished, then the echoes of other (yes, American) pianists are now clearer, whether Kuhn would wish to admit it or not (and according to that liner note, he probably wouldn't).

However, his alto saxophone playing hasn't changed, apart from perhaps being a little more controlled or reserved. Kuhn himself has said that he plays alto like a tenor and his style, in its limited way reflects the influence of the later Coltrane inspired saxophonists. The addition of Dudek, another member of the same school, on tenor, soprano and flute creates an air of urgency in the group's music, but does not provide a very striking contrast to Kuhn's alto. To his credit, Kuhn stands up rather well by comparison.

So, other than being a bit of a surprise, "This Way Out" offers little that could be called distinctive or original. But there is some excellent, if occasionally uneven music to be heard. The group is loose and spirited, equally comfortable reacting to the free Amok or swinging an old standard like All The Things You Are. Kuhn's piano holds the spotlight, and rightly so. But Humair catches the ear with his driving, dancing drumming. A sensitive free player, sympathetic swinger and most musical rocker, he handles Kuhn's range of interests with easy confidence. Peter Warren is not that strong a bassist for volume, and without a booming sound he's forever being overpowered by the others. But he does imaginatively fill the holes left by Kuhn's reluctance to establish a strong comping pattern (another surprise in light of that Taylor influence).

Where ever it may have come from, the moderating influence on "This Way Out" certainly does Kuhn's talents justice. Still an assertive artist, now in word as much as deed, his music impresses even if his comments are a bit suspect. -M.M.

TED LEWIS

Vol. 2 1928-1932
Biograph BLP-C8

Six of the titles on this Biograph LP were previously issued on Epic LN 3170 ("Everybody's Happy!"): A Good Man Is Hard To Find, A Jazz Holiday, Jungle Blues, Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble, Farewell Blues, and Clarinet Marmalade. A different take (146643-4) for the last title is used on the Biograph. The sleeve boasts that the disc features Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, George Brunies, and Muggsy Spanier. Just don't expect lashings of solos from these gentlemen. Brunies has the lion's share, and justifiably so - he slaved with Lewis for over ten years. Don Murray (ex Bix-Lang days) is perhaps the real star as he props up the proceedings on five titles, being the all-round reed man on clarinet, alto, tenor, and baritone. Even Frank Teschemacher gets faintly into the act (on Farewell Blues).

Ted Lewis of course wields his weird clarinet and sings his inimitable vocals on the more corny titles: Homemade Sunshine, Laughing At Life, Headin' For Better Times, At Last I'm Happy, Just A Gigolo, A Shanty In Old Shanty Town. The Batchelors, a vocal quartet, can be heard on Dinah.

If you have Volume One (Biograph) and don't have the old Epic, then you will want this second chapter of the Ted Lewis saga. I am not really knocking the old master showman or this LP - it's just that there are far too few instrumental solos of real jazz merit. Sorry I can't be more happy about it. Transfers ("special arrangement with CBS") are good, playing time is over 43 mintues, and the sleeve notes by John McDonough cover the career of Ted Lewis with interesting detail and anecdotes. I am not too fussy on Biograph's method of listing the personnels, but the data is all there, so what are you Benny and Muggsy collectors waiting for? - J. R. N.

CHARLES MINGUS

Reincarnation of a Lovebird
Prestige 24028

Any recording by Charles Mingus is an important event in music. The importance of this one is compounded by the fact that between 1965 and 1972 Mingus recorded only twice - on the two successive nights in Paris in November 1970 whose proceedings are issued here. On both sides of that hiatus, Mingus recorded mainly extended works for large ensembles; here, in the middle, are older and newer compositions played in a small band setting.

Mingus' world is heavily informed by the racism of Amerikkka and the spirit in Blackness it creates, by the traditions of his people - Ellington and Parker - and those others he finds eloquent - Berlioz' extravagant orchestral revolution (comparable in Euroclassic history with the niche occupied by Ellington in Black musics), and the subdued vignettes of Debussy and other impressionists. Above all, though, it is Mingus' own music you hear him create by molding the musicians beside him. His emotion and the drive of his writing, his bass, and his personality fills and moves his ensemble. Any of his ensembles. This one, reassembled after five years of near-total retirement, is heavily infused with artists who had already paid the dues of learning to bend their own wills to Mingus', and finding their own expressions through the twin challenges of personal and musical collision. Danny Richmond is/was to Mingus as Billy Strayhorn was to Ellington. His broken rhythmic filigree from below lifts and propels the entire ensemble. Mingus once said that Richmond learned everything he knows about playing drums from Mingus' bass. The drummer's tonal conception and absolute thrust parallels the intensity of the bassist's Olympian mutterings - but as a percussionist he is totally distinctive (and underrecognized). Altoist Charles McPherson has been with various Mingus ensembles intermittently since 1960. His fleet, full-bodied lyricism has under the master's tutelage outgrown its original Birdfulness. McPherson's sound is still wistfully retrospective, but it inhabits a far more personal and intense emotional mindspace than any mere emulation of Parker. Like some of his predecessors (John Handy, Jackie McLean), McPherson is at his most imaginative when propelled

by Mingus' protean thunderings. He obviously brings to the music a very different sound and orientation than did Eric Dolphy. The complexion of Mingus' music ever changes with performers and circumstances, but it's still undoubtedly the expression of one man - a gargantuan intelligence, with only different aspects of his profile being illuminated by different artists. (I suspect that even in his most thoroughgoing catharses even Mingus himself could not capture his own persona fully.) The third spirit called up from times past in this sextet is pianist Jaki Byard. Every Byard solo re-explores the heritage of Black piano. Like the others, he is a remarkably accomplished and consistent improviser; and like the others, his accomplishment seems greatest when alongside Mingus. On this album, Byard offers what I consider certainly his best performance with Mingus, and arguably his best ever. To a great extent, he avoids the mundane quotes and disconnected eclectic rambles through various keyboard stylings that so marred his 1964 concert recordings with Mingus and Dolphy. He concentrates much more on building cohesive solos and on group interplay. Both he and Mingus know, love, and can draw their experience from all music into their lines in ways and interplays that surpass verbal communication. Merely listen, especially to Blue Bird. Mingus contributes to his own music on all levels - at least as much through his ability to draw from his bandsmen as through his own talents as composer or performer; perhaps the essence of Mingus is the peerless catalyst. As with Ellington, Mingus' music is best played by those he knows and writes for; and through their artistic interplay he knows these men far more deeply than most mortals could ever hope to know even their most intimate lifecompanions.

The fifth member of the band, trumpeter Eddie Preston, played with Mingus' large groups in the early 1960s, but has never been featured on record with Mingus before. He has a big, brassy sound, but his phrasing is thoughtful and subdued, far gentler than Brownie's. His liquid lines straddle several keys at a time, setting up modal tensions that give poignancy and an acid bite to his improvisations. He reminds me much of the young Thad Jones who matured under Mingus two decades ago. He is gifted as the charts demand in the use of half-valve and plunger devices, and is generally a gentle, extroverted trumpeter with a very personal approach to his horn. Listen especially to him in Pithecanthropus Erectus and Love Is A Dangerous Necessity. Tenorist Bobby Jones was at this point the newest entrant into Mingus' world. He is a powerful, individual improviser who - like the entire distinguished lineage of Mingus' tenorists from J.R. Monterose onward (Shafi Hadi, Booker Ervin, Yusef Lateef, Roland Kirk, Clifford Jordan) - has the imagination and fire to get out of the surfaces of the music and the usual changes into the heart and message of the sound. Like most of those tenors, Jones avoids stringing the fashionably long lines across bars in interminable phrases; he twists and spits out his notes, scattering them over the delineated space in ideal placements like Rollins used to. (Which is not to suggest any imitation.) His sound is deep-voiced, warming, rich and dry; and his lines have a street-sung bluesiness you can almost taste, that burns your gut like Napoleon brandy.

In Paris, Mingus revisited three of his classic compositions - Reincarnation Of A Lovebird (originally from "The Clown"), Pithecanthropus Erectus, and Peggy's Blue Skylight (from "Tonight At Noon" and the 1964 European tour). The original "Pithecanthropus" was powerful, tense, and menacing in its anticipation of musics to come. This vision is more leisurely, smoky and unselfconsciously funky, (the liner notes speak of "incantatory mojo"), somewhere between sneering and pleading (One wonders whom Mingus visualizes now as the declining P. E.) rather than standing over your head signifying down toward you. The first "Skylight" had an affecting langour and a rich, full-bodied lyricism that depended as much on Roland Kirk's horn love as on the impressionistic ensemble voicings. In Europe with Dolphy, voicings and tempos were simplified, and it became a bubbling, vocal psalm. Here, the voicing is again simple, but its attack is diverse and energetically filigreed. "Lovebird", originally Mingus' tribute to an unjustly-dead Charlie Parker (and always the most moving of all his compositions in my mind), is much as Jimmy Knepper and Shafi Hadi left it - wistfully depressed and tender.

Blue Bird is one of Parker's own twelve-bar lines in extended performance. A finely-drawn, deep blue portrait of the sextet, it gives each man room to make his most germane statements. Perhaps it was the mood of the occasion, or the catalysis of person or circumstance, but this Blue Bird is perfect. No more to say. Listen particularly to Mingus' magnificent opening and the deep power of Richmond's drive.

Eddie Preston sparkles and blazes in the complex blues Love Is A Dangerous Necessity, but is ultimately victimized by a completely unnecessary board fade. (No more than seventeen minutes on any of the four sides.) Mingus transformed I Left My Heart In San Francisco into a magnificent vehicle for himself over a juicy modal rearrangement for the band.

This album is Mingus' living testament from 1970 for those who care. - B. T.
(Note: these two Lps were issued originally on America Records.) - B. T.

NEW HERITAGE KEYBOARD 4

Blue Note BN-LA099-F

The New Heritage Keyboard Quartet is pianists "Sir" Roland Hanna and Mickey Tucker (why the self-styled "sir"?), bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Edward Gladden. Such personnel suggest that their music should be at least interesting, if not substantial. Wrong. This is "entertainment from Transamerica Corporation". The "new heritage" is more hot and faceless pap for the ghetto masses. Probably the best thing about the album is the cover illustration.

The first two selections have everybody doing the funky chicken. Hanna and Tucker are idiomatically very close, and complement each other well. Things seem finally to get under way with Tucker's State Of Affairs, an interesting head harmonically and texturally that leads into the heaviest blowing of the date from Davis, Gladden, and one of the pianists - exciting if unoriginal bebop. Gladden is atonally involved, rhythmically unelaborate but consistent percussionist for these proceedings. The music continues to almost happen in Delphi. The two-keyboard textures are simple and basic, block chords against runs and piano against electric piano or harpsichord. Monstrosity March (whose title sums rather well my reaction to this album) is a lopsided brass-band parody that amuses momentarily.

Worthy of special note - if for the wrong reasons - is the album's closer, Hanna's Child Of Gemini: So You Will Know My Name. "Child" is a pseudo-Bach chamber piece for Davis' solo bass over the two pianos. I'd always thought that a bassist as technically articulate and as imaginative as Richard Davis could do no wrong; I was unfortunately mistaken. His arco sound is lovely - rich and deep, like a classical cello. His intonation is atrocious. Perhaps he, too, intended parody, because I fail to see how a bassist of his talents could so consistently mispitch his notes - here sharp, here flat, almost never where they should be. Quarter tones and sliding attacks groping for the right place on the fingerboard have no place in the kind of music "child" is supposed to be.

Tucker was probably cognizant of what various writers would say about this recording when (according to the anonymous and rather inept liners) he commented that the final judgment of this music "must be left to the supreme critic - time." I doubt that aging will help. - B. T.

N.O.RAGTIME ORCHESTRA

Arhoolie 1058

Ragtime, in the past two years, has removed itself from the domain of an esoteric minority to the concert halls of music conservatories and even, thanks to "The Sting", into the hit parade. It's an ironic commentary on the machinations of the music world - American style.

