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THE JAZZ MAGAZINE

Coda

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WARNE MARSH
BILL DIXON
BIRTHRIGHT

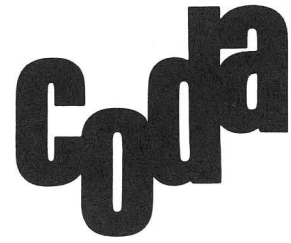
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WARNE MARSH photograph by Jorgen Bo

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Jazz magazines have a terrible tendency to rise and fall with the winds of time. Coda, however, is now eighteen years old and can claim to be among the senior members of the hierarchy. Those who have been with us since the early days will know that there have been many changes, hesitations and near collapses. This is not one of these - but it is time for a change, once again.

We have found it to be physically impossible to continue a schedule of ten issues a year. It has resulted in a state of chaos for some time and for those of you who have been waiting for records - this has something to do with it. Rising costs, especially in materials and postage, has made us reconsider many things and while it is gratifying to know that the circulation continues to rise it has created its own problem. Processing subscriptions has become almost a full-time job and there just isn't enough revenue available to hire more bodies. Consequently there has been much realignment and the results will become visible to you, the readers, in the next few months.

We are reverting to a publication schedule of six issues a year but the subscription rate will remain the same and cover ten issues. To avoid unnecessary correspondence about missing issues (and libraries are regularly at fault in this respect) we number each issue consecutively so there shouldn't be any confusion. The cover price of the magazine will go to \$1.50 per issue in January but the subscription prices will remain the same. As of this issue we are increasing the number of pages to 36.

While the general philosophy and viewpoint of the magazine will not change you will begin to notice an adjustment of content in the months to come. There will be less space given to news columns and more attention devoted to records and features. This is in line with the possibilities open to a magazine which only publishes every second month. We hope that you will find the material as stimulating and provocative as before.

We would also like to remind you that despite receiving support from The Canada Council and The Ontario Arts Council publishing a magazine in this day and age is a precarious venture. The magazine is still financed to a large degree by the sale of records at The Jazz and Blues Record Centre and through our mail order service. We appreciate your support and hope that you will continue to buy records through us. We are doing our best to keep the price of records at a reasonable level even though there has been considerable escalation in the past two years due to rising costs at the manufacturing level and in the post office.

We remain dedicated to the responsibility of reflecting the creative genius inherent in the music rather than serving as an advocate of the merchandisers of popular taste. We believe that our continuing existence is through your recognition of this truth.

Bill Smith John Norris

"He is one of the most individual players around, and it's funny nobody knows that. I wonder what people use for ears these days."
- Lee Konitz

"Warne had and has the fantastic ability to thrill me the way Pres or Roy, Christian or Bird, maybe a few others had."
- Lennie Tristano

"We finally meet" were Warne's welcome words when he opened his hotel door for me. After listening to his music for about 25 years, some correspondence and a few telephone calls - this was my first meeting with Warne. The date was November 25, 1975 and after having dined we sat down for a couple of hours during which we did this interview.

My first chance to hear Warne's playing in person came later in the evening when he played four sets at Jazzhus Tagskaegget in Aarhus, Denmark. Accompanied by Bent Eriksen's trio Warne gave the listeners a lesson in what improvisation and musical creativity is all about - using compositions like You Stepped Out Of A Dream, Walkin', Like Someone In Love and Moonlight In Vermont as vehicles for his art of improvising.

It was a memorable musical experience and luckily there came other chances to hear Warne as he played both Montmartre in Copenhagen and returned to Tagskaegget. At the end of his first European tour - which had come about thanks to Jazz Exchange, a Danish non-profit organization - Warne was teamed with his old partner Lee Konitz.

The results of this congenial meeting were recorded by the Danish Storyville label and may be available when you read this. Thanks to Warne for his cooperation with this interview and for his musical taste and perseverance.

- Roland Baggenaes

P.S.: In the interview Warne mentions an album with the best example of his playing on record. The album is Revelation 22: "The Art of Improvising".

Warne: As a child in Los Angeles I played with kid bands. I started about the age of 13 playing saxophone. We had a band called the Hollywood Canteen Kids and during World War II we played at the Hollywood Canteen and I suppose that was my introduction to jazz. I used to love Ben Webster and tried to play like him. Those stock arrangements we played had chords, so that was my introduction to what improvising is - when one is given a chord progression to follow. But I can't say that really decided me to be a musician. What decided me was...at 18 I was drafted into the army and posted right outside of New York City. Charlie Parker was playing every night on 52nd Street, I had met Lennie and started studying with him and New York City was just alive with music, a marvelous, stimulating place to be. The whole east coast of America was much more culture con-

scious than the west coast, much more music conscious, so it's fair to say that turned me on. Because that was the time when I decided once and for all that I was going to improvise music.

Roland: You mentioned Ben Webster before, did you hear him in person on the west coast?

Warne: No, I heard Corky Corcoran who admired Ben Webster a lot too. I took a few lessons with Corky in fact, but I only knew Ben from his records with Duke Ellington at that time.

Roland: Tex Beneke has been named as one of your influences too....

Warne: Well, it's true because we played a lot of Glenn Miller arrangements and I was listening to the original Glenn Miller records and of course it was Tex playing on them. I was 14 or 15 and he impressed me.

Roland: Did you play any other instruments then?

Warne: I played the bass clarinet and clarinet and I had previously studied piano, but I was a saxophone player from when I was 15 when I bought a tenor. Now I've learned flute and I play clarinet because I teach these instruments but I consider them minor studies. Actually, any of the woodwinds is worth a lifetime career and flute and clarinet are major instruments. I don't think you have enough time in your life to do all three of them well, so I play tenor and consider the other instruments as necessary evils.

Roland: Did you know Lennie Tristano before you came to New York and how did you meet him?

Warne: I didn't know Lennie before I was sent to New York. I met him through a student of his, Don Ferrara, who was stationed at the same camp I was. My introduction to Lennie was through the correspondence he was having with Don who was already studying with him. I was that impressed by how efficiently he made his points that I decided to get to study. The primary study is how to use one's ears, but that has of course been the truth in music since Bach's time. In Europe you call it solfeggio and a good education starts with two years of solfeggio, and that's all ear training. Before you're even allowed to touch an instrument you must learn to think music and basically I think that's Lennie's approach. A student is required to learn the rudiments of music in a manner which permits him to perform them without having to read music, you see, which an improviser needs. So there's no written music in Lennie's method. One must learn, for example, Charlie Parker's and Lester Young's solos by ear from the records and learn, first of all, to hear them in one's head, then learn to sing them and finally learn to play them on one's own instrument. So it's...the major part of the study is to learn to think the language of music without having to read it. And then beyond that there are the meter studies, the rhythm studies, harmony

studies and complex harmony studies.

Roland: You also played with Tristano and Lee Konitz during that period....

Warne: Yeah, we had a band between 1949 and 1953 but during those years we were offered relatively little work, not really enough to keep a band together. Let's see.... I think Billy Bauer was the first one who had to leave to keep working. He already had a family, and then Lee went with Stan Kenton in 1952. Again because he simply had no choice, he had five children by that time I think and it was necessary to work.

It wasn't until 1965 that we were offered enough work to keep the band busy and we put the band back together then. We worked about nine months on the east coast, but Lee felt that he wanted to be on his own so we didn't stay together although there was enough work. We were offered enough jobs but we split up again and I went back to L.A. where my people are. I had just been married myself and we moved back to L.A. and now here we are ten years after and things are coming together again.

Roland: Why do you think it was so hard to get enough work during the first period around 1950 - was the music too difficult?

Warne: Let me put it this way. Bebop was in full swing and the main thrust of jazz was bebop. We were regarded somewhat obliquely, let me say, we were first of all considered as being cool and even with the inference that we were intellectual musicians - which we really were. We were students of music, we were not interested in copying Charlie Parker and try to play bebop. We were interested in being competent and well-trained musicians as a starting point and then proceed from there. That first band really was largely Lennie's work. The written material, the written part of it was entirely done by Lennie. It was his band, it's fair to say.

Roland: Also, at that time there was a revived interest in some of the older forms of jazz....

Warne: Yes, but that remains current in America. It's always there I think. As a matter of fact, except for bebop I sincerely think that some of the best jazz is Dixieland. It's uncomplicated, it's honest, it's vigorous, stimulating music. And they play together, that's the big thing about it. There's not the kind of competition between the musicians you can hear in a lot of bebop and more recently in all of the different styles of jazz that have emerged from bebop. Jazz now...it seems that it has gone in 20 different directions since Charlie Parker's time. Jazz doesn't have just one meaning like it used to have. When I grew up it just had one meaning to me because Charlie Parker epitomized good jazz. But jazz was either bebop or it was traditional Dixieland and that's all there was to it. You liked one or the other, you patronized one or the other. And now you have

WARNE MARSH interview by Roland Baggenaes

20 different styles to choose from and to my ears none of them are so substantial as either good bebop or good Dixieland - and of course the work Lennie did then, and I think his music is as live today as it was then.

Roland: Around the time when Charlie Parker was playing you and Lennie Tristano worked together. Were the two schools of jazz very separate?

Warne: No, in reality there was a blend between the two. Parker recorded with Lennie on a couple of occasions. They liked and enjoyed each other. I myself worked with Charlie Parker. Lee worked with Miles Davis in that first nonet band - and very successfully, I love the way Lee played then. It was a period when everything was happening and a thousand or so musicians in New York were really trying to do their best. It was simply a

musical experience of that time, a growth in American music and the emphasis was not being put on money and making success the way it is now.

Roland: So you don't like the present situation?

Warne: I don't even think there is a situation. I don't think there is what you could call a musical community in America. In the 40s there was a community, in the 30s there was a community in Kansas City. Kansas City was a marvelous place for music, their clubs stayed open 24 hours a day, Charlie Parker and Lester Young grew up there. In the 40s there was a centre or a musical community in New York City complete with an excellent audience. I think one of the best audiences in the world lives in New York City. Now, that doesn't exist. There is no centre, L.A. is just as act-

ive as New York is. I think there are more good performers, musicians, in L.A. than in New York. What I'm saying is that L.A. which has never had a music of its own or produced major musicians or music - is now beginning to.

Roland: In the 50s there was a style or direction called West Coast jazz... played by people like Art Pepper, Bud Shank....

Warne: Art Pepper is an exception because he's a real musician but I think what's called West Coast jazz usually impresses me as just a sort of watered down version of good New York jazz, a reflection of what was going on in New York. Certainly all of the musicians were congregating in New York during these years, it's just recently the trend is reversed and they are coming back to L.A.

Roland: About your own work now, you're playing with Supersax....

Warne: Well, Supersax.... for about three years that's been keeping me pretty busy and since it's an effort to recreate Charlie Parker's music that means a great deal to me of course. That band will probably be active for another year or two and they expect to come to Europe and to go back to Japan.

There's been quite a revolution in American music with the very young generation which is tired of rock & roll. They find it is a poor medium for learning music - which it is - and Lennie and I and I believe Lee too are doing all the teaching we can handle. There's that much interest in finding out what really happened in the 40s. Good teachers in America are finding their hands full and a good education is best available through privateteachers. At colleges and schools there are courses for jazz but it hasn't reached the level there that it can be taught privately - and this is jazz I'm talking about. Myself, I have as many students as I can handle right now, good students, good musicians. I teach them almost exactly what I was taught by Lennie. What you give a student really is an education that includes the disciplines of classical music. It's worthless to just give them ideas without giving them training. The student doesn't learn his music just because he's coming and taking his lesson. He learns his music because he practices the way classical musicians practice. But the student teaches himself, that's the point, the teacher is the guide.

So the classic studies in music, the rudiments of harmony, of meter and of rhythm can be taught pretty much as they are in classical music. And beyond that, when the student wants the contemporary knowledge of what's happening when you play jazz, which is to say what happens when four people get together and improvise. You see, improvisation is not new to music. Improvisation was popular in Bach's time. Bach was a master improviser, Beethoven and Mozart were improvisers. A well-trained musician in baroque music was an improviser, but they did not establish a form of improvisation which had four musicians improvising together, which you could call



photograph of Warne Marsh by Jorgen Bo

ensemble improvisation.

It was the American negro that did that and the American negro is entirely responsible for creating jazz. I give him full credit for bringing improvisation back to music. And I think it's the spontaneous playing of music which has revolutionized the world of music - it really has. The individual is once again given a voice in creating music. It's not all one composer and a whole symphony of musicians with none of the musicians creating music but recreating one man's thinking. Now we have again the situation where four men are thinking and hopefully playing valid music, improvising it together.

Roland: Speaking of improvisation, when you improvise on a tune do you play on the chord changes or do you have the melody in the back of your head? I think Lee Konitz was quoted once for saying that when he was improvising he always had the melody in the back of his head.

Warne: Well, again it's easy to draw a parallel with classical music. There's a form of classical music called thematic improvisation and that exactly defines what we're doing in jazz. There's a theme and it is understood, it's the first chorus and from there on that theme is improvised. There is a structure in other words, as opposed to what is called free form nowadays where the structure itself is supposed to be improvised. That's what's so hard about it, to be valid music there still must be structure. Without any structure it's random and it simply doesn't qualify as valid music. Unless you like impressionism, I don't like it. What's called free form sounds accidental when it's good, to me it sounds like a random attempt to play music. By accident you may hear good music, but I don't depend on that.... In the 40s Lennie, Lee and I experimented with playing free music and I think our first attempts were the most successful. In order to play that way we felt that the musicianship had to be OK and the results had to be valid music. But we stopped playing free music, the more we played, the more difficult it seemed to be - and today we don't take chances like that when we play.

Roland: We spoke of Lester Young before. Do you agree with his often quoted statement about the importance of knowing the lyrics to the tune one does play?

Warne: Lester was an entirely lyrical person and I know exactly what he meant. In fact, I think Sonny Rollins has made that same statement. Yes I agree because that's part of what's being played. Improvisation is not music out of thin air. It's improvisation of a theme and that theme...if it's All The Things You Are does have lyrics to it. I think the improviser profits by being aware of the words as well as the melody. It's a minor point to me because words don't mean that much to me in music. I'm just an instrumentalist and I hear the melodies....

Roland: In your own improvisations and those of Lee Konitz you have moved far away from the original theme....

Warne: We've extended it to a point where it may bear very little relation to the original. Nevertheless it's been logical stages. For example, Lennie's composition Wow is taken from a standard tune, You Can Depend On Me, I think. Charlie Parker wrote Donna Lee, that's taken from Indiana, so call it an improvisation of an improvisation. I haven't gotten to the point where I deny the theme, the theme is still there.

Roland: You mentioned the many directions or styles of today. Which bands of today have moved you or impressed you?

Warne: In all honesty I have to say none. The good music played in the last 20 years has been by isolated individuals and not by groups. And naming some.... My most vivid recent musical experience is having heard and performed with Connie Crothers in concert in New York City last October. She is 34 and has studied with Lennie twelve years and she is a fascinating musician. She's one of the three or four musicians I've played with who can evoke a better performance out of me than I could give were I playing alone. Niels-Henning is another one. Kenny Clarke has had that effect on me. Also I have to mention Ronnie Ball and Sal Mosca. On the local scene in Los Angeles I enjoy listening to Pete Christlieb, a marvelous tenor player whose father plays bassoon with the L.A. Philharmonic. There are three or four gifted piano players, Roger Kellaway, Terry Trotter, Mike Woffard and Mike Lang.

Roland: You talked about improvisation and the American negro bringing it back to music. A lot of us feel that jazz is not regarded as it should be in the States. Do you think that the fact that it was the black American who created jazz is the reason for this?

Warne: Yes, oh yes. He's been regarded as a second-class citizen straight through. Charlie Parker was conscious of it and he made a comment somewhere in one of the books...Bird Lives, I think. If Charlie Parker, Bud Powell and Max Roach had been given full range to what they were doing, and if they had stayed together for five years it would once and for all have established jazz as fine art. But it never achieved the stature of fine art in America. And yet it is. The saying went around when Bird died... well, Charlie Parker is dead now and we'll get on doing our own little thing - and they forgot about him. Now there's a re-emergence of interest in what was played in the 40s, an interest in what led up to bebop. And what led up to bebop was 50 or 60 years of honest music by the American black. His day is yet to come as a musician. The musicians in America know what's going on but the people at large still regard jazz as folk music, that's a good way to put it. It's not art, it's folk music. That's what they think, and it's stupid.

Unfortunately, I don't see the contemporary blacks in America doing much about it. There's certainly a lot of white musicians who have gotten the message and are taking their music just as seri-

ously as Bird took his, and so we have a generation now of mixed white and black musicians - doing a lot of different things, I have to say. The real achievement in American music was what led up to and included Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Max Roach, Tommy Potter...there are some other piano players too from that period, Kenny Drew and Duke Jordan. It's still the best music the country has produced and it's still not given the understanding it merits - although there are younger people now that are beginning to study it and are taking their music seriously if they're not sidetracked by rock and roll which is becoming passe. Young students don't wanna hear about rock & roll, they want to find out what led up to it, they wanna see through to the other side of it. They sense that rock & roll is relatively superficial music and it does not have the substance that bebop had.

By the time of bebop the small group, the quartet, quintet and sextet, had emerged as the forerunner of American jazz. That was the best context in which to improvise. The big band traditionally offered soloists like Lester Young and Roy Eldridge a chance to play sometimes but the music wasn't really built around improvisation. It was still highly arranged, almost completely arranged with a few solos here and there. What emerged was the quartet. But Bird, Bud Powell and Max Roach didn't work together long - they went out and got their own bands.

Roland: Big bands....

Warne: A big band today, to be a logical extension of good small group improvising would have to build around the ideas of small group playing. In other words, the music would have to be very highly improvised. It sounds very difficult to put 15 musicians together and get the same spontaneity you can get with four. It's a dream more than anything else, conceivably it can happen...I think Woody Herman's big bands are the closest to being good jazz bands and the early ones are the best ones. That's about as close I think a big band has come to express the feeling that goes with small group improvising.

Roland: Woody Herman had some famous tenor players, Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, Al Cohn....

Warne: My buddies...well, they all played with one of the first Herds and it was an attempt to express the same feeling of a small unit. But Zoot and Stan and Al play small group jazz now and I do and Lee Konitz does so we're back to where we were 25 years ago really.

Roland: Duke Ellington's band?

Warne: The Duke Ellington band is a contemporary phenomenon, that band could only have happened in America during the 20s and the 30s. When I was in my teens I loved the band but just like all the big bands they ceased to have the importance to me that small groups do when I began to feel that I wanted to work in a small context. It offered more individual freedom.

Roland: During the 50s and 60s your public appearances have at times been

very few. Has that fact affected your playing?

Warne: No, not at all. I'll be a student of music my whole life. I miss performing though, I think it's the most demanding form of the art. Not only to improvise, but to do it in front of a live audience. That's what jazz is all about: improvising. Well, let's put it this way: you're going to create the music, you're going to perform it and you're going to do all that in front of a live audience. That puts as much demand as I can think of on a musician - that's a challenge. Record dates I can live without. I did a studio recording recently and it was not an acoustic recording, it was a mechanical recording. And when you divide musicians, when you put them 20 feet apart and try to record them through engineering the musicians are not getting a blend in the first place. And there's no way in the world an engineer is going to fabricate good music from music that is not performed well...and yet they seem to think they can do it. The whole philosophy is wrong, it's a product of our hi-fi psychology. They have sophisticated equipment, they have everything but good acoustics, you see, but string quartets, for example, have not grouped in tight little circles for 300 years for no reason. They know what they're doing, they sit close together so that they can feel each other and they get the best out of themselves as a result.

Roland: Is that the reason, you think, that so little jazz of today impresses you?

Warne: Recorded jazz doesn't impress me at all. The best performances are still going to be live performances when the band happens to be set up well and the club has some acoustics. No, it's a problem, and like all problems in music the only people that are going to solve them are the musicians themselves. By simply not allowing those kinds of recordings to be made where they're done track on track. They're manufactured music, they're not good musical performances. To my ears they are not, they don't move me.

When we were recording in the 40s and the beginning of the 50s it was a little more spontaneous. First of all, there was a 3-minute time limit because we were working on 78s. Beyond that...we'll limit it to Capitol Records in New York...the recordings were done in a fairly decent studio, I don't even remember the mechanics of it. I don't remember if each musician had a microphone or they recorded the room sound. They got a pretty good recording out of the music. However, recordings are always no more than second-best, there's no way to get the complete impact of live music on records, hi-fi or not, it's just not there. So, recording's incidental to me, it's a way of offering the music to a larger audience but I never like to think of it as an end in itself. You notice that Lennie Tristano records very rarely.

I do not listen to records very much at home. Occasionally I get out my Bartok and Bach and that's really about it. Nowadays, that's what I'm listening to.

I'm concerned with performing now, I wanna get out and play in front of a live audience, that's what means something.

In Los Angeles there are two clubs where I do perform, Donte's and The Times and I work with my own quartet three or four days a month and Supersax plays two or three week-ends a month at Donte's. That's really as many personal appearances as any musician in L.A. is making. Los Angeles never did have enough of an audience to support live jazz - New York did. But jazz musicians do not make their livings in night clubs any more. It's a period in jazz where everything is dormant and I would even find it hard to say where it's going to re-emerge. Right at the moment it seems to be more active in Japan and in Europe than it is in America.

Roland: Although you said you don't care for recorded jazz - can you name one or two records you feel would give a good example of your playing?

Warne: The recent Revelation record which is my solos edited from an appearance at the Half Note in 1959. I think it's the best picture of my playing on record. And that's a live performance. That's the only record I can honestly say I think I've played my best on.

Roland: One tenor player we haven't talked about is John Coltrane. To many young musicians he is as important as Charlie Parker is to others.

