CANADA'S JAZZ MAGAZINE
OCTOBER 1974

Coda

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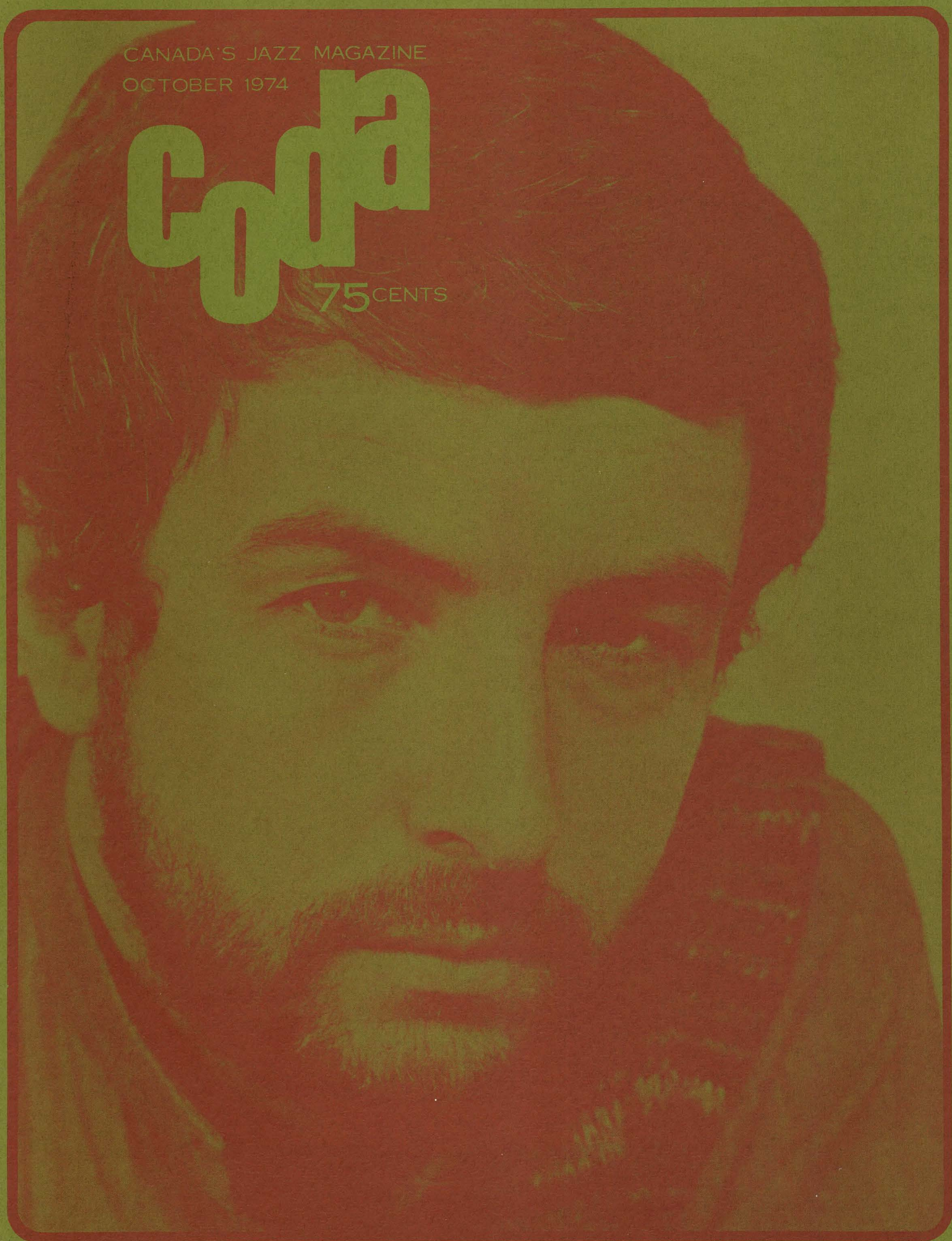

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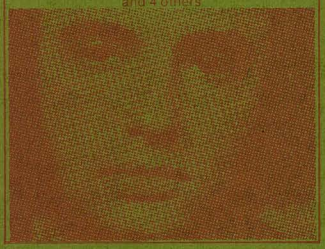

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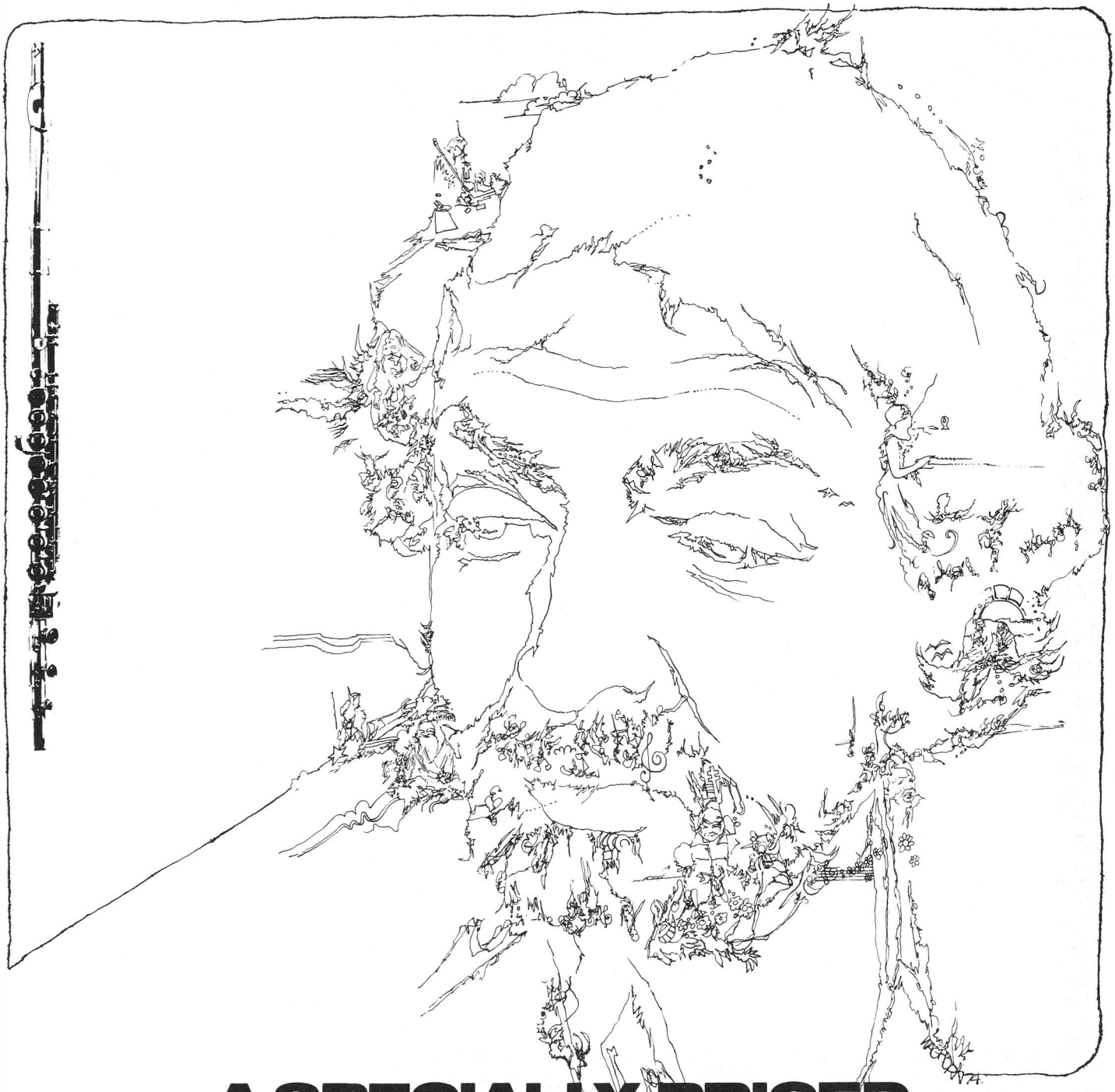

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH

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photograph..... Raymond Ross

EDITORIAL

The Jazz Crossword, compiled by Al and Willma Slater, is to be found on pages 7 and 8 of this issue. In general the usual rules of crossword puzzles apply but you should note that in some of the clues the figure "1" can stand for an apostrophe S. The solution to the puzzle will be published in the January issue along with the winners. All entries must be received by December 1, 1974 and readers in British Columbia (where the puzzle first appeared in the Vancouver Sun) and the State of Washington as well as past and present contributors to Coda are ineligible for prizes (you can fill in an entry if you wish, however!). First prize is 7 Sackville records, second prize is 4 Sackville records and third prize is 2 Sackville records.

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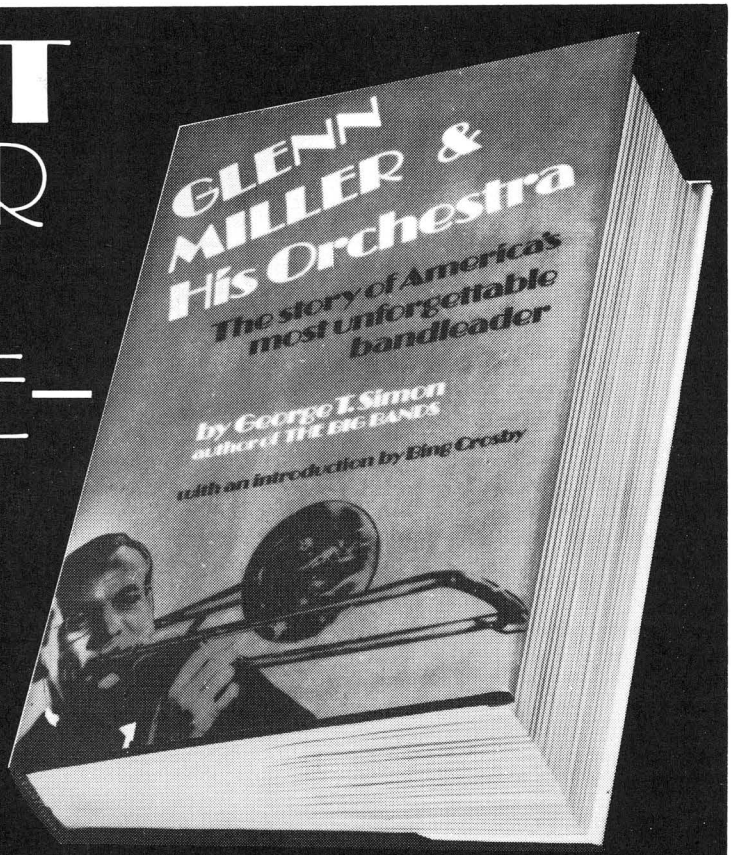

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The Ben Pollack Band visits Lionel Barrymore (sixth from left) on the MGM lot in Culver City: (left to right) Pollack, saxist Gil Rodin, banjoist Al Gifford, actor Henry Wallthall, Benny Goodman, Barrymore, saxist Bill Sturgess, actor Owen Moore, tuba player Al Lasker, trombonist Al Harris, pianist Wayne Allen, trumpeter Harry Greenberg, Glenn Miller.

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KARL BERGER

INTERVIEWER ROBERT DiNARDO • PHOTOGRAPHER RAYMOND ROSS

Vibraphonist-pianist-composer Karl Hans Berger, born March 30, 1935 in Heidelberg, Germany, is the founder of the Creative Music Foundation, and director of the Creative Music Studio in Woodstock, N.Y. and New York City.

His unique instrumental style has won top plaudits of international jazz critics three times in a still young career.

As a former student of Mr. Berger, I had long been aware of his ability to create for and communicate to both the listener and fellow player a new music expressing the highest ideals, the visions that lie within each of our souls.

So it was my good fortune to learn, when we last met in June of this year, of the road he had taken, the path from which his music flows.

*****

Bob di Nardo: This has certainly been an active year for you, both in teaching and the performance of your own works.

Karl Berger: Yes. And many things are still happening. Our most recent concert series, the Peace Church series, has given us a set of about three records. We will be issuing these recordings on our own label, which will feature not only these things but also works by other people that are involved in the Studio - Fred Rezewski, Musica Electronica Viva. We'll make sets of our music from the fall on.

BD: Will the recordings be concert or studio productions?

KB: Well, I'll leave that up to the composers that do the albums. I'm particularly interested right now in putting out performances. As far as studio work is concerned, I have a project that is very elaborate and involves electronic music, choir, multi-track recording, and a lot of instruments. I want to prepare further for that. I might want to put that out on another label, a larger label that can push that somewhere. But as far as the recording for the Communications label is concerned that should be the concerts. The Church gave us a special sound, so we recorded mostly without traps, without drums, using other kinds of percussion. The natural echo in the Church was so much better than any studio echo could ever be. For the voice especially, for IngRid, the sound really came out tremendously.

This last year I took a 10 piece band to Berlin. We had Sam Rivers, Carlos Ward, Albert Mangelsdorff, Peter Kovall, Dave Holland, Rezewski, Bobby Moses, Makya, a South African drummer, IngRid, and myself. We call it Music Universe because many different styles can meet on the basis of knowing the elements involved. Getting into a more elementary breakdown as far as the rhythms and harmonic feelings are concerned, allows many different styles to happen in a sort of contrapuntal way because they already have the details worked out.

As far as teaching is concerned, the Studio has gone through a period of transition. We now want to build the Woodstock part into a full-time thing and invite people, internationally, to come to Woodstock and stay for 2 months at a time - for fall, winter, or spring terms. We will try to get a sample, let's say 15-20 people, and form an orchestra. Every day something will be happening. Besides that we'll have fundamental classes in rhythm sounds, body movement, and touching classes. So that's what we're trying to proceed with.

There are also boarding possibilities at the place we have. There is a Lutheran camp which houses an alternate high school project where kids get their high school education outside the public school system. They have the building during the weekdays, and we will use it after school time, after 3:00 p.m.

BD: I noticed that this year you were down in the city less for teaching than you were last year.

KB: I think the concept now is to do things in the city on weekends because I found out that most people are working during the week and hardly have the time to get to a session. It's always a hassle, plus I can't do all these things at once anyway. Since we have the weekdays available here and the working conditions are much better, I think we will do just one thing every weekend in New York City. Hopefully it will be what we had at New York University, an orchestra workshop, but instead of having it for one week we will have it every Saturday. The way we had it at Space (The Space for Innovative Development), you remember, that sort of thing.

BD: That was really good. The idea of a regular open workshop where anyone could walk in and get involved in ensemble playing was great.

KB: That's what I'll try to do again with different teachers.

BD: Will it still involve playing without using written materials?

KB: Well, that's what I do. Other people might come in with charts and have people learn and study them. It's not necessary for everybody to be doing the same thing. Everybody's following his own compositional concept. I try to write as little as possible. I now have more written materials that might eventually be interesting to try as an orchestra piece once it's extended enough. I didn't have the time to continue it, but there are beginnings. It's a very automatic writing almost. Once you have the concept, the way the variations fall, the extension will fall into place by itself. You have to watch it, you could write that endlessly, and it always has a certain amount of change in the music. I want to teach a little less in the next year, so I can write a little more.

BD: What teachers have you contacted?

KB: Well, it's the same people we've been using all along, especially those from the summer Studios. I'm very happy with that kind of connection of people because they have such different styles, jazz musicians and classical guys. And among the jazz musicians there are really different ideas of the concept - Sam or myself or Lee Konitz or Jack DeJohnette. So there will be a lot of variety.

BD: Will the moving of the program to Woodstock dislocate the activity of many students from New York City?

KB: No. This year we had better activity up here and less activity in the City. That was because we tried to administer the City program from up here, which is an impossible thing to do. We didn't have an office in the City, and the fall term didn't work out well. The spring term picked up in the beginning. That is also why I want to get into two month periods, so we have a concentrated circle that can overlook what you want to do, rather than just stretching it endlessly. Somehow the interest gets lost in the middle somewhere, and I also found that people in the City are much less concentrated on the subject than people are up here, because they have all these different things happening all the time. Even if they are really enthusiastic about something they'll forget in the next week. So the City program had less and less of an interest for me. I'd rather go to the City to play, to demonstrate, or to have an orchestra - maybe one class of fundamental studies there - that's it. All the really concentrated study that goes on day to day will be up here.

We'll not concentrate on coaching locally, but invite people from all over the country, internationally even. There are lots of people who now go to the Berklee School or other schools, classical music schools, and after a while of studying there and learning their instruments want to get into their personal approach to music. I feel we will eventually be in the position to make a choice of instruments and form an orchestra.

BD: And use them to play the material of the instructors and fellow students.

KB: Yes, exactly. There would be a creative interrelationship rather than a school thing. What we want is a situation where an individual finds out something else, something that he hadn't known before about himself, about his own abilities, or about concepts that he has not known, or just to get different ideas going.

BD: I've recently heard that you have a concert tour of Canada in the works. What is developing there?

KB: I was up in Canada twice this year. Once to do a benefit for Ed Blackwell in Toronto. Before that, I had done concerts in Montreal and Quebec City. That was so successful that everyone got excited, and decided to set something else up. So we did a second concert in Toronto. Now, the people in Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, and Vancouver are linking up a circuit for 8 or 10 concerts. That will start in September. I'm still going to spend the summer in Europe though. From the 13th to the 20th of July there is something called the International Music Forum in Vienna. We are going over there with a workshop and concert program. I'm going, along with Dave Holland and Fredric Rezewski.

BD: So you'll be working with students this summer.

KB: Yes, European students and some Creative Music Studio students. To connect the continents together is really the dream that I have. I mean, I'm European. I don't believe in any one concept of being American or this or that. It's ridiculous - old fashioned.

BD: Yeah. The normal situation seems to be for Europeans to get their jazz from American expatriates. This is limited communication. They only get a glimpse of what goes on here, and we know nothing of the European scene.

KB: Exactly.

BD: In fact, there are very few European players in this country.

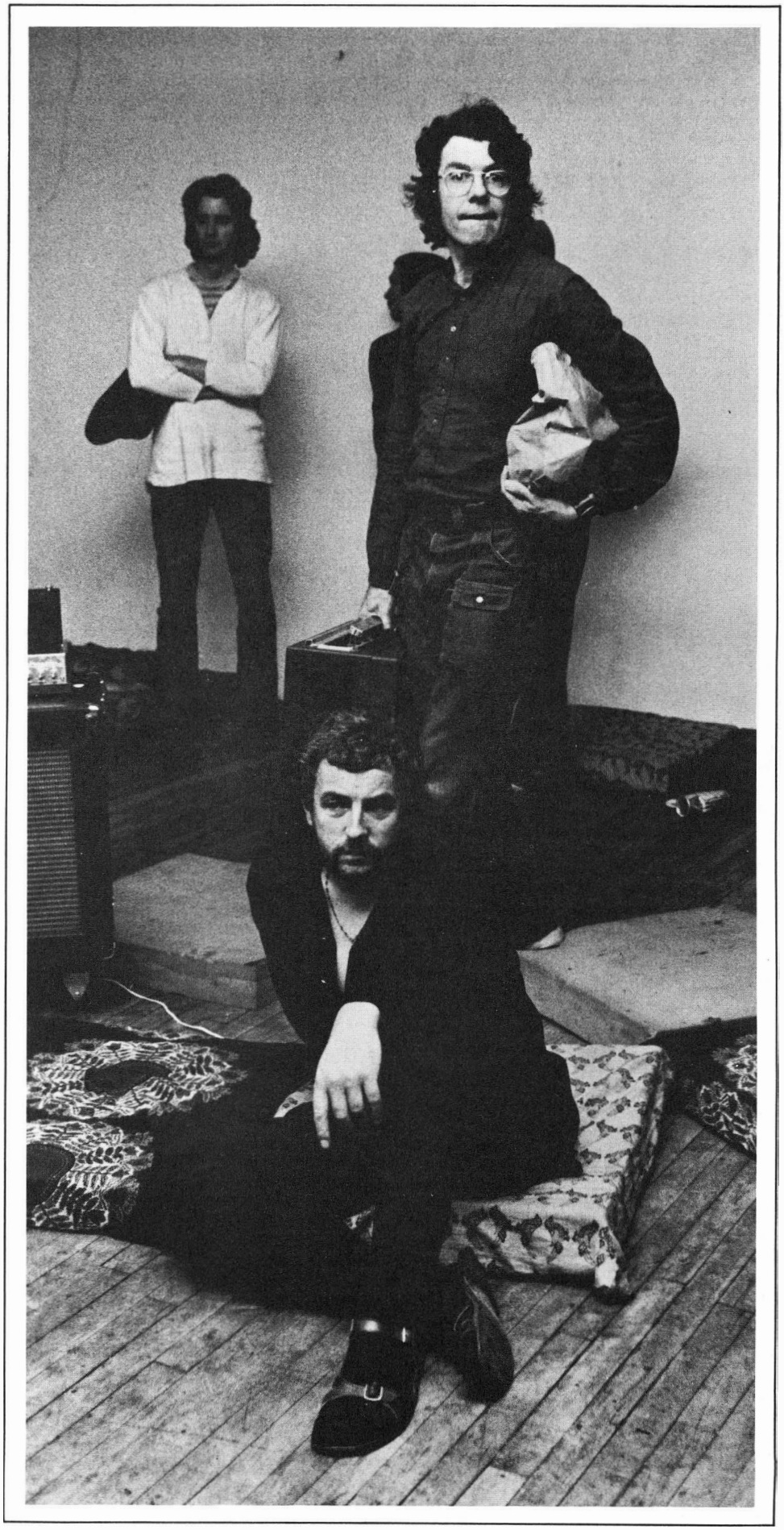
KB: That has to do with the restrictions that the Immigration Service or organizations like the Musicians' Union put on people. It's very hard to come in here from Europe and be a working musician, to get the permits and whatever. They have about 20,000 players already in New York City, and more musicians are what they don't need.

BD: How did you get in?

KB: I had several different channels to go through. First, I hold a doctor's degree in philosophy, which for them allows me to be out of the range of the welfare system. They believe if you have a doctorate you must be able to be working, teaching, which actually is not true. It doesn't help at all if you're in an esoteric field. I'm sure that since 1966 I have not made more than $1,000 just because I have a doctorate degree. But it helped me get in. Plus, my brother is an American citizen and that helped. He is an engineer and is noted for building wide span roofings, like the U.S. pavilion in Japan for the World's Fair.

BD: How did you come upon the philosophy degree?

KB: They have a different educational system in Europe. I was studying philosophy and musicology. You cannot study music at a university. I had to do work in the



Karl Berger and friends

philosophical department to do what I was doing, theoretically speaking. The practical side I couldn't do at the University at all. I was studying music at a conservatory from the age of 10. I was supposed to be a concert pianist. That's what my mother thought anyway. When I was 19 I entered the University in Heidelberg to study - something. I didn't know what it would be. Then a club opened in Heidelberg called the Club 54. It was a cave, downstairs, the way a lot of clubs still are in Germany. This club had a jazz policy from the very beginning, and after about half a year working there as a bar keeper, they fired the band as they couldn't pay them any more, and asked me if I would want to play there for very little money, like $5.00 a night, I was a classical player who could play just some George Shearing type of jazz.

This club was to become my training ground. I played there every night for many years. I started as a duet with a bass player and later made it a trio with the addition of a drummer. We soon began to play with all those people from the U.S. Army bases around Heidelberg. One of the Army bands was conducted by Leo Wright, the alto player. It had such people in it as Cedar Walton, the pianist, Lex Humphries, the drummer, and Don Ellis on trumpet. A whole lot of guys were in the area and they came every night to play.

BD: I've always had the impression that most Europeans have learned through records.

KB: Yes, I know. But I was fortunate enough to learn in life, 7 to 8 hours a night. We don't have such things anymore, in no country. It's all records now and discotheques. At that time live music was the thing. That club was boiling every night. I had all the chops I needed on piano. It was a matter of getting the feeling connected with the technique. To me, all music has that feeling anyway. We played bebop tunes, Charlie Parker, and Tin Pan Alley music and improvised on it.

Then I left and went to Berlin because of the political situation there, and studied political science. I didn't know if I wanted to be a musician. But I got fed up with the political scene in a very short time. So I went back to the club and joined a couple of professional groups in Germany that started playing concerts and things. All songs and changes. I got into free music through the change of the instrument. At one point I went to Paris, and I found the vibraphone that I'm now using. I started playing it, and it really gave me the freedom. I didn't have any pre-learned habits, so I could just get into the sound of it and not worry. I took that back to the club in Heidelberg and played another three years just to get used to it.

BD: You had no instruction?

KB: No. I just did it. The only thing I learned from a mallet player was to always play one mallet after another. Don't play one mallet twice. Just play rhythms of 3's, 5's, and 7's and see how they fall.

BD: Were your parents worried that you weren't becoming a concert pianist?

KB: Yes, they were worried. But then I got married and moved out of the house. I had met IngRid at the Club 54. She was in that scene, singing standards, like Billie Holiday tunes. We were married in 1961, staying in Heidelberg and working in the Club. We still were not making more than $7 - $8 a night.

BD: Were you beginning to develop your own musical ideas?

KB: Yes. About that time I started to write my own tunes and play some other kinds of things, but we were still playing pretty much off the blues. I wasn't concerned though. I wanted to play, and could play more if I played the tunes, because everybody would know them.

This was a time of endings and beginnings. Around '63 I went to Berlin and made the doctorate, which was really wierd because I hadn't been to school for 4 years. I took all the books I had been working on, and for 6 months condensed all the material until I had one sheet of paper left. Every word on it would blow out a whole thing. As soon as an examiner would mention one of these words, I'd just riff on it, play on it. The thing worked fantastically. I forgot all of it 4 weeks later.

Then came the devil in the desert saying, "Why would you want to work for $7 a night if you could make $1,000 a month?"

BD: Did you listen to the devil?

KB: Yeah, I did. I said, "How about both?" So I kept playing and worked in an institute in Heidelberg. I never showed for work before mid-day, and usually left by 4 or 5 p.m. After 3 months of that, I was told that I should either come at 9 like everybody else, give up music altogether and become a big shot, or just work the same way I did for half the money. I chose to work for half the money. Two months later, I got a scholarship to write another thesis in the direction of my first, which was the function of music in the Soviet ideology. I was to do the same for the West. How you could approach the idea of ideology of music anywhere. There is always that ideology, otherwise no-one could understand why there is such a thing as commercial music.

BD: How it reinforces the desired values.

KB: Exactly. So I went to Paris to do this and also to play there. That's where I met Don Cherry and began to play with his band. That was in '65. This is where I started to play some really out music. We played just Don's music. We worked for a year and a half practically every day, in Paris, and then went to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Prague, really all over Europe.

BD: Were you still writing that paper?

KB: Oh no, I forgot all about it. But it got me on the road. Really, my idea on it was wrong. I could not do it alone like the paper on Soviet ideology. The task in a country where ideology is hidden is vast. There is so much empirical work involved that a team is needed. That's what I asked for, but wasn't given. I'm hoping to have a theoretical department in the Creative Music Foundation so we can do that. It would be sort of the ideological backing of our whole enterprise.

BD: Do you think the ideology is found through the marketing of the music, making it a luxury item and no more?

KB: Yeah, that's true, but that's not the worst of it. That could be changed at any time. Any ideology in the last essense is unreal. It doesn't stick, or only sticks if it's reinforced. That's why all that p.r. in our society is needed, to keep all that shit going. What I'm interested in is how a musician, an artist, a young artist that grows up, can keep his mind out of that stuff without getting into really difficult situations. Most artists just don't manage to reflect on what's involved. They end up being asked by the industry, "Do you want to work?", and they say, "Of course I want to work", and then the industry tells them, "You do this, that, and the other, and you'll work". So many people are doing this, not realizing it's up to them to decide what they really want to do, getting as much of their thing going as possible. That would help change the framework.

BD: This not happening has left a wide gap between the commercial music and the progressive music. One the listeners are finding hard to bridge.

KB: You should not think only of the social function of music. It also has a personal function, more so than a social one. The personal function being what a musician is doing for himself playing, and emanating that, telling us it is what we can do for ourselves as well. Right now there is a situation where people are realizing how much they really do need music. It had been thought of as background stuff, not really needed. Young people are now realizing how important it is, important to their lives.