The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra was there before all this happened and this Arhoolie lp, recorded in 1971, is their third and most successful session. Previous releases, on Pearl Records, were marred by recording limitations and the technical inadequacies of the musicians. The benefits gained by

regular performance are well illustrated in this finely balanced set of numbers which more than adequately overcome the stilted feeling of the orchestrations. For the most part they either derive from the famous Red Back Book (i.e. stock orchestrations of ragtime) or from the John Robichaux Orchestra collection. Included in this collection are such famous ragtime compositions as Maple Leaf Rag, The Entertainer, The Chrysanthemum, The Ragtime Dance and Black And White Rag. More closely associated with New Orleans are such numbers as High Society, War Cloud (Fidgety Feet), My Maryland, Panama and New Orleans Hop Scop Blues.

In performance this orchestra adhers to the philosophies of its name. It is performing written orchestrations rather than freely improvising parts in the manner of the jazz musician. What you get is a complete interpretation of all the strains of each tune performed by musicians whose jazz training is ideally suited to impart just the right kind of accenting and tonal colour to the music. This is the vital difference between this band and the now more famous Gunther Schuller recordings (on Angel and Golden Crest) with the New Endland Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. Personally, I find the crisp New Orleans drumming of John Robichaux gives the music more swing while the blue-tonality of William Russell's violin gives the ensemble a definite personality.

Joshua Rifkin maintained recently (interview: Into Jazz, March 1974 with Keith Nichols) that orchestrated ragtime was not comparable to the original piano scores and while this may be true there's no denying the relevance of the music produced by the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra and these performances have a vitality not present in conservatory renditions. - J. W. N.

FRANK NEWTON

Swinging On 52nd Street 1937-1939
"Emperor Jones"
Jazz Archives JA-9

Frank Newton - the nondescript trumpet player? At his best, he sounded like a poor man's Henry Allen. At his worst - well, I don't want too many of those Mouldy Fig Newtons on my back. Frank Newton was, however, the leader of some highly interesting recording sessions, the cream of which are presented here by Jazz Archives.

On March 5, 1937, his Uptown Serenaders consisted of Edmond Hall (clarinet), Pete Brown (alto), Cecil Scott (tenor), Don Frye (piano), John Smith (guitar), Richard Fullbright (bass), Cozy Cole (drums). Newton not only played trumpet but did the arranging for Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone and Who's Sorry Now (unissued take 1). On April 15, 1937, Russell Procope was added on alto, and with Scott doubling on clarinet, and Hall doubling on baritone, the reed section sounded mighty smooth on I Found A New Baby, There's No Two Ways About It, and 'Cause My Baby Says It's So. Slim Gaillard is the vocalist on the last two tunes.

Jitters and Jam Fever (unissued take B) were made at the same session that produced the more familiar Tab's Blues and Frankie's Jump (April 12, 1939) and the group was Newton's Cafe Society Orchestra: Tab Smith, Stanley Payne (altos), Kenneth Hollon (tenor), Kenny Kersey (piano), Ulysses Livingston (guitar), John Williams (bass), Eddie Dougherty (drums). Both titles are smooth and mellow, due mainly to Tab Smith's creamy alto.

In the May 1974 issue of CODA (page 12) Johnny Simmen has some comments concerning the August 15, 1939 Frank Newton session that produced the two titles Vamp and Parallel Fifths. He identifies the added trombonist as Dicky Wells. He doubts the presence of another trumpet, and here I must disagree with him. The band sounds totally different, and the sleeve of this LP and all the standard reference books would have us believe that the personnel is identical to the previous (April 12, 1939) session. Perhaps there are other Newton experts out there who could comment further on this.

We now jump back a couple of years to August 1937, when Charlie Barnet and His Orchestra recorded possibly six or more titles for the Variety label. At the time, Barnet was churning out myriad titles for Bluebird, and about the only people you might recognize on this strange Variety date, apart from Newton and Barnet, are John Kirby and Ludwig Flato who, many years later, was pianist for the Arthur Godfrey radio and TV shows. Barnet is the vocalist on Shame On You, while Emperor Jones is a powerhouse instrumental and is previously unissued.

Afternoon In Africa and Dizzy Debutante are two titles made by Buster Bailey And His Rhythm Busters on September 17, 1937, and are fairly familiar showcases for Pete Brown's alto, and Bailey's multi-noted clarinet. What you may not know is that Jerry Kruger And Her Knights of Rhythm recorded two more numbers on the same date and with the identical personnel: Bailey, Brown, Newton, Don Frye (piano), Jimmy McLin (guitar), John Kirby, and O'Neil Spencer. One of these tunes, So You Won't Sing, is included here, and Jerry Kruger, if there is such a person, does indeed sing on it. She sounds a little like a disguised Ivie Anderson to me, and I will digress a moment and state flatly that she may be Ivie Anderson. (The same Jerry Kruger recorded four titles with Cootie Williams on April 4, 1938 and one of them (M802) was Swing Time In Honolulu. On April 11, 1938, Ivie Anderson recorded the same title (M809) with Duke Ellington. OK, Ellington/Anderson buffs, over to you.)

This excellent Jazz Archives LP ends on a quiet note with two sides by a group that might almost be John Kirby's biggest little band, with Kirby and Shavers. John Williams and Newton replace them, McLin is added on guitar, and Bailey, Procope, Billy Kyle, and Spencer masquerade on another Bailey's Rhythm Busters date for Chained To A Dream and Light Up, from December 7, 1938.

A fig for Newton, and four stars for the rest. - J.R.N.

RHYTHM COMBINATION+BRASS

Waitaminute
MPS 21751-5

It's not too difficult to guess what these gentlemen had in mind here. With flashy titles like Waitaminute, Mr. Clean, Wild Chick, Green Witch, and Modus Vivendi (when everything else of the cover is, of course, in German), Peter Herbolzheimer and his "Rhythm Combination And Brass" seem to have made a pitch to the discotheque crowd. Nice of them though, to give the dancers credit for such good taste.

Mixed in with some eminently dancable music, a hot shot, jazz rock rhythm section, the usual electricity and even a bit of sitar, there's some fairly interesting and powerful big band arrangements with very concise and coherant solos spread generously among the musicians.

The Rhythm Combination And Brass is a largely European studio big band which bears a passing resemblance to certain sections of the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland organization. Its ranks include a few expatriot Americans (Art Farmer and Herb Geller among them) and others like bassist Nils Henning Orsted-Pedersen and trumpeters Rick Kiefer and Ack van Rooyen. Under the direction of Herbolzheimer, a bass trombonist, the fifteen musicians are extremely competant, professional and above all, confident. So confident that Farmer is one of the few musicians who doesn't solo.

Kiefer and trombonist Jiggs Whigham are two of the many who do and both create solos of warmth and invention in an extended ballad context. Although The Ballad Of The Sad Young Men (Kiefer's feature) and The Meaning Of The Blues (Whigham's showcase) are rather out of line with the general tone of "Waitaminute", they are its highlights. For the rest, well, the album's cover shot of a certain citrus fruit fused to explode like dynamite is a key to what might be expected. (No, that doesn't mean it's a loud but harmless bomb.) Superior disco music then, and not entirely without appeal. - M. M.

SONNY ROLLINS

Sonny Rollins' Next Album
Milestone MSP 9042

The end of one of Sonny Rollins' retirements is always a major Event in the music. If jazz were a national pastime, this album - his return to the studios after a gap of six years - would be cause for dancing in the streets. Not because it's

all great Rollins - by the standards he's set himself, it's a reasonable album with two outstanding titles. Rather, it's great because it's Rollins. It has its weaknesses - the main one being that Sonny has rarely been able to choose his sidemen wisely, and on this trip he's brought along two real losers (George Cables (piano) and Bob Cranshaw (bass) who hardly carry their own dead weight.

The first notes of Playin' In The Yard - the childhood-simple riff blues opening the album - puts your mind at ease; that monstrous tenor sound is safely intact. Sonny's solo is brief and to the point. His lines are straight-forward and virtually devoid of the bent notes, intricate harmonies and embellishments that (say) "Sonny Rollins On Impulse" taught you to expect. The musical role you sense is that of a warm, gentle, storyteller rather than the aloof intellectual challenger you'd always thought him to be. Still, there's the sound that fills your head...the sound and that mastery of rhythmic play. Most of the ten minutes is usurped by Cables' vacuous solo, playing electric piano remarkably like a boogaloo organist. And swinging underneath, an interwoven drum mat from Jack de Johnette and Arthur Jenkins (conga) lays down a barking ass-shaking Motown beat - but precious little drive. (You can feel the places where one of Blakey's crash rolls or some of Blackwell's mallet work would sound absolutely beautiful.) Cranshaw's solo is a thudding bore. The tenorist comes back in at the end to hint at how he might have played had he so chosen.

Poinciana marks Rollins' record debut on soprano saxophone - to my mind, not a particularly auspicious occasion. The complex reinterpretation of the standard is Sonny's unadulterated genius. But his lines are very busy, more conventionally boppish (in terms of rhythm and use of space) than his tenor style, and delivered with a bittersweet, almost cloying vibrato-less sound that develops desperate intonation problems at times. Cables contributes a middling-good bebop solo. Booker Ervin's version of Poinciana (on Candid) spoiled other attempts at this standard for me, I'm afraid, and this one is no serious contender for the title.

Side two is a very different story. Its opening selection, The Everywhere Calypso, is the masterpiece of this or any other Rollins album. It is one of Sonny's most attractive and most infectiously good-humoured originals. As a spontaneous composition, it ranks with Blue Seven and virtually nothing else in his career's output as a work of thematic improvisation, and may in fact even surpass Blue Seven because here Rollins develops and sculpts his rhythms in the same way as he shapes his melodies. His is a mastery of rhythm second to none. (Which leads me to conclude, by the way, that pairings with Chick Corea, Dollar Brand, and/or Randy Weston would be infinitely rewarding.) For three choruses near the end of his first solo Sonny builds a fascinating set of variations on one turnaround abstracted from an earlier chorus (akin to Blessing In Disguise and Ee-ah). His second solo takes up exactly where he left off (to the point of quoting from the first), and builds even more expansively on the same material. Wedged in between is Cables again - vague, but inspired and with the right feeling. The two drummers, Jenkins and David Lee, drive appropriately and do almost everything right - monotonously, but right.

Keep Hold Of Yourself is a modal piece strongly reflecting the John Coltrane of Mr. P. C. and Miles' Mode. The sound and the choruses based on extraction and expansion of small thematic units are pure Rollins, but in a rather unexpected harmonic and rhythmic setting. The lines are longer, less widely-spaced, and follow the modal patterns much more closely than one might have anticipated. The stylistic transition is logical and easily grasped, but at the moment it's an uneasy synthesis. For once, Cables sounds completely at home; de Johnette is particularly tasty.

For closers, Rollins infuses Skylark with an unaccustomed but most attractive bluesiness. It's a virile, lyrical performance, with the tenorist at his most harmonically ingenious and a throaty romanticism that smacks of Ben Webster's finest days. The unaccompanied opening cadenza is merely beautiful; the closing cadenza is breathtakingly inspired. Everyone else is either innocuous or unimportant.

As I suggested at the beginning, every Rollins album is an Event. The proper observance of this particular Event calls for you to go out and buy this album. Sonny is still expanding his expressive vistas, still learning from his older and younger colleagues. This album isn't all his best - but what is on it should send every other tenorist in the world scurrying back to the woodshed. There are an awful lot of unissued titles from these sessions, I'm told; I hope Prestige-Fantasy-Milestone will let us hear them sometime. This recording took the better part of a year to reach Canada; hopefully the next one, which is already in the can as I write this (July 1973) will get here sooner, because I'm really looking forward to it. - B. T.

Horn Culture
Milestone M-9051

This is Rollins' second album after his return to the jazz scene in 1972. Recorded in 1973, it is much more succsssful than his 'Next Album' (Milestone M-9042) recorded in 1972, but it is still not quite up to the best of Rollins' earlier works.