Warne: Your education would be complete if after you listened to John Coltrane you went back to Charlie Parker and really listened. Parker provided John with his start, listen to his earlier recordings. Well, let me say this for John: he not only loved Charlie Parker, but you can hear that he captured some of the willingness to improvise, to innovate, he really sounded like he was searching in his earlier recordings. He's a good, honest improviser, I enjoy him a little less than I do Charlie Parker. I think Charlie Parker is a master and John could have been. I feel John's best playing is his earlier playing and I feel the same about Sonny Rollins. I enjoy John's ballads, the way he plays a ballad.

Roland: Coleman Hawkins....

Warne: Yes, I heard him after I heard Ben Webster and I love him just as much.

My own playing is quite different from both Ben and Coleman because when I heard Lester Young I said to myself that's it. Lester never wastes a motion, he's the most economical player I know - and that's art, that's artistic playing. Ben and Hawk are a little more emotional. The balance between emotion and substance is tipped towards emotion with both Ben and Hawk, but with Lester it's a perfect balance between emotion or feeling and the substance of his melodies, he simply never wastes a motion. We all know that his playing changed around 1945 in terms of efficiency or economy. He sounded healthy in the 30s and not the same later and I can hear the same thing in Billie Holiday. They both performed perfectly for some years and then something happened and their performances lacked the impact to me that the earlier ones did.

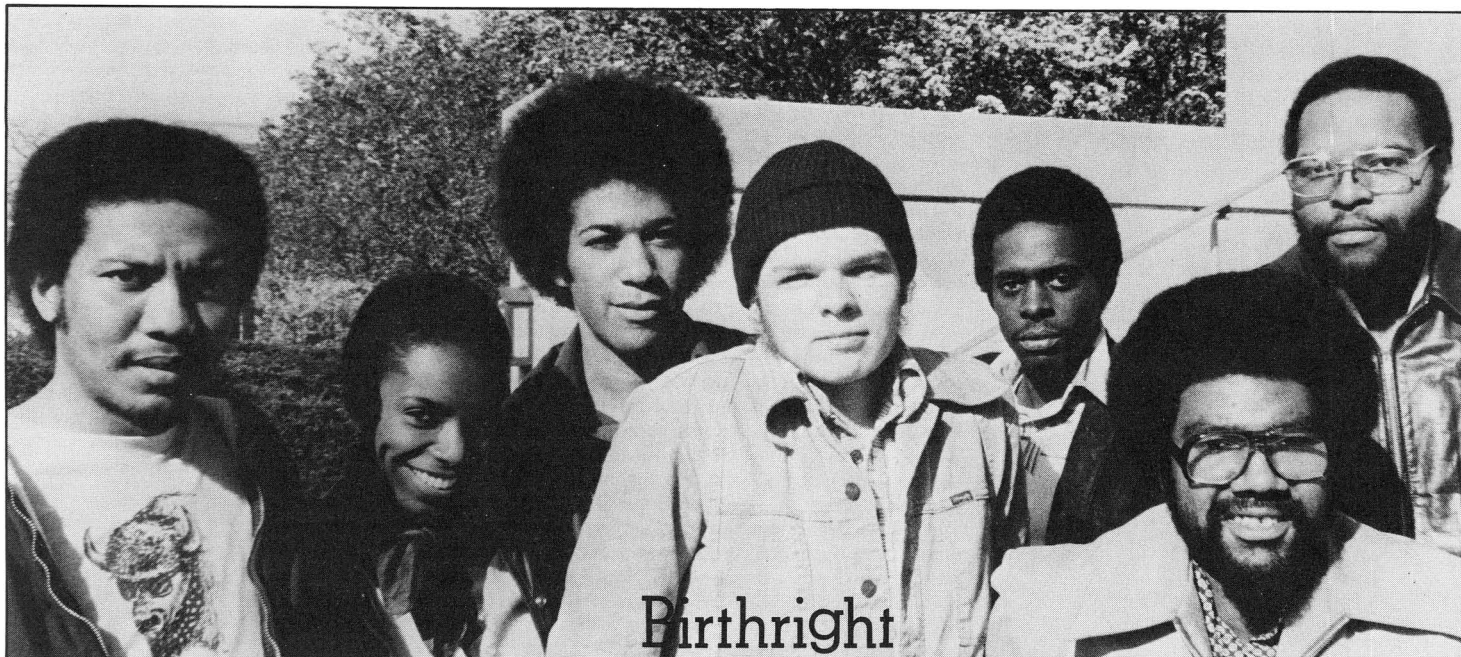
Roland: What does jazz mean to you?

Warne: Well, it means improvisation. To me, the best quality of our black music that we call jazz is its spontaneity, its willingness to improvise. As far as defining jazz in terms of style I'm not particularly impressed by styles. Charlie Parker certainly had style but that was a result of his abandoning himself to music, that's character. So if you take jazz as meaning American black music then I don't care whether I'm regarded a jazz musician as such or not, but if you take it to mean improvised music... that's what's important to me.

Roland: A final question, what do you devote your time to off the bandstand?

Warne: I have as many students as I can stand, I have 32 students a week and that's really a full load of teaching to me. And that's becoming a second career by now. I didn't take it seriously five years ago but I do now. And I feel that I've had one of the best educations available through Lennie - and essentially all I do is turn around and pass that on to my students. It's a fascinating career, really, teaching. To be given the responsibility for training a musician to express himself, not the old classical kind of teaching where you train a musician how to play Mozart.... But in order to teach him to express himself he has to be taught how to think the language of music....





In early 1974, two events marked a return from dormancy for the improvised music scene in western New York. One was the initiation of Bill Wahl's "Buffalo Jazz Report" as a monthly herald of activity. The other, parallel occurrence was the organization of "Birthright" - a cooperative improvising ensemble centered around three men (Paul Gresham, Joe Ford, Nasara Abadey) and their dedication to the jazz heritage that preceded them. In the time that has since passed, the implications of their music and actions has grown to far exceed merely geographical bounds.

The fact that "Birthright's" creativity is grounded in the works of preceding musical generations - an elaboration and enriching of work started by Coltrane, Davis, Dolphy, and others - is a phenomenon with many current parallels. It is not to be found centering around the industry core in New York, if only because creative integrity in this genre no longer interests the recording industry as saleable. Rather, those artists who would build their own careers while glancing respectfully at the past (Andrew White in Washington is another major example) are forced to work through self-promotion. A decade ago, when the AACM and Sun Ra were pioneering the cooperative booking and recording of their musics, to do so was an inherently political utterance. The alternative was (and is) to be forced into either prostitution or sitting out an unfillable contract. But as the music industry moved more and more exclusively towards mass markets, a growing precedent and the wider dissemination of proper recording technology has made self-production of recordings by regional groups economically practical as well as creatively necessary. Just as recordings once spread musical influences widely away from the centers of "the music" (today New York and Los Angeles), today the territory-based band can extend its influences far beyond geography at its own discretion. Thus Free-

lance records. As well, although "Birthright's" relative isolation from the centers is a mixed blessing, the ensemble's cooperative framework is elastic enough for members to travel abroad as the opportunity presents itself (saxophonist/music director Joe Ford saw Japan and Newport in McCoy Tyner's band in 1976), and add new creative voices as need be from the local market. This builds a solid repertory of both artists and compositions for the Buffalo market, while at the same time their continuing substantiality ensures a stable work situation for musicians in the area. They have progressed from being just another local pickup band, to the point where they can have their choice of local jobs, and where their popularity is cause for the opening up of more playing opportunities in their area.

So far, there have been few group forays beyond their home base except for promotion of their recordings. A government-sponsored tour to Germany scheduled for November 1976 may change that abruptly; but at present Paul Gresham (tenorist and business manager) is looking for contacts for playing commitments anywhere. Having moved the group together beyond the point of playing for survival, the guiding forces of "Birthright" now look to expand their horizons.

One way of expanding opportunities came with the organization of Birthright's own "Freelance" label. I have already written extensively and favourably of their first album, "Free Spirits" (Coda, #141 - September 1975). Retrospectively, that now seems far more a critical success than it was useful in attracting new audiences. While it helped to consolidate the group's popularity in its home region, and to pass their message to those of us nearby who - to that time - had heard only unsubstantiated rumblings of their prowess, the length of the performances mitigated against broadcast air play, which Gresham (with some broadcast experience himself) looked on as a critical

factor. Their second album, "Breath of Life", makes no musical compromises other than the length of individual tracks. The long major alteration, the addition of vocalist Beverly Simms, is a gain in power and immediacy.

The music Birthright offers is a closely-knit consolidation of the Parker-to-Coltrane years, dealt with imagination, dedication, and invention. A major key to group success is the personal closeness of its core members. It has taken six years of playing together, starting with shared notions about music and several linking figures (McCoy Tyner was a high-school friend of Gresham's) to foster the group's fruition out of its common ground. A Birthright performance is at once professionally polished and built on the unpredictability of personal creation in extending the heritage.

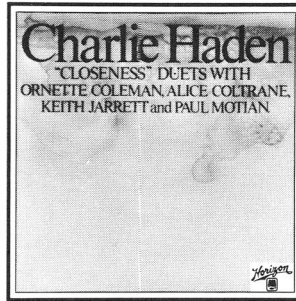
Today, Birthright faces tasks more than just expanding their horizons to bring the music of their heritage to new audiences. Gresham and Ford are also concerned about music and recordings by others - especially in the past three decades - that bore on the development of today's seminal figures, but that time has lost or history suppressed. "There were thousands of big bands crossing the countryside every night, and you played lead if you were good, and maybe third chair if you weren't, but you know they had to be speaking, because the people were listening. What the studios got isn't what went down in the everynight gigs - and that's where the experimenting went on." Gresham sees the future of Freelance records as a medium for bringing forward such recordings.

"Birthright" has arrived. Their time for proving is past. Nobody needs to take survival gigs any more. Their promise is now. - Barry Tepperman

FREELANCE records are available for \$6.00 each postpaid from Birthright, P.O. Box 514, Buffalo, New York 14240.

THE SENSITIVITY AND LYRICISM OF CHARLIE HADEN.

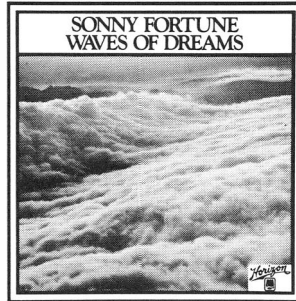
The concept of Charlie Haden's new album was to play duets with the musicians he has been closest to over the years. The "guests" on the album rank among the most important in jazz. In a recent review of "Closeness" Robert Palmer of *Record World* wrote, "Charlie Haden,



the bassist who powered Ornette Coleman's early quartets and has been a mainstay of Keith Jarrett's groups more recently, is responsible for one of the most auspicious and satisfying jazz lps of the year... a simply stunning album." **"CLOSENESS"**
Produced by Ed Michel

THE FIERY ARTICULATIONS AND POWER OF SONNY FORTUNE.

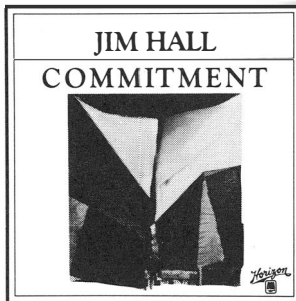
Sonny has played with the best including McCoy Tyner, Miles Davis and Elvin Jones. On his brilliant new Horizon album Sonny's explosive style, raw power and incredible discipline come together to create the most expressive album of his upward career. As one



critic put it, "He respects the past but is not bound by it. He evolves toward the future, but never loses sight of his musical vision." Sonny's vision is a beautiful thing to listen to. **"WAVES OF DREAMS"***
Produced by Ed Michel

THE GRACE AND INVENTIVENESS OF JIM HALL.

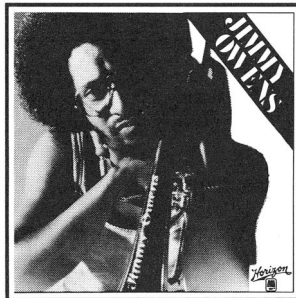
Recent *Downbeat* Jazz Critic Poll Winner Jim Hall in a stunning second album for Horizon. Artists performing with Jim Hall on "Commitment" include Tommy Flanagan, Art Farmer and Ron Carter. A lot has been written about Jim Hall's talent as a guitarist. *The New Yorker* probably said it best:



"...a grace and inventiveness and lyricism that makes him preeminent among contemporary jazz guitarists and puts him within touching distance of the two grand masters—Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt." **"COMMITMENT"**
Produced by John Snyder

THE DYNAMIC VERSATILITY OF JIMMY OWENS.

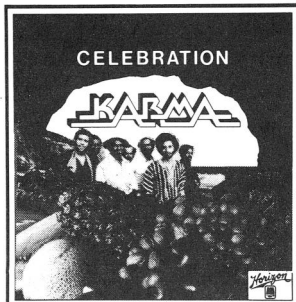
Trumpeter, flugelhornist, composer, arranger, educator, founding member of Collective Black Artists, Inc., Jimmy Owens is a young man on the move. He's recorded with everyone from Duke to Diz and just recently has been recognized as one of the most



significant new forces in contemporary music. This, his third album as a leader, is rare in its ability to transcend musical categories and express great emotion. **"JIMMY OWENS"***
Produced by Coleridge Taylor-Perkinson

THE SCALDING HOT RHYTHMIC FUSIONS OF KARMA.

Karma is a sizzling-hot fusion of seven accomplished musicians and promising young players dedicated to making music that's jazzy but not necessarily jazz. Karma is George Bohanon, Ernie Watts, Oscar Brashear (Chache), Reggie Andrews (Heshimu), Curtis



Robinson, Jr., Josef Blocker, and Vander "Stars" Lockett. "Celebration" is their first album and without obscure time signatures and overly complicated harmonic structures Karma really gets it on. **"CELEBRATION"***
Produced by Reggie Andrews and George Bohanon

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BLUES NEWS



Chicago, Richard M. Daly's Democratic duchy of contradiction, is still the breeding ground of serious and relevant blues. The inner city continues to host a host a wide range of blues forms and activities. Live blues, serving a variety of functions can be heard on the North, West, and South Sides. The predominately white North Side, where many active and semi-active bluesmen find employment, offers a wide range of prewar and postwar blues forms. Here blues is offered as an interesting and entertaining element of American folkculture. In contrast, blues performed in the small, steamy and crowded South and West Side ghetto bars serves as a weekend or evening escape from the often harsh realities of inner city life.

In both environments, the blues performed may take on certain contemporary or mainstream characteristics. For example, certain overt elements of rock may be apparent in the post-war blues heard on the North Side, whereas, blues performed in the ghettos may at times lean more to popular soul. These flirtations with modernity are functions of acculturation and attempts by certain artists to broaden their appeal. Economics,

rather than aesthetic impression might be the significant force at work here. Popular soul and rock influences may be incorporated into the actual blues form or simply into the artist's repertoire.

In recent years, Chicago's recorded blues output has reflected the multiplicity of Chicago blues. Both traditional and acculturated blues forms have been represented. To be sure: prewar piano - Walker/Helfer (Flying Fish 001); prewar guitar blues (Philo 1003); straight postwar ensemble blues - the Aces (Black and Blue 33.508), J.B. Hutto and the Hawks (Delmark DS-6336), Hound Dog Taylor (Alligator 4704 and 4707), Andrew "Blueblood" McMahon (Dharma 4401), W.W. Williams (Supreme SR-1001), and Walter Horton/Carey Bell (Alligator 4702); modern Chicago blues - Jr. Wells (Delmark DS-635), Otis Rush (Delmark DS-638), Luther Allison (Motown G 967V1), Fenton Robinson (Alligator 4705), and Koko Taylor (Alligator 4706); and the North Side blues scene - the Bob Reidy Blues Band (Flying Fish 006). If evident at all, the impress of the popular trends can be heard more on the recordings in the latter two categories. Traces of R&B, rock,

jazz and soul periodically surface. Depending on your tastes, these examples might be worth checking out.

Current elements of change are quite evident in the recent releases by James Cotton - "High Energy" (Buddah BDS 5650) and "Live and On The Move" (Buddah BDS 5661-2), and Jimmy Dawkins - "Blisterstring" (Delmark DS 641). Some of these changes are for the better, while others reek of banal commercialism. First of all, the not so appreciated output.

Cotton's first Buddah release, "100% Cotton" was a great improvement over his later Verve and Capitol material. Granted it was heavy, but the performances were tight and funky. "100% Cotton" actually utilized Cotton's hard working road band in a true representation of Cotton's stage act. The sound was refreshing and exciting. It built expectations for better things yet to come. At the time, it was even difficult to get cynical about the obvious attempt to capitalize on the adolescent "boogie" craze, that had been hyped into the impressionable youth of America. There was a certain trace of honesty in the hard driving up-front harp sound laid down on that record. Cotton combined older sidemen Matt

Murphy on guitar and Bo Sheriff on tenor for an element of traditional stability, and turned to younger sidemen, Kenny Johnson (drums) and Charles Calmese (bass) for a more contempo-funk beat.

The Buddah releases that followed were, in order of appearance, disastrous and relatively disappointing. In late 1975 Buddah let loose "High Energy" which was hyped as the funky and compatible marriage between powerhouse Chicago blues and New Orleans R&B. Cotton's band is joined by Crescent City notables James Booker and Alan Toussaint, plus an assortment of guitarists and hornmen. The results are incompatible disco. The West Memphis and Chicago essence and more recent hip honesty of Cotton's sound are lost in this alchemist's fantasy. The results are much the same as Luther Allison's recent and forgettable Motown disco farce, "Night Life". Here again the fault does not lie with the artist, but with the knowing producer. Unless you are prone to the lighter side of disco, you might care to avoid this overt display of trite commercialism.

Next came Cotton's "Live and On The Move". Given "100% Cotton", this release is disappointing. It is a 2-LP set of poorly recorded and mixed live performances. It could have been recorded anywhere East Coast U.S.A. and is characterized by the canned and superficial atmosphere of a denim under-the-counter culture teenage boogie bar in Geneva, New York. The band present appears to be Cotton's road band with the addition of a pianist. There is a heavy reliance on standard blues/boogie items - Mojo, Flip, Flop And Fly, Caldonia, and Good Morning Little Schoolgirl. There are also nine numbers that appeared on the two previous Buddah releases.

This set lacks the bottom and forcefulness evident on "100% Cotton", with many of the cuts sounding rather weak. Although hyped throughout by the appropriate number of Cotton/crowd exchanges, the apparent energy generated is lost. At times the proven Cotton band sounds like an unimaginative rock band. Cotton even sounds like he has been taking vocal lessons from Toronto's pride - the Hock (Mr. Flip Flop And Fly) - himself and if the liner photos are accurate, Cotton has lost some weight - amongst other things.

On the positive side there is a strong version of Calvin Leavy's classic blues - Cummins Prison - and a rocking version of Rockett 88. The latter with some up-front Memphis boogie guitar by Matt Murphy. On the whole, "Live..." is miles ahead of "High Energy" and yards behind "100% Cotton".

According to recorded output, change for Cotton was initially to an updated, but funky and honest sound. Then he moved to a more commercialized disco and teenage boogie orientation. The richness of Cotton's new sound, as illustrated by "100% Cotton", appears to have been lost on the latter two releases. The reasons are overproduction in the studio and a heavy reliance on the superficial boogie craze on stage. Unfortunately any creativity on the part of Cotton and guitarist

Matt Murphy is being diluted by commercialism. However it may be this commercial focus that keeps Cotton and company from a dependence on the \$15/night ghetto bars.

Dawkins' recent Delmark release, "Blisterstring" is characterized by change of a more creative nature. The music goes beyond mainstream West Side blues, establishing a more progressive and funky vehicle for Dawkins' expanded guitar wizardry and new found vocal confidence. Dawkins has matured into an expressive and emotive vocalist. On lengthy workings of "Feel So Bad", "Blues With A Feeling", "Welfare Blues" and Edwin Hawkins' "If You're Ready" Jimmy convincingly creates appropriate moods of rejection, frustration, anger, and self-motivated optimism. These he reinforces with a generous amount of appropriately placed and charged lead guitar work. His playing has taken on a new and fresh intense vibrancy. He throws in new runs, note extensions, etc., in an obvious awareness of his own skills and potential. Instrumental showcases include rapid and tight executions of Burrell's Chitlin Con Carne and Ode To Billie Joe. The latter is a long way from the rigid formula of a Nashville studio.

The musical direction of this collection was set by the Jimmy Dawkins Band. No thorny or egotistical producers telling the artists what the people want. Dawkins is in charge of the solo space, pouring out enough variety for a score of guitarists. Meanwhile his regular working band provides a mean and assertive backdrop. The final mixdown is such to permit an appreciation of what the various sidemen contribute to this solid foundation. At the time of this recording, the Jimmy Dawkins Band consisted of Jimmy Johnson on rhythm guitar, Sylvester Boines on bass and Tyrone Centuray on drum. In the studio Sonny Thompson was featured as guest pianist.

Although Dawkins occasionally overextends himself vocally and periodically falters, this is the strongest Dawkins set to date. The vocal inconsistencies are few and far between with Jimmy Dawkins showing definite signs of artistic maturation. Seeing a need to progress musically, Dawkins was able to enact creative change by extending and developing skills. He has not had to sacrifice meaning in his expression or honesty in his performance. This is clearly illustrated in his vocal and instrumental delivery and in the socially relevant composition, Welfare Blues.