Now, I don't want to prophesize anything - we just keep working and doing what we think is right, and there will always be a response. I've never played a concert that was not a success. Never any booing or walking out. So, if you're not playing all the time, when you want to, it's because your music is kept from being heard. If I can be heard, I have no problem communicating, even if the people never heard that kind of music before. We played a concert in Quebec City, which is out of the range, disconnected from the scene, but the reaction of the people was incredible. We played two hours of entire improvisation, no piece, no tunes. Just three people, myself, IngRid, and a bass player. It was unbelievable. I'm sure few in the audience had ever heard anything like it before. It couldn't have been related to a social experience they had at an earlier time. It was the personal experience of the moment. It's just a matter of getting to the place where people can hear it.

Besides the matter of exposure, it should be realized that much of the music does not get across because some players are overextending themselves. They are playing music they can't cover. They're play- at the edge of their abilities, and that can be felt. You have to play in the middle, always having an extension available. If you play at the edge, someone listening will feel as uncomfortable as you do. They'll tire quickly. It's got to come out of the middle. Then it can stroll along for any stretch of time. But that cannot just happen. You need a certain kind of experience to do it. I think most players go out too early when they play, and if they go out, they take it too far out. They have no con-

trol over what they're doing. There must be economy in playing.

I was finally able to get to America when Don Cherry returned here. The band came over in late '66 to do a concert in Town Hall, which was a big success. After we did that, we also got a few other gigs but not enough like in Paris to keep the band working steadily, so soon after the Town Hall concert the group broke up. We (IngRid and myself) went back to Germany, where Savia (the Bergers' first daughter) was born.

When I next returned from Germany it was the 21st of March, 1967, which is a very important date for me. It is the Spring Equinox, as well as being Bach's birthday. I have very strong feelings for his music. I feel in most places it is not really played in the spirit in which it was written. It is very, very wrongly played.

If you hear Glen Gould or Pablo Casals, you would hear the music perfectly balanced in its even and odd time feelings. The music is divided into many different meters. The orchestras and others play the basic meters but not the subdivisions. Gould and Casals get accents in the eighth notes, all around the basic meter accents. They do nothing but the Gama-la-taki, which was what this guy was writing. You can see in his writing that his phrasing rhythmically never falls twice in the same place.

The romantic period in the 19th Century developed a bourgeois feeling of settling down, slowing down. The decay progressed until it just ended in a downbeat feeling. A conductor conducts a downbeat and the orchestra is getting into that, but what happens in between the downbeats is a whole other question. In Bach's time, no matter how big an orchestra, there was no conductor. So a time feeling had to develop within the orchestra. That time feeling was detailed. The thinking was in eighth notes, not quarters. Most of today's players are not prepared for this. They are not reminded this is a quality within them.

Also in 1967, I started to work for Young Audiences, which was a group that did school concerts. It was a very fortunate thing to get into, as it was the only steady gig in town where you could continuously play what you wanted to play. I worked with a group that had Robin Kenyatta, Bill Wood and Horace Arnold, who was the drummer and had the contract on the whole thing. All the members contributed music. Later, Sam Rivers and Reggie Workman came to the group. We worked in schools off and on for 4 years. It was not a lot of money. We made maybe $50 for one morning's work, which usually included going to 2 different schools. We got into practically every inch of the City that way. We must have played thousands of schools.

BD: And you got to the kids, which is very good.

KB: Yeah, that was an interesting experience. It was something that kept me going, my basic thing. Then I began to get my own group going and played some concerts in Canada and a few colleges in the South.

In either '68, or '69, I started teaching at the New School (The New School for Social Research in N.Y.C.). It was an improvisation course. I didn't have the slightest idea how I would teach this, so I just went in there and improvised the course.

Through this experience I realized there were hundreds of people in town that just never got together, and they were all looking for the same thing. I thought starting a Studio in town would be a good idea. But I've found out that the City has more difficulty than just getting people connected. To get something together, you have to get into a more esoteric situation where you can really concentrate. Up here, there is so much concentration to start with - you start with silence. You don't start with a high, vibrant level, so you can break down your own feelings much easier. In the City there is always the feeling that you

Karl Berger, Sam Rivers & Bobby Moses
at Studio Rivbea - N.Y.C. - 1973

have to prove something. That can be eliminated altogether up here. The first thing is to just to find your own basic time and energy feeling. It doesn't have to be any particular feeling that deals with City energy. The music can have as much silence as sound in it. You get much more of a feeling for space learning how to play time without having to play a note. You begin to realize the economy of communication.

If you blow your head off against somebody, you're not necessarily communicating more than if you just play three notes in the right places. The silence in between those notes might make the other guy play within it. You could almost define music as a frame around silence. How do you frame silence? The silent parts don't have to be that long. It's just how you phrase a note, and there is just that much silence before the next phrase comes. That moment is the communicative moment - the silent part, the way the music breaks up in order to make you play. Performers are just coming to realize that they can overplay. If you play a concert and the feeling is so good that you can play for a couple of hours after you've reached your peak, you haven't communicated any more, and you might have communicated less. If you stop at that moment, the feeling that appears in both player and listener is one of incompletion. Something will carry on. That's the creative situation. After leaving such a concert you will hear music for several additional hours. This is the point where I cut it out. It all has to do with economy.

BD: Do you feel that extended compositions on albums will be phased out, or even the extended concert situation?

KB: Oh no! I don't mean to limit the form of it. We have the trouble right now of trying to get a set on one side of an album. The silence is timed, and I wouldn't want it broken by having to turn the album over. The point that I was making has to do with how much of a climax someone can sustain. A guy like Sam Rivers can play for three hours and not really reach his climax. But once it is reached, the music should stop right there because you have communicated something that will have moved everybody's soul. Past that it would just be an ego trip. You would over-expose yourself. It has nothing to do with just how long someone is playing.

BD: Audiences do seem to expect lengthy sets.

KB: I know, but if you stop at that point, they will hear it much longer. It's like a dinner with several courses. You have already eaten enough, but there are still two courses coming. Nobody's really enjoying themselves any longer.

BD: And in a way you can't wait 'til it's over so you can lie down somewhere and go to sleep.

KB: Exactly. The audience will leave tired. They've had enough of it. But if they left with the feeling of climax, it will be a very different feeling they will experience. They will be playing. Some people feel they pay, let's say $3, and want $3 worth of music. The first note is the $3 - the rest is given. It has nothing to do with filling an expectation or filling up time. It's rather, get the feeling to a place where it hasn't been before - that's it.

BD: Now, after the New School gig, did you immediately begin on the Creative Music Studio?

KB: That did not happen right away, as I felt I wanted to play more outside of schools. I was very tired of playing school concerts. We began to go back to the same schools, and it started to become a circle. Somehow, I felt I wanted to get some of my own playing going. Also, IngRid was getting ready to sing with us, which she hadn't been able to do because we had the kids, Savia in '66, and Eva in '68. I decided that to get the group going, I'd go back to Europe for awhile and play there. I took a drummer, Alan Blairman, who had been playing with Albert Ayler before he died. We went to Heidelberg for one and a half years. There we picked up a bassist, Peter Kovall. We played quite a bit, but after awhile, it got crazy. Alan is a very incessant player, gets very tight. He kind of runs crazy to play. I was looking for playing that was more relaxed, more space, silence. The voice was expressing this other kind of feeling, and I wanted to complement it. So this band broke up in '72. When I came back, I decided I did not want to live in the City, or even near it. I came here on my own first, in March of '72, to check out the scene and start the Creative Music Foundation. I borrowed several thousand dollars from a friend to get the legal aspects going. It was Ornette and a couple of lawyers who set the charter, making it a non-profit corporation. Also, Dave Holland had moved to Woodstock, and when I came up to look at the place, I decided I'd live there myself.

We played another summer in Germany, and came over in the fall of that year, and at this time I began the workshops. The foundation is created to fill any function of the music business. It's not that educational. I started the workshop end first, because that is the side of it I could see happening right away. Now, as I've already said, we are getting into records, and also an agency. The paperwork is getting weird now, but I'll not have much to do with it as I'm delegating the work. I don't want to be a business manager. Lee Nonne will be running the agency. She had an agency in Europe for six years, and did Public Relations work before that in New York. She is very good, and will be running a perfect agency. I'd like to get someone full time for the records too.

BD: With all this happening, will you be returning to New York right after the festival in Vienna?

KB: After Austria we are going down to Elba. We found a nice piece of land on that island. We are planning on buying it, but we will need quite some money for that. It is ideal for a small outdoor amphitheatre, so we could have our own festival over there. I'd like to do the Austrian thing for awhile and then move the whole thing down to Elba. It's a very magical place. It has mountains like I've seen on the coast of North America, excepting that there is less vegetation. It's lovely the way the mountains go right into the sea.

JAZZ CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

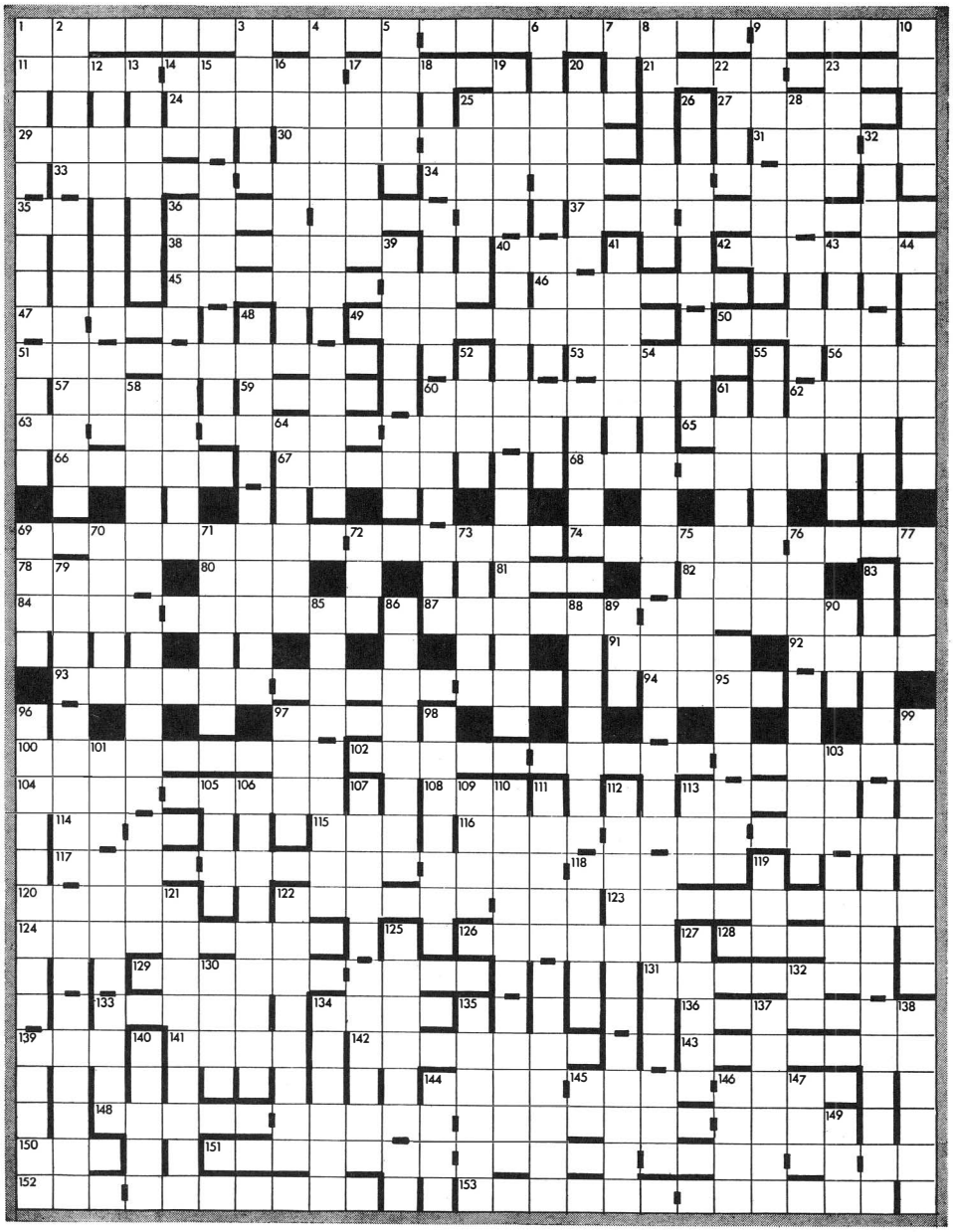
1 Bix, cornet (11). Fletcher, leader (9). Earl, piano (5).
11 Buddy, drums (4). Can be stolen! (1, 4). Al, tenor flute (5).
21 "Flyin' ...." (4). Stewart, bass (4).
24 Jeff, bass, joined Duke in 1967 (7).
25 Mulligan (5).
27 Wild Bill Davis, Jimmy Smith, etc, identify this instrument (5).
29 Tom, pianist-arranger (6).
30 Henry "Kid" (4). Teddy, pianist-composer (6).
31 Byas, tenor (3). Johnny ..... Cyr, banjo, (2).
33 Out of step in '60s if you didn't (5). 1926 .... St. Louis Toodle-oo (4).
34 "Why not take ... of me" (3). Gene Paul, vibes, drums (5). Joseph .... Oliver, cornet (4).
35 Casey, guitar with Mezzrow (2).
36 Al, trombone (4). Scott, clarinet, sax, etc. (4). Oliver, trumpet (2).
37 "Twelve .... Stampede" (3). Many famous bandleaders started out as (7).
38 Jimmy, blues singer over four decades (7).
40 "...lark" (3).
42 Johnny, immortal jazz alto (6).
45 Albert, boogie piano, or Gene, tenor (6). What made Sammy (3)?
46 First name Irving but used initial, impresario in '20s (1, 5).
47 Washington (2). "Let Me Off Uptown" with Anita O' (3).
49 Toasted in every bar across the Argentine! (9).
50 "I Can't Get Started With You" - Berigan, trumpet (5).
51 First name Billy but used initial, in 1947 orchestra with Dizzy, Fats Navarro, Parker, et al. (1, 8, 1).
53 Miles, trumpet, leader, etc (5).
56 "... a needle pulling thread" (3).
57 DB readers' poll in 1964 voted Eric Dolphy to Hall of .... (4).
59 Miff and his Little Molers (4).
60 Everyone "nose" 1915 pianist with NOJB (7).
62 Pete's cafe in New Orleans (4).
63 "Straight ... Chaser" (2). Meade... Lewis, boogie-piano (3). Ray, leader (5). W.C., wrote "St. Louis Blues" in 1914 (5).
65 You get a .... trumpet sound from those not expert in upper register (6).
66 Play the "Junk Man (3)" (2) liven up the party.
67 Alvin Abe, Samuel Bell, Sachs, T-Bone Walker all have this name (5).
68 King Cole or Adderley (3). Whiteman, leader (4).
69 Jazz immortal born July 4, 1900 in New Orleans (9). Jelly Roll (6).
74 Society orchestra led in New York in 1913 by Jim (6). In 1937 ".....Clock Jump" (3, 1).
78 "Swing and ...." (4).
80 John Thomas, bass with Prez in '54 (3).
81 Calloway (3).
82 Papa Laine's band plays "By..." (4).
84 Jeffries, sang ballads with Duke (4). Tricky Sam, trombone (6).
87 She used an initial and sang the blues (1, 5). In Los Angeles, 1945, modern jazz is introduced by McGhee, Gillespie and (6).
91 New Orleans Rhythm Kings (4).
92 Paul, played sax, flute, etc with Chico Hamilton (4).
93 Soprano sax supreme, Sidney (6). Tenor, alto, Sonny (5). An "E" string! (3).
94 Leader-clarinetist Fountain (4).
97 Paradidle drummer with Moten in 1930, Cozy (4).
100 Giving this one away: composer, leader-pianist and known as "Duke" (9).
102 Big Benny, Fats, Freddie and Sonny to name a few (5). John, bass with Chick Webb 1933-35 (5). John Lewis and the .... Jazz Quartet (6).
104 Lomax, author of "Mr. Jelly Roll" (4). Previn, composer, conductor, etc (5).
108 Used to fiddle with! (3).
113 Theodore Walter .... Rollins, tenor (5).
114 "Is You is or ... You Ain't My Baby (2). Jones, drummer with Basie in 1935 (2).
115 " .... Good to Title" (3).
116 Planet enroute in "A Stairway to the Stars" (4). Jack the ..., legendary pianist (4). Dizzy, trumpet with Byas in Paris 1949-50 (5).
117 "Begin the Beguine" with Arty (4). Singer Dakota .... (6). A popular vision! (4). Hamilton, clarinet, joined Duke in '42 (5).
120 Max, drums in bebop era (5).
122 New York's 52nd street was the swing .... in 1935 (6). Mathews, singer with Herman 1954-55 (3).
123 Start with Dizzy on trumpet and, on tenor, finish with Jacquet (9).
124 Vic, joined Claude Hopkins in 1936 (9).
126 Leader-clarinetist, Woody (6).
128 Red, vibes, leader, etc. (5).
129 Ahmad ... Trio recorded "But Not for Me" in 1958 (5, 1). Stan, tenor (4).
131 King of swing to 1944, Benny (7).
133 Pianist Nero (5).
134 Trombonist Eddie (4).
136 Billie Holiday and orchestra recorded "No ....." on July 10, 1936 (7).
139 Winding, trombone, composer (3).
141 "... Me Talkin to Ya," edited by Shapiro and Hentoff (4).
142 Howard, group at Paris Jazz Festival in 1948 (6, 1).
143 Watch the spelling: Jimmy, composer, clarinet, etc. (7).
144 "...ysuckle Rose"(4). Lou Williams, pianist-composer (4). Hot ... Page, trumpet, leader (4).
148 Ethel, singer with Goodman in Europe in 1958 (5). Fumie, trumpet, billed as the Satchmo of Japan (5). In 1936, "A Fine ....." (7) with Berigan, Fazola, Cole .... (2, 2).
150 ...Wees Russell, clarinet, and Hunt, trombone (3).
151 Sang for Lunceford in 1946, twins Claude and Clifford (7). "Honky Tonk .... Blues" (5). Bell, more commonly known as Annie of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross (4). Seventh intermediate note of the scale (2). "Don't Blame ..." (2).
152 Farmer, trumpet (3). Lionel, vibes, drums, leader, etc. (7).
153 Jimmy, blues piano in early 1900s (6). Harry, for four decades baritone for Ellington (6).

DOWN

1 Lawrence, Clifford, Ray, to name a few (5). Georgie, tenor (4). "Jazz... Ball" (4).
2 "Beat Me Daddy .... to the bar" (5). Jimmy, bandleading career began in Memphis in '27 (9).
3 A jazz giant, known as "Count" (5).
4 Oscar ..... Tuxedo Brass Band (8, 1). With Chick Webb in '38, ... hit record "A-Tisket A-Tasket" (4, 1).
5 Ziggy, lead trumpet with Goodman (5).
6 Jimmy, clarinet, alto. Tommy, leader, trombone (6). Andy ... and his Twelve Clouds of Joy (4). Louis, drums, and Tubby, tenor (5).
7 Charles, piano, singer, composer, etc (3).
8 Charlie, trumpet soloist and John Kirby's arranger (7).
9 In 1946, Woody Herman's first (4). King Oliver was Satchmo's and Frankie Trumbauer was Prez's (4).
10 Singers Bessie, Keely, Mamie and Mamie, to name a few (5).
12 Jimmy, drums with Lunceford '29-42 (8). Tjader, vibes, drums (3).
13 Lady Day (7).
14 Babe Kyro...Turner, blues guitar (3).
15 "Back ... Shuffle" (3). Pet instrument of Carmell Jones, Johnny Coles, Freddie Hubbard, et al (4). Freeman, composer-pianist (4).
16 Billy, composer of "Take the A Train" and many others for Ellington (9).
17 Composer, leader, pianist Stan (6).
18 Glenn Miller was born in Clarinda, (4). Elected to DB Hall of Fame in 1959, Lester alias Prez (5). Barbara, blues singer, guitar (4) ...Hodges (3).
19 Wynton, pianist-composer (5). Duet George, piano, and J. C., drums - a bit of Shearing and all of J. C.! (6). Russell's clarinet in Harlem (7, 1).
20 Bing sang for Whiteman, Bob had his Bobcats (6). "Celery Stalks at .... night" (3). Ray, cornet, violin, singer (5).
22 Thelonious Sphere, piano, composer, innovator of bebop (4).
23 Eddie, leader, guitar, made King of Jazz movie with Whiteman (4).
25 Jef, composer, leader, with Double Six in Paris in '65 (6).
26 George, author of Lydian Chromatic Concept of Jazz Improvisation (6). Zoot, tenor, alto, clarinet (4).
28 "After You've ....." (4). Johnny trumpet with W.C. Handy orchestra in 1917 (4). Armstrong, pianist-composer (3).
32 "Such .... Thunder," composition by Strayhorn, book by Balliett (5). Alcide .... Nunez, clarinetist with the Louisiana Five in 1919 (6).
36 Wardell, tenor, Glenn, leader (4). Goodman, Kirby and Mulligan had one (6).
39 Norman .... and the JATP (5). The

For more information, and instructions, please see editorial page.

.... Five, with Louis, Lil, Dodds, Ory and St. Cyr (3).
41 Frank, singer of renown (7).
43 Paul's, tenor on Chelsea Bridge (8).
44 Herbie, tenor, Rex, cornet, Buddy, singer (7).
48 James, tenor, baritone with Earl Grant at the Copa in '59 (5). The instrument that blew Louis, Bix, Oliver et al into jazz history (6).
52 Johnson, cornet, trumpet (4).
54 Charlie, leader, sax (7). Foster, bass over four decades (4). In 1929, Dorsey brothers record "... Be" (3). Charles, composer, bass, etc. (6). Radio Corporation of America (3).
55 Called Dave but used an initial, composer-pianist with Desmond in quartet (1,7).
58 Spanier, leader, cornet (6). ".... Your Own Back Yard" with Billie Holiday (4,2). Told to hit the road and not come back! (4).
61 Herbie, but used initial, trombonist (1,6).
64 Charlie, sax, leader from '39-45 (6).
69 Marvin, piano in History of Jazz, Vol. 2 (3,1).
70 Goodman's "King Porter Stomp" in 1935, Crosby's "Dixieland Shuffle" in 1936 and T. Dorsey's "....." in 1937 (5).
71 Sunday morning jam session in New York at Happy (5,1).
72 Fathead, alto, tenor, and Joe, trumpet (3).
73 Glenn, trombone, vibes with Carter and Calloway in swing era (5).
75 Husk, leader of Friar Society Orchestra, later the NORK (5).
76 An early recording label (4). Red, trumpet with Herman '48-49 (6).
77 Spencer, pianist-arranger (4).
79 Chick, led band in 1926, discovered Ella Fitzgerald (4). Don, trumpet, composer, etc. Herb, guitar, composer (5). Popeye's Olive (3)! "Misty" by Erroll on piano (6).
83 Benny, alto, arranger for Pearl Bailey, Lou Rawls, etc. (6). Plenty of .... at the Savoy "battle of jazz" in May, 1929 in New York (6). Young, trombone, singer with Lunceford '37-43 (6).
85 Toby Hardwicke, alto (4); or Coleman, alto (5).
86 Oscar, piano; his trio once included Ed Thigpen, drums, and Ray Brown, bass (8).
88 "Body and Soul" identifies this giant on tenor (7). Harry, trumpet and leader (5).
89 "...sville" (3).
90 Eldridge, trumpet, singer, fluegelhorn (3).
95 Little .... Jefferson, trumpet (3). Edward "Kid", most famous of the original tailgate trombonists (3).
96 Famous family: Jack, trombone, Charlie, trumpet, etc. (9). In 1939 BGs "Sing Sing Sing" with Gene on drums (5).
97 Strictly from Dixie, Morty on bass (4).
98 Ben, warm tenor since early '30s (7).
99 Cat, a trumpeter with a reputation in the upper register (8).
101 .... Vegas (3). Bobby .....ett, trumpet, cornet (4). ".....top's Boogie Woogie" (4).
103 Louis "Big..." Nelson, clarinet (3). Big band bossa (4).
105 Ted, tenor, flute with Les Brown '44-46 (4).
106 A .... with .... Vaughan at Mister Kelly's (4,5).
107 Jimmie, early New Orleans clarinetist (5). Birth sign of Hazel Scott (6).
109 Simeon, clarinet, alto with Erskine Tate 1928-30 (4).
110 Immortal stride pianist, Fats (6). Booker Ervin, Johnny Griffin, Charlie Rouse, etc., excel on (5).
111 Sonny, early drummer with Ellington (5). Bud, tenor, Russ, piano (7).
112 Barney, but he used an initial, supreme clarinet (1,6). Shelly, drums (5).
113 Woodyard, drums for Ellington (3).
119 ".... Segundo" (3).
121 They share an "H": Ted (5) and Roland, with BG at the NJF! (9).
122 John William, tenor (8).
125 "That Old Black Magic" and "Blues in the Night," Johnny (6). Edward Nelson's initials (2).
127 ..... and Bess (5).
130 ". . . . Me in St. Louis" (4).
132 In 1942, "... Five by Five" with Ella Mae Morse (2).
134 Sharkey, trumpet, singer (6).
135 Founding father of the West Coast school of jazz ..... Rogers (6).
137 Charlie Christian liberated the jazz .... and Django Reinhardt roamed with it (6).
138 Red Nichols was a Charleston chaser but this Mack was a Keystone Cop chaser (6).
140 Queen of the Blues, ...Washington (5).
144 Al .... in New Orleans (4).
145 Rainey, singing the blues at the turn of the century (2).
146 Horne, singer (4).
147 Jenkins, trumpet with Tab Smith (3).
149 Put down the pencil and relax with Peggy (3).



JOHNNY SHINES

ALEX CRAMER

We have by now become tired, no doubt, of reading of such and such a blues musician leaving Mississippi and settling in the North. The biographies all sound the same. Jobs in the steel mills, automobile plants, launderies by day and night-time gigs in raucous blues joints. So now we have a twist. A blues musician who has just written a new version to the usual story. The man I'm referring to is Johnny Shines who only four years ago decided to move back south. Packing up his family and belongings, Johnny Shines left Chicago and moved to Tuscaloosa Alabama. Tuscaloosa is the original home of Mrs. Shines, and as she explains it, the south side of Chicago was just too violent a place for raising a family. In fact the neighbourhood teen-age gangs were too threatening and were after Johnny Shines' son to join up. Fed up with the high rents and the slum conditions in Chicago, the Shines' decided to head south to Alabama.

To a certain extent Johnny Shines has been successful in his new home town. The musician admits having had more recognition in Alabama than anywhere else before. Actually Johnny thinks much of this comes from the fact that Tuscaloosa, the home of the University of Alabama, gives artists recognition more readily than cities such as Birmingham or Montgomery.

Originally Johnny Shines thought he could bring blues back to the South. But things haven't worked out as he had planned. At first Shines wanted to play with a blues band and tour the South, but changing tastes put an end to that project.

Among the Southern blacks Johnny Shines has met only indifference to the blues. Playing before blacks, Shines has had to contend with requests for uptempo soul tunes. "Hey, daddy", one dude asked

Photograph courtesy of Earl Studio Inc.

Johnny once, "can you do the James Brown?" Trying to be obliging, Johnny asked which number. "Just do the James Brown," came the reply. Shines then admitted he knew nothing of James Brown. "Well do the Jackson Five," insisted the spectator.

"What would I look like trying to sound like the Jackson Five," asked Shines ironically.

The bluesman explains the change in musical tastes this way. "When the blacks became more successful and had bank accounts, they weren't interested in the blues anymore. Like the coal miners who came here from Wales. They brought the songs from Wales here. But once they got here and didn't work in coal mines anymore and became shopkeepers and big businessmen they didn't care for the songs from Wales and the songs died. And that's the same thing that happened to the blues among black people. Success killed blues. There's too many things for a half-intelligent person to do to earn a buck and with this buck he forgets about the blues because he can jingle his money. He don't want to be reminded of yesterday when he didn't have no money to jingle in his pocket."

We are talking in Johnny Shines' living room which is warm and very comfortably furnished. Mrs. Shines explains how cheap rent is in Tuscaloosa; for the price they are paying for this suburban bungalow they would only be able to get a slum apartment in Chicago.