On one of the six tracks here Rollins plays soprano sax, and through overdubbing he is heard on two saxophones on some of the recordings. His rhythm section - Walter Davis, Jr., piano, Masuo, guitar, Bob Cranshaw, electric bass, David Lee, drums and Mtume, percussion - as a whole does a very good job, sounding at times like a small edition of Miles Davis' rhythm, and there is a beautiful musical report between Rollins and his men throughout.

The opener, Pictures In The Reflection Of A Golden Horn, is a composition by Rollins, and it has him overdubbing himself but I find this effect does not add anything to the music. On the contrary, Rollins' own playing here is a bit uneven. Sais is a 12-minute long piece by percussionist Mtume who plays acoustic piano on this track with Davis switching over to electric piano. Rollins is heard on soprano sax, with a mournful, oboe-like sound, and although his command of the horn has improved a lot, the soprano is still his second instrument. There is a solo by Japanese guitarist Masuo. I find Masuo's work on the album somewhat uninteresting and redundant, but I under-

stand from people who have heard him live with Rollins, that the two on a good night can really hit things together. Unfortunately, not this time.

There are two modal Coltrane-like pieces, Notes For Eddie and Love Man, and especially the latter has strong playing by Rollins. The playing of David Lee and Bob Cranshaw should be mentioned also, but it is Rollins who really shines. There are solo spots by Walter Davis and Masuo, none of them very remarkable.

Finally, the album has two compositions connected with the late Billie Holiday, God Bless The Child and Good Morning, Heartache, and if you don't know what a great ballad interpreter Rollins is you will find out here. His majestic, brilliant solos are masterpieces and his coda in Heartache is another demonstration of his caliber as an improviser.

The album has its weak spots and as a whole it is not homogeneous, but do not miss this work by Rollins, one of the very few giants. - R. B.

The Bridge / Sonny Meets Hawk
French RCA Victor 741074/075

Since Sonny Rollins has lately made another "return" to the scene after a six-year absence, now is a good moment to recall his earlier re-entry to jazz after a long lay-off 12 years ago. "The Bridge", recorded in January and February, 1962, signalled that Sonny was back after a four-year hiatus, and it was his first LP for RCA under a lucrative six-album deal (in the event there were also three titles on an RCA collection entitled "3 In Jazz").

"The Bridge", for me, remains one of Rollins' best and most satisfying records, capturing the very essence of this restless, creative musical mind who is, nevertheless, square in the mainstream of jazz tradition. Rollins had certainly refined and polished his playing between 1958 and '62, although the basic approach remains. The most obvious change was in his tone, now tighter and more controlled than in the freewheeling fifties. On Without A Song his immaculate use of the tenor saxophone's upper register is, surprisingly, reminiscent of Stan Getz. Where Are You and God Bless The Child are superb ballad performances and the contributions of guitarist Jim Hall's support and solos on them cannot be overemphasized. It was an unlikely partnership but an electrifying one. John S. finds Rollins pouring forth his heady brew of excitement, at once exploring the fabric of his own original and the complete range of his instrument. Hall is alert to all Sonny's nuances as we hear in the exchanges between them. Sonny plays a smear from The Continental which is immediately seized on by Jim.

The obverse of record one opens with The Bridge in which Rollins reaches beyond conventional improvisatory practice. Headlong tempo or no, Rollins is in command and it is the drummer and bassist who find the going hard. When playing like this Sonny can wear out any rhythm section. You Do Something To Me is another sublime statement with a lovely low-key solo by Hall and an economical precis of the melody by Sonny. Here, without question, is an LP nobody should be without.

The meeting with Coleman Hawkins which completes this two-fer is not so ideal. Sonny and Hawk play well enough but tend to be hampered by a curious rhythm section (Paul Bley, Henry Grimes or Bob Cranshaw and Roy McCurdy). They needed Silver and Blakey on this gig. Sonny tends to parody Hawk on Yesterdays and it isn't pleasant, but he stops messing around. All The Things You Are - the best track of the six - but even then Bley's unhelpful comping buggers things up. In striving to conjure up instant jazz history producer George Avakian forgot that the ingredients have to be right. Put Buddy Rich with Bird and Diz and he screws everything up. Sling Pee Wee Russell in with Monk and you ain't got anything. Will they never learn!

The Bridge, in fact, is everything Sonny Meets Hawk isn't. It is cohesive, concise and there is a great sense of stylistic unity and rightness, notably missing from the Rollins / Hawkins confrontation, a project that had considerable possibilities but simply was not thought through and ended as merely a "blow-in". - M. G.

AL SHORTER

Tes Esat
America 30 AM 6118

With his statement "Everybody is a leader, there's no sidemen anymore - sidemen are decadent", trumpeter Alan Shorter has articulated a principle of free music which might in time, seem as important a sociological development in jazz as the emergence of the soloist from the New Orleans ensemble. And although Shorter's music on "Tes Esat" loosely fits the older established theme-solo structure (with only the strength of the percussion raising the intensity of some solos to duets), it remains true to his statement, if only because of his own apparent reluctance to take charge.

For his part, Shorter has gathered together some very interesting and adventurous musicians (tenor saxophonist Gary Windo, dynamite bassist-pianist Johnny Mbizo Dyani and drummer Rene Augustus, all currently working out of London) and done his damnedest to stay out of their way. His own contribution to the music is quantitatively minimal, apart from composing and, with Windo, playing the three themes. A hesitant improviser (although Tes Esat is probably not the best evidence on which to generalize), his horn work is characterized by a thick mid-register vibrato and a tight, squeezed sound, higher up.

But if Shorter's playing lacks authority, his compositions surely do not. They're performed forcefully, almost as fanfares, and with Augustus' penchant for the press roll, faintly echo the Big Top. The very long Disposition has an out-of-tempo Ornette Coleman type of theme, although somewhat simpler and rounder at the corners. It begins strongly as Windo contributes a glorious but close to incomprehensible solo. Dyani takes over, first on piano in a freely flowing duet with Augustus, then bowing harmonics behind Shorter's trumpet and finally, alone. Typical of "Tes Esat", that the others keep glancing up for direction as Dyani charges ahead, eventually drawing them along.

The second tune, Beast Of Bash is certainly one of the most straightforward themes in jazz (and all the more striking when compared with the nature of brother Wayne's writing). It's simply a series of two-note jumps followed by an upward horn smear. Dyani solos throughout, again providing both the cohesion and the fire, whether playing with or without the bow. The final tune One Million Squared is haphazardly constructed of randomly placed statements (including quotes from Disposition and Beast) over a shifting foundation of bass, bells and drums. The sudden and repeated interjections from the two horns puts a considerable edge on the music, which elsewhere has a rather rambling way of developing.

This aside, Shorter's is still a raw and exuberant music spiced with good humour. It's not exactly "group" music, nor does it quite convince that all of the musicians are prepared to share the leadership that he's offered. Fortunately, at least Johnny Dyani is. - M. M.

CRYSTAL CLEAR

For those who were interested in jazz at the time it was made, these well-transferred and excellently pressed two LPs bring back happy memories (I was agreeably surprised with what had been achieved with these not too-well recorded 78 rpms). For those not then on the scene, they will be a delightful surprise since the music heard is often very exciting and has a "cachet" quite its own. The two albums contain Rex's entire studio-recorded output for "Blue Star", Eddie Barclay's then up-coming label. Not included are the six sides - issued at the time on 12-inch 78 rpm - waxed at a Salle Pleyel concert in November 1947, on the day of the band's arrival in Paris from Scandinavia.

The personnel indications on the sleeve of Volume I are a bit confusing. The reduced line-up for such tracks as Sacknasty, Last Blues, All On Account Of You, Let It Be Said, Goofin' Off, Star Dust etc, comprising Rex, Vernon Stacy, Don Gais, J.J. Tilche, Ted Curry etc is missing. It is also somewhat inexplicable to see the name of Cootie Williams having slipped in as a vocalist, by error.

However, these are minor details. Please consult Jepsen who has the correct personnels (while regarding my notes taken at that time, the recording-dates do not always fit. But I may, of course, be at fault and Mr. Jepsen correct).

For several reasons which I do not wish to enter into here, Rex's original band - I am speaking of the group comprising Sandy Williams on trombone and Johnny Harris on alto/clarinet - was not a happy group. There was latent, sometimes open friction, between some of the men and, even more so, between Rex and certain of his musicians. The music was at times rough, savage and rugged. There was a tension which, at times, prevented some of the men from playing their best. But, more often, the band could blow the roof off and performed with lots of spirit. There was surprisingly little regard for intonation and pitch - so little, indeed that even a relatively unexperienced ear could hear it. This fact was still aggravated by a particularly unfortunate incident which occured two nights before their departure to Europe: The whole book of arrangements was stolen from Rex's car and, as a consequence, chief-arranger George Kelly (as well as several other musicians) was writing night and day until the last minute in order to get the band a new repertoire! Understandably, there were no rehearsals, to speak of, and with, at least, one of the musicians being a pretty slow reader, it is unavoidable that there are quite a few rough spots in the ensembles here and there.

But, this could be and, fortunately, often was a band that played with tremendous drive and which could really SWING! It was a group which had its own wild, bouncing style (I have never heard a drummer play that particular kind of little accompaniment figure which Ted Curry used so effectively on up-tempo) and which could play with such fire and passion that its savage attack and high

from left to right: Rex Stewart, Don Gais, George Kennedy, Sandy Williams, Ted Curry, Vernon Story
photograph: courtesy Johnny Simmen

spirit bordered on rage! Of course, most of this was due to Rex Stewart himself who blew with a power and furious intensity which I have never heard from any other trumpet (cornet) player. I will always remember Rex having his men stand in line, back-stage at the Opera, just before the band opened the First International Jazz Festival, Nice, France (February 1948). He talked to them like a general would address his army, urging them to "play your best" and telling them (verbally): "Everyone who lets me down to-night, is fired on the spot!" Never in my life have I seen anything like it! For those who knew Rex, it was all understandable because it was so typical of him. But it was obvious that his musicians didn't like this kind of talk at all. Especially since they knew that it was not just "talk" but that Rex was the man to make his threats come true... Feeling Fine, one of the best tracks, is a most characteristic example of the band at its best. Here they are playing together and all the soloists - Johnny Harris, Sandy Williams, Vernon Story and Rex himself - are heard in fine, kicking solos.

It is by now common knowledge that the late Rex Stewart was a UNIQUE stylist and his sinuous, tender phrases on such ballads as Madeleine, Confessin', (this latter being one of the two sides made with Django whom Rex Idolized), I Didn't Know About You (alias Sentimental Lady) and Georgia On My Mind are as satisfying musically as his contrasting, fierce playing On Don't Get Around Much Anymore, Jug Blues, Feeling Fine, Muskrat Ramble, Goofin' Off and At The Barclay's Club. This latter - which for some inexplicable reason I had almost completely forgotten - was one of the loveliest surprises of them all. Here the GREAT Rex Stewart is heard in all his glory! However, strangely enough, Rex's master-piece is probably his half-spoken/half-sung, spirited performance as a vocalist on All On Account Of You. This is 100% a la Bert Williams as those familiar with the great pioneer's records will agree on. Don Gais has never played as "groovy" on a record as this one. (Rex is also singing on Run To The Corner which he had also recorded the previous month for "Cupol" in Stockholm).

Although Sandy Williams was a very sick man at that time, he often plays well on some of these records. You don't hear the really GREAT Sandy Williams here, the man who was one of the top trombonists in jazz history (as most of his records up to the middle-forties prove) but his solos on Jug Blues, Feeling Fine, Muskat Ramble, Let's Try It and parts of I Cried For You still tell - and remind - of his greatness.