Change can come to blues. As a musical form blues can evolve creatively without losing meaning or cultural significance. Blues is not socially irrelevant as hypothesized by Haralambos in his academically naive: "Right On: From Blues to Soul in Black America". Nor does it have to degenerate according to the superficial dictates of profit-motivated fad or fashion. The environmental prerequisites for blues still exist and artists like Jimmy Dawkins prove that blues can evolve creatively, yet be perpetuated in a relevant manner. - Doug Langille

JAZZ JOURNAL

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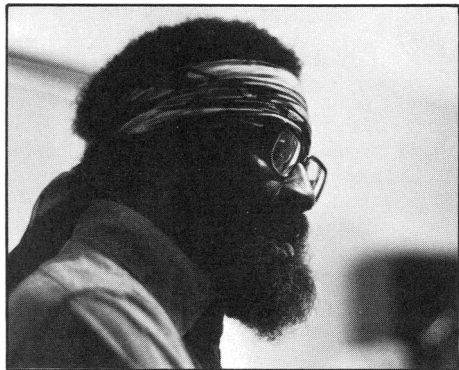
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Bill Dixon

THE INTRANSIGENT BLACK MUSICIAN ARRIVES VERY MUCH ALIVE IN PARIS



"mon ghetto d'iris noirs mon oreille de cristal/mon rocher devalant la falaise pour écraser le garde champêtre"

Allo by Benjamin Peret
(Vingt Poemes 1936)

Biography of Bill Dixon has been written and rewritten, so I am not gonna add to that style of 'jazz writing', so for those who want to, 'when and where' he was born and how he grew and the schools he attended, check out: Jazz Magazine Feb 74/Nov 75/Sept 76 and JAZZ HOT Dec 73/Jan 74. Now I remained in Paris a week longer to cover 'the intransigent Bill Dixon' do his 'thang' live, very much a live at the Musee Galliera during the Festival d'Automne a Paris. The Musee Galliera is almost a perfect setting for brother Bill's European debut, for is it not one of the very best examples of European classical antique pieces of architecture? By European standards, Monsieur Guillaume Robert Dixon de Nantucket Massachusetts is a 'welcomed intruder', and his accepting an official invitation to do what he pleased in one of the French tribe's most sacred edifices, is 'a cause celebre'. But what the officials and their liberal advisers did not know of brother Bill was that he was serious, aristocratic, and highly intelligent not only in music but hip to the international human condition. Thus he T.C.B.-ed for five intransigent musical evenings before a S.R.O. crowd. The crowd that appeared nightly was enough to confuse those august assholes of the French tribes' intelligentsia. For example one of the young critics of the newspaper Le Monde, was shocked and shook up, and was seen mumbling about 'Miles Davis memories more or less'. Yes Sir, Bill Dixon's musical debut was a tremendous success, psychologically as well as musically.

His composition, was naturally an Afroamerican creation, thus relied upon the vital force of improvisation spiritually. It was titled, 'Autumn Sequences From A Paris Diary: Fall 1976'. Five nights starting September 28. Some nights the piece ran for one hour and a half, other nights it was forty minutes, and there were no complaints after the first night. I took my notes, which were written in the darkness in a little notebook with the marvelous invention,

'Nighter' which is a ball point pen that lights up around the point. With this and clean ears, magnetic mind, and lover, I surreally report thus: big crowd of young adults, a rhinoceros, aardvark, and pangolin mingles amongst the first nighters, some of them older folks are Sixteen-Arrondissement 'art lovers', very rare sight at a 'jazz event'. I use the term 'jazz' only as a nickname for Black classical music, for I must admit, and some of the others (brothers, of course) have, that the worthy efforts to have the valid highly descriptive term 'black music' adopted has been defeated by what one could say with impunity/that obscure instinct of human strength (or weakness?) which determines word-formation in the life of a language...and since I do not find the word 'jazz' offensive, plus it is a West Afrikan word, I must say that the very term Black music, which would mean music created by or of the Black people, thus covering an enormous amount of musics. The true clarity of the two words 'black music' was against it (even Braxton & Brubeck could get to that!) the public, black and white wanted what it pocket-sized already had, for so long, the simple word 'jazz', which is a strange and not too intelligible word for a strange and not too popular music, which is part of the culture of the 'hippest' group of folks on earth. The music is only 'strange' to those 'hipper-than-thous'/what I be saying is that consequently many critics of Black classical music (jazz) have known or have not known how to rid themselves of certain preconceptions which at times have led them to make really ridiculous errors, and which precluded any deeper understanding of the new directions of the great classical Black music (jazz). Amongst the international surrealists there exists a similar problem, those who wish to continue the revolution under the banner of surrealism, and the others that desire that the word 'surrealism' does not exist for them any longer. Max Roach and Jean Shuster are brothers in this respect. I tiptoe when in their presence out of respect and respite.

On the first night even before they started at 8:45 the tickets had to stop being sold, for there was only S.R.O./piano Dixon playing sparse/chords sweet very impressionist kinda Ellingtonia/marvel after marvel which later I recognize as the theme (I'd heard it during the rehearsal at noon)/ Horenstein starts his solo like a nervous singer whose throat is dry/ but he soon gets his self together and swings on out there/Silva has a few minutes of irritating difficulty with the jive engineer who handles the microphones/finally mikes are cool/Bill wears his trademark a colorful head sash/like some of the early Africans in the United States / especially Cinque who took over a slave ship and freed himself and his fellow Africans/the music is very very formal/the audience is digging it/it is what I'd venture to say: Pre-October Revolution/Bill leaves piano takes trumpet(what I'd been waiting for) states a breathy theme backed by throbbing Alan bass. Bill is blowing only pure self-sound by

just creatively blowing careful controlled (Black aesthetic) wind through the trumpet tubing and valves/also utilizes two micros/which give to the audience an echo awesome sound. That self-sound is far far distance. At 9:30 loud applause for Bill Dixon's trumpeting/he back at piano/ Stephen Horenstein tenor sax blows again/ Mr. Dixon gets up from piano/collects his trumpets (a silver one and a golden one) and says; "See you tomorrow" and the fabulous trio, perhaps the most fabulous trio on Europe musical earth leaves. There is some confusion amongst the audience, this is all new for them, they do not know what to do, how to react, some whistle in derisiveness, others fart French fried pet boos from their mouths, and the wisest discuss the sudden surprise.

Next evening September 29, again the trio emerges out of the wings at 8:45 the place is overcrowded, there is a whale! seven female octopus, a dolphin, and a weeping platoon of sea horses, and because there is very good publicity several dozen French 'chic-shitniks', this latter bunch doesn't matter when it comes to music, for is it not these dilettantes that make Pop slop groups rich? Mr. Bill Dixon addresses the audience:...obviously there is...difference of what...no entertainers...my self-imposed exile... serious about music...my music is... here in Paris I've written...cyclic piece... we no longer dance... tap dance... solo to back your chat with girl friend...etc. etc. Polite applause follows his brief enlightenment/Dixon opens with trumpet Silva backed Silva is a beacon for Dixon to follow although Dixon is the map maker/he wisely follows riding on sheer breezy sounds/spooklike thus spiritual/Melancholy moves in/but beautiful sung to the intelligent ear/Dixon is one of THE trumpet players/his self sound is a strong breezy black breath that fills a trumpet, emptying it of all preconceptions of what trumpeting is supposed to be/not since Donald Ayler (brother of Albert Ayler) have I dug excellence of self sound, classically speaking it puts Bill Dixon in the category of Music Master/his solo is interspersed (intergalactic?) by his cohort Horenstein in an exciting quicksilver zipper-up unison shriek/it too is part of the recurring theme/"un peu comme le trompetiste Miles Davis"...I overhear or underhear behind me/I retaliate by saying who ever muttered that perhaps had never considered that Miles Davis is only a few years older than Bill Dixon/plus in Black culture there are many music masters known and unknown that speak similar in spite of them never influencing each other or even knowing that the other existed at all, i.e. Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Navarro is typical case, and too I heard Bill Dixon more than twenty years ago blowing his own self sound/my ear is more experienced than the average European tribal ear, after all it IS musicians of My culture/ego, no/truth, yes! Stephen is wisely under the spiritual guidance of Dixon/he has an Ayler tone, yet Birdlike in some respects and of course incredibly Dixon

discipline. He stays in a certain framework and creates only in that framework/ he can expect a Black based future/IF he continues to drink at the Black fountain. Alan Silva whom I first heard with Cecil Taylor way way back when, has not been in the company of his peers in a long long time/now he is t.c.b-ing with Dixon/and wailing. It is a happy thing to see Alan seriously involved with formal music presentation/after all he can do it, for he is a pro/dues paying professional. His arco work this night is thrilling/I hope that we all get to hear Mr. Silva in superior company much more/thanks to Dixon for selecting the very best bassist in Europe at this time. Dixon blows that great trumpet self sound again followed by an avalanche of applause/he had allowed the juicy lava flow up the leg of the intellectual brain instead of melting the antique awful tower's steel girder Eiffel Tower. 9:35 over.

The first evening's piece was titled, Entrances, the second evening: Places And Things, and now the third evening: Letters That Illuminate. Loud applause for the trio as they enter at 8:40 pm, which proves that the people respect what is being created and presented by Bill Dixon / Steve starts things off unaccompanied and later stating the theme / a giraffe, gnu, bongo, okapi, and a rarely heard emu sat echo-ing on the floor/ Horenstein finishes / Silva is bowing in/ arco-ing a sad drone/not unlike a wet bee whose hive has been flooded/this of course is done masterfully/ten minutes alone out there/then brother Bill breathes coolly in / breezes that are so black/ and tranquil fill the entire trumpet / yet no 'notes' emerge, just pure self sound/ brother Silva throbs behind for awhile then decides to take lead / throbs are strictly Alan Silva's bass bit, which is not at all like other bassist's throbs / so dig that Dixon is now travelling across hundreds of unbroken bars after bars of holy holy whole notes / he is joined by brother Steve in a unison solidarity/ brother Alan fascinated decides (I use the bit 'decides' because brother Silva does change spontaneously from this to that or them to those) to plunk a geography rhythm by latitude sounds and longitude strokes / Bill at the piano again: soft impressionist, pretty, but never syrupy / sparse, but never empty / theme as of previous evening / a hot gentle force are these three musicians when playing together / Dixon is truly different, unlike no other so-called 'jazz' musician or European avant-gardist, he is without a doubt one of those rare birds upon this musical earth / he is not an engaging type of musician. International in his scope, yet initially his trumpet solos, although unique in what I term, 'SELF SOUND', does not often attract like certain other trumpeters of his generation. If the record companies would get up off their stale asses and record and distribute that which they have already recorded.

As a critical remark, his trumpeting lacks nothing, it is only that he refuses verbal simplicity and humour of a Lee Morgan, and the early brilliance of Miles

Davis dramatics. It is great, great trumpeting and yet it is without the blatant masterful gravity of the Dizzy Gillespie or Clifford Brown bag school. Dixon's self sound is pure, it is without a trace of show-biz-blowing that abounds now-a-days / you know what I mean: the super hip-lip of the seven thousand Hubbards, Hannibals, and D. Byrds. Bill Dixon, the intransigent Black musician, that rebels with a cause and refuses to 'fall-in-line' like some of his contemporaries have to receive a few crumbs. I predict someday some way and that will be his way: Dixon shall receive the entire loaf. He was on the new music scene long before Ornette Coleman came to New York, and has watched the crumb-givers stop laying crumbs on Coleman. Bill is still on the new music scene, that is what his writings are about. He refuses to compromise, and here in Paris, amongst the European tribes the bread is beginning to bake in the oven.

October the first, Saturday evening the hall is so packed that they are literally under Dixon and his group's feet. Mr. Dixon's piano work is merely: accompanist and composer's guide / he is first and foremost one of the important trumpeters / his playing is unlike anybody else / there beyond the owl sits a sparrow with eagle ear feathered between jealous thighbones of a raggid ostrich/across the sea of French faces I see I smell a smoking jacket / there is a pipe in the pocket which should be drowning/Silva is the 'glad scientist' always inventing some big marvelous monstrous rhythmical pattern to dream on/Dixon is carrying that dream into somewhere between awake and asleep / whispery in his lofty lofty atmospheric self sound / I wonder as my eyes wander across the dimly lit hall which is solid packed and nobody is stirring / what do they hear in this great trumpet solo that is being blown in their faces and entering their ears / They see a well dressed Black man, with his bushy busy bearded face, eyes softly closed, behind large horn rim glasses/creating on trumpet / magic improvisation on his own music that he wrote especially for this Paris festival / what do they feel? It was answered by the real enthusiastic applause that followed that great solo/ with human dignity is Mr. Dixon's bit first and foremost / Places And Things Number Two finishes fabulously.

And now the last evening of Bill Dixon at Festival d'Automne a Paris, here at the Musee Galliera, this last piece of the five evenings of work is titled simply, 'Exit'. Tonight is the largest crowd, there is no sitting-on-the-floor space, nor standing room left in the hall and it is one hour before the 8:30 scheduled concert starts/many musicians have attended so far, some every evening. Dixon opens on muted trumpet/scary, chilling, and disquieting solo/his statement on that muted solo wasn't the usual B.D. although he did T.C.B. / now he is playing the piano and even that has changed / he is playing heavy abstract expressionist throbs / he is back on trumpet again/this time the golden open horn/solo with more

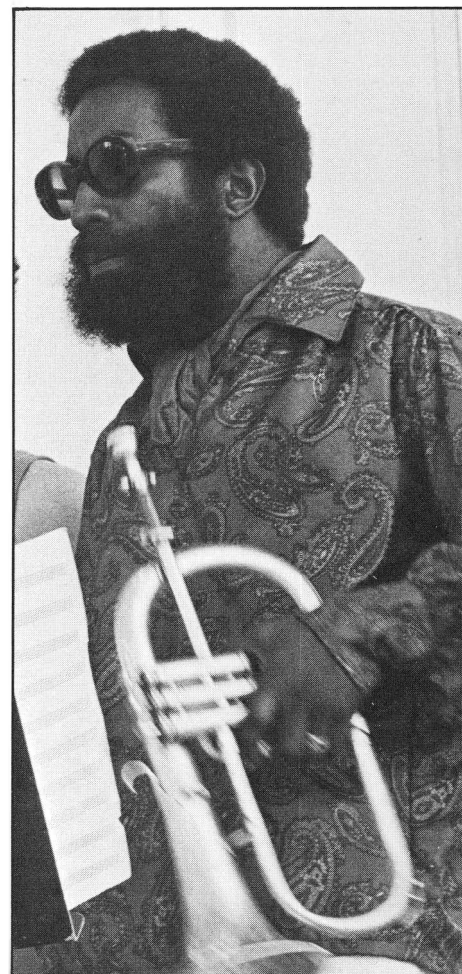
notes than his self-sounding breath. He seems a bit tense tonight / something personal? I sit listening and hoping that someday soon I'll hear this composition played with full orchestra/the theme and piece ends / applause not so enthusiastic/ crowd seems to sense the 'something' / Now he is back between those two microphones and blowing his self sound brighter and more marvelous than ever / what ever was wrong is now long gone / he is showing us all where his genius lies/it is pouring forth from the bell of that horn/ Loud sincere applause follows the last night note / He gives a little speech which is translated / thanking the audience/ the vast task is completed / he has tamed the intellectual animals of Europe's tribes.

AFTER THOUGHTS

The music of Bill Dixon was presented in a very formal context free but similar to the MJQ format but more closely knit/plus not so much on just blowing and blowing solo after solo / the group was well rehearsed and thus performed well as a unit/the greatness for me was Dixon's trumpet: IN THE FLOW OF THE PHRASE AS WELL AS IN THE MYSTERIOUS WIND OF JAZZ, REVEAL TO ME YOUR PLANS FOR THE COMING REVOLUTIONS. - Andre Breton/1924
BILL DIXON is worthy of all the praise that can be written about him, he is our greatest intransigent musician, not only in music (like Cecil Taylor) but in his very lifestyle. Vive Bill Dixon!!

Oct 3 1976

- Ted Joans



RECORD REVIEWS RECORD REVIEWS RECORD

MC COY TYNER

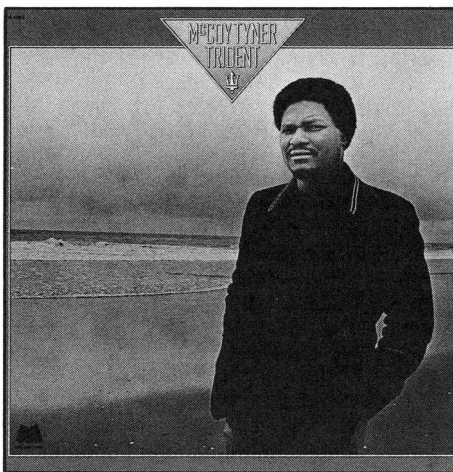
Atlantis
(Milestone M-55002)

Two records of Tyner live at the Keystone Korner with saxophonist Azar Lawrence, bassist Joony Booth, drummer Wilby Fletcher and percussionist Guillemo Franco, recorded over two nights in 1974. Two pieces - Atlantis and Love Samba - take up a full side each. There's also a solo piano performance of In A Sentimental Mood, a trio (piano, saxophone and Franco) of My One And Only Love, and two other Tyner originals, Makin' Out and Pursuit. There's nothing really new for Tyner followers here: just powerful, powerful modal cooking out of the Trane quartet groove with energy flooding from the keyboard like water from a burst dam. Love Samba is an intoxicating tune, Makin' Out has a nice staggered ostinato line, and In A Sentimental Mood is a touching tribute to Ellington, played beautifully, with restraint as well as passion. Drummer Fletcher is new to me, and drives the band without filling up as much space as Alphonse Mouzon or Billy Hart did, thus making the music more open and roomy. Young Lawrence - who hopefully will be left alone to develop his own sound by those celebrity-mongers calling him the "new Coltrane" - is still playing an acceptable, sometimes moving assortment of Traneisms.

Other than that, my only comment is to ask McCoy Tyner why his music is remaining the same album after album, performance after performance. The style is easily recognizable and it's a powerful style, with everyone playing strongly. But it is still a style and it would be a drag to see Tyner become hopelessly locked into it. Time for a change. - Eugene Chadbourne

Trident
Milestone M-9063

In 1961, McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones became instant influences on their respective instruments when their first recordings as part of the new John Coltrane Quartet hit the market. As two thirds of the then most powerful rhythm section in jazz, their work with Coltrane, as a trio, and with others gave them a status in the early and middle 1960's which, with the mid-1970's and their work in the interim with their own groups, has begun to take on the aura of legend. With men of such musical stature achieving this level of being considered long-established giants of their instruments, their recording a trio album together takes on the contours of a milestone (no pun please) session. The bass man on the date, Ron Carter, is of course equally well established with similarly impressive credentials weakened only by his appearance on a number



of insipid albums in recent years. Indeed, this trio has recorded before, notably as the rhythm section behind Joe Henderson on Tyner's important Blue LP "The Real McCoy," recorded April 21, 1966.

Jazz listeners should therefore expect "Trident", recorded February 18 and 19, 1975, to be an impressive and superlative album, and it is a pleasure to report that it is in no way disappointing. The set contains three Tyner originals; Coltrane's Impressions; Monk's Ruby My Dear; and Jobim's Once I Loved. Tyner uses celeste effectively on the latter piece for texture in the head, harpsichord similarly on his own Celestial Chant, and both celeste and harpsichord for exquisite textures on his Land Of The Lonely, soloing on all pieces on acoustic piano and proving that his stature in the jazz world is more than justified by his beautiful playing.

Only the jaded would dare complain that nothing is recorded here that these same men could not have played ten years ago. With musicians of this level of creativity and importance, the music is timeless. This is an important and vital record of Tyner's music and of the superb rapport of the trio of Tyner, Carter and Jones. - Vladimir Simosko

TATUM AND DEFRANCO

Art Tatum/Buddy DeFranco
Pablo 2310-736

Side 1: Deep Night (5:43), This Can't Be Love (4:33), Memories Of You (7:04), Once In A While (5:07)

Side 2: A Foggy Day (3:19), Lover Man (6:29), You're Mine You (6:54), Makin' Whoopee (3:29)

DeFranco, cl; Tatum, pno; Red Callender, bs; Bill Douglas, dr.
Recorded February 6, 1956, in LA.

This reissue is like a tonic for me. It forces me back to the olden days when Down Beat was a magazine that the musicians read and sometimes even took

seriously. It had reviewers like Feather, Cerulli, Tynan, the late Ralph J. Gleason, and (a new guy) Martin Williams. Any five star rating was an event, and there was no suspicion that anybody was in the pocket of the record companies. (For trivia buffs, the average rating of 442 new LPs reviewed in 1958, the year that this Tatum/DeFranco session was re-released by Verve, was 3.3 stars; it really was a vintage year, so 22 LPs got five stars.) Up to a point, you could go ahead and buy some LP on the basis of a Down Beat review without fear of being suckered. Up to a point, that is.

The point was reached any time Down Beat ran a review of one of the house favorites: Andre Previn, Ella Fitzgerald, not only Basie but almost any of his band members, Jimmy Giuffre. And Art Tatum. And Buddy DeFranco. They were all automatically four stars (or so it seemed) and with a little effort, five. (Trivially, this Tatum/DeFranco got four stars from Tynan, but two other releases by DeFranco and one other by Tatum had already been given five that year). The superlatives used up most of the review space.

If I had heard this record then (I probably didn't) it could have been a prime exhibit in the case against Down Beat's blind spots. Why, Tatum isn't even listening to DeFranco most of the time. He's back there playing those incredibly complex arpeggios all by himself. On the other hand, poor DeFranco is cowed by Tatum. He plays it safe, sticking to the melody and trying not to slip into the maelstrom that Tatum is creating around him. He seems to be concentrating on sustaining his woody tone. For all that talk about how DeFranco was destined to re-establish the clarinet in postwar jazz by updating the swing style, you'd swear he was playing swing. This music was old-fashioned when it was recorded.