Johnny Shines and his eldest boy have just returned from a hunting expedition. Between them they bagged four deer and the Shines, pere et fils, are quite proud of their day's work. I tell Johnny Shines of some American hunters who come up to Canada to shoot at moose from airplanes. The bluesman shakes his head in disbelief. "Now that ain't very sportin'", he exclaims.

Though he has been up since four A.M. and it is evening now, Johnny hides his fatigue and answers my questions. At first he answers them perfunctorily, but when his interest is stirred, he sits up and elaborates his views dramatically and in great detail.

Johnny Shines was born in a suburb of Memphis on April 25, 1915. As with many other bluesmen, the young Johnny received encouragement from relatives who played instruments. Johnny's brother and uncle played guitar while two cousins played bones in church, no less!

When he was 17, Johnny took up the guitar too, and the first numbers he learned were Bumble Bee Blues and Milk Cow Blues. His main influences at the time were Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lonnie Johnson, Scrapper Blackwell and Charlie Patton.

A year later in 1933, Shines turned professional and played around Memphis with others. In 1934 he met the legendary Robert Johnson in Helena, Arkansas. They played together through Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi until 1937. Mostly they played together, but sometimes if they couldn't be hired for the same dance, Johnny would play at one dance while Robert played at another happening the same night.

"We played," recalls Robert, "wherever people wanted us to play - houseparties, in the streets, anywhere. It was a matter of survival. It didn't make no difference to us where we played. We didn't have no more respect for nightclub work than we did playing on a corner because a lot of times, your salary was very small in a nightclub, but your hat (tips) was very big."

While at the time Robert had made records whereas Shines hadn't, Johnny explains that Robert's discs weren't that popular and weren't on many jukeboxes.

"Robert didn't care where you were going, how you got there or where you were going. He'd just like to go. Being young that time, I didn't know better. I liked to go, too. We just went. We'd go to saw mill towns, levee camps, charity meetings, coal yards. We'd meet payday and we'd start playing. The workers would cash their cheques, go get drunk and get with it. We'd drink all we could hold and have a few nickles to buy food with. That's all we wanted. We didn't care whether we could pay rent or not. Because we'd usually stay with some old dame who had a shack and we'd shack up with her. It was really a common thing then."

After a few years of this nomadic life, Shines began to long for home, someplace where he could settle down and plant some roots. In September 1941, Shines came to Chicago, this time to reside there permanently. He got a job as a laborer and sent for his family. "With the high rent," the bluesman explains, "you pretty well had to be stable to keep a family together. You had to have a regular payday coming."

So Johnny worked six days a week at a job while he played six nights a week in Chicago taverns. No, it wasn't as hard as it sounds since Johnny was young and full of "vim and vigor". If the pay was abysmally low, then this was compensated somewhat by the fact that musical jobs were rather plentiful. Shines played first at Frost's Corner, Tom's Tavern, Don's Den, and the Club De Lisa. He maintained his day job, not only for the financial stability it provided, but to cover up his other activities and avoid police harassment which was a common thing in the ghetto.

"At that time," explains Johnny, "it was wise to have a daytime job because the police was bad about picking you up and charging you with this or that and if you didn't have a job or someone to speak for you, you just had to take the rap. For many reasons it was essential that you had a daytime job as well. If you was taking the responsibility of 4-5 girls working in the streets for you, a daytime job was very important because if you had to go into court and the judge would ask you 'I understand you are up for pimping. Where do you work?' When you explained where you worked the judge couldn't see how you could have girls hustling tricks for you. So you got cut loose."

In the early 1940s, the Chicago blues scene was dominated by Tampa Red, Big Bill, Big Maceo, Jazz Gillum, Curtis Jones and Sonny Boy Williamson. Johnny Shines was a newcomer to this scene. In fact he played more than blues. Often he'd play for whites by himself or with another musician.

"The business was to eat and that means that you had to play songs regardless if you liked them. If someone asked you for Bell, Bell Polka or any polka and if there was $2 or $3 in it, you knew that song next time you were approached. An Irish jig or an Italian song, you knew 'em. You just didn't let these things go by. Lots of times as a musician people knew you and asked you to play for certain kinds of things like square dancing and you had to play these square dances because if you didn't you might miss a meal and you couldn't afford to do it."

In the 40's the blues style was changing from the music of Tampa Red and Big Maceo to the amplified style of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf. Shines was part of that change, but he never realized that at the time. As a blues musician Shines often worked at the Apex Chateau with a full band.

In 1946, Lester Melrose, a talent scout for Bluebird, Victor, Columbia and other record companies contacted Shines and recorded four numbers for Columbia. The songs were Delta Pine, Ride, Ride Mama, The World Is Blue and Tennessee Woman Blues.

Columbia never issued the sides evidently because it didn't think they were good enough. These songs finally saw the light of day 26 years later when Testament issued an album. In the early 50's Shines cut two sides for Chess - Joliet Blues and So Glad I Found You. This Chess held back fearing competition to other Chess hits by Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Jimmy Rogers and Eddie Ware. In 1953 Shines made four sides for JOB - Brutal Hearted Woman, Evenin' Sun, Cool Driver and Robert Johnson's Ramblin'.

This is when Chess was prepared to finally issue Joliet Blues, two years after they were recorded. Needless to say Shines told Chess to forget it. Then came a disagreement with record boss and D.J. Al Benson, who Shines feels blocked his recording career.

Johnny Shines was simply too intelligent and proud to allow himself to be exploited by the record companies. Unlike other Negro musicians he didn't particularly want to be beholden to the white record company owners.

"It never made sense," Johnny explains, "to have a contract with a company. You're signed to record for them exclusively, but they haven't guaranteed you anything for doing it. They (Wolf and Waters) guaranteed to serve Chess but Chess guaranteed them nothing. You never get to collect all your royalties unless you got a lawyer to look into these things. The average poor guy just gets enough to keep him going and really you don't get enough to keep you going. If I'd gotten all my royalties I'd be comfortable now."

Nor did Johnny Shines have any illusions about the club owners. Like the record company owners, they were in it for the money and if they could get as much out of it as possible they were quite happy.

"The average club owner," says Johnny sarcastically, "sees the musicians as just another tool. They don't realize that he has a family to take care of and he has responsibilities like anyone else. The musician's union has really helped a lot. People never looked upon a musician as holding down a job. 'He just plays music' they think. People never considered music as a profession."

Still Johnny Shines played clubs through the 50's and in '56 and '57 he worked with Sonny Boy Williamson II. By the late 50's jobs were becoming even more scarce and Shines quit the music business altogether. However in the mid-60's he returned to the clubs as a photographer. Once again he heard the blues. He couldn't resist and so slowly he re-entered the music scene.

However, today when Johnny Shines plays blues his approach is different. The audience has changed and he rarely plays clubs. Older, more cautious, he now looks at blues as an art form, rather than music to entertain a room full of boisterous drinkers. He has come to realize that his mission is in bringing back the "legendary blues", as he calls them, not just to preserve them as a museum piece but rather to breathe life into them. Whether it's the country blues of Robert Johnson or the updated electric blues of Howlin' Wolf, Johnny Shines strives for the authentic.

"You got a lot of musicians that can play the blues, but they don't want to play the original blues. They don't want to play the Mississippi Delta blues in the original form. They wants to play it with an arrangement. They don't want to have any part of the old style in which the music was born. They say the old people wasn't playing music then. Then they're not playing now because that was the beginning. Even though a mule isn't reproductive, that don't mean he isn't a mule.

"There's nothing wrong with modern blues. But it is wrong if Freddy King or Little Milton or even myself says that the original back in 1910 or 1865 is not blues or that they're not playing blues right. Because they are playing what they felt within them."

So Johnny Shines presents his blues differently than before. Today when he plays, he simply sits in his chair and lets the music ooze out of him letting it surround the listener. There are no theatrics, gimmicks and such. The music speaks for itself.

"The blues don't mean you got to jump up and down to do flips and splits and things to emphasize the blues. Why was it added to blues? You know where Wolf got his act from? From the King of it - Charlie Patton, who was a real entertainer. The thing Wolf got from Patton fitted into his music. But how many times have you played a Charlie Patton record or a Howlin' Wolf record and saw a flip in it. So what was the use of it? So what was the use of it. It was entertaining. Just showmanship. Does B.B. King do flips? No, so it's not necessary.

"Howlin' Wolf was an idol of mine when I was starting out. I used to flip the guitar, slap it around, play it behind my back and my ear. Then one day I asked myself why am I doing this and I couldn't find an answer. All the answers I could find was cause Wolf did it. Well, why did Wolf do it - 'cause Charlie Patton did. Well, why did Charlie Patton do it? I couldn't answer that so I quit it. Am I a musician or clown? So I chose to be a musician and let the other fellow do the clowning. If I wants a clown I hire one."

For Johnny Shines, the main thing is to deliver a message. That's what the blues is about. And showmanship would, he feels, distract from the story of the blues.

"I think they can concentrate on the words more this way, than if I was doing a flip, 'cause if I was flipping and got into a strain I might not even get the word out. Who cares anything about words if you're putting on a show."

Nor does Johnny Shines think it impossible to deliver a message even in a noisy club. "When you can get an audience up into the palm of your hand, the cash register don't ring no more. You could drive a bus through there and the audience wouldn't hear it because you're saying something. But if you're putting on a show, they're watching you and they're watching their mate. The guy will ask her, 'Is this boring you, darlin''? After all he isn't enjoying it too much because the average man is only going to the club because the woman wants to. Adam goes to the Garden to meet Eve. If Eve wasn't there, Adam would just pass on by."

Despite the difficulties, Johnny Shines persists on. He sees himself as a bearer of the tradition and so popular success or the lack of it, doesn't enter Johnny Shines world. He is comfortably settled in his Alabama home and there are few temptations which could make him change his course.

Knowing that there are many black colleges in the South, such as Tuskegee, I asked Johnny if he has ever played at one. When he shakes his head in the negative, I'm surprised. True I know that blues isn't very popular among blacks in a commercial sense. That is to say few blacks will buy blues records or see the musicians in clubs. But at colleges? Is it possible that in 1973 there are no black intellectuals, professors or students, who have thought of organizing blues concerts. I ask Johnny if he is bitter by this lack of recognition at black colleges.

"I'm not resentful," the bluesman answers matter of factly. "I feel that they're resentful. I feel that they're turning out the child that they've birthed. Because there's not a man in the university 40 or 50 years old don't know anything about the blues. He knows something about the blues if only it's the St. Louis Blues. And I think he should accept it. They don't understand this as an art.

"But little do they know that the blues was before jazz, pop, rock, ballads, spirituals, sanctified song, Dr. Watts (hymns). The blues came out of the soul of man. The black didn't have a happy blues. How could he be happy when his mother probably was taken away from him to another plantation leaving him alone. He didn't know who his father was in the first place. His mother is sold to another

plantation when he is 10 or 12 years old. What is there for him to have but the blues? So if he sat down to sing what had happened to him in a church, they'd have thrown him out. He's singing about what he knew about. Mother's gone - he'd harmonize that. Later on when some of the happier songs began to come around, it's because people got into a different spirit of mind. They didn't have no instruments to play. They weren't allowed to have them because the overseers thought they were sending out messages with these instruments, knowing their background that they were able to use talking drums."

Shines continues explaining that the blues is based on poverty and oppression. I grant that, but I ask him how is it that most of the recorded blues is about love and the problems attached. Johnny tries to explain it fitting into his theory of the blues. The white man, Johnny explains, bought love songs. In the beginning these songs were not called blues but field hollers, or work songs or reels. The label blues came with the recording industry in the 20's. You see prior to that, whites had told the Negroes that if they sang those reels they would go to hell and burn forever.

In early times the Negroes were sending out messages through these reels. Late at night the echo travelled further and so secret reports were transmitted through song. For instance if a boy was going to slip off the plantation or if he ran off once and went up north where he got a taste of freedom he would come back and sing about it.

"A lot of black people were captured right on the streets of New York and Chicago and places like that and they were brought back because they were personal property of someone. So they would sing about these things. Just over the river there will be joy, there will be peace. They sang them in the form of blues. They sang them in church, but the white man said you can't sing them kind of songs because you'll go to hell and everybody around you will go to hell. You are a sinner; you'll send your father and mother to hell. And if a child opened up his mouth to sing a blues song, his mother would slap him down. 'Don't you be singing them reels', wop right on the face. And you had a lot of people who wouldn't let you pick up the guitar in the house."

Johnny Shines admits that few Negroes want to hear the blues at present. But he is confident that all this will change and very soon, according to his calculations.

"Let Nixon stay in the White House a few more years," Shines laughs semi-seriously, "and then you'll hear blues because the people will be hungry and outdoors and the Negro won't have a damn thing but the blues. Right now the blues is going out to the white people who understand this is an art. They know the history of the blues and they have a feeling for it."

Johnny Shines tells the story of an incident which happened at last year's Ann Arbor Jazz and Blues Festival. Sippie Wallace was singing and a white couple who were affected by the music asked Johnny to explain why it hit them this way. Whereupon Shines asked them if they really wanted to know. The couple insisted yes. So Shines explained that what all this meant was that the murderer had returned to the scene of the crime. Sippie Wallace only reminded the couple of the crimes the white man committed against the black in the past.

It's not so much that Shines is against the whites. He knows of all the crimes in the past perpetrated by the whites. But if anything Shines wishes through his music to bridge the understanding gap between black and white. With the old blues he wants to remind the blacks of the hardships their parents and grandparents suffered. In this way they can realize what it means to be black in America. From these roots spring the feelings which nurture black pride. It's not from black exploitation films like "Superfly" and "Shaft".

And at the same time Johnny Shines recognizes that the whites too, have a beautiful folk music which came out of THEIR hardships and struggles. Shines has been in Virginia and seen how the coal miners used to and in many cases still live. "For miles and miles around every house you see is all alike and owned by the company. So if you lose your job, look how far you got to go just to get off the owner's premises. If the rent is too high, where are you going to live? You can't live in his house and get another job. You can't live in his home and trade with somebody else cause he gives you coupon books. After seeing these things I began to inquire about what went on."

Johnny Shines loves folk music of all kinds - white or black, American or foreign. Traditional music of all kinds fascinates him. In fact he can be entranced by primitive folk music which is so authentic that it is more of a ritual. Johnny Shines recalls attending a folk festival at the Smithsonian Institute once and listening intently to a few men who came from an island near the American coast.

"They was playing a cane and fife, the same thing my grandfather used to play. Some guy went into the woods and cut a cane to make a fife from it. And they had skins over heads for drums and one guy was slapping his hands and the other was doing a dance. There were four of them. I understood every damn bit of it while other people stood and laughed at them because it looked so damn silly. It was very sad. They weren't even singing, just making some kind of mimicking noise but you could tell the joyful noise from the sad noise. And these people were laughing. Sometimes I caught one by the hand and said just sit up and listen and watch them. And then their hand would tremble because the music would dig into them and they'd begin to understand it. There's something in all of it if you'd just stop and listen."

Johnny Shines is equally impressed with the folk music of other countries. While he might not understand the words, he is still moved by the sound of the music. He recalls the time he heard a young Arab boy playing a lute in Sweden.

"It was the saddest song I heard," Shines said in a choked voice. "He did so much to me. I don't care what kind of music you play; if you play effective enough, the people is going to understand it. They might not want to understand it, but sooner or later it's going to dig into them. I asked a friend of his who knew him as a child and followed the boy from place to place to hear him play why the music was so sad. Then he began to tell me the story of this boy. When he was 10 or 12, the boy would go into the parks to play his lute and people would gather round him and cry and cry. He's playing the blues, I said. But his friend didn't know what the blues is and then he'd tell me what the music was called. To me he was playing the blues; to him it was whatever he called. Deep down inside of me I knew he was playing the blues. It's all the same thing. He was telling a story, a very sad story."

For Shines, music is the truth. It is not something composed to a formula which latches on to the latest trends. On the contrary, frequently it is a question of going back. Rather than playing around with instrumental gimmicks, it is one of going back to the past to bring back songs which said how it used to be. A case in point is Tom Green's Farm which Johnny Shines wrote.

The song describes an Arkansas farm which was run along the lines of a plantation even into the 1930s. A Negro who worked on the farm could murder another Negro and nothing would happen to him. He could steal someone else's wife or daughter and take her there without fear.

The Negroes working there had rugs, nice furniture and cars, but no money. All his needs were purchased at Tom Green's store.

"I was just as scared about Tom Green's farm as anybody else but I had to go there because what I wanted was there. Those guys would get paid off on Saturday evening and they'd have big crap games. At the time I liked to shoot craps and I was playing music. I'd go over there in the fall of the year and settle with the guys. If a guy had made 12 or 14 bale of cotton he might get $200. You'd try and win it if you could get away with it."

So one can see how something like Tom Green's Farm is so removed from today's rock music scene. To Shines, it's another world entirely, and his attitude ranges from indifference to utter contempt.

"If the average rock musician," Shines points out, "had gotten the salary of the average blues musician, he wouldn't play at all. It's the salary which keeps these musicians interested. That's why all the feeling have gone away from the songs. I would like for certain artists other than myself to do my songs, but some I'd rather that they didn't do, because I don't think they would do me any good, the way they would mess up a song. I can always use the bread, but the way some of these groups do songs, I don't think they do 'em justice at all."

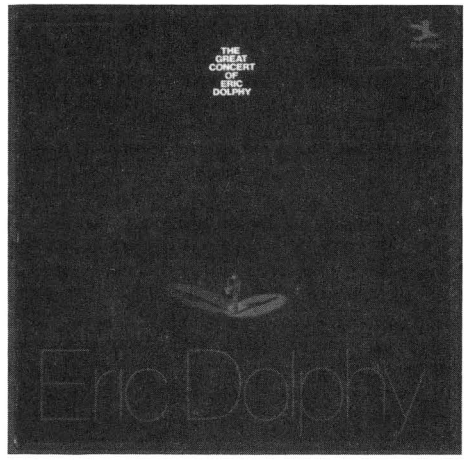
Johnny Shines is one of the most articulate and thoughtful bluesmen living today. He understands his art and is determined to put his message across to anyone who will listen.

record reviews

Eugene Chadbourne
Jack Chambers
Mark Gardner
Michael James
Eugene Kramer
John R. Nelson
John W. Norris
Barry Tepperman
Tex Wyndham

ERIC DOLPHY

The Great Concert of Eric Dolphy
Prestige P-34002



I have a theory about Eric Dolphy and Booker Little; and, like all good theories in the arts, it's great meat for discussion but has no possibility of ever being proven right or wrong. I believe that had Eric Dolphy and Booker Little had the opportunity to play together extensively, they would have developed an empathy of total role interchangeability - the "other-side-of-the-heartbeat" sort of telepathy that only Charlie Parker / Dizzy Gillespie and Ornette Coleman/Don Cherry have attained. Certainly, when they did play together their musical conceptions were remarkably similar. Both were among the most technically adept practitioners of their instruments in any generation of music. Both were responding to the challenge of extending the expressive depth of jazz harmonically - Dolphy through extension and anticipation of sequence and exploration of intonation, Little to some degree through articulation, but mainly through extension of changes and the exploitation of ensemble dissonance as a means of expanding the soloist's harmonic options. Above all, both men brought a quicksilver lyricism to their lines. But as reality was to have it, Little died when he was twenty-three, just over three months after these recordings were made; by that time, both men had played with each other enough to realize that they went well together, but not enough to realize the fuller implication of their interaction. At the time of these recordings in July 1961, Dolphy and Little were co-leading a cooperative quintet at the "Five Spot" in New York - the band heard here; that gig lasted two weeks, and that aside their musical paths never crossed in public. Before and after, Dolphy was between jobs - he'd left Charles Mingus' "Showplace" band some months before, and wasn't to mount the stand beside Coltrane until November. Little worked regularly in Max Roach's band until just before his death, when - between arthritis and kidney failure - he was just too sick to continue. They met somewhat more often in the studios (fortunately for those of us left behind!). There had been a previous session under Dolphy's name for Prestige, dates for Candid both under Little's leadership and with Abbey Lincoln, and shortly after the "Five Spot" gig Max Roach's band - plus Dolphy - would cut an album for Impulse. (Little's last date.) Nine months from beginning to end. End of fable.

A eulogy for Booker Little at this point is all too easy - and necessary. Nobody knows him now. But he, with the late Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard, was the heir apparent to the lineages of Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown in the late 1950s. Of the three, Hubbard quickly moved into other dimensions using the Brown style as one of many bases for constructing his current individuality; Morgan never really left Brownie's comfortable rut. Only Little was actively interested in taking a tradition, nurturing it and extending its bounds. He, too, has had his successors; when Woody Shaw played with Dolphy frequently in 1963 and 1964 his manner was no less close to Little's than his present style is to Freddie Hubbard's. Dolphy never really found another comparably sympathetic horn for his music. To some degree, Little's style was breaking through in these recordings. At his earlier date with Dolphy, "Far Cry", his lines inevitably had the brittle, percussive attack that marked him as an irretrievable Browniephile. Here, playing more assuredly, his articulation varies more with expressive intent - smeared at times, occasionally soft and far more shaped. But he always kept the darting, upgoing thrust of his roots.

Eric Dolphy is truly the prophet without honour; because while his friend Ornette Coleman showed that there were other ways to play jazz, Dolphy was the key to transition - the first artist to show that there was a definite evolution and pathway from where the music has been through the previous decade to where Dolphy, Coleman, Taylor, and one or two others were taking it. He surmounted the aesthetic wall first - and he did it by putting his head down and going straight through it; neither Jackie McLean nor Miles Davis nor even John Coltrane could have made their breakthroughs from their own previous styles without his lead to follow. (Coltrane had very big ears; first Monk, then Miles and Dolphy, and later Archie Shepp and Pharoah Sanders were to pull his spirituality into their auras and give him at least as much of themselves as he gave them of him. Heresy.) Dolphy, just as much, was a touchstone to musical integrity in a time of sellout. At the "Five Spot", he was playing in his most accessibly transitional style - his harmonic divagations were freely intricate, his interest in tonality as an expressive end in itself was becoming manifest, and his rhythms and linear flows were still closely akin to the Parker years. (That aspect of his music was not to break through comparably to the fragmentation he had already achieved tonally and harmonically until the last year of his life). The rhythmic setting at this time gives most listeners a grounding that allows them to approach his other ideas with reasonable comfort.

Mal Waldron seems very happy in Europe these days. At the time of these recordings, he had been one of Mingus' many pianists and was one of Prestige's house keyboard men. More pertinently, he was the most sympathetic pianist Dolphy was to find. That Dolphy would subsequently jettison the piano in favour of Bobby Hutcherson's vibes was hardly surprising, any more than the fact that Ornette had never found any orthodox pianist (i.e. anyone but Cecil Taylor) to fit his conceptions, because most pianists were still playing gross, closely-voiced chord blocks that tended to bind soloists into unwanted limitations of flow. Perhaps because of his own modal experimentations, or his admiration of Ellington's frank elegance, Waldron's lines were much more open than those of his contemporaries, and made new channels for Dolphys' free-ranging explorations rather than block off possible musical options. Usually Waldron brought a measured tranquility to the proceedings whenever he contributed; at this date, for some reason, his performances were considerably more agitated than I'm accustomed to hearing. Bassist Richard Davis, now the power-that-is in New York studios, was unremarkable at this point in his career. His association with Dolphy, was his first exposure to challenging, personal music

after gigs with the like of Don Shirley and Sarah Vaughan; and it was through his associations with Dolphy from this time to early 1964 that he was to develop into the technical innovator and sympathetic iconoclast he is now. Apart from monster technique, he shows little such promise here. Ed Blackwell had by this time come to prominence with Ornette Coleman's Quartets. His elaborate tone-rhythm inventions served in high gear as propulsive jumping points for all the other band members in this Quintet; but for some reason, in these recordings he reveals the true intricacies of his conception only at up tempos and in his own solos. In the ballads and 3/4 pieces, particularly, he lays down an embarassingly uninspired chunka-chunka-chunka that would well have been the ruin of performances by lesser men.

I needn't discuss all seven titles in great detail, because generally everyone plays as well as expected. Waldron's Fire Waltz is a sweetly lyrical waltz in the tradition of great American corn, the kind of piece that few jazzmen could play properly at all, never mind with flair. Both Dolphy and Little move freely and gracefully in its lyricism. Little's Bee Vamp is a fragmentary head for a work-out on suspended changes. The first real masterpiece in the album is Dolphy's The Prophet, an extended blues performance with an angular, smeared head, akin to Serene; it's a definitive version of Dolphy's approach to the alto saxophone and to the blues at this stage in his career. Little's Aggression is an agitated, widely-strewn performance of great power. Like Someone In Love is the one real problem in the session. Little and Waldron both achieve great, lyrical power; but Blackwell plays along in a straight, heavy-handed four, and - for his only flute performance in the set - Dolphy seems completely unable to find any direction in which to take his solo. Number Eight, another Dolphy original, is a powerful, angular performance that - overall - is the best-maintained group interaction of the set. Booker's Waltz is erroneously credited in the liners to Dolphy; it has none of the shouting angularity of Dolphy's heads. Rather, it has the easy-flowing lyricism that Little aspired to, and I see little reason to doubt the authorship credit given the trumpeter in all previous issues. It's a lovely performance on Little's part, quite possibly the best he ever recorded.

Finally, production. Prestige P-34002 is a very attractive boxed set; unfortunately, that means a higher likelihood that the records in the box will be warped when you buy them. The original monaural recordings have been rechanneled for stereo, but the job has been done with discretion, and sound balance is little changed. Nothing could be done about the one "original sin" of the date - the excrutiatingly out-of-tune piano Waldron had to cope with. My one real complaint about production is that - although the sides have obviously been remastered - the third disc has still been left with fourteen minutes on one side and fifteen on the other. This smacks to me of a rip-off when there is still one title from this date not included in the box - a glorious Status Seeking on Prestige PR7382 - whose eleven minutes could easily have been dubbed in now that an LP side can carry thirty minutes. That is a travesty - Waldron's Seeking is the most dynamic, well-paced performance of the whole night, and - to me - far superior to the version previously done in the studio by Waldron and Dolphy.

Enough said. Buy it if you don't already have it. - B. T.

JOE ALBANY

Birdtown Birds
SteepleChase SCS-1003

Hard on the heels of "Proto-bopper" (Spotlite ZEB7798) comes another album from Albany, as if to console us for the years of silence. Whilst concurring with the enthusiasm voiced by Jack Cooke in his November review in "Jazz And Blues", I must say that this new release, which was done in April 1973 in the Danish capital, enjoys an advantage which its forerunner did not share to the same degree, namely that of relaxation. Two decades and more of limited opportunities in the jazz field may well have nurtured Albany's powers as a solo performer but they cannot have made it any easier for him to achieve the right working relationship with bassists and drummers. Here, though, one senses no tension between the pianist and his accompanists and the result is an album of rare consequence, one which makes a forceful appeal throughout its 50 minutes and in which some tracks, unless I am sadly mistaken, exhibit the type of musical quality which will enable them to defy the passage of time.