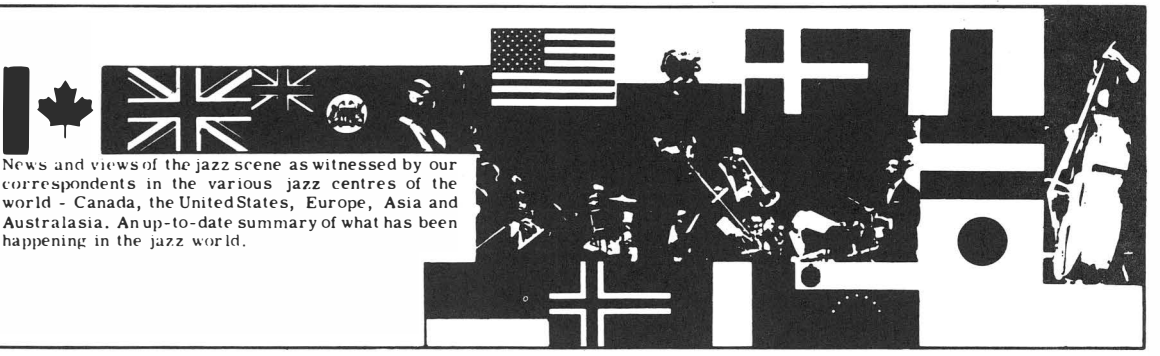
There's a lot of Vernon Story's booting tenor on these records and much of it is excellent. Vernon was on an Illinois Jacquet kick at that time and particularly shines on Cherokee, Swamp Mist, Last Blues, Sacknasty (Vernon could really play the Blues!). Incidentally, a giant of a man, Vernon - when he felt like playing - could blow for two hours and more without stopping!!!! We heard him do just this on three consecutive nights (in Nice), at the Havana Club, and he was often fantastically inspired. Of course, this non-stop blowing of Vernon did not always please other musicians who also wanted to have "a go" or "take a ride"! Lucky Thompson, himself famous for blowing thirty choruses on Body And Soul, How High The Moon and any number with chord progressions to his liking, didn't stand a chance with Vernon Story on the bandstand. The two men had a few heated arguments but it was the well-known Lucky Thompson who had to give in, i.e. leave the stand and take a seat at a table because he got tired of standing on the Havana Club's little band-stand, waiting for Vernon to stop - which the latter just didn't!

Rex and some of the musicians in his band used to say that alto/clarinet man, Johnny Harris (from Buffalo) was a last minute substitute for Hilton Jefferson who had been Rex's first choice. It transpired, though, that Hilton finally declined Rex's offer, after much pro and contra, for fear of dying of starvation in after-war Europe. I later learnt that Jonah Jones had refused to come to Europe with Don Redman in 1946 for the very same reason... and was replaced by Peanuts Holland! It should be noted that at that time both Hilton and Jonah were working for Cab Calloway. Several musicians told me that it was Cab himself who told his musicians, wishing to go to Europe, on what hard times they would fall over there! Not so surprising, after all, that a band-leader tried his damnest not to lose side-men of this BIG class! - Johnny Harris, who didn't stay with the band long, was replaced by Franco-Russian (now living in Canada), George Kennedy only a few weeks after the band had started working in France. Harris was a simplified edition of Hilton Jefferson (his favorite alto-player, a fact which got him the job with Rex). He has particularly good solos on Feeling Fine and Stomping At The Savoy on alto and I'm The Luckiest Fool on clarinet.

Few of these tracks belong among the "great records" and yet they express a lot of personality. Especially Rex Stewart's personality. Even if he was sometimes FORCING it on some of his musicians, the results were interesting. I play most of these records rather seldom but when I do, I can get some pleasure out of all of them. The best ones, however, are constant favourites with me. I want to say by this that not all are of the same quality (even less than this is usually the case with other bands). There are some pretty ordinary tracks, a few good ones and a certain number of truly memorable performances. This was an erratic group and it is only too understandable why it did produce music of such varying quality. But what "saves" even the most mediocre ones is the typical "Rex Stewart stamp". And Rex was such an exceptional, UNIQUE artist that you will probably agree with me that ANY of his records are worth having.

- Johnny Simmen

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 formation of The Toronto Musicians Cooperative is the most promising action taken in some time. Basically it could provide a focal point and direction for the many musicians in our community who are unable to find avenues for their creative expression. The demise of the weekend "after hours" club has reduced the number of opportunities for jazz musicians to discover themselves and to present their talent to a listening audience. If they make any kind of living in music it is usually functioning in "entertainment" groups which provide the kick for the numerous watering holes across the city. The Musicians Cooperative will be presenting concerts every second Sunday at St. Paul's Church, 121 Avenue Road at 2.30 p.m.

The series got off to a brilliant start with Anthony Braxton's Solo Saxophone performance. This man is incredible. His musical scope is unlimited and his knowledge of the saxophone, music and sound is formidable. His music makes contact with so many areas of music that his message is open to anyone who wishes to listen.

Following Braxton, on October 27, is the Artist's Jazz Band with concerts set for November 10 and 24. Groups performing on these dates were not set at press time. It is intended to develop workshops, open to the public, on those Sundays not designated for concerts. Hopefully this will encourage musical growth in the city and all musicians are encouraged to participate - both as teachers and learners.

The concert season looks like being a busy one (and expensive) for those whose interests cover the fringe areas of the music. Already both Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock have been and gone at Seneca College and Larry Coryell (November 17) and Gary Burton (November 27) are scheduled. Many people were disappointed at the short playing time at Hancock's concert. It seems unethical to have the band play two short concerts on one evening. Only the promoters and musicians benefit from such a situation.

Pepper Adams brought his distinctive style to Bourbon Street for two weeks at the beginning of October. He was substituting for Harry Edison who was detained in Hollywood where he's musical director of Sanford And Son. Pepper Adams is the most prominent baritone saxophonist to emerge from the Detroit musical cauldron of the 1950s. His improvisations on the blues and standards are exceptional and an added bonus was provided one evening when Gary Morgan added a second baritone to the proceedings. The repertoire was obviously rehearsed and Pepper commented that "he hadn't done as much playing in a long time as here in Toronto". Both Pepper and the Tommy Flanagan Trio (in town with Ella Fitzgerald at the Royal York Hotel) gave a demonstration workshop at York University one afternoon to the delight and edification of the music students.

With the Climax Jazz Band happily in residence in the barn-like edifice of Old Bavaria, Ron Sullivan's Trillian Jazz Band is now the attraction at the Brunswick while Kid Bastien's Camelia Band continues to hold forth every weekend at Grossmans. More free-wheeling in approach are the sounds emanating from the stage of the Savarin where Jim Galloway is featured with Paul Rimstead's group.

Radio Station CJRT-FM, in cooperation with the Musician's Union Trust Fund, is sponsoring a series of concerts this winter at the Science Centre. The first of these is on November 11 at 8 p.m. and will feature the Sadik Hakim Ensemble. Appearing with Sadik will be Brian Lyddell (trumpet), Dale Hillary, Mike Stewart (reeds), Bob Boucher (bass) and Clayton Johnson (drums). Free admission and free parking for these events.

The Artist's Jazz Band continues its activities with a performance at the Ontario College of Art on October 31 and then, in November the band head for Montreal and a festival appearance on the 15th. Their two-lp set, released in the summer continues to sell well and has generated favorable comment from musicians and listeners.

Both the Nihilist Spasm Band (at Forest City Gallery) and the London Experimental Jazz Quartet (at the Marianbad Restaurant) are in residence Monday nights in London, Ontario.

The CBC revamped its radio programming this fall and one of the new entries is "Jazz Radio-Canada". It's heard Thursday nights between 10.30 p.m. and midnight on AM and Sunday nights between 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. (the latter show is an expanded version). Each program will have two live half-hour segments of Canadian jazz and the rest of the program will feature recordings and interviews. Taped so far are Pacific Salt, Nimmons' Nine Plus Six, Ted Moses Quintet, Bobby Hales Big Band, Lennie Breau, The Boss Brass, The Jury, Paul Horn and Ian McDougall's big band. Additionally, a documentary will be broadcast on Oscar Peterson and Phil Nimmons which was done at the Banff School of Fine Arts in July. - John Norris

THE SCENE

ALBERT'S HALL, THE BRUNSWICK
481 Bloor Street West
Ron Sullivan's Trillian Jazz Band - six nights a week
BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen St. W.
October 28-
November 9 - Al Cohn
11-23 - Bob Brookmeyer and Rob McConnell
25-30 - Henry Cuesta
COLONIAL TAVERN - 201 Yonge St.
November 4- 9 - Jimmy McGriff
11-23 - Bobby Blue Bland
25-30 - Chuck Mangione
December 2- 7 - Muddy Waters
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina
November 4- 9 - Howlin' Wolf
11-16 - Downchild Blues Band
18-23 - Bo Diddley
GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE
290 Dundas Street East
various local jazz groups
GROSSMAN'S TAVERN - 379 Spadina
Monday/Wednesday - modern 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
OLD BAVARIA - 5 St. Joseph
Climax Jazz Band - six nights a week
SAPHIRE TAVERN - 14 Richmond St. E.
Paul Rimstead with Jim Galloway - nightly
SADIK HAKIM JAZZ ENSEMBLE
November 11 - Ontario Science Centre 8 p.m.
LARRY CORYELL - Convocation Hall
November 17 at 8 p.m.
GARY BURTON - Seneca College
November 27 at 8.00 p.m.
TORONTO MUSICIANS COOPERATIVE
Sunday November 10 and 24 at St Paul's Church, 121 Avenue Road at 2.30 p.m.
Artists to be announced

LOS ANGELES

McCoy Tyner opened his two week stay at Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse to a jam-packed and enthusiastic house. There is just no question about it: McCoy has finally established himself as an immensely creative and communicative artist, one of the few true keyboard giants on the scene

today. With as many as three swirling lines covering the entire keyboard, Tyner boiled and tumbled out his music with dazzling grace, imagination and power. At times he seemed to play with as many layers of undercurrents as the ocean. Azar Lawrence's reed solos were bombastic and lyrical, always strong and vital. Jooney Booth played amplified acoustic bass. Wilby Fletcher was on drums, a dynamic listening player. Guilheme Franco, a Brazilian percussionist, with Tyner for only seven months, captured everyone's imagination with his astonishing array of bells, windchimes, shaker gourds, tambourines, gongs, and drums of all assortments. His playing was unrelentingly energetic and varied.

McCoy just released two albums for Milestone. "Echoes Of A Friend" (9055), unaccompanied piano solos dedicated to John Coltrane; and "Sama Layuca" (9056) with Bobby Hutcherson, Gary Bartz and Azar Lawrence. He also recorded live at San Francisco's Keystone Korner, an album which will be released in early '75.

The Shrine Auditorium filled up recently for a concert of jazz that embraced the last 35 years: Sonny Stitt, Kenny Burrell, Stanley Turrentine, and Freddie Hubbard. Backed by Sonny Burke on piano, Spider Webb on drums, and Chuck Rainey on fender bass, Stitt, Burrell and Turrentine jammed together on I Get A Kick Out Of You, and then went on to be showcased individually for two tunes apiece. Stitt drew goosebumps with his rendition of Stardust. Both Burrell and Turrentine were outstanding. The crowd loved the performances by these established greats, and justifiably so: they are accomplished, exciting, and devoted players.

Freddie Hubbard (George Cables, electric piano; Carl Randall, reeds; Tony Dumas, bass; Carl Burnett, drums; Al Hall, sitting in on trombone) didn't come off quite as well as the professionals who preceded him. MC Rick Holmes mistakenly walked out to close the show after Freddie's next to last tune. The house lights flared up early. Half the people were in the aisles putting on their coats before the final tune was completed. Why? Freddie Hubbard's cupboard is not brimming over with goodies, at least not that night. Unfortunately, he came off as being arrogant and boring, an aura which did not endear him or his music to a crowd that was hip and responsive. Better luck next time, Freddie.

John Klemmer, whose latest ABC album "Fresh Feathers", has just been released, opened at the Lighthouse with his new sound - a combination of R & B and Klemmer's exploding saxophone lyricism. He's reaching for a wider audience these days, and is enjoying every minute of it. He featured Bulgarian pianist Milcho Leviev on keyboards, Lee Ritenour on guitar, Paul Lagos on drums, and Bill Dickerson on bass.