Well, all of that is true enough, but I'm not so sure it is really important any more. The music is old-fashioned, but oddly enough it is no more antiquated now than it was twenty years ago. Tatum does listen mainly to himself, but no wonder. Nothing else he could listen to would compare. Maybe DeFranco is cowed, but the listener doesn't have to be. You can just let yourself slip into that maelstrom that Tatum is creating and hear some things that you have never heard before. So you bother with DeFranco and the others only when they can persuade you to leave Tatum, and, surprisingly enough, it happens. You catch a super performance on Memories Of You by Red Callender, bowing behind DeFranco and walking behind Tatum. You catch a super chase sequence by DeFranco and Tatum on the final choruses of Deep Night, a great display where each one picks up phrases from the other on the fly. On every hearing, a new wonder. All of this on a set of standards put together in a single afternoon by men who

probably never dreamed that it would be heard of twenty years later. (Yes, Tynan, I would give it four stars too.) Thank god for reissues. I'm definitely going back for more of these.

- Jack Chambers

RENE THOMAS

TPL
Vogel 003-S

This is Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas' last studio session, featuring a co-operative group called Thomas-Pelzer Ltd. with Jacques Pelzer on alto and soprano sax and flute, Rein de Graaf on piano, Henk Haverhoek on bass and Han Bennink on drums. Bass guitarist Jean Linzman replaces the pianist on one cut, and Thomas' Juliette is played as a trio with guitar, soprano saxophone and bass.

Thomas' end of the activities is enjoyable. His electric guitar sound here is ringing, clicking and assured, although hardly surprising. He romps along nicely on All Or Nothing At All, and has moments here and there that indicate the validity of his reputation as a guitarist. Pelzer is an adequate alto saxophonist, but is out of tune on his other instruments. His flute on George Cables' Jesus Thinks Of Me (a tune later retitled as Think On Me) is very, very thin. Bennink proves that he can still "swing" here (the session was recorded in 1974), although his weird cymbal splashes threaten to tip the proceedings over completely. And so they should. A little chaos would have livened up this stiff, not terribly exciting date. The record is available from Vogel Records, N. V. Vuurkruisenplain 2, 2020 Antwerp, Belgium. - Eugene Chadbourne

JOE VENUTI

Joe Venuti/Zoot Sims
Chiaroscuro CR-142

Avalon, I Surrender Dear, Wait 'Til You See Her, Russian Lullaby, Lady Of The Evening, Where Or When, Lover Come Back To Me, I'll See You In My Dreams, Don't Take Your Love From Me, Shine. These two giants of jazz make an ideal team. Both improvise in flowing lines that retain an echo of the melody so that, during the closing ensembles, no one needs to be assigned the lead - it seems to bounce back and forth spontaneously from Venuti's crystalline violin to Sims' throaty, seductive tenor sax. The aural textures of the instruments in this unorthodox front line are perfectly blended, providing an effective contrast and a distinctive, full-bodied sound.

It's pretty much a Venuti and Sims session all the way, with the rhythm mostly furnishing light, straight-ahead support (except for the overfrantic Avalon, where Bobby Rosengarden's too-busy and somewhat-too-prominently-recorded drumming prevents the quintet from jelling). Brief solo interludes of single-note noodling by pianist John Bunch are, per-

haps inevitably, outclassed by contrast with the constantly virile, imaginative and tasty work of a pair of artists who've been top jazzmen for decades.

The program consists of quality songs, often including the verses, that serve up red meat for improvisation. The general format often has Venuti delivering some rubato introductory material and setting the tempo for Sims to slide on stage for an understated, mumbled melody line that has just the right late-night, lights-out, comfortable mood. As the performance builds, cats drift in and out (the two duet passages between Venuti and bassist Milt Hinton are a gas, but trombonist Spiegel Willcox's guest appearance on Love, where he plays straight melody for the two-chorus rendition, is rather stiff compared with what's going on around him), chasing each other in four-bar phrases, swapping lead at the bridge, and generally keeping it fresh.

Whether hot and cooking (Lover drives for 6½ searing minutes of booting sax, urging bass and wailing ensemble) or tender and romantic (Evening - a Venuti solo, verse and two choruses, with only piano accompaniment), this is music by pros to whom swinging comes as easily, naturally and effortlessly as breathing. It is just as easy, natural, etc., to hear them in action. Rather different album, and darn good. - Tex Wyndham

Joe Venuti Blue Four
Chiaroscuro CR 134

I've never heard Joe Venuti in person and I'm told by Don DeMicheal that nothing can match a live session with the great violinist. Least of all a studio record. Yet, this appears to me to be formidable Venuti on just about any standard you'd care to apply. It swings. It soars. It bites. It grimaces. It does all the things outstanding jazz performances are supposed to do. Most important, unlike some recent Venuti LPs, nowhere does Joe sound like a dinner musician strolling among the potted palms.

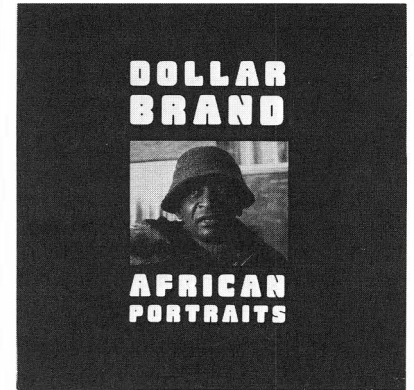
It's hard to know where to start. My Honey's Lovin' Arms features the whole ensemble (Venuti, Zoot Sims, Dick Hyman, Bucky Pizzarelli, Cliff Leeman) and swings with furious abandon. But then so does Deep Night after a change of tempo and the redoubtable I Got Rhythm, both with wonderful interludes of quick stepping collective improvisation.

Equally delightful, and swinging, are the Venuti-Pizzarelli duets: Stringin The Blues, Blue Too and Lady Be Good. Pizzarelli is among the supreme rhythm guitarists today and makes a superb team mate for Joe, although he makes no attempt to ape Eddie Lang in the pairings. Spencer Clark fills in for Adrian Rollini on bass sax on Diga Diga Doo, Blue Room and a wonderful Dinah.

But no one, even Zoot, takes the show away from Venuti. At 71, having outlived and outplayed 'em all, he's still the undefeated champion.

- John McDonough

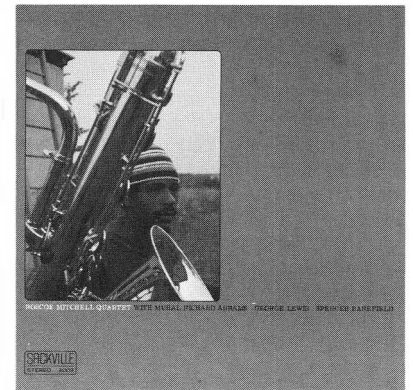
SACKVILLE



SACKVILLE 3009
DOLLAR BRAND
AFRICAN PORTRAITS

Solo Piano - Cherry/Bra Joe From Kilimanjaro, Blues For Hughie, Kippie, Gafsa, Gwangwa, Little Boy, Easter Joy, Jabulani, Xaba
Recorded February 18, 1973.

SACKVILLE 3006
DOLLAR BRAND - SANGOMA
Solo Piano - The Aloe And The Wild Rose, South Easter, Sadness, Single Petal Of A Rose, Ode To Duke, Honey-suckle Rose, Think Of One, Monk From Harlem, Mumsy Weh, Water's Edge, Bertha In Turquoise, Krotoa
Recorded February 18, 1973.



SACKVILLE 2009
ROSCOE MITCHELL QUARTET
Roscoe Mitchell (Bb soprano, alto and tenor saxophones), Muhal Richard Abrams (piano), George Lewis (trombone), Spencer Barefield (guitar).
Tnoona, Music For Trombone And Bb Soprano, Cards, Olobo
Recorded October 4 and 5, 1975.

SACKVILLE 2006
ROSCOE MITCHELL
SOLO SAXOPHONE CONCERTS
Roscoe Mitchell (soprano, alto, tenor and bass saxophones) - Nonaah, Tutankamen, Enlorfe, Jibbana, Eeltwo, Oobina, Ttum, Nonaah
Recorded in 1973 and 1974.

Available from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8 Canada. Each \$6.50 postpaid.

THE VISITORS

In My Youth
Muse MR 5024

Earl and Carl Grubbs - who lead this Philadelphia-based group - are coming up with some very pleasant, moving, and spiritually exciting music. The Visitors aren't really seeking out new frontiers - the group works in the giant foot-steps Trane left behind - but the musical results look forward as well as back. This album, recorded in 1972, is the band's second effort. It has a similar sound to the group's Cobblestone effort - swinging warm cooking in a highly melodic groove, emphasizing the tight team-work between Earl on soprano and tenor and Carl on alto. Their playing is so close and full of love that it positively caresses the listener. The group at this date consisted of the Grubbs brothers with Sid Simmons, piano; Stan Clarke, bass; John Goldsmith, drums; and Richard Lee Wiggins, percussion. The five tunes in the set run the gamut from the Eastern-sounding In My Youth with Earl on soprano to two well-constructed, medium-tempo ballads in the late Lee Morgan groove to a reading of Trane's Giant Steps with the Grubbs brothers clenching their horns around Trane's theme. All of it is good. The title cut is in that good Pharoah Sanders Mood, with Clarke contributing the same kind of firm ostinato bass lines he and Cecil McBee put out when they worked in Sanders' group. Earl is one of a whole new army of soprano men on the scene, but his sound - concentrating on a muffled feeling in the low register and a razor-sharp slash across the higher notes - is nice. On The Visit, both brothers turn in terrific solos, Carl working out on alto and Earl proving himself equally tough on tenor. The rhythm section is responsive throughout, Simmons coming up with a Lonnie Liston Smith-feeling and Goldsmith adding perfect touches behind solos.

This group deserves much wider recognition. The music is full of pleasure, good feelings and happiness. Earl and Carl, by the way, are John Coltrane's cousins. It must run in the family.

- Eugene Chadbourne

BOB WILBER

New Clarinet in Town
Classic Jazz CJ 8

There's a certain charm that pervades this unusual LP in which such already unusual pieces as Clarinade and Django Reinhardt's Swing 39 are scored for string quartet and french horn. Clarinade sounds almost discordant, although the limber purity of the Mel Powell composition for clarinet still triumphs.

Not all of the album's 9 selections use the string quartet. Perhaps the most satisfying piece is the long version of Eddie Sauter's Benny Rides Again, which is here scored for clarinet and rhythm section. Guitarist Charlie Byrd provides

the counter voice against Wilber and is featured on several low profile solos.

One of the unique things about this collection is the way Wilber has selected material that departs from the usual 32 bar formats of jazz, either harmonically or structurally. Swing 39, for example, conveys the queer feeling of being played in two keys. Or The Duke, which has a bridge in which two sets of changes are played at the same time. Or John Lewis' Django in which the last 8 bars of the chorus become the basis of the bridge between solos.

Wilber's clarinet is clear and mellow throughout this session of chamber jazz. Credit also Bobby Donaldson with fashioning a loose, light-footed rhythm section alongside George Duvivier.

- John McDonough

CLARENCE WILLIAMS

Country Goes To Town
RCA Black and White 741.058

In the twenties and thirties, Clarence Williams organized and directed scores of record dates for several different labels. A respectable proportion of the sides he cut are among the most beautiful classic jazz records ever made. With the release of this album, French RCA has put together on a single LP what appear to be all the sides ever recorded by Clarence for RCA Victor. For doing this they are to be commended, especially since some of the tracks are very rare. Unfortunately - and this is no fault of French RCA - the sides Clarence recorded for Victor in the late twenties and for Bluebird in the late thirties are not at a par with the overall quality of the records he made for the other labels (especially Okeh, QRS, Columbia and Vocalion). This is the reason why there are more undistinguished tracks on this reissue than we would normally expect from a selection of sixteen Clarence Williams tracks. This is especially true of Side 1, which consists of eight tracks cut for Victor in 1929. Clarence just didn't rise to his best on the few sides he made for this label. For instance, those who have heard the Okeh version of Lazy Mama will be disappointed with the 1929 Victor version on Side 1. Also included is the rare coupling I'm Not Worrying/Touch-Down. As a Storyville discographer once noted, this April 1929 recording "was not issued until 12 December 1930 - the height of the depression, when Victor was scraping around in the vaults rather than record new material." It features an unknown cornetist who doesn't play too badly in the King Oliver mold. Two of the 1929 tracks are Clarence Williams piano solos, A Pane In The Glass and Too Low. Both are carefully played, studied performances - pleasant but not very interesting. Even the presence of James P. Johnson's piano on two 1929 tracks featuring vocalist Eva Taylor fails to breathe life into them. The main plus for the 1929 tracks is their excellent sound quality - a happy characteristic of the vast

majority of Victor records cut in the twenties.

The eight tracks on Side 2 date from 1937 and 1941 and also include their share of undistinguished performances. One of these is the unspeakable 1941 Uncle Sammy Here I Am, a patriotic horror sung by Clarence and Eva Taylor. James P. is on this one too (!) but there is nothing he can do to help. Several of the 1937 tracks, however, are not at all hard to take, thank goodness. These are unpretentious, small-band sides featuring some of the best of the musicians that Clarence turned to with regularity for his dates: trumpeter Ed Allen (a leading contender for the crown of most "underrated" jazz trumpet); clarinetist Buster Bailey (his work over the years with Williams may be his best on record, seldom if ever being marred by exhibitionism); tuba player Cyrus St. Clair (there were none better); and tenorman Prince Robinson (an influential stylist in his early years). The curious thing about the six 1937 Bluebird tracks is that at this late date in the swing era Clarence was still using a brass bass and a washboard (Floyd Casey), a rhythm combination that might seem rather old-fashioned given the commercial, juke box-oriented nature of the tunes. However, the implausible use of a tuba, instead of the string bass, which was in almost universal use by then, does have an explanation. The explanation is that the particular tuba player - Cyrus St. Clair - could blow a smooth, flowing bass line on his horn with an effect that was not too different from that obtained on a string bass. The 1937 tracks not only show Ed Allen and Buster Bailey to advantage, but also afford the opportunity to hear some good solos by Prince Robinson, especially the one on More Than That.

About ten or twelve years ago CBS announced plans to release a three-record Clarence Williams set as part of its The-saurus series, but it never materialized. Such a set would have been the definitive Clarence Williams collection, since CBS owns most of the choice Williams items. The reason I mention this bit of ancient history is that it was also announced at the time that a two-record Luis Russell album was in the works. And guess what! Just recently CBS finally fulfilled their promise and came out with the Luis Russell! I hope that the same happy ending will happen in respect to the long-awaited Clarence Williams set. Until then - we'll have to make do with what the other companies have to offer - such as this nicely-produced album from French RCA.

- Eugene Kramer

YAMASHITA TRIO

Clay
Enja 2052

That post-war Japan has been one of the world's most receptive audiences for AfroAmerican musical expression (especially jazz of all eras) is well documented. In the mid-1950s and early

1960s, there was a flurry of notice in America of indigenous Japanese jazz, which (with rare exception) subsequently quieted down until, during the stateside revolution in sound of the 1960s, there was very little information as to whether the New Music was being felt at all in Japan. Until Enja began to record them two or three years ago, there was no Western outlet for Japanese new jazz comparable to what Europeans had achieved.

Yosuke Yamashita is one of several Japanese pianists whose musical conceptions would have been impossible without Cecil Taylor. The interaction between Yamashita and his co-creator, drummer Takeo Moriyama, is strictly comparable (if on a lower level) to the synergistic exchange of fires between Taylor and alter-ego Andrew Cyrille. One major difference, however, is that Yamashita's music is a veritable spray of energy, often lacking immediate direction or purpose, and for that reason whatever momentary power he achieves is quickly dissipated. While Taylor can (and often does) stand alone at the pinnacle of the volcano, rendering Cyrille subordinate if not superfluous, Yamashita's music would be nothing without equal effort from the drummer. Moriyama, far more adept at juggling the ideally jagged phrase than the symmetrical pianist, is the core of invention - tonal as well as rhythmic - in this music. The Taylor unit exceeds the sum of its parts, while Yamashita and Moriyama together have trouble achieving as much as Moriyama could alone. The comparison may be unfair, but when one artist embraces another's idiom as thoroughly as Yamashita does, I see no way of avoiding it - nor any reason to. There is little in this pianist's music to identify as his.

Another important problem is that the Yamashita trio cannot integrate its reedman, Akira Sakata, into the proceedings. Essentially he is kept without feedback, on the outside looking in and trying his damndest to attract some attention. While he creates a great deal of energy, his power is not transfused into the body of the music. But Sakata is a remarkable reedman, and his self-sufficient lines carry their own compelling interest. His most vital instrument is that bane of blackness, the clarinet, which he plays with a blistering intensity nobody else has dared bring to that horn, and a density of line (if not linear conception) that closely approximated Albert Ayler's power tenor. His alto playing follows the same models, but perhaps because the sound and concept are more customary in that setting, seems somehow less substantial. Certainly he misses the wide tonal range he commands with the clarinet.

If it does nothing else, "Clay" demonstrates the true universality of Taylor's conception, in that Yamashita and company accept it verbatim. Every additional line they play reflects less on them and more on their model. Pay attention to Akira Sakata. - Barry Tepperman

Japanese Import

CBS SONY AP 1
MILES DAVIS

At "Plugged Nickel", Chicago Miles Davis (trumpet), Wayne Shorter (tenor saxophone), Herbie Hancock (piano), Ron Carter (bass), Tony Williams (drums).

Recorded live at "The Plugged Nickel", Chicago, December 23, 1965.



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AUSTRALIAN JAZZ

Brian Brown, the veteran jazz reedman from Australia, travelled to London several years ago to find a wider audience. He ended up sleeping on park benches with his saxophone case for a pillow. Meanwhile, back home in Australia, a dozen British musicians far less talented than Brown were getting regular gigs. It was just another lesson in humility for a colonial boy. Brown went home to Melbourne to stay. Lucky thing he did, too. Now he can bask in what looks from here like a golden age for modern improvised music from Down Under, and he can take some satisfaction in knowing that the current surge of interest would have been less forceful if he had stayed away.

The heart of the movement, though, is not Melbourne, where Brown is based, but Sydney. And its leader is not really a musician at all but a man named Horst Liepolt, a European who emigrated to Australia in 1951. Liepolt is a promoter, public relations man, editor, record producer, and general all-purpose jazz nut. Six years after stepping off the boat he made his start as a jazz promoter. That was in Melbourne, where he ran an upstairs jazz club with a view of the ocean. The club was called Jazz Centre 44, his band was usually led by Brian Brown, and the venture lasted from 1957 to 1960, which were good years for jazz all over the world.

Then in 1960 he moved over to Sydney. Those next years were not so good for jazz all over the world, especially in the second half of the decade when the rumour seeped outward from America that jazz was dead. Even a promoter with the enthusiasm of Liepolt was sometimes stymied in those years. He kept his hand in, watched for the good young musicians coming up, but stopped short of bankrupting himself.

Other forces came into play as that decade closed. By 1968, a young man named Bruce Viles had convinced himself that the Kosciusko Chalet, a snow resort with a swinging apres-ski trade, could use livelier entertainment than the resident accordionist was offering. He recruited reedman Marty Mooney from (what Viles calls) "the red-hot, beer-swilling, drunken trad outfit that was knocking everyone out" at Sydney's Brooklyn Hotel. To everyone's surprise but Mooney's, the group that Mooney assembled for the ski resort was not a trad band at all but a jazz/rock quartet.

In 1970, Viles bought a club in Sydney and installed Mooney's quartet, which grew to a quintet and took the collective name Galapagos Duck. Then Viles was stymied when his club burned to the ground.

The result, obvious with hindsight, was to get Viles and Liepolt together. Viles started pumping out a cellar in the Circular Quay district of Sydney and Liepolt came in to handle the publicity for it and to direct its musical policy. In late 1972 the Basement opened its doors with the Galapagos Duck as its resident band from Wednesdays to Saturdays.

Mondays and Tuesdays were set aside for guest groups that play modern improvised music. The Basement only seats 300 and most of the seats have been filled most of the time ever since it opened, with overflow crowds for Liepolt's annual special events, the first called Music is an Open Sky and the second called the Be-Bop Festival. Brian Brown's group has been imported from Melbourne, but otherwise most of the groups are based in Sydney, which does not exactly mean that they are made up of local talent, since Sydney, like every city in Australia (and in Canada, for that matter), is an aggregation of ethnicities in various stages of assimilation.

The Basement is not the only sign of health for Australian jazz by any means. American saxophonist Howie Smith was appointed director of jazz at the Sydney Conservatorium around the time the Basement was being renovated. A national jazz magazine, *Jazz Down Under*, started its press run in September 1974 and has been publishing bi-monthly ever since, with features of both national and international interest.

By far the biggest development for the international status of Australian jazz is the establishment of Horst Liepolt's record company, 44, with a distribution deal through the Phonogram conglomerate. Liepolt's tie with Phonogram started when he produced an album by Galapagos Duck for the Philips label. Its success, and the success of the records that followed it, led to the establishment of the independent label 44. (The label is 44 and Liepolt's old Melbourne club was Jazz Centre 44 because, he says, it was 1944 when he first turned on to jazz.) So far, Liepolt has ventured beyond the Basement's purview to record a couple of local trad outfits (the Harbour City Jazz Band and the Sydney Stompers), but otherwise he has moved men and music from the bandstand of the club into the studio. he really hasn't suffered by doing so, since the first seven albums and an anthology (listed in the Discography below) include a considerable range of contemporary styles. Their production also shows taste. Most of the album designs include glossy, polychromatic photographs on the covers that are up to the standards associated in the record business with Japanese productions and very few others. The multi-exposure cover of Brian Brown's "Carlton Streets" album, designed by David Tolley, the group's bassist, is worthy of a prize by any standard. The sound, too, is better than average, and it is close to impeccable on Serge Ermoll's "Free Kata" album and the Jazz Co-Op's double album, which were recorded directly onto vinyl with no taped masters.