Such a piece is Steeplechase, the Parker line which Wardell Gray fittingly renamed Easy Swing and which may perhaps owe its inclusion here to the entrepreneur's choice of title for his label. If so the influence is a fruitful one, for though one does not readily associate this theme with keyboard expression it proves a splendid launching pad for Albany's inventiveness. The myriad ideas, the unexpected turns of phrase, the jolting, careening cross-rhythms are astonishing even for this pianist, and yet from first to last, through the transitional bass solo and the fours with Nymand, the rendition maintains a real unity which seems, oddly enough, to stem from the very diversity of the musical means Albany employs. A similar wealth of invention marks out Sweet And Lovely, which is given an unaccompanied reading. Packed with melodic detail, its romantic turbulence is nevertheless held firmly under control, so that the imaginative richness he deploys never spills over into the florid vapidity that can so easily engulf ballad excursions of this kind. Such dangers are also avoided in comparable versions of Willow Weep For Me and Round About Midnight. By contrast, I'm Getting Sentimental and Night And Day are exuberantly swinging affairs that soon have Albany slipping the shackles of the melody to drive ahead with an abandon reminiscent of Powell himself. Night In Tunisia gets similar treatment, but is surpassed in this vein by the leader's own Birdtown Birds', a dedication to Parker and a pianistic encapsulation of that great musician's headlong asymmetry. As if subconsciously to declaim the durability of this music, Albany includes in this recital another glowing version of C.C. Rider, investing it with a subdued lyricism which contrasts effectively with the passionate intensity that must be reckoned the prime characteristic of this exceptional album. - M.J.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Paris Session 1934 & Rare Films
Rare Records 6
Tootin' Through The Roof, Volume 2
Onyx 213
A Chronological Study, 1935 - 1945
MCA 3063-72

Almost simultaneously the last of Louis Armstrong's important recordings have been reissued on lp. The 1934 Paris recordings are the only recordings made by the trumpeter between April 1933 and October 1935. Stylistically they belong with the earlier Victor sessions - Louis the virtuoso riding high and handsome over the competent assistance of his

fellow musicians. The repertoire doesn't offer us much that is fresh - after all Europe was expecting to hear the cascading brilliance of Tiger Rag and the spectacular heights of St. Louis Blues. The two-part Sunny Side Of The Street showed a Louis Armstrong who was a master jazz vocalist as well as a superb melodist. Completing the sessions are Song Of The Vipers and Will You Won't You Be My Baby. Armstrong dominates every selection, of course, but pianist Herman Chittison manages to establish some individuality and interest in his brief solos.

The American Onyx release, purportedly a legitimate reissue is marred by indifferent reproduction which makes Louis' trumpet rather thin and, on one occasion, even breaks his sound - which isn't on the original recording. The Rare Records release (from France) is much closer to the original sound of the 78s and is recommended for this reason. However, the balance of the material on the two lps poses serious problems for those collectors who are interested in music other than Louis Armstrong.

First of all let's deal, briefly, with the balance of the French release. It contains a previously unissued Decca side from 1944 - Baby Don't You Cry - which contains a Louis vocal and good trumpet. Side two is strictly for Louis collectors - sound tracks from "The Strip" "Glory Alley" and "A Song Is Born". None of the music is more than ordinary despite the presence of the 1951 All Stars (Bigard, Teagarden, Hines) in "The Strip".

The Onyx release, though, contains some delightful music by groups under the leadership of Bobby Hackett and Buck Clayton - both Louis men. They originate from Melrose 78s and were recorded in 1945. Hackett's Pennies From Heaven is a gem - one of his finest melodic statements and there's also some nice touches from Dave Bowman. Rose Of The Rio Grande is spirited dixieland of the period and has forceful solos from Joe Dixon and Dave Bowman as well as the leader. Much different, however, is the Buck Clayton session. It contains four finely crafted gems by two of the great masters - Buck Clayton and Teddy Wilson - as well as inspired playing by Flip Phillips who shows his mastery of the Coleman Hawkins school of tenor saxophone music. With his lighter tone he almost sounds like Don Byas but he plays every solo with conviction, imagination and feeling - and there's not much more you can expect from a jazz musician. Buck is outstanding with particularly authoritative solos in Melrose Blues and Love Me Or Leave Me. Slam Stewart (who seems to have made every small group session from this period) and Danny Alvin are a solid rhythm team and Wilson's articulate piano adds a distinctive touch to the session. The basic arrangements are a foundation for the solos but they contain some nice touches which add something extra to the ensembles. These selections deserve to be rescued from obscurity and add a further dimension to our enjoyment and understanding of both Buck Clayton and Flip Phillips.

The MCA set comes from Japan and will be difficult to obtain elsewhere in the world. I obtained my set from New Orleans Rascals' banjoist Junichi Kawai and you could try writing him at 16-5 Kitahorie-Dori, Nishi-ku, Osaka Japan 550. As the title says - this is a chronological study of Louis on Decca between 1935 and 1945 - a period discussed fully by John Nelson in our Louis Armstrong Special Issue (August 1973 - still available for $1.00 postpaid). This boxed set does, indeed, contain everything (almost) from this period including the oddball Hawaiian things and the selections with the Mills Brothers. One take of each tune is included (Rust lists a number of alternates for early sessions) but the only occasion where this is important is in the case of the 1940 session with Sidney Bechet. The alternate of Down In Honky Tonk Town should have been included. You also get an extended play disc containing four selections (Jonah And The Whale, Poor Old Joe, You're Just A No Account, Jodie Man) which are, unaccountably, omitted from their rightful place in the chronological study. Two out of three unissued titles (Groovin', Whatcha' Say) from August 9, 1944 are included (the third is on the above discussed Rare Records lp). Sound quality is quite good but the excessive echo which marred the U.S. Jazz Heritage reissues appear to be present on those selections. Packaging is superb and two bonus 10" lps contain Louis music from the 1920s. They include all the music on "Young Louis" (Decca 9233) as well as Copenhagen, Shanghai Shuffle, Naughty Man and Memphis Bound with Henderson (all on Collectors Classics 28 and the first two titles also on Decca 9227) plus an extra take of Wild Man Blues with Johnny Dodds Black Bottom Stompers. They must have used the U.S. Decca tapes as the same skip occurs in Easy Come Easy Go Blues. If you still have the Swaggie 7" lps of Bertrand, Dodds, Tate, Bradford and Lil Armstrong sessions keep them as they are still the best transfered to lp versions of this material.

This set closes the gap on yet another period of Armstrong's music. It's ironic (but not unexpected) that complete chronological studies of Armstrong are available from France (1920s - CBS; 1930s / 1940s - RCA), Germany (Verve material) and now from Japan comes this magnificent set of Decca sides. - J.W.N.

AND FREDDIE KEPPARD

with The Red Onion Jazz Babies
with Doc Cook's Dreamland Orchestra
Fountain Records FJ. 107

This is the seventh LP by Fountain in their Vintage Jazz Series. Previous albums have included such esoteric artists as The Louisiana Five, Ladds Black Aces, Naylor's Seven Aces, as well as the ODJB Aeolians, Morton, Lovie Austin, Annette Hanshaw. Complete sessions, all the takes, deep discographical delving, transfers from the original Gennetts, Paramounts etc. - these are the hallmarks of the Fountain label.

This disc included all eight titles by the ROJB from November / December 1924 and they feature the cornet of Louis Armstrong, the clarinet of Buster Bailey, Aaron Thompson (trombone), Lil Armstrong (piano), Buddy Christian (banjo), "Alberter" Hunter (vocals). For the later December session, Charlie Irvis replaces Thompson, and Bechet is added on clarinet and soprano. The sheer sonority of the latter instrument enables him to outshine Louis.

Freddie Keppard's recorded output was meagre and the six tunes he made by Cook's Dreamland Orchestra are all pretty trite and corny and are included here strictly for collectors interested in such historical recordings. The three titles by Keppard's Jazz Cardinals (September 1926) with Johnny Dodds are of much greater interest, and include Stock Yards Strut and both takes of Salty Dog.

This is a very well-produced LP, with Humphrey Lyttelton reviewing each and every title in detail in his scholarly sleeve notes, and needless to say, personnels and dates are fully documented, and there are some pictures of the participants and of the original records. An LP for dyed-in-the-wool collectors if ever there was one. - J.R.N.

GEORGE BARNES

Swing, Guitars
Famous Door HL-100

Nice to see George Barnes back on record. Nice to see Harry Lim heading his own label again. Barnes is a hard guitarist to classify. He came out of that Chicago scene of the 1930s but he obviously paid attention to such players as Christian and Grimes later on. If Barnes doesn't fit into any handy pigeonhole, he sure is worth listening to and this LP is a good showcase for him.

Backed by either Hank Jones or Dick Hyman (piano), Milt Hinton (bass) and Jo Jones (drums), Barnes works his winning way through a varied programme that ranged from a Django-inspired My One And Only Love to a heavy Struttin' With Some Barbecue (dig Hank Jones' updating of the old Louis classic). Barnes is a master of agility on the faster tracks but when things slow down he really lets the feeling pour out, as on Blue Again - a gem.

Actually there isn't a dud track in this set and in case you need to know before rushing out to buy the record, the other numbers are The Opener, Laughing At Life, My Honey's Lovin' Arms, Merchandise Mart Indians and Funk, Chicago Style.

Altogether an impressive launcher for

Famous Door Records and an accomplished recital by an excellent mainstream guitarist. - M. G.

BIX BEIDERBECKE

The Unheard Bix
Broadway 102

There are probably not too many collectors who will want this album, but those will want it badly. The album is aimed at those who want the Compleat Bix. Six tracks are devoted to sides on which Bix can't be distinguished at all although he was present at the date. These include two takes each of previously unissued masters by Jean Goldkette (Look At The World and Smile) and Paul Whiteman (Smile and It Was The Dawn Of Love.) In addition to these truly "unheard Bix" items, this set includes Whiteman's Waiting At The End Of The Road. The album notes say this has Bix's last solo with Whiteman, but this opinion is not sustained by the standard discographies. There's another track on which Bix' presence is doubtful - Steller Dance Orchestra's recording of You Took Advantage Of Me. Brian Rust says this is a Fred Rich group. Happily, Bix can be heard on all the other tracks, some of which were taken from truly rare alternative masters that have never been released before. There is an unissued take of Goldkette's Idolizing, a common collector's item on 78 rpm, but not a good record. Bix's chorus has a fluff, which is why this take may have been rejected. A familiar Bix-Goldkette side appears in an unissued take - I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover. Bix's ride-out has always been a favorite with collectors (he plays no solo). Unfortunately, the recording balance on the unissued master is not nearly so favourable to Bix as on the master that was released. It is hard to pick Bix out of the ensemble after his break. Two takes appear of Goldkette's In My Merry Oldsmobile, one of them never issued before. Originally, there was a waltz and a fox-trot version of this issued back-to-back on a special promotional record made by Victor for General Motors. (On this LP, we have been spared the waltz.) Bix is heard prominently on the last chorus of both takes, playing marvelous variations against a straight background by the band.

The album is rounded out with several fairly rare Bix items. One of these is Proud Of A Baby Like You (take 4). This is the master that was used on the original 78 rpm release, which is one of the hardest-to-find of the Goldkette items with Bix. The Label "X" reissue of the early 1950's used take 1. Bix's entrance on take 1 of Proud Of A Baby has a sense of urgency not found on the later cut. Two more Whiteman items complete this album. They are My Pet (take 3) and When (take 3). When (take 2) was one of the sides chosen for the six-record, 78 rpm "Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Album" issued by Victor way back in 1936. This is what the 1936 album notes said about When: "After the romantic style of the vocal trio....friend Harry Barris bursts into the limelight with some more of those weird noises peculiar to his hot singing. Bix answers him with eight bars of hot cornet." - E. K.

BUNNY BERIGAN

The Great Soloists
Biograph BLP-C10

Chick Bullock is the featured vocalist on five 1936 titles on this LP by Bunny Berigan "and His Boys": It's Been So Long, A Melody From The Sky, Let Yourself Go, Rhythm Saved The World, Swing Mr. Charlie. The first four titles were previously issued on Epic LN 3109 ("Take It, Bunny") with the Bullock vocals neatly edited out. Other "vocal Gems" on this disc include Everybody Loves My Baby (with the high-speed Boswell Sisters, 1932); Sing (vocal by Jean Bowers with the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra); and Latin From Manhattan (Red McKenzie and the MCBB, recently reissued by Jazz Archives). Berigan takes a back seat in most of these performances, but he is more to the fore in the "other" version of I Can't Get Started, which was also issued on the old Epic. Perhaps the most interesting (and non-vocal) titles on the entire LP are two recorded by Dick McDonough and His Orchestra: Dardanella, and Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea. Apart from Bunny, there is an interesting reed section consisting of Toots Mondello, Larry Binyon, and Adrian Rollini, who also plays vibes.

The final three titles include another "small group" in a rather muddy and uninspired version of In A Little Spanish Town, and two early examples of Big Band Berigan, with two additional trumpets (one of whom was named Lawrence Brown), trombone, three reeds, and rhythm: Blue Lou and Let's Do It (January/February 1937). Bunny is suitably unbridled, and the tunes give a fair indication of what was to come during his later Victor era.

The sleeve gives all the usual data, and the notes about Bunny's life and times are by John McDonough, with assistance from Bud Freeman. Berigan collectors will snap this up, but many of them may complain about the numerous gaps in his recording career still to be filled. They may also take issue with some of the personnel information listed on the sleeve. - J. R. N.

CHU BERRY

featured with
CAB CALLOWAY and His Orchestra
Penguin Swing 1937-1941
Jazz Archives JA-8

For Calloway collectors, two previously unissued titles, six previously unissued takes, lots of Chu, - it looks like another winner from Jazz Archives. Even for those who cannot abide Cab's hi-de-hi-ing and ho-de-ho-ing will find merit in this disc as he sings briefly only on seven of the sixteen titles: Sunset, Jonah Joins The Cab, Hep Cats Love Song, Geechie Joe, Bugle Blues (an effective scat effort), Who's Yehoodi?, and Penguin Swing. The last title dates from February 10, 1938 and is from acetates of a recording session for which no assigned matrices have been found, and is typical of the rare items that Jazz Archives manages to unearth.

Benny Carter is the arranger on the May 18, 1940 session that produced Calling All Bars, Who's Yehoodi?, and The Lone Ranger. Obviously thinking that Benny Carter is without peer in the field of jazz arranging, the last title is listed on the sleeve as "The Lone Arranger", an admirable description if ever there was one. Dizzy Gillespie is present on these three tunes and also on Bye Bye Blues (featuring Tyree Glenn on vibes), Sunset, Cupid's Nightmare (arranged by Don Redman), and Hot Air. The trumpet solos are, however, by Mario Bauza.

This LP is a representative sampling of swinging Cab Calloway from 1937/8 (Rustle Of Swing, Three Swings And Out, Trylon Swing) to the more brassy, brazen titles like Special Delivery (March 1941) when Jonah Jones had replaced Bauza and on which Andy Gibson made the arrangement. Cab Calloway and Chu Berry addicts can start saluting Jazz Archives by acquiring a copy of this record post-haste, assuming the posties can still haste. - J. R. N.

SONNY BERMAN

Beautiful Jewish Music
Onyx ORI 211

Sonny Berman, trumpeter, was the most stellar and shortest-lived of all the "New Stars" of the 1945-1946 Herman Herd. This album, reissued from Jerry Newman's Esoteric label, goes a long way toward explaining why Berman was so potentially important in the music. He never made bad recordings ... but he made very few, and even less in small group contexts where he could be heard at length. So the sound of his horn at this January 1946 jam is doubly important. His star fell much faster than it rose - he died suddenly less than a year after these four sides were out - and when it did it all but took his memory with it. (Anything unusual about that?)

This production makes a great deal of the presumption that Berman's music was intrinsically "different" because of a cultural background unusual to the jazz world - that of the Chassidic liturgical cantor. For justification, the trumpeter's chief advocates - Barry Ulanov and Ira Gitler - have pointed to Sonny's fluent bitonality; and, coming from the same ethnic orientation as Berman - and Ulanov and Gitler - I suppose I might justifiably differ with them on that count. The Chassidic litany is a modal music, not

tonal in the Western European sense, and while it has its moments of shifting modality around a common tonal base and times of unpretentious pantonality - when the tonal center shifts so quickly that its definition is sliding and blurred - it has few of the brusque semitonal modulations that make up the most distinctive portion of Berman's harmonic vocabulary. Where I do see his roots is in the poignancy of his phrasing - the Pres-like contemplation of each note, serene even over his frenetic Eldridge sound - in the held notes and slowly-rising lines that turn around to look over their metaphorical shoulders. (The first, slow solo of Sonny's Blues.) His most unique asset was the harmonic grace of his lines - the ambiguous straddling of two keys that abruptly but majestically leaps into a third you didn't quite see until he got there. (The second solo on Sonny's Blues, or Woodchopper's Holiday). There was only one equally personal trumpeter among all the early boppers - and his name was Gillespie. Sonny's Blues is the kind of solo you keep going over in your mind to help you get through the day.

Berman's colleagues for this jam were drawn from the Herd, plus a few who were to form the core of the "Four Brothers" band. Serge Chaloff was playing more baritone than anyone else at the time. (Who was there to compare him with in 1946? Eddie de Verteuil? Maybe Charlie Ventura?) But...he was still trying to get too many notes into too little space, and much of the time ended up placing his phrases squarely on the beat instead of behind because his ideas overflowed the barlines. He played too many notes to swing in the Pres manner he was looking for (the Hawkins influence really didn't come out until his last years, although there's a suggestion of it in BMT Face), and his tone was strictly greenstick. In effect, he had become a first-rate baritonist by playing in the same way that put Don Lanphere in the very rear rank of the tenor-playing Prezologists. His maturity was still years away. Al Cohn was much more into his own. Even though he was still fashionably behind the beat, his phrases were more complex and compact than those of most of the other "Brothers", and his harmonies were quite unlike those the other baby-fat Lesters of the time used. Trombonist Earl Swope was burry and juicy, in a Dizzy way, while Marky Markowitz (trumpet) was a typical tasty second-line protobopper with a particular admiration for Fats Navarro. Ralph Burns, long before his defection to Marlboro country, was well on his way to a personal reinterpretation of Teddy Wilson. Don Lamond made it to the session with only a snare drum; and Chubby Jackson, who set the whole date up, didn't get there at all. In 1954, when Jerry Newman issued the original discs, he had Lamond redub the drums and overtracked a bass line by Eddie Safranski. I personally would have preferred the music as it actually happened, "warts and all", so I'll reserve comment there except to say that the overdubs don't get in the way.

For some reason, between the original Esoteric issue and this one all the pieces have been retitled. The present Woodchopper's Holiday was originally Down With Up; similarly, Sonny's Blues was Ciretose, Sonny Speaks Out was Hoggimous, Higgamous, and BMT Face was The Slumbering Giant. No matter... whatever you call it, these thirty-eight minutes with Berman and Chaloff, two stars who novaed and faded from view all too quickly are amply rewarding. This album, and the Don Byes recording, make you feel like getting down and thanking God for Jerry Newman. - B. T.

DOLLAR BRAND

+ 3 (with Kippie Moketsi)
Soultown KRS113

Not surprisingly, Dollar Brand's visions of Black music start at some of the same points as Monk, and Bud, and Oscar Peterson, but from there he takes the development of the music in a glaringly personal direction - a wholly African direction. He can get as low-down sanctified as, say, a Bobby Timmons - but the harmonies he puts to his lines are peculiarly his own, and they spin like desert cyclones out of a polyrhythmically intricate root that recalls nothing so much as an elite African drum ensemble. The dry wit and imagination of his bass lines would make any mere bassist green with envy; as if that weren't enough, across it he shifts and stretches quicksand chord blocks like the overtones of a tuned drum. In most ways Brand's sound starts at the point the late Herbie Nichols spent his life trying to reach when he wrote (and composed) about the role of the drum at the root of the jazz concept. The parallel between Brand's music and Nichols' latter-day works (Rolling and African Sun, on this album, compared to Nichols' House Party Starting and Lady Sings The Blues on Blue Note 1519) could hardly be more striking. The main differences are those of cultural acclimatization.

Over the years since his well-merited introduction to the wide jazz public by Duke Ellington, Brand's musical output has been consistently excellent and consistently progressive, apprehending and appreciating all of the music's advances - as well as making his own. His vistas are ever widening; his sound and touch at the keyboard are distinctive and personal; and he requires no assistance to say his say. Some of what he does play on this album is perhaps unexpected - the moving version of You Are Too Beautiful and Eubie Blake's Memories Of You (which I've not heard done better since Mingus gave up on it). All from the heart. His performances are somewhat abbreviated, and (having heard him at much greater length in Toronto and on other recent releases) I wonder if he didn't find the studio atmosphere rather inimical. However, Dollar inhibited is still infinitely more rewarding than countless identikit pianists "unleashed".

Bassist and drummer on this date are unidentified. The percussionist, whoever he is, is incisive, but superfluous considering the pianist's own instinct for impulse. The other key to this session is altoist and kindred spirit Kippie Moketsi (as a friend said on hearing this album, "a second Dollar"), who played regularly alongside Brand and Hugh Masekela (remember him?) in the very early 1960s. Moketsi, like the pianist, merges the dominant influences of American jazz for his instrument - Hodges (his sound), Parker (harmonic incisiveness), and occasional others (Lee Konitz' ghost permeates Moketsi's into to Old Folks) - with his own church backgrounds and folk forms into an extremely meaningful and personal message with a fragmented but marvelously logical flow. His style is a heartfelt, exuberant explosion with an unshakeable blue undercurrent. Empathy is telepathy.

This is one hell of an album. South African issues are hard to come by, but - especially to hear the beautiful Moketsi horn - try and find this one. - B. T.

MARION BROWN & ELLIOTT SCHWARTZ

Soundways
Bowdoin College Music Press 41746

Since his initial forays into the New Music of the mid-1960s under the advocacy of Archie Shepp and Bill Dixon, Marion Brown has established himself as one of the most consistent and distinctive of Black alto voices. His lines have always had the gutty fire/power that the alto took on with Ornette; but Brown's solos moved with poignant contemplation, always gracefully drawing his listeners into the world in his head. His creations were open works - he brought time and space and breath into his lines as major aspects of form, so that a silence where he placed it was more telling, it seemed, than mere notes could have been. His alto sounded nut-brown/sweet. Altogether, his was an impassioned, powerful lyricism - like that of a Bunuel film where your sensibilities may be shocked by the force of your experience and the revelations of a truly interpretive art, but because of the way the experience insinuates itself into your consciousness even the shock and the sudden changes in your awareness are beautiful. If you doubt any of this, feel free to consult any of Brown's earlier recordings. (I particularly suggest "Why Not", ESPdisk 1040.)

Elliott Schwartz, classically-trained pianist and academically-supported composer, has always been one of the few creators of the post-Webern European classical idiom to attempt to bring his music into relevance in the wider world. (This is notable as well in his extra-musical activities as well. The articles and interviews he collected with Barney Childs several years ago for the book "Contemporary Artists On Contemporary Music", now out of print, stressed not only the elements of creation in the European tradition, but the need for descent from the ivory towers of grant-subsidized composition for its own sake into filling real social needs.) Like Lukas Foss in the late 1950s, Schwartz has taken up improvisation as another tool for use in his music - a tool frowned on in his tradition since the time of Mozart and preserved for his access only in the Afro-American arts. Even if the needs each sees the music as serving are divergent, it's therefore hardly surprising that he and Brown would find each other stimulating musical companions on the Bowdoin College campus.

This album was recorded in an improvised concert at Bowdoin on February 18, 1973. It is not a whole music; rather, it is a mix of two divergent experiences that temporarily dovetail to complement each other with a strange and unusual grace. In whatever he plays - alto, clarinet, piano, percussion - it is Brown who contributes the bulk of the motion and power in this interaction. His lines flow lyrically as ever, and he seems to be moving quickly toward a revival of the clarinet as a germane medium for Black expression. His alto lines move effervescently, but his clarinet has a guttier, more malleable sound that seems more immediately meaningful in this encounter; his conceptions of the two reeds are otherwise not very much different. Schwartz embellishes Brown's lines with static chord blocks and pure sound (piano, synthesizer, percussion, and various toy instruments) that respond to and heighten my perception of the saxophonist's human emotionality, but builds no real lines himself. This fascinating pointillist mosaic of texture has no flow of its own, and isolated from Brown's lines really makes little sense. (As an exercise in absolute music, it may well be successful in terms of an aesthetic for which I no longer have much sympathy, but it serves well the immediate function of complementing and stimulating Brown's creation.) In this way the encounter is radically different from that involved in a performance by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, for instance, where each artist's creation is primarily an independant expression as well as a synergistic impetus to the others; here, any drive is Brown's alone.

Essentially, "Soundways" is a unique collaboration between what I perceive as two very divergent cultural orientations toward music - absolute vs. program (or however you care to put it). On this occasion at least, it worked. "Soundways" is hardly delicate music that demands acoustic perfection for your appreciation; one seems to feel it all the more fully for living around it. Marion Brown lives in it. It's a beautiful, texturally striking and gracefully poignant return to record for Brown, again after a hiatus of some three years away from studios. - B. T. (Available for $5.00 from Moulton Union Bookstore, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine U.S.A.)

DONALD BYRD AND GIGI GRYCE

Early Byrd
Columbia KG32482

The phrases "Jazz Lab", "...goes to College", and "Composer's Workshop" gave the proper pseudo-intellectual airs to what was essentially an outside-from-the-inside palace coup against what some saw as the emotional and harmonic "excesses" of the bebop of the 1950s. Said "excesses" being, you had to have a story to tell, and you had to know your changes shotgun-fashion to get it across. This is not to suggest that uniformly the musicians involved couldn't make it as boppers - indeed many could and did, although the heads of some others were truly filled with bullshit, and a very few (George Russell and Charles Mingus come to mind) passed through the movement only briefly on their way to a more viable personal expression, However, any of these attempts always involved a certain eschewal of emotion and of invention, and this appealed enough to certain segments of white America's intelligentsia that such music remained a commercially marketable commodity for long after it would have otherwise deservedly suffered an aesthetic demise.

The band on this album was the Donald Byrd-Gigi Gryce Jazz Lab of 1957, one of the last substantial gasps of this misbegotten movement. That the music involved has stood the test of time sufficiently to warrant a reissue from ever-cautious Columbia follows from the fact that the musicians involved were first accomplished journeymen in the bebop idiom, who had assumed the para-intellectual trappings (I gather) for what were probably valid reasons (commercial?) at the time. (Also, this reissue might be connected with the recent marketplace success of Byrd's Blue Note opus "Black Byrd", which in some minds should render anything else under his name eminently marketable. Any resemblance between that music and his performance at the sessions under discussion is purely coincidental.)

Gryce, altoist with a cold, chubby, sweet sound (like grape juice after three days' fermentation) and master composer/arranger in the "Birth of the Cool" mold (one notes traces of Tadd Dameron as well as the obvious lineages of John Lewis and Gil Evans) had made his name with Dameron stateside, and playing one-nighters through Europe with Lionel Hampton's band. He was a very well-schooled composer; and having shared bus seats through Europe with Clifford Brown, he certainly knew his trumpeters. Donald Byrd suddenly materialized in New York out of the Armed Forces with his horn under his arm in 1954, and quickly acquired a name through much studio blowing and club free-lancing. At this time his playing was a singular fusion of Miles Davis' measured tranquility and the direct attack and brash tone of a Brownie. In terms of emotional

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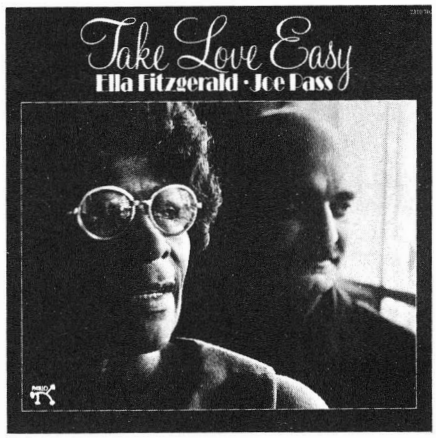

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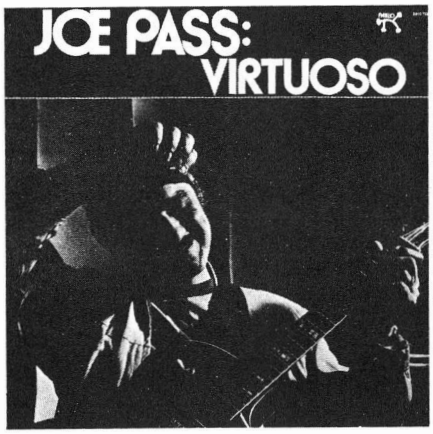

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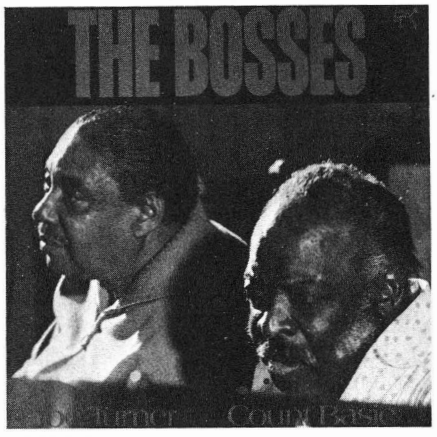
VIRTUOSO

Joe Pass

Night And Day
Stella By Starlight
Here's That Rainy Day
My Old Flame
How High The Moon
Cherokee
Sweet Lorraine
Have You Met Miss Jones
'Round Midnight
All The Things You Are
Blues For Alican
The Song Is You



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2310 709
THE BOSSES

Joe Turner, Count Basie

Honeydripper
Honey Hush
Cherry Red
Night Time Is The Right Time
Blues Around The Clock
Since I Fell For You
Flip, Flop And Fly
Wee Baby Blues
Good Mornin' Blues
Roll En' Pete

expression, however, the hybrid that was Byrd often bore little fruit, and Gryce was certainly no wailer, so that between them the co-leaders tended to infuse the rhythmic and harmonic intricacies of bop (of which they had a complete command) with an air ranging from merely fashionably cool to premeditatedly frigid.