Guitarist Lee Ritenour and bassist Bill Dickerson, by the way, will be featured Mondays and Tuesdays at the Baked Potatoe, a fairly new jazz spot in Hollywood. Other potatoes: Don Randi, Bobby Bryant, Harry "Sweets" Edison, and the Eddie Cano Quartet.

One of the highlights of the month was Bill Henderson's return to the nightclub stage in his packed-house opening at the Times Restaurant. Bill used to sing with Count Basie, you might recall, but for the last three or four years has been active in television and movies (TV: "Happy Days"; film: "Hit The Open Man"). With Mike Melvoin on keyboards, Hugh Art on bass, and Frank Severino on drums, Henderson drew standing ovations for his renditions of tunes from his "Please Send Me Someone To Love" album on Vee Jay International. He was nervous as hell, he said, but you couldn't tell it. He's a master performer, as his friend Sarah Vaughn will attest - she showed on opening night. Welcome back to the spotlight, Bill!

Also at the Times Restaurant this month were Ronnell Bright with Red Callendar and Kenny Dennis and Anita O'Day.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth are appearing for one concert at UCLA's Royce Hall.

At the Lighthouse, Milt Jackson and Ray Brown closed; Chuck Mangione took over for a week; John Klemmer is there now; and Bobby Hutcherson and Eddy Henderson are up-coming.

Concerts By The Sea in Redondo Beach featured Supersax. Hank Crawford is presently appearing; and Eddie Harris is following.

Donte's roster is packed with heavyweights this month: Zoot Sims with the Ross Tompkins Trio; Joe Pass; the Herb Ellis Sextet; Clark Terry; Art Pepper, Buddy Collette; the Mitch Holder Quintet; Bill Holman's big band; Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band; and Conte Candoli and Frank Rosolino.

The L.A. Playboy Club has been featuring a 12 week series of jazz artists. Supersax just closed. They were preceded by Terry Gibbs and Kai Winding. Marian McPartland opens on the evening of this writing to close the series.

Both Gato Barbieri and Larry Coryell did a sold-out concert at UCLA's Royce Hall.

And, another bright note for jazz enthusiasts and students, Loyola Marymount University is offering a series of lectures entitled "Explorations in Creativity," which includes a lecture by Leonard Feather on jazz. - Lee Underwood

SOME OTHER STUFF

Harry Carney, the unsung hero of the Ellington organisation, died on October 9 of phlebitis and pneumonia. Carney singlehanded made the baritone sax a legitimate instrument and his distinctive sound was very much the sound of the Ellington band. Unlike several of his cohorts, Carney was not recorded extensively as a leader but his unique style is always visible on Ducal recordings. Harry Carney was the band's ambassador and always had a warm and friendly word for everyone. He remembered your name and spoke with kindness. His strength and gentleness were a part of the uniqueness of his musical sound. He was an original - and duplication is impossible.

New York pianists are being kept busy in the various clubs and Cedar Walton, Ellis Larkins, Jimmy Rowles and Norman Simmons are among those listed in Jazz Interactions' most recent weekly listing of jazz attractions.

Frank Lowe and Lester Bowie, along with the visual environment of Carmen Lowe, gave a dual concert "Glad To Be Alive Parts 1, 2 & 3" at Washington Square Church on October 18. The following day The Descendents of Mike and Phoebe (which is bassist Bill Lee's family) gave a concert at Town Hall.

The New York Jazz Museum, in conjunction with The Poko Puppets began a weekly jazz puppet show for children. The performances are held at Cami Hall each Saturday at 2.30 p.m.

Schwann Catalog celebrated its 25th anniversary in October with a special issue which included written testimonials from famous people in the field of music.

The Unauthorized Duplication of Sound Recordings, a study prepared for Congress in the 1960s by Barbara Ringer has been reprinted. It's a basic compendium of historical background and court decisions regarding recordings and copyright. This reprint is available for $5.00 postpaid from Recorded Sound Research, 1506 W. Barker, Peoria, Illinois 61606.

"The World Of Swing" is Stanley Dance's new book in which he interviews many important musicians from the Swing Era - among them are Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins and Lionel Hampton.

Don Schlitten, noted producer and photographer, has severed his connection with Muse Records but will continue to release material on Onyx as well as producing records on an independent basis.

Alligator Records have just completed

Fenton Robinson's first lp for the label and this will be released shortly.

RMR Productions are presenting blues artists at various clubs in Chicago - Peanut Barrel Pub, Second Tripp, Wise Fool Pub and Biddy Mulligan's. Scheduled artists include Otis Rush, Jimmy Dawkins, Sam Lay, Joe Young and the Bob Riedy Blues Band. To receive a regular copy of the free Blues Calendar write to RMR Productions, 821 W. Webster, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

The Smithsonian Institution is presenting two jazz series this winter in Washington. The Connoisseur Series (Sunday afternoons at 5.30 p.m. in the Hall of Musical Instruments, Museum of History and Technology) opens November 3 with "Ragtime and Early Jazz" by Kenny Davern's Trio; "The Swing Soloists" is on February 2 and features Budd Johnson; April 6 is "Modernists" with Randy Weston. The "Jazz Heritage Series" are held Sunday evenings at 8 p.m. in the Baird Auditorium, Museum of Natural History with afternoon workshops at 4.30 p.m. Bill Evans performs October 13 and Roy Eldridge November 10. Other dates are January 12, February 9, March 9 and April 13. Further information and tickets can be obtained from Smithsonian Central Box Office, P.O. Box 14196, Washington, D.C. 20044.

The New McKinney's Cotton Pickers are busy and gave concerts/dances at Detroit's Roostertail on October 17 and Ypsi Bimbo's on October 20.

Jazz Exchange, a Danish non-profit organisation (secretary: Mr Lars Johansen, Roarsvej 11, DK 2000 Frederiksberg, Denmark) sponsors, each year, a tour of Europe by the musician voted as deserving wider exposure and recognition in Europe. Only members can vote and their contributions ($20.00 U.S.) each year provide the transportation and promotional expenses for the tour. This year Jazz Exchange elected Zoot Sims and he will tour Europe between November 13 and December 8 with his long-time associate Al Cohn.

Tom Whetson is hosting "Jazz International" every Wednesday evening at 6.30 p.m. on Minneapolis' KBEN Radio.

London's National Film Theatre presented a "Salute to Duke Ellington" on October 10. Shown were many rare film shorts of the Duke as well as his appearance at the White House.

Also in London, on October 5, the sound of Paul Whiteman was recreated by cornetist Dick Sudhalter. The special performance at the Round House was part of the Camden Jazz Festival.

Lakco Record Co., 1821 No. Howe St., Chicago, Ill. 60614 has a modest catalogue of 45 rpm jazz singles listing at $1.25 each. A recent item is Blackbird 706 - Ace In The Hole by Waldo's Gutbucket Syncopators, featuring a quite respectable vocal by U.S. Attorney General William Saxbe, with Terry Waldo's amusing piano-solo-with-vocal on How Could Red Riding Hood? comprising the flip side. Both tracks apparently come from a new Blackbird lp, No. C6002, by Waldo's band.

LOUISIANA SHAKERS

Neatly tucked into a dark corner of jazz history, an obscure New Orleans band known as The Louisiana Shakers has long intrigued serious students of jazz. Early photographs of the Shakers taken in the mid '20s indicate the presence of the leader, John Handy and the venerable Henry Kimball, a riverboat bassist, whose long career began with John Robichaux before the turn of the century

Although the Louisiana Shakers remained a viable entity in New Orleans throughout John Handy's career, most of the details of the band's activities have faded into obscurity and little is known about many of the original members of this pioneer group.

The above information serves as a backdrop to the recent announcement of the newly organized Louisiana Shakers Band. The new Shakers have been brought together by Barry Martyn, the young English drummer who very successfully launched The Legends of Jazz about a year ago. In that short period, Martyn has guided the Legends through several U.S. tours, appearances at the New Orleans and Sacramento Jazz Festivals, a highly successful European tour, and the issuance of a critically acclaimed album. (The Legends of Jazz", CJF-1 by Crescent Jazz Productions).

The Louisiana Shakers include a brilliant group of New Orleans jazzmen who are dedicated to the presentation of traditional jazz in a very distinctive setting. Rather than perform within the familiar framework of the instrumentation of most New Orleans bands, The Shakers have evolved an original format that creates a lighter, more flexible quality of jazz. Their unique sound is most pleasing and it retains all the pertinent ingredients so necessary in any jazz performance.

Their unusual aural quality is achieved by the judicious use of two reeds against a swinging rhythm section. The interplay between tenor and alto is frequently altered to spotlight clarinet with tenor, two tenors, clarinet and alto, two clarinets, etc. An almost endless combination of tonal effects are skillfully employed and the listener is continually confronted with a sound that is individually tailored to fit the tune being played.

The innovating instrumentation of The Louisiana Shakers is matched by their equally unusual repertoire which runs the musical gamut from Maple Leaf Rag to September Song with occasional pit stops for folk songs, moderate rock and familiar dixieland standards. The new Shakers veer from Bunk to Monk as they romp through an eclectic program that pleases both sides of the generation gap.

The personnel of The Louisiana Shakers includes tenor saxophonist Sam Lee, a member of the original Shakers with Cap'n John Handy in the '30s. His earlier activities in New Orleans included stints with A.J. Piron, Papa Celestin and Sidney Desvigne. Lee's recordings with Alphonse Picou and Papa Celestin made in the '40s helped spearhead the New Orleans revival that continues to this day. His famous audience-romp on Hi-Ho Silver is one of The Shakers' standout numbers.

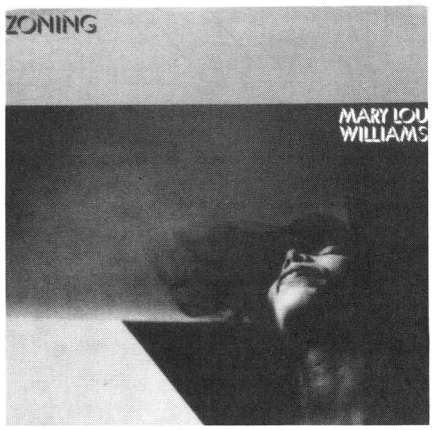
Pianist Duke Burrell brings excellent musical credentials to The Shakers. For many years, he led his own trio in New Orleans appearing at the Famous Door, El Morocco and most of the jazz spots in the French Quarter. European fans were greatly impressed with Burrell when he toured recently with Louis Jordan's Tympany Five.

Billy Hadnott, on string bass, is one of the nation's most sought after sidemen. He played with Benny Moten in 1935 and later achieved great fame with Norman Granz' Jazz At The Philharmonic. A prolific recording artist, the Hadnott bass can be heard on jazz classics by Julia Lee, Nellie Lutcher, and Jessie Price to mention a few.

Teddy Edwards, showing impressive dexterity, handles the drum assignment with The Louisiana Shakers Band. A native of New Orleans, he provided a Bourbon Street beat for bands led by George Lewis and Louis Cottrell. He has toured the U.S. with Joe Turner's Blues Band and Joe Liggins' Honeydrippers.

To complete The Shakers roster, Barry Martyn has selected a young English musician, Sammy Rimington, whose alto and clarinet mesh beautifully with the sounds of the veteran New Orleans musicians. It should be noted that Rimington, although born in England, was a student of Cap'n John Handy. He plays with an authentic New Orleans flavour and provides a youthful quality to the band.