Of course, it would all be for naught if the music were not up to international standards. For the most part, it definitely is. Jazz buffs who thought they had the Australian scene pegged as soon as they named Graeme Bell and Jack Broken-sha have a lot of homework to catch up on.

Galapagos Duck is the basis for the

solvency of the Basement, and it looks like Liepolt is counting on them to attract record buyers outside of the country. He has recorded them twice, under very different circumstances. "Ebony Quill" (Philips 6357 015) is presumably the material they play in sets at the club. It is all very tightly arranged, with amplification and echoplex and rhythms that kids with ears should be able to link up to rock. The tunes that the Duck calls are sometimes dubious, such as *The Look Of Love* and *Tennessee Waltz* (they don't sing, but the tune under any guise has the sickening echo of Patti Page whimpering, "I was waltzing, with my darling..."). On the other hand, they turn *Grazing In The Grass*, a brassy rock tune that made the North American charts in 1969, into a tough track just by building on the good sixteen bars that preceded the vocal on the hit record. Their other album is "The Removalists" (Philips 6357 020), the soundtrack for an Australian movie. This album is more consistent but the ensemble is forced to concentrate on building and sustaining moods. It has, if anything, even less spontaneity than the first album. Nevertheless, both albums are inventive and well played, and the tracks that would not go down on jazz radio would definitely improve the quality of North American FM shows.

The Duck members take turns on all sorts of instruments, a practice that is generally the kiss of death for responsible soloing. At the very least, reviewers are inclined to hone in on the amateurish trumpeter whatever his virtues as a bassist, or whatever, and listeners are likely to be put off by versatility if it falls short of virtuosity. Either because of the care in selecting takes for the recordings or because the Duck works extremely hard at making their arrangement, fluffed passages do not show up. Marty Mooney is basically a tenor saxophonist who plays flute, clarinet and, on one track, bass. Tom Hare plays flute and several reeds, and sometimes trumpet. Willie Qua is the drummer, but he is also heard on flute, soprano saxophone and recorder. His older brother, Chris Qua, is the bassist, but he sometimes takes a turn on flugelhorn or guitar. The pianist in the group usually sticks to piano, but he seems to have trouble sticking with the Duck; it was Doug Robson on the first record, Dave Levy on the second, and it was Paul McNamara at the last report. Whatever its instrumentation, Galapagos Duck (the group name was borrowed from Spike Milligan of the lamented Goons) is already at the top of the jazz/rock pile inside its own borders and looks like a sure bet to invade Europe or North America before much longer.

Liepolt has recorded much tougher jazz than the Duck puts down, on Serge Ermoll's "Free Kata" (Philips 6357 021) and on the double album debut by "Jazz Co-Op" (Philips 6641 225). In fact, it is boggling to think of the marginal fans who might wander into the Basement hoping to hear the Duck on a Monday or Tuesday night and find either of these groups instead. Whether they hung around or not

would be a good index of how much cooking they require of the Duck.

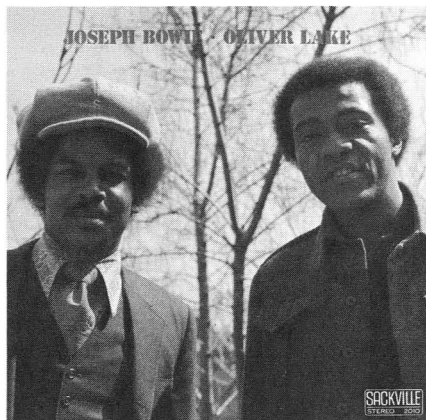
Serge Ermoll is a piano player whose album is subtitled "Spontaneous Improvisations", but the music is far from an extemporaneous ramble. It seems clearly to be organized around tunes, seven of them credited to Ermoll and one each to his bassist Graham Ruckley and his drummer Ross Rignold. Much of the playing time is organized in a modal framework with occasional adventures outside the framework by Ermoll and tenor saxophonist Edward Bronson. The fact that it was all put down on first takes without the intervention of masters enhances the sound, but might also provide an explanation for Bronson's choosing his spots throughout, since he gets marginal exposure on the record as a whole. When he plays, he complements Ermoll neatly, taking as many risks, in a style that shows the stamp of Archie Shepp.

Ermoll is creative in a style that is wildly eclectic, mixing touches of Bill Evans and the early Cecil Taylor so that no seams stick out. With Ermoll's background, one could hardly expect anything but originality. He was born in China of Russian parents and later studied music at the Conservatorium in Sydney, which remains his home town. He gigged around England on two excursions which totalled four years altogether. In between, he earned a black belt in karate (and the cover photo on "Free Kata" shows him in action). He also has his black belt in piano, so to speak, and is ready for international competition.

The Jazz Co-Op brings together modern improvisers from several corners. Howie Smith, the newest partner, is an alumnus of the University of Illinois stage band, in which he played lead alto during his student years and then was appointed assistant director for five years after that. His occasional Monday-Tuesday gigs with the Co-Op are sandwiched around his duties as director of the jazz faculty at the Conservatorium.

If ever a member of a leaderless collective gave the appearance of leadership it is Roger Frampton, the group's pianist. Frampton, originally from England, not only contributes a lyrical touch on his instrument, but he is also a remarkable composer. He has four originals out of the eleven tracks on the double album, and all of them work beautifully, especially *A La Coltrane*, which achieves a Coltrane-ish density by clever voicings of the rhythm behind Smith's tenor, and RFO21273, which shows how to integrate a drum feature into a band's book without putting an audience to sleep. Bassist Jack Thorncraft and drummer Phil Treloar are both from Sydney, but they do a lot more than add local colour to the Co-Op. Treloar is especially impressive, playing with a muscular drive that derives from Tony Williams and was effectively disseminated around the world by Billy Cobham most recently. He plays consistently and tastefully behind each instrument and works crisply in the stop-time ensembles that Frampton favours. It helps enor-

SACKVILLE



SACKVILLE 2010

OLIVER LAKE/JOSEPH BOWIE

Oliver Lake (alto and soprano saxophones, flute)

Joseph Bowie (trombone)

Zaki, Orange Butterflies, After Assistance, Universal Justice, A Space Rontoto.

Recorded April 10 and 11, 1976.

**NEW
RELEASES**



SACKVILLE 3010

ALL KINDS OF TIME

KARL BERGER/DAVID HOLLAND

Karl Berger (vibraphone, piano, balafon)

David Holland (bass)

Simplicity, Perfect Love, Fragments, The Beginning, Now Is, D'Accord, All Kinds Of Time, We Are.

Recorded April 26, 1976.

Available from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8 Canada. Each \$6.50 postpaid.

mously, of course, for both Treloar and Thorncraft to be superbly recorded on this release, which is (for my taste) the top entry in 44's catalogue to date.

At the other end of the scale in terms of style are a couple of albums that belong to the genre of small room jazz or intimate jazz or (to use the anathematized term) cocktail jazz. Judy Bailey's "One Moment" (Philips 6357 018) includes smooth arrangements of You've Changed and Lullaby Of Birdland as well as six originals by the New Zealand pianist. Apparently Bailey's quartet has a sizeable following Down Under and the occasional remark from local critics (e.g., "This is a delightful band and it is indeed a shame that their music has not been better presented") suggests that there is more, and better, to come from her.

On the other hand, Johnny Nicol's "Touch of Blue" (Philips 6357 025) is a classy example of the genre. Nicol is a self-taught guitarist from North Queensland and his album will leave most listeners hoping for a follow-up that features more of his guitar work. The emphasis this time around is on his singing, which in its timbre and its phrasing recalls Andy Williams, although Nicol is ten times hipper. The tunes are standards or potential ones, with a couple of originals by Nicol that do not sound out of place. In spite of the presence on two tracks of flautist Don Burrows, who turned several heads when he played at Newport in New York in 1972, this album is definitely pop, made respectable by its jazz undercurrent.

Pop jazz, jazz/rock, modern mainstream and free improvisation - it's all thriving in Sydney. Where does that leave Brian Brown, the jazz veteran who elected to stay in Melbourne? Well, Brown's quintet packed the basement for its first guest appearance there in 1974. That alone must have been some recompense for the years of logging. There is also an album, of course. "Carlton Streets" (44 Label 6357 700) was the first official disc to bear Liepolt's imprint (although the others, with the Philips imprint, have reverted to 44 retroactively). It is an appropriately ostentatious production. Apart from its beautiful design, already mentioned, it frames Brown's quintet with the brassy Jazbird Orchestra, an eleven piece band, on some cuts.

Brown's Quintet plays a style that is an amalgam of a lot of changes. When Bob Sedergreen solos on electric piano, the rhythm is tinged with rock. Brown's reeds generally eschew melody in favour of found sounds. One long cut, Coonadoo, works around a narration, recited very tentatively by percussionist Dure Dara, about an aboriginal girl who drifts into prostitution, and another, called The Fair, which also opens and closes with a narration by Dara, is a tone poem about a Melbourne amusement park, including its roller coaster ride. Truth to tell, these cuts do not travel as well as most of the music recorded by Horst Liepolt, or as well as the rest of the music on "Carlton Streets". They are, perhaps, too Australian, which is not exactly a

put-down when you hear the improvised music that is Australian these days. By staying home, Brian Brown became the boss of Down Under Jazz, and suddenly that is a niche that was worth all the dues.

DISCOGRAPHY

Galapagos Duck, "Ebony Quill"

Philips 6357 015

Tom Hare tpt, flt, sop, ts; Marty Mooney flt, ts, bs; Doug Robson pno; Chris Qua bs, grr; Willie Qua dms, flt.

Side 1: Ebony Quill (9:53), The Look Of Love (5:52), Tennessee Waltz (3:25), And Then Out (0:40).

Side 2: Out And Then In (2:25), Grazing In The Grass (6:52), Rivera Mountain (5:22), Mr. Natural (5:24).

Recorded November 19 and 23, Sydney.

Judy Bailey Quartet, "One Moment"

Philips 6357 018

Ken James sop, as, ts; Judy Bailey pno; Ron Philpott bs; John Pochee dms.

Side 1: You've Changed (3:56), One Moment (3:31), Theme 3 (5:42), Rocking Horse (5:00).

Side 2: I'm Gonna Try (3:13), Lullaby Of Birdland (4:19), Jude's Blues (4:32), Sunday Sequence (5:56).

Recorded ca. June 1974.

Galapagos Duck, "The Removalists"

Philips 6357 020

Tom Hare sop, ts, bari, dms; Marty Mooney clt, ts; Dave Levy pno; Chris Qua bs, flghn; Willie Qua dms, flt, sop.

Side 1: "Removalist Suite": In The Making, Marilyn's Rest, Removalist Theme.

Side 2: Carter, Kate Did, Self 'Bloody' Control.

Recorded ca. 1974.

Serge Ermoll, "Free Kata"

Philips 6357 021

Edward Bronson ts; Serge Ermoll pno; Graham Ruckley bs; Ross Rignold dms.

Side 1: Crest Of Freedom (3:15), Tentra (9:00), Kumite (6:20), Bodhirama I (1:00)

Side 2: Rising Sun (3:30), East'n Play (7:30), Mokso (2:45), Free Kata (4:00), Bodhirama II (0:50).

Recorded December 16, 1974.

Johnny Nicol, "Touch of Blue"

Philips 6357 025

Johnny Nicol vcl except on (a), gtr; Don Burrows Bb school flute on (a), bs flt on (b); Chuck Yates pno; Ed Gaston bs; Darcy Wright el-bs on (c); Laurie Thompson dms; Barry Sutton perc.

Side 1: (c) Touch Of Blue (4:14), (b) My Love (4:42), (a) Carib (2:45), All In Love Is Fair (5:39).

Side 2: Time Is Running Out (2:40), (c) Easy Evil (3:05), My Funny Valentine (5:00), (c) Never My Love (2:35), The Way We Were (5:27).

Recorded ca. 1974.

"Jazz Co-Op"

Philips 6641 225

Howie Smith ts, sop; unaccompanied ts on (a); omit on (b); Roger Frampton pno; Jack Thorncraft bs; Phil Treloar dms.

Side 1: Interim (4:18), RFO21273 (3:20), In Your Quiet Place (4:54), (b) Early Mor-

ning Trip (6:33).

Side 2: Pyramid Piece (3:37), (b) Nefertiti (7:06), A La Coltrane (7:39).

Side 3: (a) May Day (), (b) Int-a (12:32).

Side 4: Of Things Once Lost (6:20), Tribute (11:46).

Recorded August 20, 22, 26, September 1, 1974, in Sydney.

Brian Brown Quintet, "Carlton Streets"
44 Label 6357 700

Dure Dara vcl on (a), perc; Brian Brown flt, sop, ts; Bob Sedergreen pno; David Tolley bs; Ted Vining dms. Jazzbird Orchestra: P. Salt, R. Walsh, I. Hellings, B. Vinier, tpts; P. DeVisser, R. Patrick, J. Buckley, thns; M. Wall, bs; R. Francis, gtr; A. Lee, J. Leslie, perc.

Side 1: Carlton Streets (10:17), (a) Coonadoo (9:12).

Side 2: (a) The Fair (8:26), Gobble (3:04), Flight (9:20).

Recorded September 1974, in Melbourne.

"Spirit of 44"

44 Label 9288 001

Side 1: Carlton Streets, by Brian Brown Quintet; Carter, by Galapagos Duck; A La Coltrane, by Jazz Co-Op.

Side 2: Carib, by Johnny Nicol; Free Kata, by Serge Ermoll; I'm Gonna Try, by Judy Bailey Quartet; Ebony Quill, by Galapagos Duck.

Personnel, times, and dates as above.

For information about these records please write to: Jazz Down Under, P.O. Box 202, Camden, N.S.W. 2570, Australia.

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS

Sight Song
Black Saint BSR 0003

Muhali Richard Abrams (piano), Malachi Favors (bass); recorded in New York, October 13&14, 1975. W. W.; J. G.; Sight-song; Two Over One; Way Way Way Down Under; Panorama; Unity.

I have always found listening to Richard Abrams' recordings a frustrating experience. There is too much promise evident in his in-person performance for any of the Delmark recordings, for instance, to give more than a fractional overview of the man's capabilities, and even the sum of those three albums biases your view toward an almost saccharine lyricism at the nether limits of freedom.

"SightSong" comes closer, by making one concession to the limits of technology. By confining the instrumentation of the album to piano and bass only, Abrams allows himself the luxury of a far more thorough exploration of the harmonic and tonal reaches of that combination than the relative scope in diversity of his previous two albums permitted. As the album evolves without the textural changes from track to track, there is a self-perpetuating feeling of expansion and of increasing degrees of nuance that would not be possible with less closely-chosen resource limits.

Within the duo Abrams and Malachi Favors function as full harmonic equivalents as momentary leaders; at any moment either holds the initiative to change the course of the music by his own intention or by following. The interaction is sensitively balanced timbrally as well by the rising density of Favors' bass and Abrams' firm but shaded attack, in a manner recalling the partnership of Monk and Wilbur Ware. When the hearings are summed, where Abrams' roots lie is in bebop music, and regardless of how far he intends to widen his idiomatic freedom, his unique compounding of Parker's harmonic pyramid on romantic interlinear shadings plant him firmly in the fourth generation post-Parker (like Corea or Jarrett) rather than the third generation New Music (like Bowie or Braxton).

"SightSong" is the only ample representation of Abrams' music yet available. As his previous albums suggest, he had more open ears and a more eagerly constructivist mind than the more prominent pianists espousing similar idioms. Despite an evident retreat from freedom in this setting, Abrams is a personal and sincerely individualistic artist.

- Barry Tepperman

GEORGE ADAMS

"Jazz A Confronto Vol. 22"
Horo HLL 101-22

I was waiting for George Adams' album to come out, from the moment I had the good fortune to listen to him on the two Roy Haynes albums, "Hip Ensemble" and "Senyah". At that time, Adams expressed himself with Coltranean sonority and phrasing, but you could already sense something personal in his music, that should come out.

I wasn't mistaken and the clear demonstration of that is this beautiful LP, recorded in Rome in March 1975, the first under his own name. The album opens with Cry From The Mountain, a fast piece which immediately conveys the atmosphere that characterizes the whole album: liveliness, inventive power, poetry. Adams' solo on the high register is like a sorrow cry which recalls the whole Black peoples' situation, from the deep South, to the Harlem ghetto. But the best is yet to come and it comes with Song Of Adams, which he performs completely unaccompanied, playing tenor saxophone and piano: one hand on the piano and the other on the saxophone. Here Adams seems to be hurtled towards the bottom of his soul and with an exceptional self-awareness he expresses himself totally, in a style harsh and poetic at the same time; and you receive the impact with an immediateness that makes you grow pale. Anyway, more than growing pale, the listener enjoys it too and takes part in it - like I did - and so when it's finished he listens to it again; the result is always the same: astonishment and admiration! Requiem For A Slumlord is a 3/4 piece, in which Adams plays the flute in a style close to Roland Kirk's,

while Payday Blues is a 12 bar classical blues, performed in the old style of the classical "blues men"; Adams, as well as playing saxophone, sings wonderfully, in his characteristic growling voice. But when this happens, the true protagonist becomes pianist Don Pullen, who accompanies Adams' song in the most classical way, fully demonstrating his tremendous expressive and technical skill and also his knowledge of the blues tradition. Anyone who insists on saying that today's young musicians are lacking in historical and musical awareness and of a sense of tradition, should listen to this piece!!! In the last piece, You Name It (a sort of "rhythm and blues" track), the whole group makes a great effort to conceal the weakness of the piece; from Adams to Pullen, who takes a brilliant solo in his extraordinary way; to the rhythm section, made up of the young David Williams and the famous Dannie Richmond, always able to face the situation. David Williams, who becomes a part of the atmosphere created by the three "Mingusians", is a true discovery, a powerful bass-man, who is always precise, sure, attentive to the developments of the situation; and Dannie Richmond is an extremely creative accompanist.

I'll say it again, the record is great. What remains to be said? Nothing more, really!!!
- Mario Luzzi

(In Europe, Horo Records can be ordered from Hi-Fi and Records Center, via F. Cavalotti 8, Milano, Italy. In North America, they can be ordered from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto Ontario M4J 4X8 Canada.

PEPPER ADAMS

Ephemera
Spotlite PA6

Side 1: Ephemera (7:15), Bouncing With Bud (10:55), Civilization And Its Discontents (6:11).

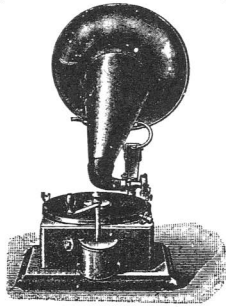
Side 2: Jitterbug Waltz (6:17), Quiet Lady (9:23), Patrice (6:09), Hellure (How Are You're) (4:56).

Adams bar s; Roland Hanna pno; George Mraz bs; Mel Lewis dms.

Recorded September 10, 1973, London.

Pepper Adams makes the baritone sound like you would expect it to sound if you had seen the instrument but never heard it. His tone is fat, almost obese, and the texture of his solos is heavy, almost leaden. Occasionally he scuttles out of the instrument's middle range into its depths, but he almost never ranges upwards. Every other modern baritone player from Mulligan to Bunny Bluiett tries to make the listener forget its volume and its girth. Not Adams. He plays it as he found it, whether he is anchoring the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band or recording as a soloist with the band's rhythm section.

As a result, "Ephemera" is hard to dislike. Adams ploughs into the tunes with such confidence that you are willing



For Sale: A large collection of 78 RPM records and radio transcriptions dating from 1900, predominantly popular and jazz music, some rare classical and vocal records, and a few personality, organ, military band, hillbilly and miscellaneous items. No list is available. You will have to see this collection to appreciate it and evaluate it. The collection is for sale only as a unit with the exception that the classical and non-popular, non-jazz items could be broken and sold as a sub-unit separately. Write me for appointment to see the collection. Dealers who wish to buy cheap for resale should not write. These records will go to a collector who will appreciate them and can afford to pay the price. Write to: William C. Love, 5808 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217 U.S.A.



BIG BAND LANDMARKS, Volume 20
DUKE ELLINGTON and his orchestra
- 1959 -

Piano: Duke Ellington or Billy Strayhorn with Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, Clark Terry, Ray Nance, Harold Baker, Cat Anderson, Fats Ford, Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, John Sanders, Jimmy Woode, and Jimmy Johnson.

Fat Mouth, Lost In The Night, Little John's Tune, Frou Frou, Dankworth Castle, Moonstone, Night Stick, Lullaby For Dreamers, She Was A Tinkling Thing, Jamaica Tomboy, Still Water, Jet Strip.

Previously unissued, good quality sound, recorded 1959.

Available from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8. Each \$6.98 postpaid.

to dismiss his technical lapses on the (quite literally) breathtaking Jitterbug Waltz. With such a cumbersome horn (you find yourself saying) no wonder he he decided not to break his neck on another take. By the same token, in such an easy swinging session it is easy to forget about the self-conscious passages of Civilization And Its Discontents (tune by Adams, title by Freud). After all, Roland Hanna is largely responsible for the self-consciousness, and no one works harder to keep the rest of the tracks swinging. On Jitterbug and Patrice, but especially on Ephemera when he comes in for the first solo after Adams states the theme, Hanna constructs nimble melodies that work perfectly against the heavy lines of the horn. The album may be easy to fault, but the leader's straight playing and the group's good feeling make the more lasting impression.