The basic concepts of these two discs (originally Columbia CL998 and CL1059) show through best in the extended Over The Rainbow from the earlier album. While the leaders proficiently capture the surface exuberance of the music - the rhythms that bounce, flutter and re-alight, the harmonic cul-de-sacs -, Byrd crackles and sputters attractively but with little electricity or insight, and Gryce (for all his control over Bird's language) shows skills of imitation and embellishment, not of substantial expression. Far more satisfying are the band's pianists: Wade Legge, Tommy Flanagan, Wynton Kelly (Flanagan is a delight in his Over The Rainbow solo), and drummer Art Taylor (to me one of the five bop drummers, to be ranked in the same breath with Max Roach, Roy Haynes, Klook and Philly Joe. So he doesn't like the New Thing? So what?). The music swings, is pleasant and good-timey, but even at its best it's never more than a pale reflection of other men's works.

Some titles see additional horns added in static chord blocks and voicings of the "Birth of the Cool" mold; fortunately the expanded instrumentation is neither over-used nor intrusive, and again it contributes to a happy but derivative and insubstantial experience. Jackie Paris' faultily-intoned scats on disc two, coupled with the band's rather pitiful attempt at tracing the roots of jazz through blues (naturally, an educational program developed by the co-leaders for college concerts) demonstrate what seems to be a fundamental misrepresentation of those roots in Gryce's mind. (The altoist was the man most responsible for the band's repertoire.) Besides Over The Rainbow (for Flanagan), most worth your attention are Little Niles (a harmonically complex band chart whose voicings closely resemble the arrangement Melba Liston did for a Randy Weston date about a year later), and Early Bird, which - amazingly - has a head infused with the same natural blues cry of some of Ornette's early pieces. (The resemblance ends, however, with the beginning of the improvisations.)

If you have either of the original Columbias, you already know about this music, and probably don't need it again. If not, take my word for it that unless you're a consummate Byrd freak or a bebop completist you can live without this. - B. T.

CLIMAX

Volume One
Tormax 33001

The Climax Jazz Band, from Toronto, produces on this Lp a bright, personal and musical sound with some leanings toward the Ken Colyer-Chris Barber units of a few years back. The string bass-banjo-drums rhythm section is steady, direct and swinging in either two-beat or four, and the front line men have a clean sound and confident technique.

As soloists, the CJB musicians eschew flamboyance, tending toward rather conventional lines delivered in a self-effacing, almost gentle way. However, the CJB wisely concentrates mostly on ensemble in this Lp, with solos dropped in for contrast.

Their ensemble is nicely controlled, and the program is varied, including standards, rags, and even a folk tune and an excursion into the jug band repertoire. Some of the tracks are rather short, but in the more extended performances, such as Delia's Gone or As Long As I Live, the band gets under the skin of the tune and comes up with cooking, satisfying results.

Obviously made to sell at CJB jobs, the record includes some items that don't stand up well on repeated listening - a spoken introduction of the CJB musicians, a lengthy St. James Infirmary with CJB lyrics, and the CJB intermission signature theme to close Side One. On balance, an Lp that is enjoyable, though not essential. - T. W.

DON CHERRY

Relativity Suite
JCOA 1006

SEVDA

Live at Jazzhus Montmartre
Caprice 41

If music is a universal language, the fact that two remote dialects converge should not cause much consternation. It is not, after all, as if two languages converged. Just two dialects, mutually intelligible to start with.

But the distance between the musicians involved in these two albums is incredible. Don Cherry knew Oklahoma cornfields and Los Angeles ghettos long before he could have learned that the Orient existed. Salih Baysal knew Muslim mosques and Istanbul bazaars long before he could have learned that New Orleans existed. The convergence of the musics they represent cuts not so much across as right through cultures.

Sevda, the Turkish word for love, is the name of the cooperative group formed by Swedish and Turkish musicians. Trumpeter/pianist Maffy Falay is the nominal leader, and appropriately so. Since his arrival in Sweden almost two decades ago, he has gained broad experience in conventional and identifiable jazz groups. Violinist Baysal is, however, its domineering voice. An amazing virtuoso, he dictates the mood from moment to moment by the force of his original thrusts on the amplified instrument.

After Baysal, one's attention is most often attracted by percussionist Okay Temiz, whose instrument symbolizes the Sevda amalgam by arranging Turkish drums with Western skins into a unique kit. The Swedes, baritonist Gunnar Bergsten and bassist Ove Gustavsson, are relatively inconspicuous.

Sevda's first album (Caprice 31) received critical accolades wherever it was reviewed. (Coda's review appears in the October 1973 issue.) "Live at Montmartre" will be received with less enthusiasm, mainly because it is harder for Western ears to relate to. In particular, the first album added Bernt Rosengren to the quintet that appears on this album, which helped to tip the balance of power toward the West. What Western ears will relate to on this one is the energy of Baysal, who plays the violin the way Ornette Coleman would like to but never will.

Both Falay and Temiz have played with Don Cherry at one time or other, a fact which may not be irrelevant to the music of any of them. As diametric as their roots are, they have obviously communicated.

With "Relativity Suite", Cherry has fulfilled a commission he accepted in 1970 to "compose" a suite for a seventeen piece version of the Jazz Composers Orchestra. The final result strongly suggests that he undertook the task with some distaste. The suite is brief at less than thirty five minutes, and the full orchestra is heard on only three of the tracks. Very little of the final result seems to be composed at all, except spontaneously. The tracks are not movements, and the only theme is motion - energy, again.

What the Western listener can easily relate to includes Charlie Haden's bass solo on Trans-LoveAirways and Cherry's excellent solo on Mali Doussn'gouni. Neither Carla Bley's solo on Infinite Gentleness nor Ed Blackwell's on March Of The Hobbits fits very happily into the prevailing mood. In Blackwell's case, at least, the fault lies with the composition, a trite piece with a Sousa theme.

For the most part, Cherry is satisfied to commune with ching and tambura, or to vocalize in a manner that somehow weds scat singing and pious invocation. It all seems very private and inaccessible. Whatever its roots, this music can no more be described meaningfully that Sevda's can.

When the East and the West converge, the dialect is neither Eastern nor Western. Whether it is the language of the global village or just musical Esperanto, only time will tell. - J. C.

Caprice Records are available from Kulturcirkeln, Sveavagen 41, 111 34 Stock-Holm, Sweden

EDDIE CONDON

Eddie Condon's World Of Jazz
Columbia KG 31564

No, this is not an Eddie Condon Memorial

Album. It was planned long before his death and he is in the personnel of only nine of the twenty-seven recordings. His candid comments on most of the others are included in the liner notes and some are typically droll.

Of the vocalist on The Rhythmakers' Shine On Your Shoes Condon says "Chick Bullock was so bad that he once tried to carry a tune across the street and broke both legs". Somebody might be tempted to be equally scathing about Condon's vocalizing on Indiana (Eddie Condon Quartet with Tesch). The last time Columbia reissued this, they snipped out his entire vocal - which a noted British critic once described as "piping hot". Eddie also "sings" on Firehouse Blues along with the other members of the MCBB (McKenzie, Bland, Krupa). Other Condon "gems" included in this "twofer" collection: That Foolish Feeling by Bunny Berigan's Orchestra (November 23, 1936) with an Art Gentry vocal; the "B" take of The Eel (Bud Freeman October 21, 1933); You, You And Especially You by a largish Hackett group including Pee Wee on tenor (February 16, 1938); Yellow Dog Blues by the Rhythmakers (July 26, 1932), and a typical Condon Jam Session with Uncle Bill Davison and all, Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave To Me (June 24, 1954). Some of these Condon titles and some of the non-Condon titles have been reissued before but there are a few items that may persuade you to fork out for this hodge-podge of an LP. Certainly you will enjoy Condon's remarks about his many friends. A few more alternate takes or unissued items would have helped. Anyway, you can cast an eye over the following and make a decision: Easy Come, Easy Go by Lee Wiley ("She just sings the melody better than anybody, no tricks") - this dates from March 17, 1934 and I was mildly surprised that Columbia would actually reissue any Lee Wiley at all. Just A Gigolo (Louis, March 9, 1931 - "this guy sings better than anybody".); Chant In The Night, Sidney Bechet with Ernie Caceres (November 16, 1938); Krazy Kat (Bix, September 28, 1927); That Foolish Feeling (Berigan Orchestra, November 23, 1936); A Smile Will Go A Long, Long Way (Vic Berigan Orchestra with Sterling Bose February 1, 1935); Sugar (McKenzie and Condon Chicagoans - for the nth time?); Stay On The Right Side, Sister (an interesting Bing Crosby title with the Dorseys, take B, previously unissued, March 14, 1933); Riffs (James P. piano solo); Dr. Heckle And Mr. Jibe (Dorsey Bros. with Berigan and Johnny Mercer October 17, 1933); Dissonance (Mezzrow November 6, 1933); Red Hair And Freckles (Charleston Chasers/Mole July 24, 1929); Sheik Of Araby (Teddy Wilson Orchestra, previously unissued September 16, 1941); St. James Infirmary (Hot Lips Page, take 2, October 28, 1947); There'll Be A Great Day In The Morning (Frank Froeba's Swing Band with Jack Purvis December 24, 1935); The Lady In Red (Louis Prima with Pee Wee May 17, 1935 - I would like to see all these Primas reissued); The Rhythm Wreckers with Muggsy Spanier June 9, 1937 - the title is Marie with the weirdest vocal you ever did hear; I Got Rhythm (Spirits Of Rhythm October 24, 1933); Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams (Harry James Orchestra with Jess Stacy - April 27, 1938 - "If Jess was in town, I used him"); Mills Merry Makers: Farewell Blues (149955-2) which according to the notes was scheduled for Velvetone 7121-V but "probably never released" - maybe not on Velvetone, but it did appear on The Sound Of Jazz Genius (Columbia D. 77). It dates from January 31, 1930 and features Jack Teagarden and a busy arrangement. Of Teagarden, Condon says "He always played well. He had no choice; he was the boss".

So there you have it - Eddie Condon's World Of Jazz. The man will be missed, no doubt about that, and this two-disc album will bring back a few memories... but definitive Condon albums, we hope, are still to come. - J. R. N.

COHELMEC ENSEMBLE

Hippotigris Zebra Zebra
Editions Saravah SH10.024

DHARMA QUINTET

End Starting
SFP 13.006

Any reasonably normal human being can attract attention by standing on a street corner and screaming at the top of his voice. But unless that scream is somehow disciplined - modulated as to intensity, pitch, intonation, rhythm, or any combination of those - the passers-by, noting the individual screaming, will have no idea whether the problem is the boil on the guy's ass, or the fact that he's a paranoid who's just come from trunk-murdering his mother-in-law, or whether he's just celebrating his promotion to foundry foreman with unlimited rake-off rights at the federal mint. Hyperbolic, perhaps....but the point is that regardless of what the discipline is, any coherent expression in any medium must have some mutually-understood and consistent discipline if it is to be understood by anyone other than the creator. The discipline of Albert Ayler's music is different from the discipline of Charlie Parker's music is different from the discipline of Louis Armstrong's music; but for that, whether the discipline is the societal norm, or is a personal mode which strives to reset the balance point of a society, none is less disciplined than the others.

These two albums exemplify the "new music" scene in France - which to this point has, owing mainly to difficulty in obtaining recordings, been a dark corner of musical Europe. I doubt that these albums are valid indicators of the state of the art in France; I sincerely hope not, because were I required to compress my entire reaction to either album into a single easily-remembered phrase, the most benign words that come to mind would be "puerile crap". This is noise -

sound without order. For the most part. A couple of minutes here and there begin to make sense, some players begin to show some ability at thinking and fingering behind the facade; but disordered, undisciplined sound assaults the listener's sensibilities, violates his sanity and leaves him with no more than a headache and a bad taste for his bother.

"Dharma Quintet" has one redeeming feature - reedman Jeff Sicard, who however isn't adequate to save the performances from the 130-decibel electric flatulence of guitarist Gerard Marais and pianist Patricio Villarroel. Michel Gladiex (bass) and Jacques Mahieux (drums) are washed away somewhere underneath. The performances of the "Cohelmec Ensemble" warrant no such redemption. Their work encompasses the vast spectrum from Eric Dolphy to high-school football cheers, randomly accessed without even the hint of logic that "free association" usually entails. Listening to this stuff (I shudder to say "music") you know that - with the potential exception of Evan Chandlee, who has a fantastic ability at parroting Dolphy's flute style - none of these people could have an original idea, or - happening upon one - develop it with any coherence for eight bars (or whatever division seems appropriate). It's not orthodoxy versus lack of orthodoxy, or a new discipline appearing - it's a matter of people together at a particular place and a particular time for no special reason, blowing through one end of an instrument and fingering the other, standing or sitting or copulating or defeacating or whatever they were doing at the time, and not giving a damn about the result.

Obviously this sound must turn somebody on....otherwise these albums would not exist. Perhaps the attraction of these records is the fact that the sound is so without discipline, so completely meaninglessly ambiguous, that one could read any meaning one wanted into the sound coming out of the loudspeaders and be absolutely right. No doubt it was cathartic, felt good at the time if you were playing it; but apart from that orgasm there doesn't seem to be any point to the stuff now. - B. T.

CHICK COREA

Light As A Feather
Polydor 2302.022
Crystal Silence
ECM 1024
Inner Space
Atlantic SD 2-305

When I was first getting interested in jazz, I got a lot of advice from a middle-aged black pianist who taught music at a private school in the western United States. He always referred to Chick Corea as "the wimp". This wasn't because of his music. Chick Corea was a wimp simply because he wore glasses and according to my mentor, he didn't really need them. "It's all a show," he'd say. "He's just a wimp. An intellectual wimp."

Things have been improving for Chick Corea lately. He's more popular. His new record company, Polydor, buys him full-page ads in "Rolling Stone", and if you've noticed, he doesn't wear his glasses anymore.

He has a new band, which apparently has to be appreciated outside of whatever club it's playing in - word has it that the group plays so loud that sitting inside can be dangerous. The volume, and use of electric guitar and all the other dangerous rock and roll machinery, is part of Corea's now regular bi-annual attempt to get tough. Despite any avant-garde posturings, serenity and simplicity has always been at the core of his music. Many of his best compositions - Litha, What Game Shall We Play Today, Sundance - ring with the melodic ease of a nursery rhyme. He may bang on his keyboards when he thinks the critics are watching, but Corea's real touch is light. The best of music floats past like a feather suspended on a puff of wind - which happens to be the cover illustration on one of his latest albums, "Light As A Feather". This isn't what makes reputations, however, and every once in a while Corea clenches his fists, grits his teeth and comes on like a bully. His pretentious "Is" (Solid State) album was one result, and reports on his new band promise more of the same. A pity. Corea's style has really begun to flower over the last few years.

His first Return to Forever band - with Airto Moriera, Flora Purim, Stanley Clarke and assistance from Joe Farrell - had a delightfully fresh sound. It was a crystalization - both musically and lyrically - of everything Corea stands for. The year of playing and recording with this group put him into a calm, creative state of mind. When he sat down at the piano, undiluted joy and happiness would come out. It was pure emotion and sensation, not schmaltz. The music was up. It felt good.

These thoughts are inspired by the Polydor "Light As A Feather" album, featuring the original Return To Forever group, and "Crystal Silence" (ECM), an album of duets with Gary Burton on vibes. Recorded a month apart, these albums are the last sessions Corea led before embarking on his current muscle-building campaign. At the same time these albums appeared on the market, Atlantic re-released Corea's old "Tones For Joan's Bones" album along with several previously unreleased tunes from the same session on a two-record set entitled "Inner Space". A bit of leftover space on the four sides was filled with two Hubert Laws recordings Corea wrote, arranged and played on. These albums represent Chick Corea at his best. The desire on all these sessions was to play the music. The feeling is uncluttered. Though half a decade apart, "Inner Space" and "Light As A Feather" share the same direction - up, up and away. Toward the music. Away from personalities. Into a total fusion of thoughts, instruments and feelings. None of the music is brilliant.

But it all gets where it wants to go. And sometimes that's the most important thing. The recent albums spend a great deal of time establishing a mood. In the case of "Light As A Feather", one could almost say a setting as well. Listening to this album is a bit like being somewhere else - a tropical beach, perhaps. You might even get a tan listening to it. Except for a few moments where Joe Farrell leans into his tenor hard, the music is also quite fluffy. Corea's electric piano brushes against the notes, never really biting down on anything. Stanley Clarke - one of the whiz kids on bass for sure - has developed a style, tone and sound that matches Corea's playing perfectly. Airto and Flora do the rest. His drumming is clear and concise, and her singing - tight, dry and sometimes even strained - matches the feeling of the music. Politeness figures into "Crystal Silence". The combination of piano and vibes requires this to succeed - one can't really shove the other out of the way. The compositions are mostly by Corea and Steve Swallow, including excellent versions of Senor Mouse and Children's Song. Corea - back on acoustic - sounds happy and Burton as always plays with his white gloves on. "Inner Space" is what usually gets labeled "post-bop". The musicians on the Corea sessions - Farrell, Woody Shaw, Swallow and Joe Chambers - drive hard, keeping to the ground rules but sounding as if they have hopes that something else will happen. Occasionally it does - especially on Straight Up And Down, where Woody Shaw stretches way, way out.

The tunes originally stashed in the can weren't rejected because of quality. Inner Space and Guijira feature some of the best playing on the set. The Hubert Laws selections, Windows and Trio For Flute, Bassoon And Piano are the type of music Laws once recorded before he started hanging out at the CTI locker-room. The playing on Windows is nice, while the Trio is a typical "fusion" of classical music and jazz, with Laws tonguing in the true Julliard tradition. At any rate, these three albums are Chick Corea with his glasses on. It's music that can - and does, in the case of "Light As A Feather" - have a wide appeal, simply because there's nothing in it that could possibly frighten anyone away. That's what this man's music is all about in the end. After all, didn't someone say the wimps will inherit the earth? - E. C.

Bliss!
Muse MR5011

When originally recorded in May 1967, this album was Pete LaRoca's "Turkish Women at the Bath" on Douglas. The fact that it's back with us, but not on Columbia, who took over most of Douglas' masters about three years ago, and that it's now under Corea's name says a bit about the marketability of hipness. Granted that Chick Corea is the first major jazz star (from the viewpoint of public attention) of his generation, this date tells you little about him that you wouldn't already know from the more recent "Circle" and "Return To Forever" bands. He isn't featured extensively; his one lengthy solo, Marjoum, is a very elaborate modal creation obviously indebted to Tyner. But throughout you feel his commitment to music, his rhythmic and melodic incisiveness (although hardly refined to his current levels), and the sure, instinctive sympathy of his accompaniments that automatically deepens the statements around him. Walter Booker is the bass rock on which the entire album is built. LaRoca reflects a temporary infatuation with Elvin's floating polyrhythms in his Sin Street solo, but is for the most part very much his own man. Where Elvin Jones and his disciples state and build their poly-rhythms suspended between multiple lines through and over the drum kit, LaRoca implies his in sparse, melodic parallel sequences of accent and timbre making judicious use of space. His manipulation of time as an improvisational element in the same way that a superior hornmen does (ideally demonstrated on Dancing Girls) works to much the same ends - to give form to his statements and to imply what he need not say. The rhythm unit functions as a single, driving force through which a distinctive group personality is forged; so much so, that Dancing Girls or the bass workout of Bliss are not solos in the usual ego-directed sense, but rather the crystallizations of a collective identity build around and through one musician's invention by the other section members. LaRoca's seven originals are sinuous, modal, and mysterious; unselfconscious, but with distinctive melodic contours, and much more Eastern than Coltrane's fanfares to the sun.

But the man whom the album is about - to me - is John Gilmore. Gilmore has been sitting, poised to pounce, in the back of Sun Ra's various aggregations since 1955. When he moves, it's definitely something to see and hear. It's an awe-some thought, but he most certainly is the most powerful tenor around the abyss created by Coltrane's demise, he was the toughest of all the tough tenors of the mid-to-late 1950s, and in between the only men who managed to play more horn than he did were those who had either directly or indirectly taken from him. He was always there. Waiting. Coltrane at least acknowledged the debt. But the influence is obvious; the hard-tongued, sparse lines, almost spat or choked through the reed, that would mark him as a "Rollins man" or that you hear in Dexter Gordon's phrasing these days - except that Gilmore got there first. Or you hear it in the way Gilmore eats up not just changes, but blazes trails through modes - trails Coltrane turned into four-lane superhighways with suitable accomodation for even the weariest of musical fellow-travelers at every turn-around. Gilmore keeps under wraps here. His solos lack the explosive vigor of his mid-1960s Andrew Hill dates, or the emotional summits of his Arkestra performances. But even so his three lengthy statements - Love Planet, Sin Street, and Turkish Women - are creations to wash over your mind and turn your thoughts. And to put the entire evolution of the music in the past 15 years permanently into just a slightly different perspective.

The sound quality of this issue is rather echoey, and often blunts the edge of Corea's lines. If you can get past that; if you won't be too disappointed at not hearing Corea's 1973 conceptions hatching full-formed; and if you enjoy musical surprises (ones named LaRoca and Gilmore), you'll definitely dig this album. - B. T.

WITH GARY BURTON

Crystal Silence
ECM 1024 ST

ECM's release of "Crystal Silence" was one of the high points of 1973 in my view. Since it became available I've listened to it continuously - often enough, in fact, that I sometimes hear it even when there's no stereo equipment for blocks. Yet the one review of it that I came across dismissed it with a shrug (Jazz Journal, August '73). No one anywhere mentioned it in the year-end sweepstakes.

While I knew that it deserved better notice than it was getting, I was engrossed enough in my private pleasure of it not to bother. Luckily, the belated arrival of a review copy forces a response. Its arrival is belated presumably because Polydor is just catching up on its corporate commitments to ECM. In any event, the only obvious difference between the review copy and my original, apart from the coarser grain of the cover stock, is a credit line naming Polydor as the distributor. ECM's superior sound is, thank god, intact beneath the occasional surface pop that I didn't notice on the German pressing.

Corea's piano is the key to this music. Burton's vibes are the main melodic voice on every track except Desert Air. His role is to state the melodies and develop variations on them. It is a role he has reserved for himself ever since he started leading his own groups, and he brings it off with the spirit and imagination that his regular listeners now take for granted.

Everything else is left to Corea. The way he dispatches his responsibility is by fashioning stunning little obbligati around Burton's lines. His figures incorporate and sustain the rhythm but remain coherent melodically to the extent that most of the album has the feeling of a supersensitive double improvisation.

Corea's work here reveals a depth of talent that he has seldom displayed before. He is self-effacing, losing his ego to enrich the music of the unorthodox duo, and he has never played better on record.

Sure, the title tune, Crystal Silence, is much too long at nine minutes (the longest track) and becomes insipid before the end. And Children's Song, where Corea and Burton depart from the format by stating the melody in unison, would have been sharper on another take. Nits like these are easy to live with when they are surrounded by seven other well-polished performances. On Senor Mouse, Arise Her Eyes, I'm Your Pal and Feelings And Things the finish is exquisite. I can't imagine any change in any of them that would be an improvement. - J. C.

ANDREW CYRILLE AND MILFORD GRAVES

Dialogue Of The Drums
Institute of Percussive Studies no. 001

It's impossible to be acquainted with any of the ramifications of the jazz tradition without being vividly aware of the role of the drum as an ensemble texture and source of impetus for soloists. But despite the heavy African retentions underlying jazz at all stages of its development, European music was chronologically earlier in realizing the possible role of the drum as a voice of shaded tonality capable of generating meaning for itself. Edgard Varese's Ionisation (1931) is still the masterpiece of "classical" percussion ensemble, with a filigreed, mathematically precise linear and tonal interplay that yields a subtle irony. Experiments toward a comparable realization of the drum in jazz started comparatively late, with the emergence of Max Roach and Chano Pozo in the late forties and Art Blakey and Elvin Jones in the fifties; and - Sonny Murray (who pulled in different directions) notwithstanding - the first culmination of spirit and content directly comparable to Varese's work on an improvised basis arrived as recently as 1965, with the Milford Graves "Percussion Ensemble" recording (ESPdisk 1015). Graves and his accomplishments were quickly joined by comparably complex percussion conceptions from several masters who had been working previously toward similar ends - Andrew Cyrille, Ed Blackwell, Rashied Ali.

Given the similarity and the complexity of their idioms, it's hardly surprising that this set of duets by Cyrille and Graves would be highly charged, highly empathetic (to an extent that - regardless of the liner notes' breakdown of the artists' performances by title and instrument - it's not realistically possible for most listeners to distinguish the two), and generally extremely rewarding musically. Given the degree of complexity their interactions achieve, it's difficult for me to comprehend (without aural evidence) the contribution that their usual third voice - Rashied Ali - could make. For all its excellence, "Dialogue of the Drums" represents a definite musical advance since Graves' 1965 efforts or his 1967 duets with Don Pullen - or, for that matter, since Varese. To begin with, the ESPdisk album was dominated by Graves alone - Sonny Morgan's playing was spotty and seemed either supercilious or afterthought much of the time - whereas here the two men share the creative impetus so equally that differentiation of role is inconceivable. The ESP work and the titles with Pullen were still highly civilized, comparatively westernized performances, in that the musicians remained confined to the established limitations of their instruments without moving to other available resources. Varese, although revolutionary for his day, was being self-consciously primitive in taking sirens into Ionisation for a superimposed emotional content in what would otherwise have been a technically too-perfect, sterile work. Graves and Cyrille use whistles and their voices in a roughly analogous role, but in the much more highly charged percussive contexts they create, these elements seem not so much conscious emotionality as attempts to reAfricanize the music; and extremely effective they are in reaching that end. Specifically in the selection Call And Response, but notably elsewhere in the recording as well, Graves and Cyrille call on communal resources, playing on the audience and its response to the evolving music as an extension of their drum kits.

I don't know what else to say. This is very heavy music, one whose fullest implications I don't believe I can grasp in a way that could be put into words for you to understand. "Dialogue of the Drums" was recorded in concert at Columbia University in January 1974; quality of pressings is excellent. Perhaps percussion ensemble performances are an acquired taste; but these are so rewarding that I can only encourage you to sample them. Drums do talk; and the fruits of this musical concord are juicy and rich. - B. T.

(Available for $5.00 plus $1.75 postage and handling (U.S. funds) from IPS, P.O. Box 329, Lincolnton Station, New York, N.Y. 10037, or from Andrew Cyrille, 18 River Street Extension, Apartment 321, Little Ferry, N.J. 07643, U.S.A.)

DON EWELL

88 Up Right 88UR-002

The range of Don Ewell's expression at the piano is truly astonishing. When recording with the Preservation-Hall-style musicians, he plays their uncluttered, direct jazz as if born to it, yet at the other end of the spectrum, his Lp with Willie "The Lion" Smith shows him fully the equal of one of the masters of the idiom at "Harlem stride" piano.

In this Lp of twelve solos of numbers recorded by King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, a reissue of Windin' Ball 103 recorded in 1952-53, Ewell essays something of a ragtime approach, heavily tinged with Morton influences. Again, the style seems just right for the material, much of which has the multi-theme character of the typical rag.

These are among Ewell's earliest solo recordings, but as he was 36 at the time, with extensive jazz experience, they display a mature, talented and confident pianist. Using a light but highly rhythmic touch, and a full, two-handed style, Ewell gives each tune a straight-ahead, satisfying ride.