While he does not perform with the new Louisiana Shakers Band, Barry Martyn



SIDE ONE
Intermission, Holy Ghost, Zoning Fungus II, Ghost Of Love, Medi II, Gloria

SIDE TWO
Rosa Mae, Olinga, Praise The Lord, Play It Momma, Medi I

Mary Lou Williams (piano) with Bob Cranshaw, Mickey Roker, Zita Carno, Milton Suggs, Tony Waters

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has created their unusual format, arranged many of their tunes, and selected the musicians. The Shakers were signed for a U.S. mid-west tour and appeared in "A Night In New Orleans" in San Francisco and Los Angeles in September. Their initial album, "Louisiana Shakers On Tour" will be issued soon on the Crescent Jazz Productions label. Current negotiations indicate that the band will probably appear in Europe early next spring, possibly in a touring production of "A Night In New Orleans", the successful jazz production that stars clarinetist Barney Bigard, Legends of Jazz, New Orleans Society Orchestra, Eagle Brass Band etc.

By the application of every knowledgable standard by which a New Orleans band can be judged, it would certainly appear that The Louisiana Shakers are on the threshold of great success. Since their destinies are being carefully guided by Barry Martyn's perception and musical agility, The Shakers can look forward to an emerging career that glows with the warmth of forthcoming worldwide fame. - Floyd Levin

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JAZZ LITERATURE

EDDIE CONDON'S SCRAP-BOOK OF JAZZ

by Eddie Condon and Hank O'Neal
St. Martins Press. $17.50.

The Scrapbook contains more than 240 pages, crammed mainly with photographs of Eddie Condon, his friends and cohorts, from the days of Peavey's Jazz Bandits in 1922 to Carnegie Hall in 1972 - "a merry history of fifty years of American music" - Americondon music, the Condon Cocktail, the mixture as before. The photographs come complete with typically droll Condon comments: "Sharkey Bonano plays well but he should have kept his mouth shut as I eventually learned to do". - "A picture of Sidney Bechet and Tommy Ladnier at one of the Bluebird sessions organized by Hughes Panassie. I don't know where Hughes is; maybe he was out jumping on a grape. Mezz was also on the date; maybe he was out in the hall picking cotton".

Apart from the many interesting and historical photographs in the Condon Family Album and the Condon Who's Who In Jazz, there are several literary gems, including letters to and from John Steinbeck, a glimpse of Eddie by his wife Phyllis, and many program notes and reviews of numerous Condon jazz concerts at Town Hall and elsewhere. One of these is from TIME magazine: "The unceremonious master of ceremonies was assertive, sharp-jawed Eddie Condon, who did what leading was done while he strummed his guitar". Other mementoes include a fascinating letter supposedly typed by Fats Waller but more likely dreamed up by an enterprising press agent, pictures of many LP album covers and of 78 rpm recordings including one of the Manhattan label marked "Made In Canada". There are music scores of several Condon compositions: Liza, That's A Serious Thing, Wherever There's Love, and Home Cooking. The last-named may have prompted the inclusion of the recipe for Condon's Magic Casserole, an aromatic dish guaranteed to produce instant heartburn. There is even a cartoon-like ad in which Mr. Condon preaches the merits of All-Bran ("made in London, Canada") to a drummer who is "Tight like That". Eddie Condon was also a columnist and erstwhile record-reviewer for the New York Journal American, and several examples of his deathless prose are reprinted in this volume under the title "Pro And Condon". There are many other oddball items such as match-covers, telegrams, and program-notes.

In his introduction, Eddie Condon says, "This book is just for fun", but it is a lot more than that. It deserves a spot in your jazz library and it makes an excellent companion to the two-record set Eddie Condon's World of Jazz (Columbia). Add a copy of the book "We Called It Music", throw in a few of those Town Hall Concert recordings on Chiaroscuro and JAZUM, and you have the quintessence of Condonism. - John Nelson

HENDERSONIA

The Music of Fletcher Henderson and his Musicians

A Bio-discography by Walter C. Allen. Published by Walter C. Allen. 1973. $10.00

In the mid-fifties, Walter C. Allen and Brian Rust broke new ground with their book on King Oliver. It was the first of a new genre - the "bio-discography." Now, with his new book on Fletcher Henderson, Walter C. Allen has carried this approach to its zenith. "Hendersonia" is a monumental achievement - the fruits of two decades of diligent, painstaking research. The likes of this book have never been seen before. It is highly unlikely that the likes of it will appear again in our lifetime.

Fletcher Henderson played a pivotal role in the development of jazz. In the nineteen twenties he organized and directed a dance band which underwent a revolutionary transformation and became the first big jazz band. In the thirties his arrangements played a big part in the huge commercial success enjoyed by Benny Goodman's band during the swing era. While Henderson's impact was immense, it has always been a bit of a mystery - to me anyway - of how it came to pass that Fletcher Henderson, of all people, had so much influence, especially in the twenties. First of all, his skill as an arranger developed slowly and was not evident in the twenties (it was in fact Don Redman who was the band's prime arranger when it turned into a jazz band.) Second, the impression one gets of Fletcher during the twenties is of a casual, easygoing leader who certainly knew how to pick talent, but who was in no way consciously working toward explicit musical goals or style of playing. Third, though a trained musician, he had no capability to play jazz or blues on his chosen instrument, the piano. In her autobiography, Ethel Waters describes the "arguments" she used to have with Fletcher about the way he backed her up: "Fletcher, though a fine arranger and a brilliant band leader, leans more to the classical side. On that tour Fletcher wouldn't give me what I call 'the damn-it-to-hell bass,' that chump-chump that real jazz needs." As we would put it today, Fletcher didn't swing.

If one were to judge Fletcher by his plodding blues accompaniment or his occasional unswinging band solos - the inescapable question is, how could anyone with as little apparent feeling for jazz as Fletcher demonstrated as an instrumentalist play such a prominent role in the development of the music? Just about all the other prime movers in the history of jazz could, as it were, practice what they preached. For example piano players such as Duke Ellington, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie immediately come to mind, not to mention such virtuosi as Earl Hines and Fats Waller. The only other comparable figure who had almost as little talent as a jazz performer as did Fletcher that I can think of is pianist Clarence Williams. (Clarence could at least lay down a driving four behind Louis Armstrong on the 1925 Blue Five discs which help make them a lot more exciting than Louis' sides with Fletcher made at exactly the same period. On the Henderson sides, Louis had to contend with the stiff Henderson rhythm section that had Fletcher on piano.)

How come, then, Fletcher became so important? A few years ago, in his "Jazz Masters of the Twenties", Richard Hadlock set forth a possible explanation: "Fletcher's rightful place in jazz can best be approached perhaps, by regarding him as the focal point in a musical movement that involved a number of important allied contributors. Henderson's was the role of musical catalyst, patriarch, straight man, and sometimes fall guy in the story of the evolution of big-band jazz." With the appearance of "Hendersonia" we now have a 651-page compendium of information that demonstrates in rich detail the validity of the view stated by Hadlock and re-affirmed by Allen, which is that Henderson played such a big part in jazz history not as a prime mover but as a focus for a lot of musical activity.

"Hendersonia" is a source book skillfully organized around this concept of Fletcher as a catalyst and hub of activity. As the author explains: "Each chapter consists of a separate biographical text and itinerary, a discography, and in some cases an appendix. As for the text proper, 'environment' is a much abused word but a great deal of information on Fletcher Henderson's musical environment - the places he played, the people he associated with, the influences of external events - is considered essential and is necessarily included."

The main chapters which make up the

body of the book are arranged in chronological order. Each chapter contains a discography of the period covered, not only of the records on which Fletcher himself appears, but other discs which show the recording activity of Henderson sidemen. The discographies identify probable personnel and soloists. While there still remain some points of contention, and some points likely to remain unknown forever, the carefully-researched and largely-documented presentation of discographical data must of necessity achieve a higher degree of accuracy than the less scientific efforts that have often been put out under the name of "discography".

There are also several additional special chapters to tie up loose ends. Particularly instructive is a chapter on Fletcher as an arranger. The book is also well illustrated, not only with clearly-printed photographs of musicians and bands, but with reproductions of flyers, programs, and record labels. Finally, there are several handy indexes (recording groups, subjects, tune titles, catalogue numbers, itineraries) and rosters of Henderson musicians and vocalists.

While you don't have to be a Henderson collector to find the material fascinating, some familarity with Fletcher's music is essential if you are to get anything out of this book. And the more you have listened to Fletcher's records and studied his music, the more you are likely to be grateful for the wealth of information made available in "Hendersonia". Here are a couple of examples, chosen at random, out of the hundreds that are found in the book: In the notes to the four-record CBS Thesaurus set, Don Redman is listed as taking the scat vocal breaks on the great November 1927 version of Hop Off. This seems reasonable, for it sounds like Don Redman. But what Allen shows is that it couldn't be Redman because his research indicates that Don had already left Henderson. The vocalist is Jimmy Harrison just as it said on the 1940 red-label Columbia 78 rpm reissue. Another question which "Hendersonia" seems to settle is the identity of the sensational trumpet soloist on the last three sides made by the Dixie Stompers (a Henderson pseudonym). After reading the facts carefully marshalled by Allen, it is hard to argue with his conclusion that the trumpet is the under-rated Bobby Stark.

The wise decision to include data on records cut by Henderson sidemen yields some enlightening tidbits. For example, Perry Bradford's 1925 disc I Ain't Gonna Play No Second Fiddle is listed because it featured the then-Henderson bandsmen: Louis Armstrong, Buster Bailey, Kaiser Marshall and Don Redman. It is probably Louis most uninhibited, swinging record of his first New York period. What "Hendersonia" tells us is that the musicians apparently believed that they were not making the final recording, but only a test - and so cut loose with more abandon than they would have otherwise. (Of course, the fact that this was an early electrical recording - although slightly over-recorded - didn't hurt. The presence of James P. Johnson on piano rather than Fletcher didn't hurt either.)

By being both an encyclopedia and a biography, "Hendersonia" can either be dipped into for endless borwsing, or read straight through from cover to cover. No matter how you read it, this work leads to a better insight not only into the music of Fletcher Henderson, but into the evolution of jazz during its formative years. The book fills in gaps. It corrects long-standing errors. It makes interesting connections between on-going events. It is definitive. It is a goldmine.

- Eugene Kramer

BLACK AMERICAN MUSIC

Past and Present
by Mildred Roach
Crescendo Publishing, Boston, 1973; $9.50

With this volume, Ms. Roach, an associate professor of music at Federal City College in Washington, attempts to summarize the full development of the musical arts among the Afro-American population. This, she does by separating the various musical arts into indigenous and "art" (Euroclassic) styles, and under each heading discussing the contributions of certain individuals. On the whole, it's a valid approach.

Or, let us say, it would be. One major problem that impresses me with Ms. Roach's endeavours is that she is not conversant enough in the full ramifications of Afro-American music to discuss them all with equal sensibility. In her case, unlike that of the Kent State symposium volumes on the same topics edited by deLerma, she is far more aware of Black contributions to the Euroclassically-derived musical world than she is of indigenous Black arts.

Perhaps this is good, because - as I suggested in my review of deLerma's most recent volume - the "classical" music of Black composers is the most neglected of all the Black aural arts. However, certainly with respect to jazz, Ms. Roach just has not made enough research - careful or otherwise - to put any justification behind her statements on jazz; and, in fact, her words would be laughable if they weren't meant to be taken seriously. Far the least considerable of her mistaken assertions is a statement that Dizzy Gillespie was influenced by Ornette Coleman; in literally every paragraph of her chapters on jazz, such a gaffe may be found, and I have no desire to catalogue them all here. In all seriousness, she writes about jazz as if she had been told what to say and had no first-hand knowledge of the subject herself whatsoever.

I appreciate her coverage of the musics of such men as Ulysses Kay, William Grant Still, Stephan Chambers, and many others less well known; only the two volumes by deLerma do a comparable job of covering that field, and do so much less systematically. I don't feel that I'm qualified to comment on her coverage of the other areas of Afro-American music in which she deals; however, I will note in passing that these chapters seem well-researched and logical. As befits a survey volume, analyses are brief and relatively superficial.

My final comments should have been unnecessary, had the publisher's editors been up to their jobs. Ms. Roach has no consistent prose style, and wastes a lot of words in sentences that add absolutely nothing to the reader's knowledge. Proofing errors abound, and in general there is ample room for tightening up the production.