- Jack Chambers

Julian
Enja 2060

Recorded at the Domicile Club, Munich, on August 13, 1975, this excellent session finds baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams at the helm of a quartet comprising Walter Norris (piano), George Mraz (bass) and Makaya Ntshoko. The entire proceedings are infused with an involvement and sense of urgency that Adams seems to inspire whenever he records under his own name. He has, of course, a great rapport with Mraz from their association in the Jones/Lewis Orchestra, but pianist Norris (he was on Ornette Coleman's first record for Contemporary) and drummer Ntshoko fit in beautifully and there is nothing casual about the music or the level of performance.

Adams has the most distinctive baritone tone in jazz - a hard, cutting edge, abrasive yet inevitably suitable to the material he tackles. The album and the title track (a ballad jointly penned by Adams and Mraz) are dedicated to Cannonball Adderley who had died only a few days before this date.

The LP gets away to a vigorous start with Jirge, an Adams chart featuring a unison theme statement by bass and baritone and accelerating into a satisfying piano solo by Norris. Pepper cooks heatedly, lacing his brew with asides from Indian Summer and Rosetta. Mraz picks an elegant passage and Ntshoko explodes when required (but he is a perceptive accompanist). Julian is a reflective piece. The score is reproduced on the jacket with the instruction "Ballad - not too slow!" The quartet heed that caution and the tempo moves along comfortably. Pepper actually doubles up frequently (just as Cannonball would have done at this tempo). Norris and Mraz (how he makes the bass sing!) solo briefly before Pepper returns and goes out on a superb solo coda. Walter Norris' eastern-tinged Spacemaker spotlights the composer's digital dexterity and Pepper's relish of a pacey outing on good changes. Mraz and Ntshoko get space too. Pepper's loping minor key original Ad Astra opens the

second side and flows along very smoothly with the group in a foot-patting groove. The last two tracks - Three And One, 'Tis - are both Thad Jones tunes. 'Tis was on an Adams record of 1958, Live At The 5 Spot (Riverside), and it is good to hear it again. Three And One again has the baritone/bass theme statement and it is Mraz who leads the solo order on this extended workout.

As I said at the beginning, an excellent session but then Pepper's albums always are rather special. He never disappoints as this consistently inventive collection convincingly proves.

- Mark Gardner

ARISTA

Julius Hemphill
'Coon Bid'ness
Arista-Freedom AL1012

Randy Weston
Blues to Africa
Arista-Freedom AL1014

Frank Lowe
Fresh
Arista-Freedom AL1015

Two waves of Great Black musicianly impulse have come out of the industrial American midwest in the past two decades to transfuse new spirits into the New York heartland of the experience. Each more thoroughgoing than the other, besides bringing a host of new voices to the surface the two waves - the Sun Ra Arkestra in the late 1950s, and the cooperative movements (mainly Chicago's AACM and St. Louis' closely-allied Black Artists' Group) in the mid-1960s - carried similar aesthetic messages. They spoke of drawing the expressive potential of each instrument to its outermost limits through extensive exploration of its registers and combinations (Lester Bowie in the Art Ensemble, the full Sun Ra Arkestra, Anthony Braxton, and Albert Ayler - who came out of Cleveland in between the two waves), of the joy and range inherent in new expressive media - "little instruments" and musictheatre (the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Sun Ra, and latterly Cecil Taylor), of the need for community in musicianly endeavours (a need validated by the emergence of countless performance/workshop/production cooperatives and independent record production endeavours), and of the importance of composition as an element of performance. I speak of composition not as the fact of written lead sheets and predigested chord progressions, but of governing spontaneity of collective creation by a unified approach to total performance. The key to hearing this spontaneity is transition, inherent in most of their extended performances, a fact whereby the attentively involved listener finds himself frequently in the midst of frightening mood changes without discerning the subtle devices used to switch him. That the Art Ensemble, Sun Ra, and Anthony Braxton have reached their

current prominence in the music bespeaks their enlightenments answering a real need in a larger musical world going stale. This opens a way for even newer generations - as Oliver Lake or, here, Julius Hemphill.

Out of his St. Louis BAG roots, Hemphill follows the composerly impulse. The transition is a key to "Coon Bid'ness", which exists as a continuing series of feelings called by group textures, an elastic shaping of space under the ensemble, and instrument sound. The role of "soloist" is inconspicuous. There are words - a poem - attached to "Coon Bid'ness", but which experience inspired the other is irrelevant. Much as Mingus does, Hemphill builds his densities by pyramiding voices and finding new roles for old instruments. The twin altos - his and Black Arthur Blythe's - give ensembles aethereal lightness and slow space in the first two movements, into which Hamiett Bluiett's baritone kicks at the end of Lyric, then summoning drummer Alshul up to a higher energy level to refire the ensemble. The subtleties of signalling such changes - like a vamp fragment in the baritone line, or the rhythmic-melodic use of Abdul Wadud's cello as a sort of fretless guitar bass - escape the listener who doesn't go back looking for them (and in so doing loses the overview of the performance). Of the players, pay attention to baritonist Bluiett, whose imagination and assertiveness far outstrip his work with Mingus - and to cellist Wadud, who (along with Alan Silva) seems finally to have found a place in Black Music for an instrument that was so roundly damned by Leroi Jones not so long ago. (But, of course Jones' reference then applied to a white player).

The second side of Hemphill's album is The Hard Blues, a performance almost elderly (February 1972, at the time Hemphill's self-produced "Dogon A.D." album was recorded) relative to the saxophonist's idiomatic maturation. Nonetheless, for the weak link of its session it stands up strongly enough as a free-melodic blues performance in its own right. Spontaneously but not collectively created, the solos all around are unremarkable with the exception of baritonist Bluiett, who again shows an audacity lacking in his more-recently-available work, and otherwise-unheard trumpeter Baikida E.J. Carroll, who occupies an eloquent personal middle-ground between Clifford Brown and Bobby Bradford. The amazing Philip Wilson's drums spoon the power of the full quintet.

Pianist Randy Weston, though a generation older chronologically and several musically than Hemphill and his cohorts, has had to pay dues of the same nature for far longer. Primarily, like Hemphill, Weston is a composer - in this case, not just a man who has extraordinary ingenuity in devising heads for improvisation, but (like Monk and Ellington) one who uses the total performance to create a solid and consistent emotional ambience. He was in many ways ahead of his time in his rejection of the commercial strictures of jazz as business - a re-

jection in which he was joined only by Lucky Thompson at that time - that led to attempts at self-production (the Bakton label of the early 1960s), and ultimately to expatriation to Africa. Weston has returned to the Stateside musical scene only in the past two years, and "Blues To Africa" is his first solo album in that time.

Weston has few peers as a solo pianist (the only ones currently active who come to mind are Cecil Taylor and Dollar Brand). Orthodox technical resources, though not a major criterion in this music, are impeccable as expected. His spirit is particularly akin to the late Herbie Nichols - and, like Nichols, his base harmonic idiom draws deeply from Monk and Duke. He voices different registers of the keyboard against each other, playing it as one might an orchestra. His skill in rhythmic interplay between the layers he builds is enhanced by his assimilation of African musics (just as much of the intent of his music is directed by his commitment to North African society), at times with a complexity that recalls Brand. His work is lyrical and that lyricism is infectious - the subtle pastel portraiture of Tangier Bay, the unexpected waltz of the title piece, and the vigorous interplay of Kasbah Kids are all pleasures well worth the savouring. Above all there is a power to Weston's art - not in the sense of the "power playing" devices of the free era, but in the committed consistency of his utterances that not only unites the individual performances, but transcends them to draw all eight into a single experience. His music is unique; and while in the context of his total art "Blues To Africa" is not unusually so, the experience of his music is too rare to pass up.

Frank Lowe comes out of Memphis via San Francisco with all the power of the Coltrane-Sanders era compacted in his tenor. That, admittedly, is no mean feat in an era when the original generation of Coltrane men have fallen victim to commerce or forgotten what the music was about in the first place. Lowe brings together the conceptions of improviser as innovator with the roles of community mentor and guardian of the heritage. "Fresh" brings him out of his usual playing context - the Alice Coltrane and Rashied Ali groups - into an ensemble of BAG members and friends. Like late Coltrane, and unlike the current midwestern impulse, Lowe is unconcerned with composition (read organization) except as a means leading to an individual expressive end. Thus five performances come together as strings of individual improvisations with little predetermination other than the meeting of the musicians involved. In one occasion here - the attempted collective improvisation of the title piece - the result is chaos.

Lowe and company no more "play" Monk's Epistrophy and Misterioso than the Art Ensemble "played" Parker's Dexterity - which is to say that the melodic and rhythmic structure of the head rather than its intricate chordal mechanism is used as a base for improvisation.

Epistrophy as such is thoroughly unexceptional, with Lowe sounding particularly fragmented; but Misterioso somehow falls into a gentle half-tempo groove that suits these performers famously. Lowe elsewhere is a solid blues-based player with power ideas, who sounds well at home against his Memphis electric rhythm section for Chu's Blues. In the relative ensemble freedom this blowing session provides, Abdul Wadud is able to show to even better advantage the new space into which he brings his instrument, Lester Bowie plays solidly if in a relatively unspectacular (for him) manner, but his empathy with brother Joseph is fantastic. Joseph Bowie, trombonist, has obviously been well touched by his brother in his search through the sound of his instrument, but has already moved beyond that into a fat trumpeting upper register that he loves to use, and a judicious exploration of electronic sound for his horn (the opening of Fresh).

These three discs keep faith with the high musical quality already expected of the Arista-Freedom series. In addition all three are cleanly pressed, well-annotated productions. Everybody should hear Randy Weston, and "Blues To Africa" is an excellent sampling of his art. The other two albums - Hemphill's especially - are highly recommended for those of you with the strength and spirit.

- Barry Tepperman

ALBERT AYLER

Witches & Devils
Arista-Freedom AF 108

Prophecy
ESP-Disk ESP 3030

Now, six years after his mysterious death, Albert Ayler remains as much an enigma as he was during his lifetime. He appeared seemingly out of nowhere (actually Cleveland, Little Walter's Blues Band, and the US Army) to touch bases with Cecil Taylor in Scandinavia in 1962. There he made the first recordings of his unique aesthetic; but retrospectively the pairing of Ayler with such as Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen seems even more absurd than it must have the first time around. When he returned to New York in 1963, his only known musical credentials were an already-legendary iconoclasm and Cecil Taylor's advocacy. His motivations were never clarified, although spirituality was the overt concern of most of his music; but those of us who trusted in that at the time were far too confused by the final Impulse period of recordings progressively more and more polished of progressively less and less independence or substance. (Translate as "sell out".) But in early 1964, when he recorded "Witches and Devils", he was still an unknown quantity, never having been afforded the opportunity to record the music he wanted in settings of his choice.

Recorded for Debut in New York City in February 1964, "Witches and Devils"

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was the first date for Ayler the leader over which he had full control. This meant not only that he could choose his most sympathetic cohorts, but that he was free to concentrate on his spiritual preoccupations and the themes he drew from them rather than randomly include errant "standards" and blues as before. For this, the finest of all his studio works, Ayler was joined by two hometown players (trumpeter Norman Howard and bassist Earle Henderson) and two friends from the Taylor ensemble (Henry Grimes and drummer Sunny Murray). But for such a large group, and especially compared with the constant barrage of his later quintets, the textures of this one are amazingly diverse, and frequently have a sparse, almost desolate quality. This was a "free" ensemble in which, although collective improvisation was not yet a major concern, each instrument had an independent and simultaneous melodic role to perform. The textural drones of his later years were not yet in evidence. Not yet having learned the uses of musical power/violence through brother Don, Ayler is free to concentrate the relaxation in his lines. The tension that built emotional ambiguity was to come later. Here is the tenorist's conception at its purest - the reconstruction of melody through the elasticizing of parallel layers of fragments, a huge tone drawn from a relaxed embouchure applied to a hard reed (a technique almost impossible for the adept but undevoted performer), and a compositional optimism that was naive almost to the point of saccharine. The otherwise-unrecorded Howard showed much the same approach to linear discontinuity as a formal method for improvisation, but in a far less lyrical fashion. He was also a great believer in the exploitation of instrumental tonal resources in his solos; his final passages in *Spirits* anticipate Lester Bowie by a good two years.

But one of the great virtues of the open freedom of this quintet is that it allows creation and hearing on several levels. Agreed, that a fundamental justification for having two bassists in music of this genre is the great breadth of harmonic feed it allows the front-line solo-

ists. But the bassists are no less prominent in the sound of the music, and their intricate pizzicato interplay is at least as important as Murray's non-repetitive drumming in establishing the proper rhythmic setting for the horns. Murray is the other really dominant player on "*Witches and Devils*", one whose approach to his kit was brilliantly new - and not just a matter of avoiding the cliché in playing time. Rather, Murray uses the expected timbral qualities of his kit in personal combinations to establish a tonal atmosphere for the music. He was in no sense a timekeeper.

Ayler's music from then on came together quickly, and by June of the same year he had a working trio together with Murray and bassist Gary Peacock. "*Prophecy*", a previously-lost tape by the trio from a Cellar Cafe, New York job in in mid-June, precedes the "*Spiritual Unity*" session that finally established the tenorist and his trio as powers to be reckoned with by one month. If "*Prophecy*" is the valid indicator it seems, he was peaking even then.

The trio setting was the vanishing dimension for Ayler's music - the smallest number of counterfoils effectively to set him off, and simultaneously the largest group of voices to fit his music without blocking his own drive. "*Prophecy*" is a superior group of performances to "*Spiritual Unity*" only because of the presence of a responsive audience. The compositions overlap almost totally between the two discs (with the exception of the previously unheard title composition of "*Prophecy*"), but Ayler and especially the otherwise-reticent Peacock were stimulated immensely by ears. On earlier Ayler recordings, each performance was assigned to a different expressive problem of composition or instrument; the orthodoxy of previous settings limited the number of directions in which Ayler could move at once. In the trio a maximum of sympathy in counterpoint was joined to a minimum of restriction, leaving the tenorist free to move his lines in several directions at once. This in fact is the course of development of his solos, moving not only linearly and rhythmically but timbrally, achieving in the two trio al-

bums the greatest critical momentum of any of his work. Gary Peacock is a paradox - at once aggressively hornlike - more so than any other bassist of his era - and self-effacing. If his command of his instrument is notable, his imagination and ability to meet it are even more so. Murray, again, is a timbral rather than metric feed to the tenor, while the tonal structure of the music frees Peacock from harmonic tasks to concentrate on tonal and rhythmic aspects of his art.

There is some confusion with the titling of Ayler's compositions in these and the "*Spiritual Unity*" sessions. For unknown reasons, *Ghosts*' first and second variations on both trio discs are different compositions - the first the same piece later known as "*Ghosts*", the second identical with *Spirits* on both the "*Witches and Devils*" and "*Prophecy*" albums. Holy, Holy on the quintet date became *The Wizard* with trio.

Ayler's music today is in the absurd but lamentably common situation of a powerful creation whose potentials were stunted by marketplace pressures and finally closed by an early death. It was uniquely strong and beautiful - perhaps too much so. Today it lives only in the minds of a small coterie of listeners who were there to know his truth, not in the minds and hands of this year's creators. Perhaps, someday, people will again hear him; it would be ridiculous for his wealth of beauty to remain impactless and void. All recordings by Ayler remain important. "*Witches and Devils*" and "*Prophecy*" happen to be the most essential of these unique documents. - Barry Tepperman

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928
Smithsonian Collection R 002

Another superb collection of vitally important classic jazz recordings reissued by the Jazz Program at the Smithsonian Institution under the direction of Martin Williams, this set brings together nearly all the recordings Armstrong and Hines made together in the 1920's. According to the excellent and informative liner notes by Williams and former Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies Curator J.R. Taylor, the only recordings including both Satch and Fatha made in the 1920's NOT included in this collection are the Johnny Dodds Black Bottom Stompers date, which was recently available on Decca and still to be seen in record bins and dealer lists occasionally, and two additional cuts with vocalist Lillie Delk Christian which do not feature them well. Judging by the quality of Lillie's singing on the six pieces featuring her included here (accurately described in the notes as a nuisance) this latter omission may be a blessing. But these six performances also include exposure for Armstrong, Hines, and the too little heard New Orleans clarinetist Jimmy Noone, and the contrast between her singing and Armstrong's shows graphically how fine and hip a singer Louis was. Also included

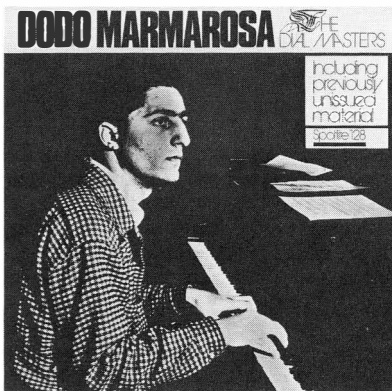
SPOTLITE



Spotlight LP9
BEN WEBSTER QUARTET
"MAKIN' WHOOPEE"

Ben Webster (tenor saxophone) with George Arvanitas (piano), Jacky Samson (bass), Charles Saudrais (drums). Recorded June 5, 1972, in Paris.

Johnny Come Lately, Prelude To A Kiss, Autumn Leaves, I Want A Little Girl, Makin' Whoopee, You Better Go Now, Ash's Cap, Hal's Blues.



Spotlight 128
DODO MARMAROSA

Dodo Marmarosa (piano), Harry Babasin (cello), Jackie Mills (drums). Bopmatism, Dodo's Dance, Trade Winds, Dary Departs, Cosmo Street, Tone Paintings, Deep Purple, Tea For Two.

Recorded in Los Angeles, California December 3, 1947.

Spotlight 134
WARDELL GRAY

Wardell Gray (tenor saxophone) with: The Howard McGhee Sextet, The International All-Stars with Stan Hasselgard, and Count Basie and his Orchestra.

Bebop, Grooving High, Hot House, The King, It Serves Me Right, Little Dog, Spasmodic, X-1, Good Bait, C-Jam Blues, How High The Moon. Recorded 1947-48.

Available from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 4X8 Canada. Each \$6.98 postpaid.

among the 32 performances in this collection are four Earl Hines piano solos from the same period, which cannot be anything but welcome.

Of course having all the other performances made by Hines and Armstrong together in this period in one collection is a real treat. Fidelity is excellent, the performances are in discographical order, and the packaging, liner notes and photographs are first rate. If you aren't already convinced this is an essential collection, reread your jazz history; buy the collection and listen carefully, paying attention to the liner notes; and see if you're not convinced afterward. These are not considered classic recordings for nothing. - Vladimir Simosko

(This record may be purchased only through the mail, from The Smithsonian Collection, P.O. Box 5734, Terre Haute, Indiana 47802 U.S.A.)

COUNT BASIE

Jam Session at the Montreux Jazz Festival 1975
Pablo 2310-750

It's called the Basie Jam Session, but the focus of this session is Roy Eldridge. Even at 64 Eldridge still plays with the kind of control, emotion and high-level power that first brought him notice 40-odd years ago, and has sustained him over the years. The session itself is as loose as possible, rather like the JATP sessions of a few years ago. A pick-up group of Basie, Eldridge, Johnny Griffin, Milt Jackson, Nils Pedersen and Louis Bellson was brought together to play variations on Billie's Bounce, Lester Leaps In and a blues. Incredibly the whole thing fit together and produced some high level music. Jackson was fast, facile and inventive in this unstructured atmosphere and came out with driving, long-limbed solos. Basie was in the foreground and background almost simultaneously, pulling out some boogie woogie and stride licks for his short solos and comping with reckless abandon before, after and during some of the other solos. He even seemed to enjoy the session so much that he laughs to himself while playing his piece on Festival Blues. Griffin was relaxed and deep-toned, and without much of the bursting, zooming excesses that characterized his early work. He even showed a sense of humor as when he injected a phrase from Look Away Dixieland at the end of his Lester Leaps In solo.

Meanwhile Pedersen and Bellson, separated by continents and years managed to mesh together as time keepers and played together as if they'd done nothing else for the past few years. The background they laid down was as effective as it was unobtrusive. When each got a chance to solo, as on Lester Leaps In, they both took characteristic breaks. Pedersen took a restrained walking bass interlude, accompanied by Basie, while Bellson played all over the drum set in a medium length solo that was, if you can

imagine it, both bombastic and tasteful, though he did get carried away a bit towards the end. That's probably also the best way to describe Eldridge's work. If there were lapses in taste in his work with Roy spending too much time in the uncomfortable high reaches of his horn it was probably based on his need to impress in this stellar company. Anyway he comes from a time in jazz when horn playing was supposed to be big and brassy and cut across a full big band playing underneath it. Typically as on Festival Blues, he begins his solo medium tempo then gradually increases the range and intensity of his playing as he goes on. His notes get higher, his sound harsher, and he begins to explode into all those little bleeps and gleeps of sound. He gets so excited in fact that it seems as if he's almost going to lose the tempo. But prodded by Basie he brings himself up short and just manages to bring the tune down, and to the next soloist. It's somewhat the same story for other tunes as well.

A recommended session for those interested in swing, the action, not the style, and for fans of any of the musicians on the record, especially Eldridge.

- Ken Waxman

Count Basie and Oscar Peterson

"Satch" and "Josh"
Pablo 2310-722

If Art Tatum and Fats Waller had teamed up in a recording session the results would undoubtedly have been something like this. Whether Fats would have induced as much restraint in the single-mindedly virtuosic Tatum as Basie does in Peterson is debatable. But the effect is not unwelcome. Certainly, Peterson is not repressed. But there are times when you can almost hear him listening to Basie for direction. And Basie's direction is simply straight ahead...with the emphasis on simply. No pianist has surpassed Basie in boiling material down to its essentials. No pianist has surpassed Tatum in building material up from its essentials, but Peterson has come close. The joy of this album is not only in the contrast between styles but in the compromises, most of which are made by Peterson. So who's the stronger piano player?