In light of the above-mentioned variety in Ewell's recorded output, and the consistent good taste and skill of his playing, you really can't have too much Ewell in your collection. This Lp was hard enough to find in its previous incarnation twenty years ago, and it's good to have it back. - T. W.

CRYSTAL CLEAR

On December 9, 1945 Cliff Jackson recorded four piano solos for "Disc". You Took Advantage Of Me, Tea For Two and Memphis Blues came out on 78 rpm under Cliff's name (all had Don Frye, singing to his own piano accompaniment, on the other side). However, the fourth number, Sweet Lorraine appeared on the Scandinavian label, "Baronet" TR 6 under Joe Sullivan's name. On the backing of it was another "take" of Memphis Blues (by Cliff Jackson) but for inexplicable reasons, like its verso, this also was labelled "Joe Sullivan, Piano Solo".

Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen does not seem to know the existence of Baronet TR 6. However, in connection with Memphis Blues, he indicates a Baronet 15 issue with the following mention: "On Baronet labelled as by Joe Sullivan (for reverse see James P. Johnson)". Unfortunately, I have never heard Baronet 15 and cannot state, as a consequence, whether this particular Memphis Blues is the same as on Baronet 6 or if it is identical with Disc 197 or perhaps still a THIRD take of Cliff playing Memphis Blues? Can anyone help, please? Someone who has heard the THREE recordings?

"Disc" was a subsidary label of "Asch" / "Folkways" Records, run by Moe Asch of New York City. Not only Cliff Jackson but also Joe Sullivan (hence the confusion) and James P. Johnson recorded for him in the middle forties. A recent LP issue by Joe Sullivan, Folkways FA 2851, "Joe Sullivan - Piano", didn't include - as I expected - any work by Cliff Jackson. All the material is unmistakably by Joe Sullivan.

However, on "The Original James P. Johnson" on Folkways FJ 2850, there are again two tracks by CLIFF JACKSON: Sweet Lorraine, a different although in conception very similar "take" to the one used on Baronet 6 (Cliff always used "his arrangement" for Sweet Lorraine and Memphis Blues, two numbers I often heard him perform in person, hence the great similarity between the different "takes") and Memphis Blues, identical with Baronet 6 (but NOT with Disc 197, as pointed out above). The two tracks mentioned appear on the second side: Sweet Lorraine is track 3 and Memphis Blues is track 5. Cliff's Sweet Lorraine is played in medium / fast tempo while James P. Johnson's own - track 8 - is taken in a much slower tempo. Incidentally, this latter is a VERY different "take" from the one which appeared on British XTRA 1024 LP, "James P. Johnson". Furthermore, Euphonic Sounds (track 6) is not a piano solo but a band try-out by the same group which recorded five titles (Stinson LP 21) on June 12, 1944. Eddie Dougherty is clearly audible throughout, Frank Newton and Pops Foster from the second half on and Albert Casey joins in near the end. But the idea (or result) of Euphonic Sounds as a group performance must not have pleased the people responsible and James P. played the final version as a piano solo (Stinson LP 21).

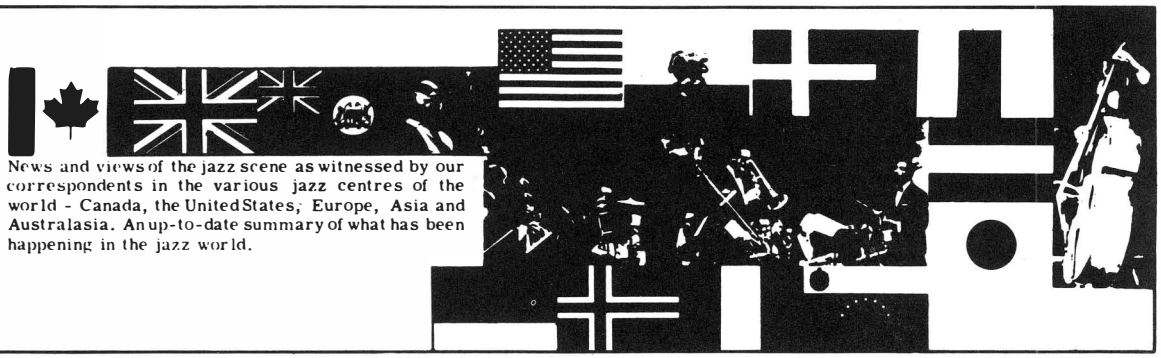
It is wonderful to have all these different "takes" of James P. Johnson's works. It makes no difference whether they were finally accepted by the supervisors or if they got rejected. He was one of the greatest artists ever to grace the jazz scene and there will never be nearly enough of his art available to the growing number of his admirers. Since most of the tracks on Folkways and XTRA are different takes, I urge you to get both albums as fast as you can. And Joe Sullivan's also, if you still have a little money left. And, as a bonus, you are getting two tracks by Cliff Jackson on the James P. Johnson album!

Footnote 1: Speaking of James P. Johnson: there are far too many people who are not aware of the fact that on his "James P. Johnson Piano Solos... Fats And Me... 1944" (MCA 510085) the entire first side is DIFFERENT from Swaggie S1211. MCA used the session with Eddie Dougherty on drums while Swaggie published the piano solos without any accompaniment at all. I know quite a few people who thought that the listing of the Fats compositions WITH DRUMS was a discographical mix-up, i.e. that, in reality, only the eight SOLOS existed. Fortunately, this is not so.

Footnote 2: In Jazz Journal of February 1974, I read that Kenneth Noble identified Mary Lou Williams as playing Aquarius (from her Zodiac Suite) on the track lebelled Impressions on James P. Johnson's aforementioned XTRA 1024! I have never heard Aquarius but I am certain that Mr. Noble is right since I know that he has an exceptionally good ear. I have always been amazed at the modern chords on this particular track but the idea did not occur to me that the performer was NOT James P. I figured - a bit naively, I must admit - that James P. could play this way when he DELIBERATELY WANTED to do so. I should have known better because there is NOTHING in Jimmy Johnson's entire recorded work where he is heard playing - and were it only for a few seconds - this kind of modern chording and entirely modern phrasing! - Johnny Simmen

Photograph of James P. Johnson courtesy Folkways Records #FJ 2842

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 Ontario Government funded a considerable amount of music this summer at Ontario Place, where jazz groups performed nearly every Saturday. Particularly intriguing, I suppose, was the appearance of Laurindo Almeida, Bud Shank, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne. This summer, in fact, saw more Hollywood musicians in Toronto than can be remembered in a long time. Perhaps the lucrative appeal of the studios wears thin after a while!

The government was also behind the Harborfront activity - which saw the resurrection of the Bohemian Embassy as well as many open air events. These culminated over the Labor Day weekend with a two-day mini-festival which was free of cost to the patron. The music was hardly free and generally reflected the conservative thoughts of those behind the project. Some jazz is better than no jazz, however, and hopefully this event will lead to more activity next summer.

Sadik Hakim is to record for the CBC with a quintet which includes alto saxophonist Dale Hillary (now off the road and out of Lighthouse) and percussionist Clayton Johnson. It's unclear, at this time, whether the music will be available to the public or whether it will be preserved in transcription form.

The Fall Concert Season is at hand and both Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock will have played at Seneca College by the time you read this. Anthony Braxton's October 7 concert at Burton Auditorium in York University is potentially the most exciting event to take place. With him will be Dave Holland and Jerome Cooper with trumpeter Kenny Wheeler a definite possibility as the fourth member of the band. The Actor's Theatre (390 Dupont Street) began its season with appearances by Alvin Pall's trio (Michel Donato and Claude Ranger) and the London Experimental Jazz Quartet under the direction of Eric Stach.

Channel 19, the Ontario Educational Television station, will be showing John Jeremy's films this fall. "Born To Swing" is scheduled for Sunday, October 6 at 10 P.M.; "Jazz Is Our Religion", October 20 at 10 P.M. and "Blues Like Showers Of Rain" on November 10 at 10:30 P.M. These films form part of an overall series entitled "Experience With Music" to be seen every Sunday night in prime time.

Grossman's Tavern has expanded its jazz policy and now features various local groups in a more contemporary vein the first four nights of the week. Sitting in is no longer encouraged but this should provide an impetus for groups to establish their own repertoire and ideas. You should also check the Lansdowne Tavern as they are trying to build up a more jazz-oriented policy. The quality of the music is variable.

The Climax Jazz Band, after two years at the Brunswick House, have moved to Old Bavaria on St. Joseph Street. They have a three month contract. They also continue their Saturday afternoon sessions at Malloney's.

The Ragtime Society hold their annual bash at the Cara Inn on Saturday, October 19. Many ragtime practitioners will be on hand and further information is available from P.O. Box 520, Weston, Ontario.

Saxophonist Mike Armstrong is presenting his group in concert at Convocation Hall on October 19.

Bourbon Street continues to draw healthy crowds (although it would be nice if they paid more attention to the music) and has pulled off a number of booking coups which have proved most stimulating. Phil Woods was back at the beginning of September and sounded more comfortable with a rhythm section of Bernie Senensky, Richard Homme and Claude Ranger. Woods and Ranger really got off on each other and only the conventional thinking of the other musicians prevented Woods from soaring outside - as he has proved capable of with his recordings with the European Rhythm Machine. Bill Evans followed Eddie Gomez and Marty Morell. Despite a cover charge (necessary) for this attraction it proved difficult to get near the door without a reservation.

Lucky Thompson's arrival at Coda's doorstep one sunny day was a pleasant surprise. The saxophonist had been travelling through Northern Ontario on vacation and was full of plans for the coming year. He expects to do more playing and may well be back in Canada before long.

Quebec City readers will be happy to know that the winter concert series being held at Pavilion Pollack, Laval University is under way with concerts on the first Sunday of October through December and then on January 16, February 9, March 3 and April 6. Musicians had not been finalised for every event as we went to press.

Illinois Jacquet, Milt Buckner and Jo Jones returned for two weeks at the Colonial in mid-August. Their mixture of show business and quality music drew appreciative applause. Jacquet also took the opportunity to introduce his new album - on his own label. It's a concert recording (1973) which features Arnett Cobb on second tenor plus Milt Buckner and Panama Francis.

Toronto's Library Board has closed the Nordheimer Room at the Music Library. This recital hall was ideal for aspiring musicians of all styles to present themselves in ideal settings. The room included two magnificent grand pianos and was also equiped with movie projectors and its closing leaves a large gap in the available halls for rental. According to the Library Board, the room was needed for the storage of books! Tartu Auditorium, 310 Bloor Street West, featured Maury Kaye Trio and Royal Blue and Carlton Vaughan Blues Band (including saxophonist Jim Hinneman) on September 20 in a lengthy late night session.

- John Norris

THE SCENE

ALBERT'S HALL, THE BRUNSWICK
481 Bloor Street West
Dixieland Bands - six nights a week
BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen St. W.
September 30-
October 12 - Pepper Adams
14-26 - Jim Hall
28-
November 9 - Al Cohn
COLONIAL TAVERN - 201 Yonge St.
September 30-
October 4 - Cannonball Adderley
14-19 - George Benson
21-26 - Grover Washington
28-
November 2 - Hank Crawford
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina
September 30-
October 5 - John Lee Hooker
14-19 - Otis Rush
21-26 - James Cotton
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
ANTHONY BRAXTON - Burton Auditorium
York University - October 7 (with David

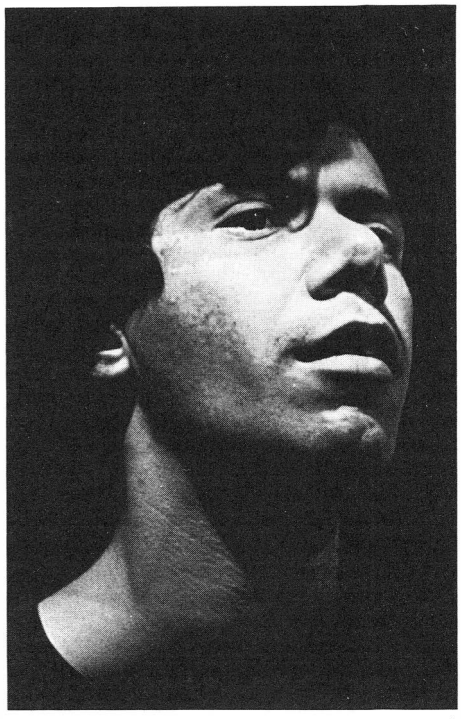
Holland, Kenny Wheeler, Jerome Cooper, Richard Teitelbaum
ANTHONY BRAXTON - Solo Saxophone concert - October 11. Location not available at press time. Phone 929-5065 for more information
MIKE ARMSTRONG ENSEMBLE - October 14 - Convocation Hall

LOS ANGELES

Chick Corea's opening night at Doug Weston's Troubadour was so packed that, even with a fistful of credentials, including Polydor comps, I had to hassle my way through the door. It was well worth it, too. Chick's new Return To Forever group features the incomparable Stanley Clark on bass, Lenny White on drums, and - the new man - Al DiMeola on guitar. Al replaced Bill Connors two months ago, joining Chick only three days before their Carnegie Hall concert. They rehearsed 10 hours a day, all new music, and played the gig. What a way to join a group! Needless to say, the Troubadour opening here was a resounding success. Al feels relaxed with the music now, is a technical wizard, and is a dynamic force in Chick's "team-work" concept - "the balance between co-creation, the finding of common realities, and individuality." Chick's new record, Where Have I Known You Before, his first recording in over a year, will be released in Polydor's fall line-up. "It's one of the most exciting records I've ever made", says Chick.

The National Association of Television and Radio Artists (NATRA) held its annual week-long convention this year at Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel. Business meetings days, concerts nights. Opening for Blue Note Records the first night were Donald Byrd, Bobbi Humphrey, Gene Harris, Ronnie Foster, and Dom Minasi (a guitarist, the first white artist ever signed by Blue Note). When Byrd came on stage, he said, "Jug (Gene Ammons) just died this evening. I'm going to play to the Lord for him". He played his classic Cristo Redentor (New Perspectives, Blue Note 84124), the piece that was aired on radio for 24 hours in N.Y.C. after Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated. Capitol Records' night featured Nancy Wilson, Gene Redding, and Tavares. Motown's evening was a smash. Smokey Robinson MC'd, and sang Ohh, Baby, Baby. G.C. Cameron (ex-Spinner), The Temptations and the Jackson 5 starred. On the final night Columbia withdrew Herbie Hancock, Johnny Mathis, and Earth, Wind and Fire without explanation. Stevie Wonder, who had not rehearsed in two months, came to the rescue and sang and played to a crowd that cried for more.

The Watts Summer Festival, which last year drew 70,000 people, drew only 3,000 this year at the 100,000 seat Los Angeles Coliseum. A pathetic flop, and a bore except for Stevie Wonder, who once again came to the rescue. Note: Billy Eckstine recently went on and on about Stevie, calling him "the Duke Ellington of today. He's only 24", exclaimed Eckstine. "Can you imagine what he's going to be doing when



he's 35 or 37, and really knows what's going on?"

McCoy Tyner is making one of his very rare West Coast appearances at Howard Rumsey's Concerts By The Sea in Redondo Beach. Milestone Records has designated September 15-October 15 McCoy Tyner Month and is releasing two new discs - one a piano solo album recorded in Japan, the second a quintet album. Also, McCoy just finished recording a live album at San Francisco's Keystone Korner Club. More about McCoy's Concerts By The Sea performance.

Chuck Mangione, fluegelhornist/composer/arranger/lyricist and leader of a 33-piece big band, filled the Shrine Auditorium for a one night concert. Esther Satterfield and Don Potter sang. Leonard Feather said Ms. Satterfield's performance had a "star-is-born" quality to it, which indeed it did.

For the last couple of months Art Pepper has been featured at L.A.'s major jazz club, Donte's. Pepper's life has been checkerboarded with drugs and jails, but, after straightening out for three years in Synanon, he's been back on the scene for over a year now, and is playing his sax better than ever. Other Donte's jazzmen this month include Joe Pass, Herb Ellis, Bill Berry, Tony Rizzi.

The most exciting addition to the L.A. club fare has been the Playboy Club's new jazz series. Cannonball Adderley and Joe Williams just finished. Stan Getz is up. Dizzy Gillespie, The Dukes of Dixieland, Supersax, and Earl "Fatha" Hines are coming. Playboy's prices are high, but the surroundings are plush, and the music is tops.

Mose Allison is down south in Hermosa Beach at the Lighthouse. Art Farmer just closed; Milt Jackson/Ray Brown open mid-September.

Other action: Paul Horn in a one-night benefit concert for the L.A. Free Clinic at the Scottish Rite Auditorium . . . gorgeous Tina Turner and the Ike & Tina Turner Revue performed one show at the Hollypark racetrack . . . the new Baked Potato Club in Santa Monica has been featuring Don Randi, Harry Sweets Edison, Lee Ritenour and Dave Grusin . . . the upcoming El Camino College 1974-75 jazz series leads off with Gerald Wilson October 8. Woody Herman follows November 7. Other groups - The World's Greatest Jazz Band (Bud Freeman, Gus Johnson Jr., Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber and Bennie Morton), and Count Basie, featuring Jimmy Ricks . . . Disneyland is not all Mickey Mouse hats and pirate rides - big bands are featured at the Plaza Gardens, and Woody Herman presides there now.

- Lee Underwood

NEW ORLEANS

Most jazz fans, whatever their stylistic preference, would acknowledge that the City of New Orleans and its environs had an important influence upon the development of early jazz style and its emergence as an identifiably separate musical form. The more their stylistic preference is towards early jazz, the greater the significance the City of New Orleans will have for them. A visit to New Orleans acquires the ritual of a pilgrimage, and the desire to make the ceremonial visit can only be satisfied by consummation.

A trip to New Orleans costs time and money. The more time you have, the less your transportation to the city need cost, but one way or the other, a significant expenditure of time and/or money is involved, so the would-be pilgrim necessarily asks himself whether it will all be worthwhile. In this article I would like to assure him or her that the effort is really worth making.

My pilgrimage had two aims, to experience the environment in which early jazz developed - if possible to locate and document some of the actual sites where this took place - and to listen to any surviving members of the early jazz community. The first aim was naive. Every structure mentioned in the annals of the 1870-1920 period has been torn down - only the street names remain to haunt us. Housing developments, supermarkets and parking lots now stand where Bolden stomped.

The second aim was acheived more fully than I had dared to hope. There are a lot of musicians to be heard, and the best way to illustrate this is to reproduce the notes I kept of whom I heard playing on each of the six nights that I spent in the city. To give a rounded view, I am mentioning revivalist as well as original musicians, and include related-interest music as well.

SUNDAY
Harry's Place (Dumaine): The Society Jazz Band. Revivalist group with interesting older saxophonist and pleasant singer.
Preservation Hall (St. Peter): Louis Nelson (trombone) with trumpet, clarinet, piano, banjo, bass and drums.
Maison Bourbon (Bourbon): Freddie Kohlman (drums) with band including excellent trumpet player.

Chick Corea photograph by Jørgen Bo

MONDAY
Paddock Lounge (Bourbon): Thomas Jefferson (trumpet/vocal), Tony Mitchell (clarinet), Pharious Lambert (piano), Curtis Mitchell (bass) and Alan Pecard (drums).
Preservation Hall: Harold Dejan (alto), Joe Thomas (clarinet), Wendell Eugene (trombone), Sweet Emma (piano), Emmanuel Sales (banjo/vocal), with trumpet, bass and drums. Wendell Eugene is a particularly fine trombonist.
La Strada (Bourbon): Clarence Frogmouth Henry and group.
TUESDAY
Easy Eddie's (St. Peter): Smiling Joe (a.k.a. Pleasant Joe). Great blues piano and vocals.
Preservation Hall: Kid Thomas Valentine (trumpet), Paul Barnes (clarinet), Emile Barnes (tenor), Louis Nelson (trombone), Emmanuel Sales (banjo/vocal), with bass, piano, and drums. Kid Thomas is fantastically strong for his seventy-eight years.
Downtowner (Bourbon): Louis Cottrell (clarinet), Alvin Alcorn (trumpet), Frog Joseph (trombone), Walter Lewis (piano/vocal), Placide Adams (bass/vocal), Louis Barbarin (drums). This band offered the best blend of authenticity and competence that I heard.
WEDNESDAY
Easy Eddie's: Smiling Joe.
Preservation Hall: Albert Burbank (clarinet), with trumpet, trombone, banjo, bass and drums. I could hear traces of Johnny Dodds in Burbank's playing.
Downtowner: Louis Cottrell and band.
THURSDAY
Crazy Shirley's (Bourbon): Albert Papa French (banjo/vocal) and band.
Easy Eddie's: Snookum Russell (piano/bass) and quartet.
Downtowner: Louis Cottrell and band.
Preservation Hall: Kid Sheik Cola (trumpet), Albert Burbank (clarinet), Wendell Eugene (trombone), piano, banjo, bass and drums.
FRIDAY
Famous Door (Bourbon): Murphy Campo and band. Tourist dixie.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson and band.
Ivanhoe (Bourbon): Heavy B.B. King influenced blues group.
Downtowner: Louis Cottrell and band.

Two other clubs which looked promising were Funky Butts, on Toulouse, and The Blue Angel on Bourbon. Louis Jordan was in a show at the Marriott Hotel, Armand Hug played solo piano at the Royal Orleans Hotel, and Alvin Alcorn and his band were featured during the Sunday Jazz Brunch at the Commander's Palace.

All the clubs listed above, and the New Orleans Jazz Museum, are in the French Quarter. This is obviously the best location to stay; any apparent economy in staying in outlying motels is probably dissipated in taxi fares or car parking. It is also the area which gives the city its architectural distinction, with streets of old houses, ornate ironwork balconies and restful cool shaded courtyards.

For my money, I think my visit to New Orleans was worthwhile, and, if that's your sort of music, so will you. Ron Sweetman

DENMARK

Ella Fitzgerald with Tommy Flanagan's quartet and Roy Eldridge and Eddie Davis did a concert in Copenhagen in March.

Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal and his trio played Montmartre in April, and Mal Waldron, now living in Munich, Germany, visited Denmark in June and played at Montmartre and Tagskaegget.

Gil Evans and his band was the top attraction at the Holstebro International Jazz Festival 1974 with Hannibal (Marvin Peterson) and Howard Johnson as the two main soloists. Woody Herman and his enthusiastic Herd was another delight, and Wild Bill Davison substituted for Benny Carter and Harry Edison. Also several Danish bands appeared at the festival, the first of its kind in Denmark.

Lee Konitz and Red Mitchell performed as a duo in several clubs in Denmark and Sweden. Konitz and Mitchell were among the teachers at the yearly Vallekilde Jazz Clinic and they recorded an album for the SteepleChase label with eleven Cole Porter compositions - played in ten different keys. Konitz also recorded 40 minutes of solo saxophone for the company - let's hope for a future release.

Nils Winther, busy SteepleChase manager, has just announced for release albums by Kenny Drew and Joe Albany - both with Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, Anthony Braxton, a trio album from Kenny Drew, Jackie McLean with Dexter Gordon (volume 2), and two albums with that fine Spanish pianist Tete Montoliu. In the planning stage is an album with Dexter Gordon with strings.

78-year old singer Eva Taylor, widow of pianist and composer Clarence williams, visited Denmark in August and September gigging with Danish bands.

World famous Jazzhus Montmartre in Copenhagen will be closing down its activities on September 7, but efforts are being made to have the place re-established as a jazz restaurant.

- Roland Baggenaes

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

Organized jointly by the Information Service of the U.S.A. Embassy and the Cultural Service of the City of Buenos Aires on August 3, a memorial concert for Duke Ellington was held at the Coliseo Theatre. Enrique Villegas, the renowned Argentine piano player and the Antigua Jazz Band were on hand to pay homage. On August 1, 2, 3, and 4, a memorial concert for Louis Armstrong was also held at the Theater Santa Maria del Buen Ayre. These concerts were held in front of capacity crowds and featured Dixiebanda, Hernan Oliva & His Quintet, Portena Jazz Band; on the second day, The Red Hot Banjos, Swing 39 and the Portena Jazz Band; at the second show at 11 P.M., Fenix Jazz Band, Hot Jammers and again Portena Jazz Band. On Sunday the 4th, closing day, The Peniques (new Chicago style band), Swing 39

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present

CREATIVE MUSIC 1V

1. JOSEPH JARMAN - Saxophone Solo Concert - Wednesday October 2, 1974 - 8.15 p.m.

2. DONALD MOYE - Percussion Solo Concert - Thursday October 10, 1974 - 8.15 p.m.

3. MALACHI FAVORS - Contra Bass Solo Concert - Wednesday October 16, 1974 - 8.15 p.m.

4. ROSCOE MITCHELL and the CAC ENSEMBLE - Wednesday October 23, 1974

SKY THEATRE
ABRAMS PLANETARIUM
MSU CAMPUS, EAST LANSING
MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

and the Antigua Jazz Band were on hand.

The Portena Jazz Band have decided to tour Europe in 1975! They are interested in staying 45 days in Europe with practically one concert (or more) a day, taking in as many countries as possible. Portena is seeking managers, or impressarios, in the different countries in order to have a successful trip. Therefore, managers in all countries with good contacts are required. Please write: Martin J. Muller, Alfaro 993, Hurlingham, Baires, Argentina. Portena Jazz Band has also signed with Emi-Pathe Marconi (Columbia label) for their second L.P. in France for the European market.

The New Orleans Jazz Band, from Mendoza, is preparing to travel to New Orleans. No definite date for their departure has been set.

Delta Jazz Band: In the process of recording their third L.P. with some of their own themes and standards like Copenhagen and others. Swing 39: a small combo, along the idea of the HC of France with 3 guitars, bass and clarinet are recording their second L.P. Portena Jazz Band recorded 3 T.V. programs in Argentina, a program called Jazz At Midnight. They have set the date for their trip to Brazil (the 2nd). Portena will be playing in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

Oscar Aleman & his Quintet gave a concert on September 26 in the Coliseo Theatre. Hector Lopez Furst Quartet gave a concert on August 20 at the San Martin Theatre. Their own compositions were played for a discerning audience. Antigua Jazz Band recorded their 4th L.P. with invited guest Monte Ballou, banjo player of the Famous Castle Jazz Band.

Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Ellis Larkins and Marian McPortland were in Argentina for a one day concert. Playing before a capacity crowd at the Coliseo Theatre for a solo piano session, all 4 musicians gave an excellent impression. Charlie Mingus: the famous musician announced visit in mid September. Oscar Peterson, also supposedly is to come to Latin America.

Leandro "Gato" Barbieri is in Buenos Aires. Gato suspended all concerts in Argentina (he plays only in "jams") and formed a new band. He will go the Newport Jazz Festival organized by George Wein in Tokyo.

PERU

During my visit to Peru, I had the chance to listen to the Richie Zellon Blues Band. He is really good and has played in the U.S.A. with Taj Mahal, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Woodie Guthrie (Jr.) and others. I was also impressed by Almirante Jonas Aragon, a Brazilian musician who plays a mean tenor sax and clarinet. Rarely have I heard anyone with so much swing and feeling. He played in his early years with Chu Berry.

Nil's Ensemble: Another good combo, along the lines of Zoot Sims. Good side men included Nilo Espinoza, Columbian born, who is a fine flute player. There was also a good piano player, Bernardo Ruiz Vallejo and drums.

CHILE

In the Jazz club of Santiago we heard the Santiago Stompers, the Dixielanders, and the Retaguardia Jazz Band. Also, an 8 man modern jazz band called Swingtime is an excellent group led by Daniel Lencina (trumpet and flugelhorn). There are about 10 jazz programs on the radio every day and 1 T.V. program a week.

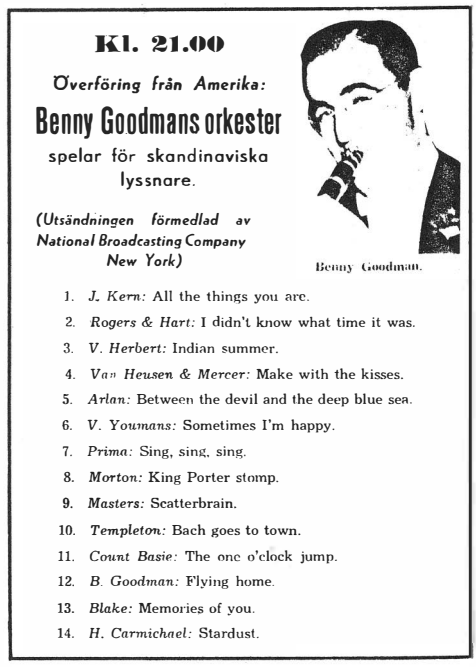
The Chilean-American cultural community gives preference to successful modern jazz. Since last year Albert Mangelsdorff, Bill Evans, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Elvin Jones have performed.