Especially since I've been involved in the past four years in writing a book and having it published myself, I dislike having to comment negatively on other people's efforts. But "Black American Music: Past and Present" contains enough misinformation about jazz that - even given its coverage of Black Euro-classic contributions - I couldn't recommend it seriously to any reader looking for an overview of the topic.

- Barry Tepperman

SCHWANN

The Schwann Catalog can be a frustrating experience for the jazz enthusiast. The Catalog is designed to serve the record world at large - and thus all monaural lps are only carried in the supplements which seem to disappear from stores very quickly. The other limitation is that only U.S. lps widely available are listed. Acknowledging these limitations, then, it is pleasing to acknowledge Richard Seidel's contribution - "Basic Record Library of Jazz" - recently published by Schwann and available from them at 137 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116, U.S.A. for 75¢. It may also be available in some record stores for 50¢. The booklet is divided historically into segments and contains primary and secondary recordings of importance. There can be little quarrel with the selections. If you owned all of the records listed you would have a good idea of what jazz music is all about. There are a few additions I feel are important: Louis Armstrong plays W.C. Handy (Columbia JCL 591), Kid Ory: Tailgate (Good Time Jazz 12022), Bunk Johnson (GTJ 12048), Teddy Wilson (Columbia KC 31617 - this may not have been released at press time but its inspiration - "The Teddy Wilson" has been available for some time in Canada (Columbia GES 90054), Europe and Japan), John Coltrane plays the Blues (Atlantic 1382), Eric Dolphy - Last Date (Limelight 86013). The only area which is shaky is the 1970's but I suppose that is understandable - it takes a while to sort out the really significant recordings of any particular era. It is disappointing to realize that Anthony Braxton and Dollar Brand are not properly represented in American catalogs at this date.

Heard and Seen

LEE KONITZ & RED MITCHELL

Jazzhus Tagskaegget, Arhus, Denmark
August 7, 1974

Konitz and Mitchell were both teachers at the 1974 Jazz Clinic in Vallekilde, Denmark. Also, they combined their forces in a duo which produced some original and high quality music.

Some of the results can be heard on an album that really is something to look forward to. Those of us lucky enough to catch one of their live performances witnessed and heard two men, veterans and masters of their instruments, but still open to new musical challenges and ideas.

No doubt, Konitz' alto was the leading voice, but never dominating, always listening to and playing together with Mitchell's bass. A good drummer would have lifted the music here and there, but most drummers would have spoilt the intimacy and tranquility of the playing in general.

Cole Porter's I Love You opened the first of two setswith a melodic and inventive Konitz and a supportive, strong Mitchell with just the right notes behind Konitz. Konitz' tone was a little darker, fuller than I remembered it, but his improvisations were as fresh and pure as you have come to expect from this remarkable artist. The Song Is You followed and had Konitz in an unaccompanied coda in which he demonstrated his melodic and rhythmic skill. That Old Feeling, The Nearness Of You were some of the other standards given new life and for me the highlights of the night were Tadd Dameron's Good Bait and a stunning version of Lover Man.

A few requests were played, Erroll Garner's Misty and the classic Limehouse Blues. Red Mitchell on bass and vocals did his own humorous and musical The Clumsy Club.

Besides the music, the contact between the musicians on the bandstand and their audience should be noted. When one of the listeners told a loud-speaking guest to be quiet, Konitzcooly remarked "I'm playing as soft as I can." Soft or not, you should give these men a listen. Konitz told me that he was playing quite regularly in New York now, so New Yorkers, don't miss the opportunity. - Roland Baggenaes

NOAH HOWARD

Bagni di Lucca, Italy. August 5, 1974

"Anything new and important must always be connected with the old roots, the real vital roots which must be chosen with great care among those that merely survive". This principle of the composer Bela Bartok is easily applicable to all human arts and sciences and naturally also to Black Music. But if it is hard (superficially) to find those roots in the form of the music of some contemporary musicians (a "vital root", the Blues, is more a feeling than a fact in Cecil Taylor's or Frank Lowe's music; we could say that they left the structure of the Blues to become the the Blues), in the music of alto saxophon-

photograph of Lee Konitz by Ray Ross

ist Noah Howard "the vital roots" are immediately recognizable (he shares this approach with Sun Ra, Archie Shepp, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, etc.....).

His music is an extension of what has happened before him, from Albert Ayler's folk themes to Coltrane's modal compositions back to the rural blues via Ornette, Bird and so on. Of course Noah enriches this great inheritance with his poetry, his feeling. His compositions are a unique blend of rhythm and melody, both coexisting at any moment.

Takashi Kako, a talented pianist, due to a sudden illness, missed this concert, but the other two members of the group gave their best to support his beautiful playing. Kent Carter (bass) and Steve McCall (drums) are two of the best musicians around. Kent is a giant, some collaborations with Steve Lacy and Paul Bley are masterpieces of bass playing. Steve McCall is simply one of the greatest drummers of all time, "the only drummer who can break your heart with a solo (J. Litweiler), "dancing handed" (B. Tepperman).

The concert started with Paris Dreams, in the mood of Coltrane's Alabama. After exposing the beautiful melody, Kent Carter soloed. For some minutes he explored his instrument, his technique at the service of his fancy, while we wondered what else there was to play; incredibly beautiful! Then he introduced a riff theme, giving way to McCall's solo. McCall's technique is frightening, but it is not about that. The drum became a song, no other words for his solo. Noah's alto came back, brought back the theme for an unaccompanied ending. Manhattan Spaceship, another beautiful composition of Noah's took the rest of the concert and was something else: real group music, three musicians listening to one another taking everyone with them for a fantastic flight into the music and/or into themselves.

Noah Howard's contribution to the music might be really outstanding. He has left behind the neurotic, important music of some years ago, to play with a peaceful feeling, witnessing a development more spiritual than musical. Perhaps, this night, some of us have seen the birth of a master. - Roberto Terlizzi

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Anniversary Concert, Royal Festival Hall, London, England. July 3, 1974

Back in 1970, London promoters Thompson and Webber had the bright idea of celebrating Satchmo's 70th birthday with a special concert. Sadly, the following years have turned its annual repetition into Louis' memorial but it's his gift of joy rather than any sense of sadness which sustains the occasion - at least on this year's evidence. For the fourth in their series, Louis was remembered by a fine cast of English musicians and front rank Americans, notably, his old friend and musical associate, Earl Hines. But to first things first. Compere Humphrey Lyttelton introduced the Alex Welsh band, a constant factor in these shows, for an excellent set of material culled from Louis' public performance and recorded repertoire. But all in their own style, mind, and none the worse for that. This is, in modern parlance a 'tight' band and it has the business of purveying relaxed mainstream down to a fine art. I particularly liked their version of Savoy Blues with flute solo by Johnny Barnes and a rivetting arrangement of Dippermouth Blues which started in traditional band fashion and then modulated into a lengthy blues piano outing for Fred Hunt. Other good things included a slow tempo version of Home and a vibes-trombone-rhythm arrangement of Struttin' With Some Barbecue, using a Latin beat. Joined by Humph, whose Louis-tinged style reminded us that once every trumpeter had something of Armstrong, the Welsh band assumed a direct, four-square approach. More so when Welsh dropped out, as on Sunny Side Of The Street, so that Lyttelton's telling lead could pace the proceedings his way. A highlight here was a slow rendition of Blue Again, with a well-nigh perfect opening chorus by Lyttelton, so redolent of Louis as to virtually evoke his very presence on stage. Memorable music.

The American participation was confined to the second half: in practice this tended to cramp the performers a little in this otherwise well-planned concert. After all, each had to have his say.

With the Brian Lemon Trio in friendly support, I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me was the vehicle for trumpeter Bill Coleman and tenorist Buddy Tate, both in London for the first time for some years. Time has dealt with them both rather well: Coleman at 70 looked good but a month after a mild heart attack was obviously taking care to avoid excess whilst Tate, fighting off jet lag, tore into things in characteristic Texan fashion. Truth is, their styles are far from compatible - the one all filigree and the other firmly fleshed but nonetheless both made warm music. Coleman's feature, Memories Of You, saw him using flugelhorn and vocalising pleasantly: he's lost a little of his mobility in the higher register but can still move about the beat in something like the way he used. Above all he retains his melodic ease.

Tate chose I'm Confessin', a trifle self-consciously, I thought, but played well with his full-throated tone to the fore. He also introduced his clarinet, which is Goodman-based but somewhat more vigorous in execution than BG would allow. Perhaps a blues would have suited Tate better.

And then to the absolute highspot of the evening - and any other evening for that matter! Earl Hines came on to an otherwise empty stage, relaxed and warmly smiling. His appearance rightly brought a ripple of anticipation and the kind of applause reserved for favoured performers. And how he rewarded us! Hines sat for ten minutes at the impeccable grand and proceeded to imbue I've Got The World On A String with every quality inherent in jazz. For sheer sustained invention and variation of mood I doubt I'll hear its equal: it was quite simply the best jazz piano I've heard in person, reminding us all of Hines' status as the finest pianist in jazz today. He reminisced about Louis: how "they ran together", and then played a medley of Mandy Make Up Your Mind/Do You Know What It Means, with his hoarse vocals a charming addition to the superb pianistics. His solo set gave way to duets with Coleman and Tate which added little to what we already knew of the hornmen but told us plenty about Hines, the band pianist - feeding, supporting and launching the soloist so well. If nothing else, his best alone would compel the most leaden-footed to swing: Tate in particular enjoyed the opportunity. With rhythm men added, the Hines-Tate-Coleman quintet gave us The One I Love Belongs To Someone Else with Hines again superlative in his unselfish chording behind the soloists and powerful drive in the ensemble. Tate's long solo here was a crack-

er.

And then to the surprise appearance of former Basie vocalist, Helen Humes. The diminutive singer went straight into When You're Smiling - her infectious good humour and panache immediately earning her the appreciation of an audience approaching satiation. Backed by a Hines-Tate quartet, she then gave us a very sensitive You Can Depend On Me, her still youthful voice and demeanour evoking those Basie records of the late '30s. Her voice is small, slightly shrill, but jazz sensitive in its movements about the melody, while her last item, a belting blues showed that she can call on a wealth of experience when it comes to crowd pleasing. All in all, a tonic, as they say here.

Fittingly, the last of the concert belonged to Hines as he spoke movingly of Louis and led the entire bill into Sleepy Time Down South - solos for all; guest Kenny Ball, each of the Welshmen, fine choruses from Tate and Coleman, Lyttelton too - the whole bringing to an end nearly three hours of splendidly happy music. Louis would have approved, of that I'm sure.

- Peter Vacher

SAN SEBASTIAN FESTIVAL

San Sebastian, Spain. July 20-25, 1974

This picturesque and surprisingly unspoilt Spanish resort near the French border is an established Festival town, having a very good Film Festival later in the year. The Jazz Bash is an annual event that is sensibly proportioned, smoothly run and mixes a truly cosmopolitan array of amateur bands - from Hungary, Poland, Germany, Sweden and Czechoslovakia as well as neighbouring France and Portugal - with a canny selection from among the Americans currently festival hopping their way around Europe. A sprinkling of professional European bands is added for further garnish.

The concerts ran for a week and progressed from purely amateur evenings via some midnight jams at the local sports stadium through to the climactic concerts that were wholly professional in their parade of veterans, chiefly of the New Orleans and Swing persuasions. The main concert venue was the historic Plaza de la Trinidad in the Old Town, a natural walled-in amphitheatre surrounded by high old apartment houses where wizened and beshawled women would bring their chairs onto the balconies and crouch wonderingly into the music. Serious jazz fans from France, holidaymakers, honeymooners and Spanish locals having a jazz night out en famille all contributed to the lively, attentive and appreciative audiences which overall had a surprisingly youthful look about them - perhaps on account of the students from the town's university who everywhere fell upon the music in undernourished packs.