The majority of the material here is blues, and the blues are all beautiful. When Basie plays anything, much as when Charlie Parker played anything, the blues aren't far away, and These Foolish Things is one of the bluest performances on the album. Basie, an organist in the Waller tradition, plays organ on only one track, S & J Blues, and it's a gem.

The rhythm section, because of the inclusion of guitarist Freddie Green, automatically becomes a Basie rhythm section. Bassist Ray Brown and drummer Louis Bellson make the conversion neatly and happily. So, I might add, does Peterson. What this is, really, is a Count Basie jam session. Saying that is not

slight to Peterson. When you meet with the Chairman Of The Board, he sets the tone of the meeting. You play by his rules. Peterson does that here, beautifully, and the meeting is productive and successful. - Doug Ramsey

Count Basie Trio

For The First Time
Pablo 2301-712

Count Basie/Zoot Sims

Basie & Zoot
Pablo 2310-745

Zoot Sims and the Gershwin Brothers
Pablo 2310 744

Several years ago a few of us were sitting around at Thunder Sound in Toronto musing about various fictitious recording projects. One that everyone seemed enthusiastic about was the idea of getting Basie into a studio minus his orchestra. After pursuing the matter further it quickly became clear that the implications of such a move were well beyond the capabilities of a small, under-financed record company while the suggestions by Basie's management about personnel and charts were directly contrary to the kind of free-wheeling session we had in mind.

Fortunately for us jazz lovers, Norman Granz returned to the record business and was able to do just what we had in mind - a trio session with Ray Brown and Louis Bellson. The results are the kind of glorious fusion of Harlem Stride and Kansas City Swing which few have been able to affect as personally as Count Basie. The blues dominate - and they range from the swift skating lines appropriate in a dedication to dancer Baby Lawrence to the mellow gracefulness of Pres. Blues In The Alley is just that while O.P. is the kind of dazzling tour de force one normally associates with the other O.P. Equally persuasive, of course, are the varying treatments of standards. And Basie's individual paraphrases of melodies has long been hauntingly personal. His affection for such old time lyrical favorites as Song Of The Island, As Long As I Live and Lady Be Good (two versions of the latter - related but different enough to keep) bring out the essence of Basie's piano style. Economy and space are essential contributions to any Basie performance but he also dis- tinguishes the muscular strength and fullness of line which only serves to emphasize the state- lines of his conception.

Ray Brown's singing bass lines reverberate on equal terms with the piano. Rarely has the bassist been so well show- cased. His work here and with Duke Ellington ("This One's For Blanton", Pablo 2310-722) are among his best perfor- mances on disc. Bellson's drumwork is the model of quiet efficiency. As a time- keeper he is perfect and he never in- trudes on the graceful flow of Basie's lines.

Basie's love/hate relationship with

the organ is revived here (as it is on sev- eral other Pablo releases) and his playing is a direct reflection of the orchestral textures devised by Fats Waller in the 1920s. It's a sound which will grab or irritate you just as surely as Jimmy Smith's generation has divided listeners on the subject of jazz and the organ. Un- deniably, though, there's a uniquely haunting quality to Basie's manipulation of the instrument. It's heard on Song Of The Island and Blues In The Church.

There's lots more of Basie's piano in his collaboration with tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims but there isn't the same kind of unity to the music and the technical quality of the recording (and piano) of the more recent session leaves something to be desired. The casualness of a Granz session is carried to an extreme here. It seems as though we're listening to sin- gle takes of the selections where proper endings have not been resolved before the tape machines started rolling. This doesn't prevent the music from reaching exceptional heights - there's the moving blues choruses of Captain Blich and Har- dav both of which explore similar feelings with sustained authority. Basie's blues playing is so articulate, emotional and simplistic that it often reminds one of Jimmy Yancey even though Basie never uses any of the oft repeated phrases of the Chicago pianist. Basie's lyrical transformations of Honeysuckle Rose, Mean To Me and It's Only A Paper Moon are delightful rhythmic excursions into the 32 bar form where he has the space to develop his ideas and set the mood be- fore the entry of the saxophone. Zoot Sims is his usual efficient self but his solos seem rather workmanlike and it's only in I Surrender Dear where he seems to impart a particularly individual touch to the music.

Bassist John Heard and drummer Louis Bellson play all the right notes without being noticeably dramatic. There are times when the need for more imag- inative accompaniment was sorely felt. Surely Louis Bellson is not the only jazz percussionist available to Norman Granz.

Despite its shortcomings this colla- boration is a worthy addition to the slim body of recordings by Count Basie, the pianist. Now if only Basie could be re- corded with such kindred spirits as Budd Johnson, Earle Warren, Buddy Tate and Gus Johnson we would really have some- thing special - and if you doubt the sanity of all this check out Basie's contribution to the remarkable "Jo Jones Special" on Vanguard 8503.

Sims' collaboration with Oscar Pet- erson is a much more cohesive example of jazz music. Certainly Sims seems comfortable exploring the harmonic in- genuity of Gershwin's compositions rather than expounding on the blues. Then, too, Peterson's support is much closer to Sims' own generation in conception and there is an easy familiarity to their mus- ic-making. But it isn't casual or sloppy. Their interpretations of such songs as Isn't It A Pity, Someone To Watch Over Me, Embraceable You, The Man I Love and I've Got A Crush On You are lyrically

respectful interpretations of the songs while even on such well worn standards as Lady Be Good and I Got Rhythm they manage to sustain the overall feeling of Gershwin's world. Summertime is taken for a medium romp with an impassioned Sims solo. Joe Pass, George Mraz and Grady Tate coalesce with Peterson into an effective, tightly swinging rhythm sec- tion which is a pleasure to listen to. Pass contributes a number of tasty solos as well as effectively complementing the breathy vibrato of Sims' tenor in the brief version of How Long Has This Been Going On. Zoot Sims has made numerous re- cords in the past couple of years but few are the equal of this one. - John Norris

WALTER BISHOP JR.

Speak Low
Music 5066

To appreciate this album, both in its strengths and weaknesses, it is important to remember that although only recently reissued, it was actually recorded March 14, 1961. That date has a double signifi- cance. First, of course, it was 15 years ago, and given the evolution of jazz piano over that period, 15 years becomes a very long time. Though always well re- garded, "Bish" has never quite made it into that tiny circle of top ranked jazz pi- anists. This album will not significantly enhance his reputation now, but well might have 15 years ago. There is a second significance to that year - 1961. Jazz underwent a profound change in the late 50's and early 60's. This is not the place to discuss all the aspects of that metamorphosis. I want only to mention the Miles Davis group - particularly the rhythm section of Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones, for it is evident that this album attempts to re- produce the sound of that classic rhythm section.

To describe a sound in works is no easy thing. Think back to the albums "Relaxin'", "Workin'", "Cookin'", and "Steamin'", all recorded in 1956 but released separately over the period '56 - '61 (and now, happily, reissued). Con- sider first the overall sound. It is ex- tremely "clear": the 'ping' of the ride cymbal is distinct; the bass tones ring and generally the ictus is clear; the piano comping is normally short and sharp and the tones easily definable. In part, of course, this reflects an improvement in recording technique; but it is also indic- ative of a style of playing that minimizes blur and clutter. Another characteristic of the overall sound is that it is unified. I mean that the rhythm section is tightly knit and sounds as "one". Central to the achievement of this effect is the interplay between bass and drums. The bass line, rhythmically viewed, has an almost para- doxical character. On the one hand, it is extremely settled; no attempt is made to gain motion by leading the time. On the other hand, the tones are long and ring- ing, providing a kind of "forward leaning" effect. As to the drums, the approach

to accompanying is relatively simple, care being taken to avoid over-balancing the bass. And again, rhythmically we have a somewhat paradoxical effect - a very short and sharp hi-hat sound balanced by a fairly long ride cymbal ring, which supports the long, forward-looking sound of the bass. The effect here described is most easily seen in the innumerable tunes in which Miles plays the first chorus in 2, then moves to 4 for the solos. In the 2/4 section, the hi-hat sound is distinctive, the bass uses a figured 2. With the 4/4 section, the ringing cymbal appears and the even, long bass tones. To cap it, the "Philly Joe 4" may appear - ie., a strong accent on the fourth beat of each bar to add further motion.

The strategies here described are fully in evidence on the "Speak Low" album, particularly on the second side. Thus, Alone Together opens in 2 and goes to 4 with the Philly Joe accent in the choruses. Similarly, Speak Low opens as a Latin (with a very nice bass figure), then goes into the Philly Joe 4 for choruses. But it doesn't quite work for two reasons. The first is G.T. Hogan. Because he gets neither the sharp definition of the hi-hat or the leading ring of the ride cymbal, the time tends to become sluggish. That is unfortunate, for Jimmy Garrison does an excellent job. His time is impeccable, his notes well chosen, and his sound long and strong. He also provides some quite good bowed solos - again reminiscent of Chambers.

The second reason is Walter Bishop. Bishop, it should be recalled, comes out of the be-bop tradition and was enormously influenced by Bud Powell. But there is a world of difference between the piano styles of Bud and Red Garland. First, the Garland right hand involves a lighter touch with a pronounced "skipping" feeling in the phrasing. Second, the left hand is very different, not only in rhythmic employment but also, and more importantly, in terms of chord voicings. Finally, in Garland we have the emergence of a new type of two hand playing, the "block chord" approach, whose success again depends heavily on the use of certain types of chord voicings. The characteristics are even more evident in the piano work of Wynton Kelly, who also recorded with Miles in the late 50's and early 60's and replaced Garland.

If "Speak Low" is listened to in the light of these remarks, then it is evident that "Bish" is neatly caught between the Bud Powell and Red Garland-Wynton Kelly sounds - or rather that he inclines now towards one, now towards the other. Indeed, the most disconcerting thing about the entire album is the stylistic shift it reveals. Side one begins with Sometimes I'm Happy, a tune which inevitably suggests Bud Powell (though Bishop takes it at a considerably more moderate tempo). It then moves to Blues In The Closet, with a very busy piano solo full of be-bop cliches. So far so Bud. But then, with Green Dolphin Street, a tune associated with Miles, Bishop's approach begins to change. And as we move through side two, the emulation of the Red Garland-

Wynton Kelly trio approach becomes increasingly evident. I might also add that, in this sense, the album improves as it goes on, the closer, Speak Low, being far and away the best of the six tracks.

But, as I said, for the most part it doesn't quite work. Bishop never quite gets the "skipping" right hand quality. More important, his chord voicing creates problems, especially when he attempts block chord playing. Failing to use the 13th in dominant chords which gives fullness to the sound, and failing, too, to avail himself of the inversions as well as half-step motions Garland and Kelly employed for motion and variety, Bishop's block chord work sounds weak and thus, significantly, he always abandons it after a few bars.

And finally there is Milestones, very much a Miles tune. Properly speaking, Milestones (along with So What) represents a new step in Miles' musical evolution, for it is a "modal" tune. Thus, viewing "Speak Low" as Walter Bishop's journey from classic be-bop to the new sound of the 60's, we should expect Milestones to be the last track, which it very nearly is. More to the point, if he didn't quite get to the Miles who played standards and be-bop heads, we should expect him to have even more trouble with modal music. And so it is. He treats the Gm7 as if it were part of a II-V motion, thereby failing to capture its dorian significance. Consequently, in his solo, he occasionally lapses into G7 instead of Gm7, which in conventional progression would be substitutionally appropriate but which is not at all appropriate in the dorian mode. Similarly, in the "B" section of the tune, Bishop doesn't recognize it as aeolian, or as possibly alternating from dorian to aeolian.

And yet perhaps this is a somewhat harsh judgement. Very few pianists had any notion of modal playing in 1961. For that matter, not many had their block chords together. Once again, the date is important, for were this 1961, I have no doubt the album would be much more positively viewed than it is likely to be today.

- John Redford

PAUL BLEY

Live at the Hillcrest Club, 1958
Inner City IC1007

Ornette Coleman (as); Don Cherry (tpt); Paul Bley (pno); Charlie Haden (bs); Billy Higgins (dr); Hillcrest Club, Los Angeles, April 1958 (formerly issued on Musidisc-America 30AM6120). Klactoveesedstene; I Remember Harlem; The Blessing; Free

Some sessions become instant legends. This one was a legend before it was ever sure that the tape existed, because for years New Music people have talked about "Paul Bley's tapes", tapes that showed off Ornette Coleman before he became ORNETTE, musical Messiah of the late 1950s (courtesy of the music press of the time). That tape exists, was finally iss-

ued in 1974 by Musidisc-America in France, this is the first American issue of that material. To be exact, the session is a Bley-recorded club set from April 1958 by a Bley-led quintet whose other members became the nuclear Ornette Coleman Quartet. Recorded several months before "Something Else" on Contemporary, its superiority to the Contemporary Coleman albums is hardly surprising. Coleman's immature music needed and appreciated audiences, especially listeners like these who seemingly returned the vibes he needed. As well, Coleman is heard taking his stand for the first time with totally sympathetic musicians - unlike Walter Norris on "Something Else", with his inimical chord blocks that he still can't make work 18 years later, or the parachuted rhythm section of "Tomorrow Is The Question".

The question of the role of the piano in Coleman's early music is an interesting one. As Eric Dolphy observed, the chordal nature of the piano played orthodoxly in accompaniment behind a soloist limits the improviser's harmonic options severely; and as Gerry Mulligan observed earlier, it controls group intonation and dynamic range. To a music that depended on free motion of all these variables as much as Coleman's did, those considerations were basic and could only lead to jettisoning the keyboard. Bley solved the problem on this one occasion by staying inconspicuous and letting the remaining group members, with their own empathy already established, accompany themselves, rather than attempting to counterpoint them (as he would later with Sonny Rollins and Jimmy Giuffre). He is to be heard only - and well-spoken-for at that - in his solo passages ("I Remember Harlem" is virtually all his), which reveal a jagged textural approach to piano attack and flow.

There is no question here about the identity of the altoist, no student studies. Ornette heard here is the independent and self-assured creator of the Atlantic albums, with perhaps only a slightly less direct flow of line and idea reflecting his relative inexperience of performance. His dependence on emotional impact for performance form and context is, if anything, stronger than it would be until the Blackwell quartet of "This Is Our Music". In that setting, it seems hardly inappropriate that the altoist would join his own compositions with one of Charlie Parker's most challenging and fragmentary lines - and make Bird's tune thoroughly part of his world. (The juxtaposition also shows just how deeply Coleman was infused with the bebop rhythmic framework.) Don Cherry, as he was until after "Free Jazz", seemed content to remain in Ornette's shadow and reflect his ideas, but in some respects he seems the most assured of these performers. Even at this time their interaction with each other and with Billy Higgins (whose oblique accentuations were just as much iconoclastic in the Max Roach era) surpassed the merely remarkable. The Quartet, in its collective aspects, was probably whole at this point, but the sound quality does not allow ade-

quate assessment of Haden's role at this time. Bley seems in retrospect a convenient graft for purposes of getting the gig. Presumably everyone there that night knew precisely what they were really coming for.

There are other shadows of the future - the riff of Congeniality during Klac-toveesedstene, Cherry's interpolation of what would become one of the "Symphony for Improvisers" themes during Free. The point is that even at this relatively early date the future is visibly working.

- Barry Tepperman

RECORDS IN BRIEF

Repackages

Phil Woods: *Altology* (Prestige 24065) re-issues vintage material from the 1950s. Sides 1 and 2 also feature Donald Byrd, Kenny Dorham, Gene Quill and Tommy Flanagan and were originally titled "Pairing Off" (PR 7046). Sides 3 and 4 contain all titles from the Phil and Quill session of March 29, 1957 issued previously on PR 7115 and New Jazz 8204.

Miles Davis: *Green Haze* (Prestige 24064) brings together the 1955 quartet session originally on Prestige 7007 and 7221 and the quintet date of November 16, 1955 (Prestige 7014 and 7254). John Coltrane, Red Garland, Oscar Pettiford/Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones are the supporting players.

Thelonious Monk: *In Person* (Milestone 47033) is a reissue of Monk at Town Hall Riverside 300) and Monk Quartet Plus Two at the Blackhawk (Riverside 323). The latter adds Joe Gordon and Harold Land to the regular quartet of the time. As a bonus you get an extra version of Little Rootie Tootie from the Town Hall date.

Griffin/Davis: *The Toughest Tenors* (Milestone 47035) is a collection of titles from the various Jazzland LPs of the early 1960s rather than a straight reissue. Selections are Tickle Toe, Save Your Love For Me, Funky Fluke, Epistrophy, Well You Needn't, I Mean You, Good Bait, Walkin', Blues Up And Down, Camp Meeting, Blue Lou, How Am I To Know, Tin Tin Deo.

Thelonious Monk: *The Complete Genius* (Blue Note LA 579-H2) brings together all the influential early Monk records for Blue Note in the 1940s/early 1950s with such musicians as Milt Jackson, Sahib Shibab, Idrees Sulieman and Kenny Dorham. They were last issued on Blue Note 1509, 1510, 1511. Added to the collection are I Should Care and All The Things You are - the two Kenny Hagood vocals from the July 2, 1948 session.

McCoy Tyner: *Cosmos* (Blue Note 460-H2) is another package of disappointing unissued sessions from the late 1960s when Tyner was still searching for his direction. Such horn players as Harold Vick, Gary Bartz, Al Gibbons and Andrew White are featured.

Elvin Jones: *The Prime Element* (Blue Note LA 506-H2) contains previously unissued sessions from 1969 and 1973. The earlier date includes some extended blowing from Joe Farrell, George Cole-

man and Lee Morgan while the 1973 session features Steve Grossman, Frank Foster and Pepper Adams with the clanking tedium of an overlarge electric rhythm section.

Ben Webster: *Makin' Whoopee* (Spotlite LP9) features the tenor saxophonist with pianist Georges Arvanitas, bassist Jacky Samson and drummer Charles Saudrais. Issued originally on Future and repackaged recently on Musica 2002 under its original title of "Autumn Leaves", this is characteristic rather than exceptional Webster of the period.

Stephane Grappelli/Bill Coleman (*Classic Jazz 24*) is half of the Festival 2 record set (155) "Les Grands Classiques Du Jazz" which sells, in Canada, for the same price. If your principal interest is Coleman you may prefer this package for the second LP features Grappelli along with the rhythm section. Some of the finest latter-day Coleman is to be heard here and the trumpet-violin combination is a delight on such old standards as I Got The World On A String, St. Louis Blues, Moonlight In Vermont, Stardust, Where Or When and Chicago.

Dexter Gordon: *The Chase* (Spotlite 130) contains the originally issued takes of Gordon's legendary Dial sessions, including those with Wardell Gray. Selections are The Chase, Mischievous Lady, Lullaby In Rhythm, Homing In, Chromatic Abberation, It's The Talk Of The Town, Blues Bikini, Ghost Of A Chance, Sweet And Lovely and The Duel. Most of these selections, including alternates, were on a European Polydor release which has since appeared on Storyville. It's The Talk Of The Town was reissued by IAJRC. As a prologue, there's a 20 second segment of The Chase with Dexter outlining the theme which only appeared previously on a Dial LP. Spotlite have announced a further LP (SPJ 133) which will contain the alternate takes.

These records have been issued recently, but will not be reviewed in Coda.

"Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session"
Atlantic SD 1688

with Svend Asmussen, Stephane Grappelli, Ray Nance, Ernie Shepard, Sam Woodyard, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Buster Cooper, Ellington, Billy Strayhorn. Recorded in Paris, February 22, 1963.

Alan Silva
"Inner Song"
Center of the World CW 005
Alan Silva (bass, voice, piano, organ, percussion)

Dick Wellstood/Jane Harvey
"Fats Waller Revisited"
Classic Jazz 15
featuring Zoot Sims

"Kid Thomas Valentine"
CSR CLPS 1007
Kid Thomas Valentine, trumpet; Albert Burbank, clarinet; Emanuel Paul, tenor saxophone; Ricardo Hansen, banjo; Charlie Hamilton, piano; Joseph Butler, bass;

Alonzo Stewart, drums. Trombonist Louis Nelson replaces Paul on Side Two. Recorded August-September, 1972.

Bill Watrous
"Manhattan Wildlife Refuge"
Columbia KC 33090

Bill Watrous and the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge - "The Tiger of San Pedro"
Columbia PC 33701

Ralph Towner
"Solstice"
ECM 1060 - with Jan Garbarek, Eberhard Weber and Jon Christensen.
John Abercrombie
"Gateway"
ECM 1061
with Dave Holland and Jack DeJohnette

John Abercrombie/Ralph Towner
"Sargasso Sea"
ECM 1080

"Live at the Festival"
Enja 2030
with Bill Evans, Eddie Gomez, Tony Oxley, Karin Krog, Arild Andersen, Archie Shepp, Grachan Moncur, Dave Burrell, Don Garrett, Muhammed Ali, Bobby Hutcherson and Harold Land.

"Various Pianists"
Folkways RF 23
Fifteen novelty ragtime pianists, recorded between 1913 and 1929.

"No Energy Crisis"
Impulse! AS-9267/2
Impulse sampler.

Sonny Stitt
"Mellow"
Muse MR 5067
with Jimmy Heath, Barry Harris, Richard Davis and Roy Haynes.

Joe Bonner
"Angel Eyes"
Muse MR 5114
with Linda Sharrock, Juni Booth, Billy Harper, Leroy Jenkins, Jimmy Hopps.

Fatty George/Albert Nicholas
Benko Dixieland Band
Pepita SLPX 17479

The Harbour City Jazz Band
"Foo's Blues"
Phonogram 6357 702

"Upper Mississippi Jazz Band"
Sound-80 S380-583-3130S

Dick Griffin
"The Eighth Wonder"
Strata-East SES 19747
with Griffin, trombone; Sam Rivers, Cecil McBee, Ron Burton, Warren Smith and Freddie Waits.