- Martin Muller

B.G. LOST & FOUND

In Walter C. Allen's superb Henderson book (page 379) we find the statement that a scheduled broadcast by the Goodman orchestra for the Scandinavian countries was cancelled because the orchestra had been given a two-week vacation and B.G. himself was in Florida or Bermuda. This is confirmed by contemporary reviews in the daily press and Scandinavian jazz magazines.

The illustration shows how the concert was presented in the official Swedish weekly radio magazine. The broadcast took place between 9 and 9:30 p.m. on January 15, 1940. which would have been 4 - 4:30 p.m. New York time. The programme was broadcast by NBC on the short-wave band and then re-broadcast by the Scandinavian networks. The Swedish Broadcasting Corporation recorded the opening and closing announcements as well as ten minutes of the concert on acetates. It



seems strange that a broadcast could take place with all the musicians on vacation and the leader basking in the sun either in Florida or Bermuda! Could it be that the vacation ended already on January 14 and that the orchestra actually started rehearsing and making the Scandinavian broadcast on Monday, January 15? It was recording regularly again for Columbia on January 16.

There exists, of course, the possibility that the broadcast was "faked" by either using regular B.G. discs or transcriptions of the tunes announced. However, those portions preserved do not give that impression, and the reviewers pointed out that the versions on the concert were different from the commercial records (Bach Goes To Town was shorter, for one thing).

So there we have it - an obscure B.G. broadcast with an unknown female vocalist (Helen Forrest?) on at least one tune (All The Things You Are) and probably at least four Henderson arrangements (I Didn't Know What It Was, Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea, Sometimes I'm Happy, King Porter Stomp). At least one tune (Star Dust) was by the sextet. Unfortunately, the contemporary reviews were very brief and gave few details. There is some room for research here - the greatest windfall would of course be the discovery of a 16" NBC transcription of the entire broadcast. There is a remote possibility that one exists somewhere. Meanwhile, perhaps the B.G. experts could check if the Goodman orchestra actually was assembled and in the NBC studios on January 15.

- Bjorn Englund

SOME OTHER STUFF

Percussionist Rashied Ali's quintet is now resident at Ali's Alley (Studio 77), 77 Green Street . . . WKCR-FM saluted trumpeter Clifford Brown in a week long series of programs late in August which

included interviews and recollections by musicians who knew him as well as the inspirational recordings by the man himself. Previously, WKCR had presented similar programs on Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington. Sonny Rollins, Dave Liebman, Sonny Fortune, Charles Tyler and Charles McPherson all appeared on the station this past summer while among those heard performing on the station were Monty Waters, Ronnie Boykins, Charles Brackeen, Emmett Chapman, Clive Stephens, Rafae Malik and Pete LaBarbara.

Jazz Interactions continues to spearhead the dissemination of jazz in the New York area with its regular sessions (a new location will have to be found as Pub Theatrical has been rented to a bank!), special concerts, weekly "Jazzline" schedule (invaluable for anyone interested in hearing jazz in New York - you get it for $5.00 per year if you belong to Jazz Interactions, $10.00 if you don't) and now a 12 week lecture series at Hunter College beginning September 13. Lecturers include Christopher White, Dan Morgenstern, Stanley Dance, Joe Newman, George Simon, Ira Gitler, Dick Hyman and Dr. Leonard Goines. Information on all Jazz Interactions activities can be had by writing them at Suite 306, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The New York Jazz Museum is taking its Benny Goodman and John Coltrane exhibits on the road and bookings can be made through the Museum at 125 West 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 . . . Guitarist Barney Kessel now spends much of his time performing in Europe so it was inevitable that he should become represented by an European booker. Kessel is looking for concert appearances both in Europe and North America. Write Robert Martin, Essinge Brogata 9, S-112 61 Stockholm, Sweden (Tel. 08/56 08 40) for more information . . . Legendary Delta bluesman Son House is the subject of a new film being produced in Rochester, N.Y., his home town. Interviews with John Lee Hooker, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Willie Dixon and Dick Waterman (who rediscovered House in 1964) are part of the film which will be completed in the near future. Interested people should contact Reel Image Inc., 907 Culver Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14609.

A cabaret concert featuring legendary blues guitarist Furry Lewis and the Beale Street Originals with Little Laura was held September 14 at Hotel Pontchartrain, Detroit under the auspices of The Friends of Detroit Metropolitan Black Arts . . . The Detroit Hot Jazz Society is back in the swing for the Fall season and chief organizer Jim Taylor is exhorting his members to support live music (very commendable). Jim's Olive Brown record is to be released in France on Jazz Odyssey . . . Henry Cuesta and other members of the Welk band sat in with the Drootin Brothers Jazz Band at the Scotch 'n Sirloin in Boston. Bobby Hackett, Teddi King, Roy Eldridge and Vic Dickenson (who was honored with a plaque by the International Trombone Association) were guests of the band during the summer. Present lineup is Al Drootin (reeds), Babe Donahue (trumpet), Dick LeFave (trombone), Sonny Drootin (piano), Tony Jordan (banjo and bass) and Buzzy Drootin (drums). . . . In addition to their regular sessions in Ohio, Gene Mayl's Rhythm Kings will be in Fargo, North Dakota at the end of September and then appear at the Elks Club, Bismark, North Dakota from October 7 to 12. From October 28 to November 2 they will be at the Ramada Inn, South Deerfield, Mass.

Death continues to come to the older generations of jazz musicians and pianist Marvin Ash died in Los Angeles in late August and drummer Dave Oxley died in New Orleans in July. More of a shock was the sudden death of tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons on August 6 in Chicago. His big-muscle tenor was an integral part of the scene for the past three decades. Despite lengthy absences from the music world, he still showed he was a master of his horn and his identifiable sound put him in the top ranks of tenor players to emerge in the shadow of the bop world of Charlie Parker.

Altena has become a landmark name for those interested in the latest musical directions being forged by European musicians. This year's meeting took place June 26 to 29 with the Globe Unity Orchestra '74 occupying a prominent place. Its personnel constitutes a virtual who's who of European music - Manfred Schoof, Herbet Joos, Albert Mangelsdorff, Peter Brotzmann, Gerd Dudeck, Michel Pilz to mention a few. Jazztrack, Volker Kriegel's Spectrum and Michael Sell's Trio were also featured. Two days of talks, discussions and workshops culminated in a concert June 29.

The Laren International Jazz Festival was held from August 6 to 10 and featured Roy Haynes, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Roland Hanna and the New York Jazz Quartet, Bill Evans, Stan Getz and Ornette Coleman. European groups included the Ronald Snijders Trio, Philip Catherine/Palle Mikkelborg Group, Theo Loevendie Quartet and a Nedley Elstak Conglomeration.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band will take Billy Butterfield and Maxine Sullivan with them on their European tour later this year and Dick Wellstood will be substituting for Ralph Sutton.

- Zenon J. Obscurin

SMALL ADS

This section is for individuals and organizations to advertise non-display items. Cost is 15¢ per word ($3.00 minimum), payment to be made when copy submitted.

DELETIONS, Bargains and the odd Rarity, S.A.E. for list to: Wally Waring, 7 Penelope Road, Irlams o'th' Heights, Salford, Lancashire, England.

LLOYD Garber instructs guitar improvisation by cassette tapes. Also author of book (Guitar Energy) $23.00 post paid. Write Lloyd Garber, Box 66, Station H, Toronto 13, Canada

THOUSANDS of 78s and lps auctioned on a regular basis. Special package deals are also available. 8 issue subscriptions at $4.00 ($6.00 foreign) first class or $8.00 ($14.00 foreign) airmail. Frank B. Pope, Records Unlimited, P.O. Box 510, Carnegie, Penna 15106, U.S.A.

LIVING BLUES America's first blues magazine, published quarterly since 1970. Contemporary and historical coverage, from Robert Johnson to T-Bone Walker. Photos, reviews, news, in-depth interviews, etc. One issue 75¢; four for $3.00 from Living Blues, P.O. Box 11303, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

EXCELLENT coverage of blues and jazz in Le Point du Jazz for those who read French. Write Jacques Tricot, Avenue Van Overbeke 48, B-1080 Bruxelles, Belgium for more information.

IMPORTS/domestic jazz labels, write for catalog. Jazzway, 7214 Bergenline Avenue, Room 1, North Bergen, N.J. 07047

LOUIS Armstrong special issue celebrating Coda's 15th anniversary. Articles, reminiscences, reviews, discography. A collector's item. Single copies $1.00 post paid.

BELLS is a 4 - 6 page newsletter published every 6 weeks in the San Francisco Bay Area with news and reviews of contemporary improvisational music (eg. Braxton, Bailey, Ayler, Coleman). For sample copy, send 35¢ to 1921 Walnut, #1, Berkeley, California 94704.

CODA Publications is attempting to build a film library with the intention of expanding its activities in this media for use in universities, libraries, schools, etc. If any reader has access to jazz or blues films that could be purchased for this purpose please contact Bill Smith at Coda.

RAGTIME pianist available for parties, bashes, gatherings, etc. Repertoire in 1000's of Authentic Ragtime, New Orleans Stomps, Chicago Dixieland, Honky-Tonk and Sing-A-Long. Send for information to "Gaslite" Gale Foehner, 171 Cloverland Drive, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A. 14610. Phone (716) 381-5058 or (716) 381-1784.

OUTSTANDING collection of traditional and mainstream jazz/swing records for sale. 1500 mostly out-of-print mint condition LP's, including hundreds of rare Cleffs, Nórgrans etc. Send 50¢ for list to Charles Barrett, 2887 Green St., San Francisco, California 94123.

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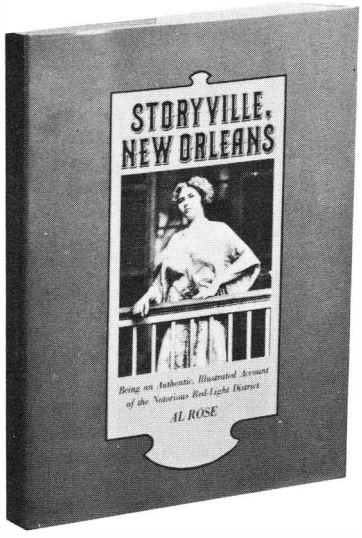
STORYVILLE, NEW ORLEANS

Being an Authentic, Illustrated Account of the Notorious Red-Light District by **Al Rose**



Here for the first time is the full, lavishly illustrated story of Storyville, the red-light district where jazz was *not*—contrary to popular misconception—"born," but where many of the greatest of the early jazz greats enjoyed some of their finest musical moments. It is a book that puts in better perspective than ever previously two fabulous decades of jazz in its formative, and some say its definitive, years.

The volume includes, among other things—

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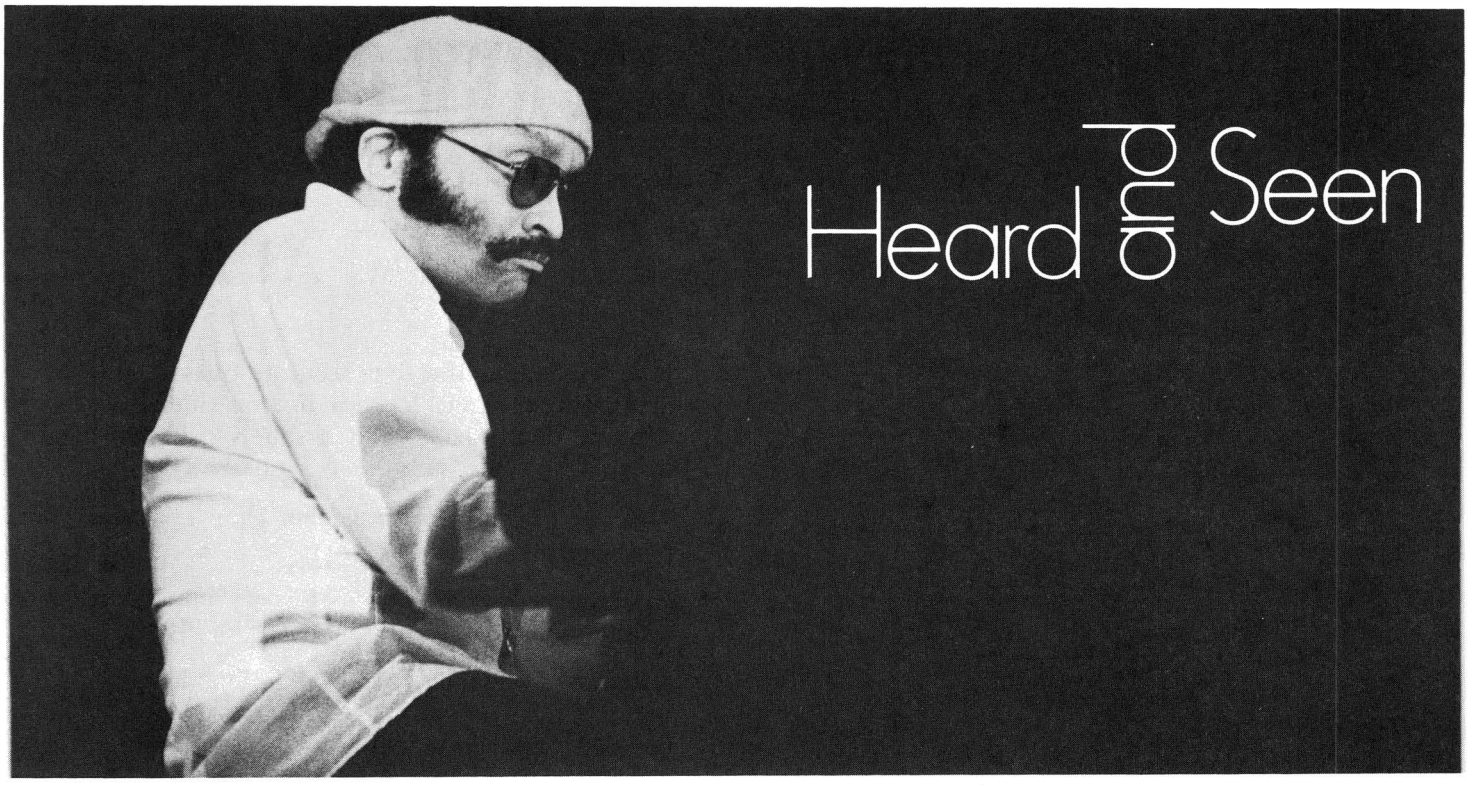


Heard and Seen

ANN ARBOR FESTIVAL

Windsor, Ontario, September 6, 7, 8.

The third annual Ann Arbor Blues and Jazz Festival has been killed by the Republicans on City Council, who objected to the event attracting "undesirables" from all over the country, "creating a tarnished city image" and "an influx of dope, which we're already inundated with".

The above statement is quoted from the Ann Arbor Sun and explains in no uncertain terms the reason why the festival was held this year, in exile, in Canada. It also continues the attitude held by many WHITE middle class Americans, that the true music of their country, BLACK music, is still a NON cultural form reserved for the rabble. Looks like the American people are to always not understand themselves. Too bad, you sure are missing out on the only true gift you gave to the world..Enough of the politics.

We arrived at the Festival site on Friday night, only to find that it was all over, with the exception of the James Brown Review. Damn it..we missed Sun Ra..again the preceding American attitude had infiltrated our own Canadian police causing a large amount of paranoia so they had imposed an early CURFEW so everything started an hour before scheduled.

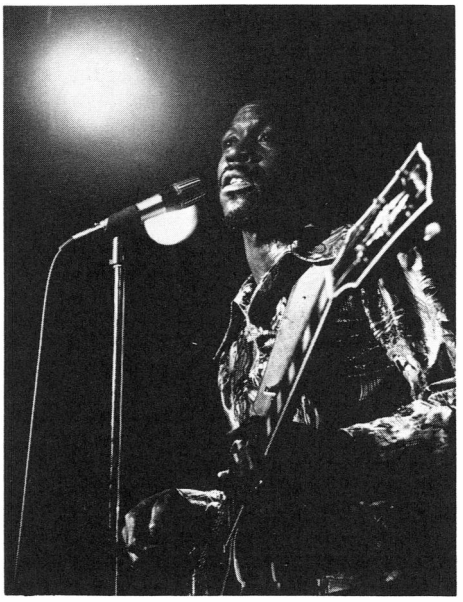
James Brown SUPERSTAR...JAMES BROWN SUPERSTAR....Sock it to me and off it roared. Silk suits, choreographed dancers, a super tight show band and a forty minute R & B build-up for James Brown SUPERSTAR to make his entrance... There was no doubt who the people were there for. The fever pitch, excitement, exhilaration..rhythm shout, hit tune every one. James Brown SUPERSTAR wow 'em. I have a thing about stage shows, Johnny Otis, Ray Charles, Sun Ra, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Muhamid Ali and now the SUPERSTAR show of James Brown. Every festival should have one on opening night...it sure makes you feel good.

Saturday afternoon was what most festivals present under the title of local music. In this case from Detroit. I don't think the Windsor jazz scene would have been that good an idea. The quality of the Detroit musicians would surprise most folks. The afternoon opened with a group called Mixed Bag that included Eddy Russ, Ron Brooks and Bud Spangler and set the audience up with some very fine high rhythm electric music. Then the Eddie Nuccilli Big Band. A relatively conventional contemporary orchestra that put the likes of Herman, Rich etc. to shame. They still play with a great love for their music, not with the just another gig attitude. The Lyman Woodard Organization is a different organ group that played a strange heavy brand of Avant Garde FUNK. Shattering Effect, a slightly exaggerated title, was led by one of Detroit's more famous musicians, Charles Moore. Charles also led a couple of other combinations, one that supported a very fine supper club singer, a little out of place at this festival, called Ursala Walker. The afternoon of Detroit jazz was completed by Kenny Cox's group of Miles influenced music. Some very fine music over the whole period, and the only complaint would be that Detroit music has a tendency to be heavy in an oppressive kind of way. Living in that particular city probably does that to you.

Due to the afore mentioned curfew there was no real break for supper but continued on, very happily into the evening's feature performers. Jimmy Dawkins, a really fine blues guitarist, made the transition from jazz a comfortable experience, but about this time it became known that there was a number of financial problems. These, in part, were due to the low attendance. You cannot change locations that hurriedly and expect the same results. Also many customers were turned back at the border. Hound Dog Taylor cancelled due to the money situation, but that is not a reason to upset a festival, in fact, in a strange way it improved it. It allowed us to have longer sets by both Luther Allison and the Cecil Taylor Unit. Allison was just superb, with a slightly expanded band he laid out the audience for what must have been in excess of an hour. It seems a shame that with so many blues artists "making it" these days, that he is not one of them. On Sunday when the money situation became very bad Luther Allison was one of the artists who volunteered to play for nothing to save the day. He did not have to go on, thankfully, but, brother, I truly hope you make it.

As is traditional with festivals, the super groups play last and close the evening out. Saturday night was no exception. I think that a large number of people out in that audience did not know who Cecil Taylor was. That situation has now been remedied. Bobby (?) the compere who took over the chores of John Sinclair, who was also refused entrance to Canada, introduced the Unit of Cecil Taylor, Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons and trumpeter Arthur Williamson, shouted out the cosmic energy (his description) that was about to engulf them. This set was a truly amazing experience, even for those, or perhaps more so for those, who had heard the Unit before. From a quiet opening of piano to the full quartet, with the energy building between them, the music soared upwards and outwards drawing willing and unwilling into its stream of power. In the initial slow sections they all soloed in one way or another, but soon Arthur Williamson, one of

Cecil Taylor photograph by Bill Smith



Taylor's students, removed himself from the proceedings. The trio of many years together continued its ascent. Empathy between these three musicians is so good that all is linked together in continuous flow. Between Taylor and Cyrille is such a glow of understanding, that they are ultimately one. Before they had gone on all the drummers had been just that, and now there was a percussionist concerned with not just rhythm, but timbre, texture and sound itself. Cecil Taylor's piano is a part of him, an inseperable unity, where music flows and moves within the unit and he, like a GRAND MASTER, surveys and supplies the direction. Physically he moves like his music, Cyrille as well, and at times I waited for an alter body to remove itself from the pianist and dance in spirit dimension around the stage and into the audience. Lyon's solo into the ending was just spectacular, and although he appears on the surface to be so cool and refined, as an integral part of the music he is irreplaceable. When the set ended the audience was pressed against the press fence in front of the stage twenty or thirty deep literally screaming for more. They, like I, had heard for over an hour part of the greatest music available on the planet. Whew!

Sunday arrived, Cecil Taylor was gone, Gil Evans had cancelled, so we just relaxed into the state of just digging the blues that remained. Got a blanket and some food together and went out in the audience to just become spectators. It's really different out there. It's smoother and less of a hassle, there are no hipster far out writers and photographers full of self importance to deal with. The grounds are in the shape of a grass carpeted bowl, and it is not possible to be more than two hundred and seventy feet from the stage. The sound system is superb and the vibrations in the audience on one of the best levels I have ever experienced.

The afternoon performance was again residents of Detroit, but this time blues players. One String Sam, Shakey Jake, an incredible character, Boogie Woogie Red, a fine belting singer called Johnny Mae Mathews, someone with money should produce her, Junior Walker's nice R & B show, some thought he was better than James Brown, Little Junior Cassady and of course, the inimitable John Lee Hooker. Robert Lockwood's Band played a very long set of some very varied blues with a tenor player, something that I had not previously thought him capable of, Sunnyland Slim's Blue Spirit Band were together and produced more satisfying sounds. The ending was, of course, a star, this time the great B.B. King. I understand that although there was no money left at this point, he went on to play anyway. He said that's what the people were out there for, for him, so he owed it to them. The people in politics, police, etc. could well learn from the attitudes of people like this, perhaps that's why performers are more popular than politicians and police, they give out instead of taking in all the time. His set consisted of his hits, his band was very together and I am very tired.

Thank you the Rainbow People for another great weekend, we hope your money troubles are small and your future large.

- Bill Smith

DUKE ELLINGTON ORCH.

Ravinia Festival, Highland Park,
Illinois, U.S.A.
August 13, 1974

BUDDY RICH

Mr. Kelly's, Chicago, Illinois
August 9, 1974

An orchestra without a leader and a leader without an orchestra might be the theme that binds these two performances together in a single review. And certainly the fact the two long standing institutions of American music have begun anew on fresh roads.

Ellington was still alive when Ravinia booked the band into a double bill alongside Sarah Vaughan, and when Mercer Ellington announced that the band would continue under his direction, the Ravinia management wisely continued as planned. The concert was sold out weeks in advance.

The band Mercer brought to Ravinia contained some new faces. The personnel rundown was: Harold Minerve, James Spaulding, Harold Ashby, Maurice Simon, Ricky Ford, Harry Carney, reeds; Vince Prudente, Chuck Connors, Art Baron, trombones; Money Johnson, Barrie Lee Hall, James Bolden, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Larry Ridley, bass; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Rocky White, drums; Anita Moore, vocals.

That the ensemble was a bit ragged was obvious. It was not a band worthy of Duke's reputation. But then anyone who heard Duke in person over the last two years or so will know that the man himself was not fronting a band up to standard. Chicago music columnist Harriet Choice visited with Duke after a performance last October (1973), and trying to ignore the group's shortcomings, complimented Duke on the set. "Come on, sweetie," he said. "The band sounds lousy and you know it."

Loss of key musicians is no real excuse. Herman, Basie, Kenton and Rich have had no trouble finding superb talent. I think boredom comes closer to the mark. The band's book in recent years has been cluttered and stale. Mercer has yet to honor a commitment to restore some of the classic charts to current status. It could work miracles not only on the repertoire but the spirit of this moribund aggregation.

Cootie was heard in his solo routines on C Jam Blues, Satin Doll (whose retirement is long overdue) and A Train. He looked well and played with his usual intensity and force. Harry Carney, looking a bit gaunt, following a recent illness, was heard on Sophisticated Lady and then his routine medley of Don't Get Around Much and I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart. His broad, rugged tone was in fine fettle, but his overall attack and swing seemed less than confident. In the ensembles, however, his presence was towering, particularly on Caravan which save for Carney would have been a total loss. Its present incarnation contains none of the shading and subtleness of the original recordings.

The only points in the concert where any other real beauty prevailed was during

Luther Allison photography by Henry J. Kahanek

James Spaulding's soprano interlude on Sentimental Mood and a moving Warm Valley featuring Minerve and an excellent reed ensemble chorus. Harold Ashby kept things rolling mightily with Thing's Ain't What They Used To Be. In each, Johnny Hodges' memory hovered close by.

Among the new soloists, Art Baron's wild trombone seemed more theatrical than musical on Wave. Ricky Ford's brief exposure on C Jam showed the makings of an interesting player. His tone and lines suggested a highly asymetrical style in the manner of Paul Quinichette. Spaulding seems an adequate soloist on tenor. A flugelhorn spot for Barrie Lee Hall was some unmemorable riff based on I Got Rhythm which raced by so fast as to go unabsorbed. It's not how fast a musician can play, but what he can play that's important. Sarah joined the band for Perdido and a final A Train, both among the high points of the concert, which was taped by WBBM TV (CBS) for local telecast September 3.

Buddy Rich, after 8 years in front of one of the finest bands extant, has scaled down to 7 pieces, including himself. While many will miss the big sound of his full orchestra, his current group is not likely to disappoint many customers. In Joe Romano and particularly Sal Nistico he has a strong nucleus of soloists. It seems peculiar that he chose to include a bongo player in the group. If there is one thing a Buddy Rich group doesn't need, one would think, it's an extra drummer. A wiser move, perhaps, would have been to add a third reed for a more full bodied ensemble sound. His young electric bassist, Anthony Jackson, provides a reasonably firm and certainly intense bottom under the group. Jack Wilkins (guitar) and John Bunch (piano) complete the personnel.

Much of the original material played by the combo has a boppish flavor - hard driving, fast opening ensembles followed by solo work. It's the ensembles, and not the soloists, that suggest the bop element. The opening workout, To And Fro, was typical.

Equally welcome was a brisk St. Louis Blues, played delicately with Rich displaying his brush technique, accompanied only by Bunch and Jackson. A second brush number found Rich and Bunch trading coy fours to delightful effect. Although Buddy exhibits nothing in his brush work that couldn't be matched by any other first rate drummer, it's always a pleasure to hear the more subtle side of this artist at work.

Needless to say, there's plenty of the old wham doodle in evidence in the current group, which puts Buddy more front and center than in any recent time.

- John McDonough

BIG MILLER / RAY SIKORA

Mayfair Park,
Edmonton, Alberta
July 28, 1974

Sunday afternoon band concerts are an old tradition but jazz bands are rarely included. However, inclusion of jazz in this format is a very happy idea, particularly in contrast with the usual jazz "club". Hearing jazz out of doors on a warm sunny day with children running about is very pleasant indeed.

There were a number of factors working against the success of this venture. One was the difficulty of putting together a big (or middle sized) band from the pool of Edmonton musicians who, like most younger musicians, have had little experience in this context (or worse yet, the wrong kind of experience in extremely stiff studio or stage bands). This resulted in a second difficulty - a distinctly odd instrumentation of two trumpets, three trombones, two saxophones, piano, guitar, bass and drums. This, in turn, created problems for the arranger but these were well solved by Ray Sikora.

The music played was a good compromise between jazz and entertainment which is far easier said than done given the nature of contemporary jazz for the last 20 years. Much of the credit goes to Big Miller who sang a well chosen, and often not familiar, set of ballads and blues. Miller's singing style owes much to Joe Turner and a bit to Billy Eckstine. His voice is well controlled and he can sing ballads with feeling without being saccharine (as Eckstine can be). I think the Kansas City blues tradition is the most sophisticated and musical of the various blues styles and Miller is well versed in this tradition, applying it to ballads as well as blues. (It is interesting to note that he, Rushing and Turner all pronounce the words of the songs distinctly unlike the "rural" blues singers and the more grotesque mush mouthed - pardon, moufed - imitations of the younger white rock singers). Finally, his scat singing and humorous comments (which were often very truthful) as m.c. also helped a great deal.