The students were also particularly evident at the jazz film screenings presented each afternoon in the Sala del Cultura.

Actually I was well and truly cornered by Buddy Tate and Jo Jones who had still not seen "Born to Swing" so I sat tense-

fingered and sweaty-palmed with them at a special viewing. "Very clever," said Jonathan David with typical terseness and just a hint of ambivalence. Buddy seemed to like it a whole lot. "Don't change a thing, you got it all." I know I haven't, of course, but thanks, Buddy, all the same. It's important with films like this that the musicians feel easy and right about them. When they also actively like them, ten thousand pounds worth of debts you can cope with again.

Milt Buckner and Jo Jones were on first one night doing their duo capers - casual to the point of slapdash on this occasion with Buckner forsaking nicety of volume control and shading. Jo's drums had been left out in the rain prior to the concert so he played those of Panama Francis instead - you'd never have guessed they weren't his own. The easy loose arms swirling like sails of a well-sprung windmill hit the strangely set cymbals and the extra tom tom with unerring sureness, an essay in casual authority, choreographed to precision. Now that Jackie Williams also has

Buddy Tate photograph by Bill Smith

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a solo feature on Caravan Jo tends to showcase on a fast blues, all wristy flicks and conversational tom work.

Lockjaw Davis came on, quickly got the chords bedding down how he likes them and the music thickened to the wheeze and rasp of his fluent tenor. Day By Day and I'll Never Be The Same showed us how good he is. Jaws is a mellow monster, no question but, like his taste in shoes, a bit flash.

Not half as flash as Earl Hines, however, who came next. I've never been quite sure what this man is supposed to be 'fatha' of - whatever it is I'm afraid it's not to my taste. He must surely be the original thumper, with a touch about as subtle as a piledriver. If ever there was a man playing with himself (and more seriously with the audience, I fear) it is this man with the plastic smile whose music chases reflections across shadows and ends up regarding itself rather uncritically in a three-way mirror. On and on he went, the audience restless and visibly bored, until finally Budd Johnson came on and got us all on the edge of our seats with a booting deep-down blues. Even so, his long unaccompanied introduction was deliberately sabotaged by the Star who had gone walkabouts backstage and just wasn't there to feed the chords as the soundstream slipped into 'time'. When Hines' young bassist Jimmy Leary was getting into something real and heavy on a solo workout the Star struck again, this time clomping 'accidental' dissonances on the open keyboard of Buckner's Hammond across stage. By this time Budd had got the audience firmly in the bowl of his horn and, allotted time duly expended, left the stage. It would of been gracious of Hines to let his ex-sideman and straw boss of twelve years remain to see the set out. But no. The set had to conclude with some facile trio funnies to top, and tail the concert. There was even a limousine to take him the three blocks back to the hotel - the only professional that week who wouldn't streetwalk.

The midnight blues set featuring Buddy Tate and Eddie Cleanhead Vinson with Milt Buckner and Panama Francis was a patchy affair that rocked back on its heels but then got a bad case of cramp at the back of the knees. The hornmen were unable to hear Buckner who was playing too loud and although Francis tried to hold it all together with his ship'spiston pulse it was destined this night not to happen. Cleanhead, neat in tartan trews, jacket and red beret did his get-down talking blues and had just established a groove with the audience when an arrogant youth clambered onstage, seized the mike and interpolated a couple of verses, in Spanish. A black mark (or rather white spot) this, for the festival authorities; White has made too much money off Black, particularly in music, for this to be an amusing incident any more. Cleanhead generously didn't crucify the wretch - it's difficult when you don't know the lingo.

Musically the best concert was one propelled by the rhythm section of Arvell Shaw bass - big frame big tone; Cozy Cole, drums - very handy; and Claude Hopkins, piano - neat and Sixties hip. Front line honours were shared by Wallace Davenport, trumpet - a second generation New Orleans horn man who plays sweet'n strong, with monster chops; Barney Bigard on clarinet who dedicated every other number, it seemed, to the venerable Hugues Panassie and his lady in the front row (it's alright Barney you're already down for next year's tour); and Vic Dickenson who fondled with love and skill not so much a C cup as a sly cup (that's a mute, for those who've lost the thread). Anyway they all played glorious happy jazz, crystallizing in their music what this festival was all about. John Stevens, encountered in the hotel having a spontaneous paradiddle enthused that the place, the people and the music all added up to a unique and heady trip. I'll roll to that. - John Jeremy

ANTHONY BRAXTON

Burton Auditorium, York University, Toronto. October 7, 1974

If there is a single feature uniting all the saxophonists of post-Coltrane New Music, it is their capacity for consistently releasing a near-demonic power through their lines. For many of these, such intensity is the primary goal of their performance. But by his own admission (interview with Bill Smith, "Coda", April 1974), Anthony Braxton has disavowed intensity as an expressive end in itself of any greater validity in his musical processes than any other resource available to him through his mind and his instruments. Thus he explores various instrumentations, their permutations, and the extremes of their capabilities as well as their orthodox middle ranges as a means of converting his musical ideas into sound. And from this need he feels, that intensity be a means to an end rather than an end in itself and should be kept well-controlled until the aesthetically ideal moment for its manifestation, stems a pervasive concern for form in his performances and compositions. In respect to this, it might be said that (unlike any other performer of his generation) his primary instrument is his mental process. such concerns, coupled in turn with his awareness of the literature and techniques of contemporary classical music, leads Braxton to an overall musical conception that - by any standards - must be the most architecturally sound of any improvisational artist's of his - and most of the preceding - eras.

The subtle realms in which Braxton's mind dwells were apparent in both halves of this concert. The first half presented premier performances of two compositions that worked with improvised outbranchings of thoroughly composed frameworks.

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Anthony Braxton photograph by Fred Vandaele

is a work for woodwinds, brasses, synthesizer, and percussion, respectively played (on this occasion) by the composer, Leo Smith, Richard Teitelbaum, and the ensemble. It stressed the lower part of the dynamic range of all instruments, the area of muted subtone where sometimes the mechanical sound of the instrument working or the combination tones your ears create from the juxtaposed sounds were as vital to the impact of that segment as the actual note values played. The music moved in a spiral through various phases, in lyrical fragments and short bursting phrases over a slow space set up by the synthesizer that seemed to grow until it threatened to burst either your cranium or the concert hall or both. There was no real dominance of individual voices as the primary impetus moved freely among the three creators, responding always to a pulse that lay more in the closely-rehearsed empathy of the three than anywhere else. It breathed along with you, and built, and grew, until the inexorable power that had moved everything along to that point abruptly flowered. But even then, the lines and contours carried a delicacy that barely dented the silence they had wrapped around themselves. Individual performers are crucial to this music, as it is their responses within the frames for activity the composer lays forth that determines the ultimate resolution of the episode. Leo Smith's jagged lyricism spun out implications through the elastic bending of his sound and through the interruption and scattering of that sound in space. Richard Teitelbaum seems, of all those exploring the ranges and implications of the synthesizer, the most valid I've heard in applying those capabilities unique to the synthesizer to expressive ends - which is to say, the creation of spontaneous, live, electronic music in the best senses of that genre rather than the simulation of a mini-orchestra.

The second experience of the evening was

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a duet work in which the composer collaborated with Roscoe Mitchell to exploit the low sound layers of contrabass clarinet and bass saxophone. The work built around tonal centres - a slowly-oscillating low-register trill - from which it extrapolated (as it might have from a vamp figure in older improvised forms) into an exploration of the possible combinations of timbre and range. Even when inaudible, the two performers and the composition as a whole seemed to respond to the rhythmic/tonal base this figure provided, and indeed at times kept so close to the centre that any divagation was a visible shock to many listener's sensibilities - and thus all the more important for it. Again, the form enabled Braxton to keep intensity on a logical leash until the most opportune moment. Throughout, both men were technically superb, and closely-knit (a marvel of dedication considering all of two days' rehearsal, prior to which - of all the musicians involved - only the composer had seen the music), with Braxton demonstrating a consummate command of false register.

After intermission, the music shifted to compositions for more orthodox quartet instrumentation, depending more on the improvisational process in the sense of older "jazz" traditions than had been the case of the first half. But still with the same personal hallmarks. The ensemble - Braxton, Kenny Wheeler (trumpet, flugelhorn), David Holland (bass), and Jerome Cooper (drums) - could not have been better matched. All four demonstrated the same technical wizardry that Braxton's lines demand, coupled with the symmetry of lyrical grace that Braxton the wind player embraces

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had the intensity of Cooper playing in fleet multidirectional rhythms while the other three voices superimposed a close counterpoint in slower space. Each solo epitomized the individual style - Wheeler juxtaposing short, pithy phrases in that cutting, withheld sound of his; Braxton reacting with fleet, tight, bittersweet lines acquiring a momentum that led to an intricate interchange of energy on the parts of all four men before the lyrically stabilizing force of space and time reasserted itself. This piece was linked to the next composition,

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by Holland's unequivocal self-portrait in sound as a peerless bassist in our time. MDD-3 (etc. - please pardon the contraction) itself began with a boppish ensemble around a line whose angulated voicings reminded one of Eric Dolphy. Braxton's opening solo abstracted individual fragments from that line, elaborated on them, reconstructed and spun away from them until attaining a core energy that only Cooper was able to match. Wheeler was not quite able to start his solo at such heat, but soon rebanked the flames, with something more of an asymmetrical lope to his line and more bending of sound than was Braxton's wont. Cooper's solo left spaces for the hall's echoes to respond; many of the listeners reacted to him as if they'd never heard a real drummer before. The composer reappeared, unaccompanied, briefly, to merge back into a variation of the original ensemble that wound the energy down into a slowly re-evolving vamp that closed the paired performance. Energy as another means to an expressive end, built and resolved as one does with chord progressions in more traditional forms. The concept seems so simply logical when the performer is capable of invoking the appropriate form.

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to close, was familiarly home territory to the quartet and the audience, a loping work that came very close to the feeling of those lost years when Ornette Coleman was one of America's great songwriters. For some reason, The Blessing came to mind as I listened - simple, lyrical flow in both lines. Braxton over walking rhythm followed by Wheeler layering his phrases across the melody, and a solo by Holland I can describe only as ecstatic.

Somehow, through all this there seems as much unspoken challenge to the listener as there was to the musicians who performed that night - a challenge to reconsider all one's tacit assumptions about music, its structures, its evolution, to be stimulated into seeking out heretofore unknown processes and elements of the art. I can't speak for the few who walked out at various points - some people can't help balking at adventure, I guess, rather than withstand the personal inventory it would entail - but I do know that in that chilly October evening what thoughts I'd had about music were metamorphosing wildly.

- Barry Tepperman

JOE PASS

Student's Union Theatre, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta. September 29, 1974

While Joe Pass has been musically active for over a decade and has recorded fairly often, I (and probably others) was not fully aware of his talents until the recent series of albums on Pablo on which he was featured (and including Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson) and his solo album, "Joe Pass: Virtuoso" (Pablo 2310-708). His solo playing was similar to that on the "Virtuoso" album and equally skilled. He acknowledged Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery as his influences and especially the later two were evident in his playing. Pass is not particularly an innovator but has combined the contributions of his influences and extended them. His technical proficiency is astonishing. In fact, his playing is almost too perfect and I had the feeling that he demands so much of himself that he becomes more tense than he should have been. While his conception of jazz is very much rooted in the '50s, his playing in that framework is just about perfect.

In the trio portions of the concert, played with John Toulson on bass and Clifford Barbaro on drums, Pass' playing was often looser and somewhat more innovative. Unfortunately, the group had had very limited rehearsal time and Toulson, in coordinating his playing with Pass (which he did), tended to hold the beat back slightly which seemed to throw Pass off somewhat.

Pass is altogether a consumate musician and can play at a very high level. Judging from his raps and the occasional feeling of tension, I think Pass' main flaw is that he doesn't realize how good he is. Weaker musicians could well benefit from Pass' self critical stance but Pass could and should relax more and take more chances.

- Kellogg Wilson

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