The band, named Arokis (Sikora spelled backwards), was often exciting but somewhat inexperienced and somewhat rough at times. Considering the limited time they had worked together, they did quite well. Edmonton stage bands, as well as the Edmonton Symphony, are so often concerned with playing all the notes "right" that rhythm and musical structure are lost and the net impression is nigh unto eternal apathy. This time excitement was prefered to precision which, if a choice must be made, is the right choice. For me, some of the best moments were on Stormy Monday Blues with very good singing by Miller and excellent solos by Rick Toulson on trumpet and Pete Thompson on flute. Sikora's arrangements were more or less in the Herman-Rich boogaloo tradition but seemed much less stiff and pretentious than when played by the Rich band. On trombone, Sikora was much less able and he played less well than Big Miller (and I don't think trombone is Miller's forte).

Finally, the Edmonton Parks and Recreation Department deserves a great deal of credit for presenting this event. I hope that similar imagination illumines their future choices.

- Kellogg Wilson

SCOTT JOPLIN FESTIVAL

Sedalia, Missouri
July 25-28, 1974

While I was driving to Sedalia, Missouri (population 25,000) on July 25 I kept wondering why I really had decided to start my long awaited vacation at a Ragtime Festival. After all I am a jazz musician with my basic roots dating to the 40's and the transition years of swing to bop. Odder still is the fact that my principal instrument is saxophone that certainly has had no place in ragtime. How did I ever get involved with ragtime? I dig Diz, Getz, Bird, and those whose music is built on improvisation. Classical ragtime is far from improvised music. Yet, here I was driving 500 miles in one day on narrow two lane roads at the prescribed patriotic pace of 55 mph.

Let me assure you that those 3 nights and 2 days in Sedalia, MO were beautiful. Sedalia is a little off the "beaten path" and located in the flatlands of Missouri some 70 miles east of Kansas City. The city was founded by Gen. George R. Smith who thought he could persuade the Missouri Pacific railroad to pass through there in its westward growth from St. Louis. It did reach Sedalia but the Civil War caused it to go no further. Some few years later another railroad was built through Sedalia - the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas. The men who came to work there were tough. They lived hard tough lives and sought out saloons with live music. It was the logical place for a young aspiring black pianist, Scott Joplin from Texarkana, Texas. He gave the name of one of his compositions to the Maple Leaf Club where he worked. He even had it published right in Sedalia and it eventually sold a staggering million copies - not records but sheet music copies. The copyright date was 1899.

The Maple Leaf Club and the other buildings of the ragtime era are gone. Yet when

a stroller finds himself downtown at Lamine and Main Streets, he feels a part of American musical history just as he would in New Orleans. There is a simple plaque there to mark the site of the Maple Leaf Club and to pay tribute to the great Scott Joplin, his publisher, and two of his great contemporaries - Arthur Marshall and Scott Hayden.

Scott Joplin lived in hard times for a black musician. I have lived in far easier times as a white man, but Scott and I have something strong in common. We were both born in Texarkana, Texas which is a few light years away from being the jazz or ragtime capital of America. I have known for a long time that Scott Joplin was not related to Janis Joplin, but the majority of the citizens of Texarkana and Sedalia had no idea that Scott Joplin represents an era of unique American music. Ragtimers are quick to point out that jazz and ragtime were contemporaries of each other. One did not actually grow from the other.

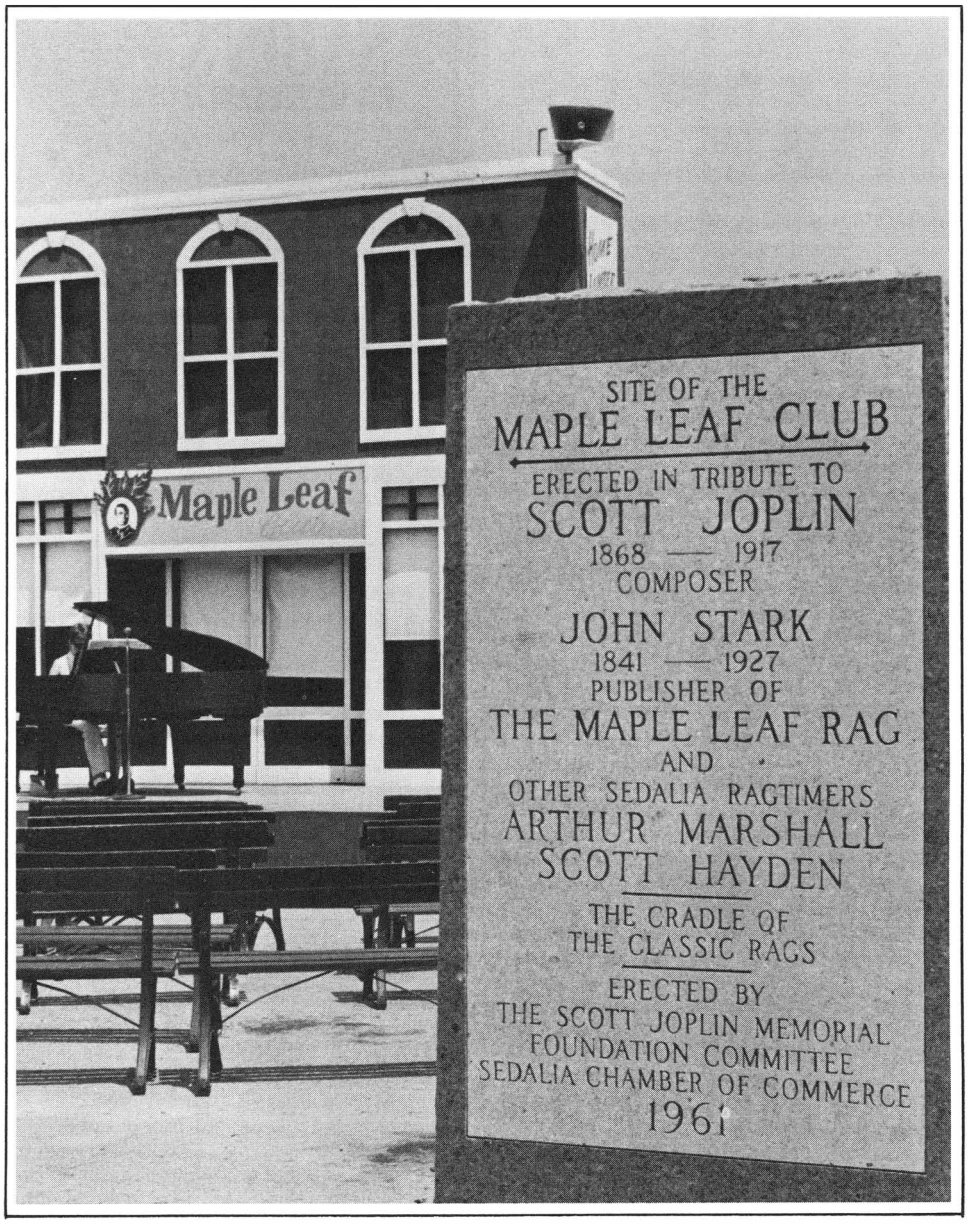
My interest in Joplin started as a purely historical one. It was inconceivable to not include Scott Joplin as a part of the Texarkana Historical Museum when it was started about three years ago. Yet nobody came forward to do it. The legacy was mine and I had to accept it just because it was there. I'm sure that a mountain climber often can give no better reason for doing what he does than simply accepting the fact that it's there and somebody has to do it. In the beginning I couldn't even identify the Maple Leaf Rag. You could have convinced me that Twelfth Street Rag and Alexander's Ragtime Band were truly classical ragtime.

My historical work became an obsession but the frustrations were always there. Nobody cared to document the lives of black people even after they gained their freedom. I've been fortunate to have met the closest living descendents of Scott Joplin and to have gained the correspondence friendship of such ragtime scholars as Rudi Blesh, Addison Reed, Dick Zimmerman, and John and Ann Vanderlee.

The city of Texarkana celebrated its centennial year in 1973 and we produced a well-remembered memorial concert tribute to Scott Joplin. Our selected Sedalia representative was Larry Melton who is certainly the leading Sedalia authority on Joplin-ragtime material. He left Texarkana with a burning desire to bring ragtime back to Sedalia and that HE DID.

You would have had to attend the magnificent Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival in Sedalia on July 25 - 28 to appreciate its impact. Ragtime, Classical, and Jazz music do have one basic element in common. They belong to a small minority group of listeners. Just one week prior to the Sedalia Scott Joplin Ragtime Festival, the small Missouri town hosted a Rock festival which reportedly attracted 160,000 listeners. Results were too disastrous for this writer to report. Sedalia and myself just prefer to forget the entire terrible and pointless venture. The lingering memories of the beautiful ragtime people have left Sedalia as the legend it should be to true American music.

My arrival night brought the extreme pleasure of hearing the very youthful performers of the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. By now the orchestrated arrangements of The Red Back Book need no introduction to ragtime lovers. We can thank the great Third Stream composer, Gunther Schuller, for the revival of this delightful part of Americana. Even though he was not able to be present, the brilliant flautist and piccoloist, David Reskin, admirably guided the group through the authentic original orchestrations of Scott Joplin rags. And then there was the introduction of the "Guest of Honor" (a play on the words of the lost Joplin opera), Rudi Blesh. Co-author with Harriet Janis of They All Played Ragtime, Blesh has long been the authority on all things ragtime. Blesh also is well remembered for his history of jazz, Shining Trumpets. In fact I well remember his opposition movement to the be-bop performers of the mid forties. We hipsters quickly referred to Blesh and his kind as "moldy figs". He and I had a laugh over this because I now realize that my adolescence greatly contributed to my non-appreciation of some of the great mainstream jazz players. Blesh today is a very warm and dedicated person to both ragtime and jazz. He lives in retirement in New York. It had been his intention to write a new biography of Joplin's life but abandoned the project since he feels that he has not uncovered enough new material. He is a sincere person who does not believe in capitalizing on a fad. He told me that the American public has had enough "rip-off's". I interpret from this conversation with Blesh that he is somewhat referring to The Sting. Any ragtime enthusiast is a bit appreciative of what this academy award winning movie has done for Ragtime, but they are also resentful when someone refers to Scott's compositions The Entertainers and Solace as the "Sting Music". Certainly it is shameful that Joplin's compositions can now be used for TV commercials, music backgrounds, or any other commercial purpose without anyone paying royalties for their use. It must be remembered that his grave site in New York still remains unmarked with no head-



Photograph by Jerry L. Atkins

stone and that his few descendants live in virtual poverty. Be assured that none of them have ever in any manner complained of this fact. They simply accept it as their race's "lot in life".

My first full day in Sedalia began with the delightful surprise of an invitation to serve on an historical symposia with Dr. Addison Reed, Rudi Blesh, and "Ragtime" Bob Darch. This morning was devoted to discussing Joplin's early life in Texarkana, Texas, and Missouri. It was an astounding morning of revelation for me. Dr. Addison Reed obtained his doctor of philosophy from the University of North Carolina partly on his dissertation on Scott Joplin. He is the only black scholar and musician that I know who has actively worked on reviving Joplin's great American music. We had had many telephone conversations and letters, but this was our first meeting. Certainly two more admirable gentlemen than Dr. Reed and Rudi Blesh never lived. And then came Bob Darch. I must confess that I had not remembered ever hearing of Bob Darch although his picture does appear in the fourth printing of the famous Blesh book They All Played Ragtime. Darch's contributions both in form of anecdotes and live piano demonstrations were overwhelming. His story of his probable discovery of the score of the long lost Joplin opera Guest Of Honor is fascinating and believable in every sense. What a great morning!

The afternoon was devoted to visiting the site of the Maple Leaf Club where any pianist who so desired could play at a very uniquely arranged set and stage. The temperature was hot but nobody seemed to notice, because we were reliving a few minutes of American music history. Then came the visit to the beautiful Greek-styled Carnegie library where the small ragtime exhibit and Joplin memorabilia exists. Unfortunately, Sedalia does not have its own museum but this beautiful building serves well until the citizens of Sedalia can return the scattered Joplin memorabilia to its rightful place.

When I first heard that there was to be a Ragtime Piano and String Contest I was skeptical about obtaining enough participants. As it turned out, the quality of performers was excellent and attracted some very exceptional performers. I talked with one who had come all the way from Colorado and had left his job at the famous Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs just to attend the Sedalia festival. The winners from almost 40 contestants were Bob Long of Los Angeles for his piano rendition of St. Louis Tickle and Steve Hancoff of Omaha, Nebraska for his guitar version of Joplin's Ragtime Dance.

The second night at Convention Hall was devoted entirely to Scott Joplin and was performed by most of the great ragtime players in this country plus Peter Lundberg who has been the guiding light in Sweden for ragtime revival. Dick Zimmerman, director of the concert portions of the Joplin Festival is a man of many skills. His main occupation is as a toy designer but he is also a skilled performing magician and holds an advanced degree in architecture. His classical ragtime performances are far from being dull. He has just completed recording the complete piano music of Scott Joplin for a major record company and his repertoire of ragtime music is probably unsurpassed. He is definitely the guiding force behind one of America's largest ragtime organizations located in Southern California. His slide presentations of original Joplin sheet music covers as the performers played was truly ingenious.

Next came good performances by Wally Rose and J. Hamilton Douglas (the only black performing pianist). The brilliant classical ragtimer, William Bolcom, created a real surprise by performing one number with a charming female vocalist. He proved that ragtime is certainly not lifeless or dull. Max Morath immediately proved why he is one of ragtime's most popular personalities and quickly paved the way for the surprise of the evening. Dr. Addison Reed appeared with a rather large chorus consisting entirely of local Sedalia people. The chorus and he performed excerpts from Joplin's opera Treemonisha and the professionalism of their vocal work was astounding. Dr. Reed proved that he is not only a scholar but an accomplished baritone as well.

I had never heard "Ragtime" Bob Darch, Trebor Tichenor and his St. Louis Ragtimers, or even realized that there is an element of ragtime that is pure entertainment with improvisation. Either of these gentlemen can be the purest of classical performers of ragtime but they truly are entertainers. Darch's vocals were a real delight that reminded me of the fun of hearing Mose Allison, and Trebor Tichenor's ragtimers including tuba and banjo brought back my childhood with the playing of You Gotta Quit Kicking My Dog Around. How well I remember cranking my parents' old wind-up Victrola to hear the Skillet Lickers sing that delight over and over again. I probably played it more times than I've heard Woody's Four Brothers.

Before the finale, the great man of ragtime history - Rudi Blesh - again appeared on stage and surprised the entire city of Sedalia by giving them a Joplin original score of the opera Treemonisha. This was Blesh's first visit back to Sedalia since he had done his research in the late 50's. He simply stated that the score had at long last been returned where it belonged - in Sedalia.

All the performers had been very careful not to duplicate rags, but it was obvious that the audience was growing a little grumpy since Maple Leaf Rag had not been performed a single time. It was then that Zimmerman revealed the purpose in having an old upright player piano on-stage somewhat unnoticed until now. Dick stated that it was only proper that one person be given the honor of performing that famous Joplin rag. To our surprise it turned out to be Joplin himself through the medium of a Joplin played piano roll. This is probably the roll recorded very late in Joplin's life after it became possible to produce an exact transcription of a performer's playing. As luck would have it, the player piano was the only electrified instrument used all night and failed to perform the entire composition. (This just goes to prove that music was really somewhat more reliable and better before it became electrified).

Then came Eubie. There's just not much else I can say about the great Eubie Blake. Just remember that if King Oliver were still alive that Eubie would be two years his elder. His long fingers and facility at the piano at the age of 91 is amazing. He plays his rags, Joplin's rags, and his pop compositions the way he feels them. He plays with a jazz beat and even plays Maple Leaf Rag with a boogie beat in the left hand. Eubie believes in rhythm and is really more of a stride piano player. He is reminiscent of all the good qualities of Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, and Willie the Lion. Certainly Benny Goodman should constantly thank him for writing Memories Of You.

There was an afternoon matinee of Missouri ragtime that featured Terry Waldo, Darch, Douglas, Tichenor, and other Missouri based ragtimers. These performances were not limited to Joplin's music, but included other Ragtime composers. While it was entertaining, it was a little anti-climatic to the previous Joplin performances.

There were two performances of each concert held in order to accommodate the some 3,000 people who attended. Now that it's over I ask myself again why a jazz musician had so much fun. There were no rhythm sections, practically no horns, and very little improvisation. What then is the great attraction? It has to lie in two areas: 1. Ragtime performers and listeners are simply friendly and fun loving people but dead serious about their "cause". You

can talk freely with any of them and discuss their music.

2. Scott Joplin and his followers were master composers. Their music is unique and not entirely related to jazz, but it is truly an American art form and represents a fun era in American history that we are not likely to experience again.

Thank you Sedalia. I'm a better music lover for having been there.

- Jerry L. Atkins

BIX LIVES

Bix Beiderbecke Memorial
Jazz Festival, Davenport, Iowa

The Bix festival, featuring about ten groups all of a more-or-less traditional jazz persuasion, happens mostly in an outdoor format - four or five bands are showcased at an outdoor band shell adjacent to the Mississippi River at each of five concerts, while an excursion boat, with one or two Dixieland outfits aboard for each trip, runs every two hours from the foot of the festival grounds. A couple of bands held forth for a while in the streets of Davenport, specially roped off for the occasion, and there was even a combo playing the departure of the six huge hot-air balloons that staged a "hare-and-hounds" race.

Thus, with the weatherman generally cooperating, Davenport had a lot of things going on at once and, as I was one of the performers, I couldn't see it all. My high spot as a spectator came at the beginning of the Friday afternoon show when Mother's Boys, a well-rehearsed, smoothly-integrated six-piece band from Detroit, together with their vocalist Kerry Price, played a beautifully balanced highly entertaining program of two-beat jazz; unfortunately, the vagaries of the schedule banished this crisp little group to the relative obscurity of the excursion boat for the rest of the weekend. The New McKinney's Cotton Pickers, a big band working in the dance style of the pre-swing era, was also impressive in their Saturday night set (the only one of their four appearances that I saw). Individually, Bill Allred, returning to his home town for the festival, again demonstrated his astonishing command of the trombone, and Bill Krenz, who played with Bix in his Goldkette days, turned in some accomplished solo piano sets that ranged from ragtime to light classics.

This festival grew out of the August 1971 appearance in Davenport of eight musicians from New Jersey who had planned to play a few tunes over Bix's grave on the 40th anniversary of his death and then forever disband. Perhaps it's due to the sentiment that thereby surrounds the group (now called the Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Band with your correspondent as a ninth starter on piano) or perhaps it's the extremely aggressive, arresting brand of jazz they purvey, but the Davenport audience, some 9,000 strong for the Saturday night concert, responds to their appearances with an enthusiasm that borders on hysteria. I'll leave criticism of their music to persons in a better position to hear it than I was, but it's gratifying (and indeed overwhelming) to be part of a team that gets a hearty round of applause even while warming the instruments before starting.

Reports on Smokey Stover's band and a local combo, the Dixie Ramblers, both of which eluded me, were favorable, and there are others whose musical contributions were no less worthwhile for not having been mentioned here. Looking back, we had, mostly, a good time in Davenport and heard some good jazz, too; and I'd guess those sentiments would be echoed by the majority of those who attended.

- Tex Wyndham

TED MOSES

The Hovel, Edmonton, Alberta
July 28-31, 1974

The Ted Moses quintet is clearly one of the best young jazz groups around and it is particularly good to hear a first rate Canadian group. The general approach of the Moses group is similar to the Miles Davis of the "Bitches Brew" period. They were also somewhat similar to the pre-electric Chick Corea Return to Forever group. While the group is original, particularly in Moses' compositions, they are not outstandingly innovative as yet. They simply play a good variety of modern jazz of considerable sophistication. It is particularly important that they play with a feeling of joy and integrity without the commercial compromises that mar, for me, the recent work of Weather Report, the Mahavishnu group and even to some extent, Miles himself.

The group appears to be dominated by Moses whose compositions (and I use this term in the strict sense) are both melodic and sophisticated. There are few groups whose ensembles are as well thought out or exciting. My only criticism is that the group sometimes sounds a bit stiff and over-rehearsed but is such a minor flaw that it is likely to disappear in time. Individually, the strongest members of the group are Terry Clarke and Kathy Moses. I have heard Clarke three times with the John Handy group and once with the hideous Dr. Music group and he is playing better now than before. The group would be much less exciting without him and I doubt that there are more than three or four drummers who could replace him. Kathy Moses plays a very clean and exciting flute, somewhat like Joe Farrell. She also did a bit of scat singing which she did quite well. As a pianist, Ted Moses is very competent in a Hancock-Corea vein but he sometimes lacks spontaneity. His use of electronic instruments and devices was quite good and not at all overdone (and I expect there will be more of this as he gains experience with them - and even now I don't think anyone is much better). His saxophone playing was quite good and I would have liked to have heard more. (Is there a trend towards sax-piano doubling?;e.g. Keith Jarrett, Sam Rivers.) On trumpet, Mike Malone was strongly influenced by the Miles Davis of about five years ago (not Charlie Shavers or Rex Stewart as the Edmonton Journal reported in a triumph of imagination over reality). He is a very clean, fluent player and is young enough to be expected to develop much further. Much the same can be said of Richard Homme on electric bass. I felt, sometimes, he could have been stronger or more fluent but I suspect this was due to his playing lines of Moses' rather than his own devising.

Altogether, this is a very good group and deserves much more exposure which is a sad commentary on the state of the music business. While it may be important to support Canadian groups, it is much more important to support good groups. Here is a group which is both good and Canadian and I hope the unique minds which run the Canadian music business and the C.B.C. do something about it.

- Kellogg Wilson

THE NEW MC KINNEY'S COTTON PICKERS

Simeon's, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts
July 7, 1974

When the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers play, they are not only reviving arrangements of the 20's and 30's, they are blowing some of the most vital jazz of the 70's.

They have some big advantages going for them. For one, the group works together regularly and they play as a single organism. For another, they are devoted to playing jazz, which puts them ahead of so many big bands that were or are largely dance bands. Further, they have the advantage of drawing on superior proven arrangements from a variety of sources. And, finally, they are all capable musi-

cians, both as section men and soloists.

All of this they demonstrated in a full afternoon's appearance for the Massachusetts Traditional Jazz Club the day after their appearance at the Newport/New York Jazz Festival. They demonstrated the same thing at Carnegie Hall, from all reports, but this event gave them the opportunity to stretch out over a whole afternoon and offered the immediacy and involvement that only a clubroom situation provides.

Simeon's, a few miles east of Worcester, Mass., appears to have started out life long ago as a large stable or barn, inspired by someone's castle, and now has a paneled high-ceilinged room that suggests the baronial hall. Most important, it has a bandstand stage that provides a perfect setting for mounting a band.

A number of the band's pieces are familiar through their two recordings - Who's Got It, Stampede, Cherry, I'll Make Fun For You, I Want A Little Girl, Peggy, I Found A New Baby - and it was the same kind of thrill to hear them play in person as it was to hear Basie play One O'Clock, Goodman play Sing Sing Sing, and all the rest.

They also played many more not heard before, including several Don Redman ararrangements that come alive beautifully when played by the band - Will You Won't You Be My Baby, Nobody's Sweetheart, Wherever There's A Will There's A Way, and a score never recorded by Redman of Rhapsody In Blue.

Among the other sources for material were the arrangements by band member Paul Klinger, who contributed Blue Turning Grey, My Honey's Lovin' Arms, and Eccentric. The band also used the Lunceford band arrangement of Chopin's Prelude No. 7 to feature altoist Ted Buckner, who played it with Lunceford. And Horace Henderson was also a source, for Big John Special, which suggested that there is no limit to which this band and perhaps others could go in making the best of classic big band jazz come alive.

The band is truly a band, an orchestra, a single entity. Following closely the original Cotton Pickers' orchestration, the band has a three-man trumpet section (two cornets and a trumpet), one trombone, four reeds, and a piano-drums-tuba-banjo (and guitar) rhythm section. The section work is precise and strong - especially the trumpets. What's more, they all take solos and they're all good. Only at one or two brief moments did the band falter, presumably on new material in the book, giving some evidence that they're only human after all and that they're working on an expanding book.

The excitement of the music came through in various ways. Foremost, of course, was the skillful execution of the arrangements, gems that haven't been played for four decades. And the solos were good and varied. Tom Saunders and Paul Klinger play the cornets and John Trudell the trumpet, each in a different distinctive style when they solo - Saunders with ruggedness, often with a plunger mute, Trudell with brilliance, and Klinger with restrained power. Trombonist Al Winters plays with the required strength and is an exuberant soloist. Among the reeds, Buckner plays a distinguished artful alto, Louis Barnett a good assertive tenor, and Ernie Rogers provides the solid baritone bottom that all reed sections need. Rogers doubles on tenor and they all double on clarinet for those Fletcher Henderson ensembles; and also, when needed, Klinger plays solo soprano saxophone parts. Leader Dave Hutson plays alto and the solo clarinet parts. Dave is a working leader on the stand, playing well, introducing the songs amiably, and keeping the band together and moving. The regulars in the rhythm section on this date were Milt Vine, piano, J.R. Smith, tuba, and Orrin Foslien, banjo-guitar, joined by an able replacement for regular drummer Mel Fudge who couldn't make the trip. Singer Dave Wilborn, the one link to the original Cotton Pickers, was very much on hand and coming through in person better than on records, since he is a whole personality and not just a voice.

On Someday You'll Be Sorry and Sheik Of Araby they generated extra excitement by seemingly breaking out of the arrangement after a couple of choruses and having Saunders, Hutson, and Winters form a traditional cornet-clarinet-trombone front line while the rest of the band continued behind them until they too eventually erupted and made a full stage of jammers that would have given Eddie Condon and his Town Hallers an acute attack of envy.

Another effective touch from the past came on vocal numbers like Baby Won't You Please Come Home, when Saunders would play a complete solo behind Wilborn rather than just obbligato phrases. Beautiful support of a different nature - the kind that only subtle saxophone work can achieve - came from Rogers' baritone and Barnett's tenor when Wilborn sang These Foolish Things.

The extra quality the band has can be pinpointed with one comparison. A few weeks earlier the New York Jazz Repertory Company presented Sy Oliver at Carnegie Hall leading an orchestra of top musicians through a half-dozen Fletcher Henderson arrangements of the mid-20's. One of the numbers was Stampede, one of the pieces in the New Cotton Pickers' book - different versions but essentially the same arrangement. The Oliver band sounded great, but it was necessary to make allowances for the fact that they had two days rehearsal time on material that was strange to most everyone in the band. The New McKinney's Cotton Pickers played Stampede, like everything else, with the vitality, ease, and feel for dynamics that only comes from a band that plays together as a working band, and obviously enjoys what it's doing. They not only play the music of the 20's and 30's, they play with the same kind of dedication and enthusiasm characteristic of the 30's - a quality largely absent in the remaining big bands of the last thirty years. Pure gold. Or, as we used to say - solid!

- Dick Neeld

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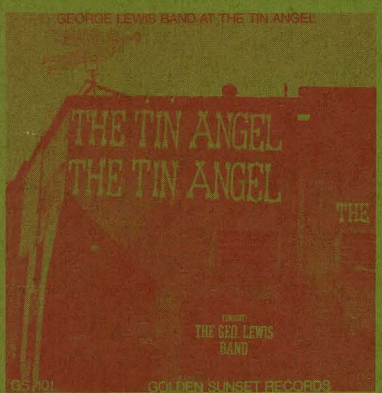

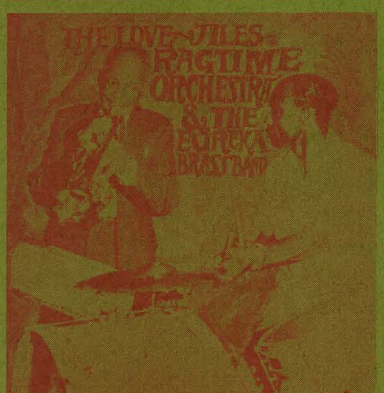

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