Noah Howard
"Live in Europe, Volume 1"
Sun SR 105
with Takashi Kako, Kent Carter, Muhammed Ali, Oliver Johnson.



Crystal Clear Crystal Clear Crystal Clear Crystal

Willie Lewis and his Entertainers
French Pathe Marconi C 054-11416

When about a dozen years ago the rightful owners and "the pirates" began reissuing records by the big bands of the late twenties, the thirties and the forties, some of us hoped for additional, detailed information that had always been missing. For instance, there were quite a few people who expected to finally get those identifications of soloists and arranger credits we were not sure about. Our expectations were not fulfilled. It was, of course, no surprise that the younger writers, reviewing such records, couldn't contribute anything new - except, in a few cases, further confusion. But it was astonishing that almost all of the older "critics" had either never known much or, maybe, they had forgotten in the meantime. The best informed writers knew the things that I knew but VERY RARELY anything more. I don't make this statement to put myself in the limelight. It's the truth. That's all.

While most of the "critics" - among whom even from a few we had expected better - showed a regrettable lack of knowledge of the subject (with a few obvious exceptions, bien entendu), mixing up Rex Stewart and Bobby Stark, Bobby Stark and Taft Jordan, Jimmy Harrison and Big Green, Big Green and Bennie Morton and Claude Jones, Claude Jones with half a dozen other trombone players and

a few trumpet players, blowing in a low register...well, that last one was an exaggeration...but I wouldn't be surprised if it would happen...after all there WAS an American "critic" (in "Down Beat") who swooned away over "that terrific low register solo by Red Allen in The Chicago Rhythm Kings' Who Stole The Lock From The Henhouse Door"... a solo that was played by Tommy Dorsey on TROMBONE! ...well, while most of them goofed ALL OVER, NONE seemed to know the answers to many questions concerning a considerable number of authorships where arrangers and most of the more "obscure" soloists were concerned. I was disappointed but that didn't help my case. For example, the trumpet-soloists in most of Don Redman's records have never been POSITIVELY identified. Nobody seems to have taken up this particular matter with Don or any of his musicians. This is but one characteristic example.

In order to show what I mean, I will indicate solo and arranger credits for every track of the abovementioned record. I had the pleasure to listen to most (unfortunately not quite all) on 78 rpm when they came out and, after the war, with several musicians from the Willie Lewis band. When this LP came out - including two tracks I had not heard previously - in the summer of 1971, I looked at my few notes on the sides I had never heard but had asked the musicians about

anyhow, and then started the whole matter all over again with some of the artists still around. I wished to obtain all the replies to my still unanswered questions and to clarify doubtful items which, I felt, were taken as certain while I was not so sure about it. Thanks to Messrs. Willie Lewis (personally in 1941, by correspondence 1967/68), Bobby Martin (personally 1937/38), Bill Coleman (1949 to date), Arthur Briggs (1935 to date), Jack Butler (personally 1961-63), Billy Burns (personally 1941), Frank "Big Boy" Goudie (personally and by correspondence from 1948 to his death early in 1964), George Johnson (personally in 1950, 1953 and 1956), Joe Hayman (1937), June Cole (1941) and Tommy Benford (1952, 1960 and 1964, all the latter three personally although I have corresponded with Tommy to this day...but never about the Lewis records), I believe that where this particular record is concerned every detail is cleared by them. I have tried the same with a few more big band LPs but only in a few cases have I managed to get full information. If readers are interested in this kind of reporting, I can follow up this first installment with some others, notably concerning the bands of Cab Calloway, Tiny Bradshaw (1934, Decca - with most helpful collaboration from Bertrand Demeusy), Willie Bryant and Harlan Leonard.

What I'm doing here is not a review. It's a solography. Of course, obvious

Willie Lewis (alto saxophone) with Jack Hamilton (trumpet), Jacques Bulle (trumpet)
Joe Hayman (alto and baritone) and George Johnson (alto). photograph courtesy of Keith Stowell

soloists - piano, guitar, bass, drums - are not mentioned.

Incidentally, the fact that Willie Lewis called his band "Entertainers" is of no consequence where the music is concerned. At that time ALL the bands had to entertain. And this didn't have any effect on the quality of the music they played. They also ALL played for dancing. In the so-called "jazz press" one often comes across mentions such as "Claude Hopkins, Chick Webb, Erskine Hawkins etc. had dance bands rather than jazz bands." Those authors seem to think that Ellington, Armstrong, Lunceford etc. didn't play for dancing - and therefore had JAZZ bands! Of course, that's all wrong. At that time, concerts were unheard of - most of all in the USA. Jazz was the most popular dance music - whether it was played by the authentic jazz orchestras or by - what were called - the "commercial" or "sweet" bands. The fox-trot and slow fox were the basic dance music. And the hot bands and the sweet bands played it, the former accentuating the beat more and getting wild on the faster numbers and playing the slower ones with real feeling. The sweet bands put the accent more on the written melody but where dancing was concerned it was that 4/4 beat that counted. That real jazz was dance music was an asset, as we are all supposed to know. It was a pity when all this changed. Hugues Panassie has explained all this often, giving all the reasons why it was too bad when jazz stopped being considered dance music. I don't need to tell you about it here. Of course, some jazz orchestras played more often in THEATRES than others - where they accompanied all kinds of attractions - mostly dancers! And here we are again. It was DANCING and ENTERTAINMENT all around. ALL did it. And it was marvelous that they did. Listen to the music of that time and draw your own conclusions.

1) Nagasaki: All clarinet work (low register breaks, obligato work to vocal and solo): Jerry Blake. Vocal ensemble led by Willie Lewis. Vocal chase in last chorus: Willie and Bobby Martin in this order. Arrangement by Jerry Blake.

2) Rhythm is Our Business: Benny Carter leads the saxophones. Vocal: Bobby Martin. Tenor breaks behind vocal: "Coco" Kiehn (correct spelling). Trumpet (behind vocal and following solo): Benny Carter. Arrangement by Benny Carter.

3) Stay Out Of Love: All copies that I have heard have "groove-jumping" (l'aiguille saute des sillons). Low register clarinet: Willie Lewis. Vocal: June Cole. Trumpet behind vocal: Benny Carter. Trumpet-solo following vocal: Alex Renard. Sax ensembles led by Benny Carter. 1st trumpet all through: Bobby Martin. Arrangement: Benny Carter. (This latter fact is easy to prove: in March 1935, Benny Carter recorded Stay Out Of Love with Rex Stewart and Barney Bigard for the singer Bob Howard - Willie The Lion's brother-in-law - and arranged the four numbers done on the session. The first chorus of the two records is almost identical despite the fact that the front

line of the Howard group comprised three men only and the Lewis band had six).

4) Just A Mood: Willie Lewis' signature tune for many years. Benny Carter's composition which charmed every musician I met at that time. Benny also recorded the number for English Vocalion with a British-Scottish-Irish band. Garland Wilson made a piano solo of Just A Mood. Muted trumpet in first chorus: Benny Carter. Alto solo: Benny Carter. 4th chorus: led by Benny on trumpet. All trumpet solo passages through this record are by Benny. Arrangement: Benny Carter.

5) Star Dust: Muted trumpet solo: Alex Renard. Saxes led by Benny Carter. Open trumpet: Benny Carter. Arrangement: Benny Carter.

6) All Of Me: Saxes led by Benny Carter. Trumpet solo: Benny Carter. Arrangement: Benny Carter.

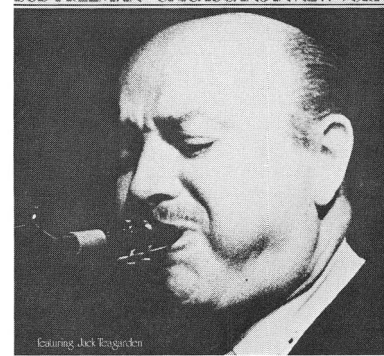
7) I'm Shooting High: Saxes led by George Johnson. Alto solo: George Johnson. Trumpet solo: Bill Coleman. Vocal: Adelaide Hall. Last trumpet break: Bill Coleman. Arrangement: originally a stock arrangement, there were so many suggestions made by band-members incorporated into the arrangement, that the "stock" was finally barely recognizable.

8) Sing Sing Sing: Willie Lewis and group take the vocals. Highest voice is Joe Hayman's. Others (today) no more identifiable by band members. Tenor solo: Big Boy Goudie. Trumpet: Bill Coleman. Arrangement: see above (7). But this stayed closer to 'original stock' than than Shooting High. Fewer suggestions were made or accepted.

9) Knock Knock Who's There: 1st trumpet break: Bill Coleman. Saxes led by George Johnson. Vocal chorus: Willie Lewis (heard from 17th bar on only). Highest voice belongs to Joe Hayman who often spoke this way - as did many blacks of that time. Trumpet solo: Bill Coleman. Stock arrangement with some ideas from band members incorporated.

10) On Your Toes: Saxes led by George Johnson. Vocal: Willie Lewis. Trumpet behind vocal: Jack Eutler. Tenor sax: Big Boy Goudie. Trumpet solo: Jack Butler. Regarding this latter solo, I quote from a letter by Arthur Briggs (of September 3, 1971): "I did quite a few free-lance recordings with Ray Ventura, Lud Glaskin and one with Willie Lewis for Pathe after Bobby Martin had left the band. Willie phoned me to make this date and a title that I remember is On Your Toes. I was never a member of Willie's band on a regular basis but we were very close friends right from the Sam Wooding days. Returning from the studio in a taxi with Willie, Johnny Mitchell and Ted Fields, an argument broke out between Willie and Ted over the recording fee. It almost degenerated into a real free-for-all fight prevented only by Johnny Mitchell and myself. That's why I remember this particular recording date." I haven't LISTENED to this side with Arthur but I have a note that Jack Butler said he made this solo (which doesn't sound much like him and even less like Arthur Briggs but Jack could play - still can - in so widely

BUD FREEMAN - CHICAGOANS IN NEW YORK



DAWN CLUB 12009

BUD FREEMAN

"Chicagoans in New York"

Bud Freeman (tenor sax and clarinet) with: His Windy City Five (featuring Bunny Berigan); His Summa Cum Laude Orchestra; and His Famous Chicagoans (featuring Jack Teagarden).

The Buzzard, Tillie's Down Town Now, I've Found A New Baby, Easy To Get, China Boy, The Eel, As Long As I Live, Jack Hits The Road, others.... Recorded 1935, 1939, 1940.

Available from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 4X8 Canada. Each \$6.50 postpaid.

different manners that it seems reasonable to credit him with the solo in question). Clarinet: Willie Lewis. Stock-arrangement.

11) Swing Brother Swing: Trumpet dialogue between Bill Coleman and Jack Butler. Vocal: Willie Lewis. Clarinet behind vocal: Big Boy Goudie. All trumpet solos: Jack Butler. Saxes led by Willie Lewis. Arrangement: Wilson Myers.

12) Old Man River: Saxes led by Willie Lewis. Trumpet solo: Bill Coleman. Arrangement: Wilson Myers.

13) Doin' The New Lowdown: Arrangement by Herman Chittison and Wilson Myers, the latter writing down most of the figures and riffs which the pianist wanted behind his solos.

14) Swingin' For A Swiss Miss: Saxes led by Joe Hayman. Tenor solos: Big Boy Goudie. Alto solo: Willie Lewis. Trumpet solo: Jack Butler. Clarinet solo: Willie Lewis. Arrangement: Pilly (correct spelling) Bretscher, a semi-pro pianist/arranger from Berne, Switzerland where he was the MD of a good band, called The Ragers. Bretscher visited Paris in autumn 1937, with his fiancée. He had written the number in her honour and Willie Lewis not only accepted the arrangement but even recorded it on his next date.

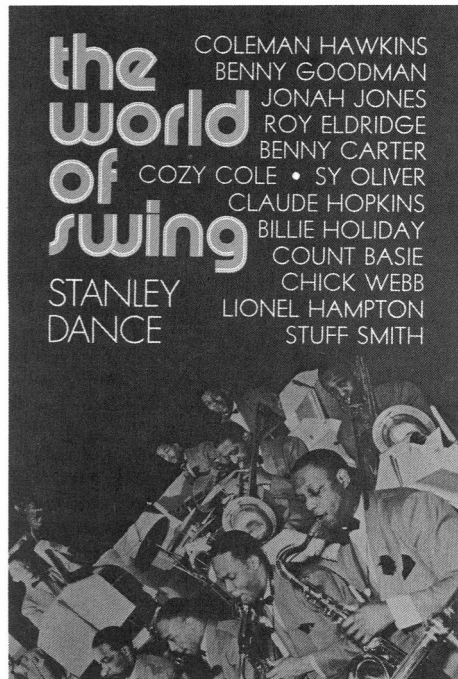
P.S.: I almost forgot: you have to use the revised edition of Brian Rust's "Jazz Records 1897-1942" as the basis and NOT the personnels on the cover of the record. There is only the following inaccuracy in Brian's masterwork where I'm concerned: the date on which On Your Toes was made has correctly Arthur Briggs and Jack Butler on trumpets but Bill Coleman and Butler are the trumpet players (Arthur Briggs out) on the session, comprising Old Man River etc. - Johnny Simmen

JAZZ LITERATURE JAZZ LITERATURE JAZZ

THE WORLD OF SWING

by Stanley Dance

Published by Charles Scribner \$14.50



Stanley Dance has brought together in unified fashion a series of interviews which appeared, originally, in various magazines. Their impact is greater in this form and they serve as a reminder of the creative talents of many musicians whose most successful years were during the 1930s/40s.

It is especially valuable to appreciate the philosophies, ideas and experiences of musicians who, for the most part, never basked in the glories of being a star. Of those interviewed for this book only Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton and Billie Holiday fall into the category of household names. And yet, to the serious jazz fan, all but a handful of the subjects profiled here are of great consequence.

There's a nice flow to the interviews with one leading naturally into the next. We are led through the bands of Claude Hopkins, Chick Webb, Jimmie Lunceford and Erskine Hawkins through interviews with sidemen/leaders, and there's a nice series with trombonists Benny Morton, Vic Dickenson and Quentin Jackson as well as a well-deserved reminder of the music of Stuff Smith/Jonah Jones. The discussions with Howard Johnson and Charlie Holmes show the respect with which both these musicians viewed Johnny Hodges. Naturally there are chapters devoted to Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and Roy Eldridge - three of the most vital exponents of the jazz philosophy of swing.

As you work through this book it becomes clear that Dance's love of the music is returned to him by the music-

ians. There is a warmth and confidence to their reminiscences: and a basic honesty which is in keeping with their music. We get a picture of another era when the only way for musicians to survive was through the tightness of their communal society and it is apparent that the ties of those days have remained strong through the years. It is, perhaps, natural that they also share a resentment of the directions taken by music in more recent years. For many of them it has meant an end to music as a profession and in almost all cases a lessening of the share of the limelight.

The big band was the cornerstone of the swing musician's world and that world doesn't exist today. Even if it did there are few who would be prepared to continue that existence for the hardships of the road are the usual reason for staying at home.

It is interesting and useful to hear differing opinions of musicians. Ed Wilcox, for instance, felt that Don Redman ignored him while Taft Jordan was full of praise for his warmth. Roy Eldridge claims he didn't hear Louis Armstrong until 1931 while Jonah Jones says Roy was playing Louis' stuff in 1928.

Arranging was all important in the creation of The Swing Era. Most people are familiar with the contributions of Don Redman and Fletcher Henderson but it is valuable to have the thoughts of Sy Oliver, Sammy Lowe, Andy Gibson and Fred Norman. All of them virtually gave up playing to become successful in the less glorious role of orchestrators.

A music and an era are brought back to life in the pages of this absorbing book and the only thing missing is the actual sound of the music. For that you have to turn to reissues or, more specifically, a two-record set released by Columbia in conjunction with this book. "The World Of Swing" (Columbia PG 32945) contains excellent examples of the very music discussed by the musicians. Both the book and record deserve space on your shelf.

- John Norris

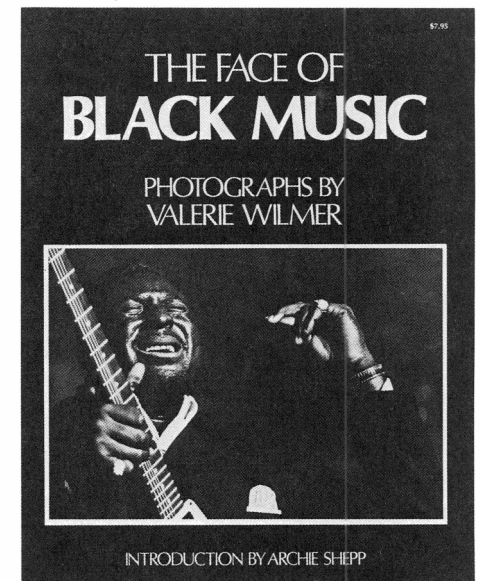
THE FACE OF BLACK MUSIC

Photographs by Valerie Wilmer
DaCapo Press
Introduction by Archie Shepp

I suppose in some ways it is a little unfair for me to review a book by Ms. Wilmer, after all I am a photographer, she is someone that I am personally acquainted with and she also writes for Coda. But after due consideration these all seemed like positive reasons for me to express my thoughts on her latest publication.

Basically there is not much to be written in review of a book that relies on images to project itself, after all the main purpose is to be able to see it, and as usual the photographs are of a very high standard. Valerie would not have

published it otherwise, but once again she has added an attraction to the format that makes it more than just a photo file. The book is roughly divided into sections starting with members of the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Accompanying the pictures there are quotes or statements by several of the players, perhaps the quote by Duke Ellington sums up her intent in a clearer way than anything I am about to write: "If 'jazz' means anything at all, which is questionable, it means the same thing it meant to musicians fifty years ago - freedom of expression. I used to have a definition, but I don't think I have one anymore, unless it is that it is a music with an African foundation which came out of an American environment." Valerie Wilmer has throughout this book captured some of the moments of the jazz expression in a very individual way. The photographs are warm, personal, like she was really there, not just on a gig with a press pass. There is a short section on Louis Armstrong, Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman and friends, a section devoted to bass players, some individual portraits, some with a fine family feeling, street scenes, concert scenes and some just scenes. The whole middle section of the book however is devoted to what is still left of the original history of this music. It contains some moving portraits of New Orleans second line, some sadness of the rural South and of course the final sound of the blues system in Chicago.



This is a book that can be enjoyed by everyone, something to see, something to read. As they say if you can't do, teach. A very good learning experience indeed.

- Bill Smith

FREE JAZZ

by Ekkehard Jost
Studies in Jazz Research
Universal Editions, Graz, Austria, 1974;
214 pp; \$17.95

To become completely rationalized, an art must be discussed in four broad categories - the factors (social as well as aesthetic) that led to its initial development and to its internal evolution since inception; the visible structures involved; the people moving behind those structures; and the relevance of the art, its frames, and its creators to the heritage from which its generation is claimed.

To each category, critics append criteria for which - if not objectively definable and measurable, as art as a human creation designed to evoke non-cerebral as well as intellectual response must needs be a subjective experience - they hope to find universally subjectively assented meanings. These processes have not yet been thoroughly applied to the changes in Afro-American improvised music in the past twenty years - partly through the proximity of the era to our own, which negates the surface tendencies to objectivity. The social contexts for the music have been largely dealt with by writers and musicians of the aesthetic and political left, who seem to have taken up such matters as an exclusive preserve - LeRoi Jones, A.B. Spellman, Archie Shepp, John Sinclair, and Frank Kofsky most notably. (In passing, I should acknowledge that the majority of their enunciations to date have ultimately proven correct.) The personal biography, and questions of the relevance of issues raised - artistic and social - to the heritage of AfroAmerica have been discussed in a press at worst ("DownBeat") only slightly elevated from lay. Only the palpable definition of what musical steps have been taken to effect the change - though recognized in the press by a gross sort of spontaneously-coined jargon ("modal improvisation", "dissonance", "expanded changes", "atonal/pantonal", "collective improvisation", "energy-sound continuum") - remained untouched. Until now.

Jost proposes the musicological approach toward the Black Revolution in Jazz of the late 1950s-early 1960s (and ongoing) as an antithesis to a sociological view which he feels has been overplayed, too easily manipulated to the personal prejudices of the presenter, and generally too subjective to yield ethnologically hard, useful information. In doing so, he chooses initially to reject the fact that the music's evolution - in particular its spiralling spirituality - stems from an (occasionally conscious) alienation from the realities of Black existence in America. But certainly "Free Jazz" depicts a remarkable progression in the author's thought regarding this issue, if only because he found it expeditious to use social arguments for his depictions of the musical evolutions of Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, and John Coltrane. By the end of this book, Jost has accepted social-spiritual arguments as the main thesis to his chapter on Sun Ra, which thus remains in most respects as nebulous as Harvey Pekar's recent pontifications on that subject. Such an ambiguity on Jost's part, moving from stridor to a tacit acceptance of reality, leads one to conjecture about his depth of commitment

to and circumstantial understanding of the music.

The author's basic approach to the music is historical, linking the evolution of the art to key figures whose development he follows through examination of recordings. That he avoids discussion of club/concert performances in general is part of the syndrome of detachment from the active scene that characterizes most serious European jazz criticism. It would be simply inexcusable for an American commentator to base discussion of so actively evolving a figure as Sun Ra on eight albums selected at random (the "random" process meaning from the point at which certain entrepreneurs find the music market-exploitable). Except vis-a-vis Shepp he avoids discussing the vagaries of the jazz marketplace, his prime source of material for analysis, and the resulting validity of his conclusions. His choices of key artists would, by and large, receive common assent from the cognoscenti - Coleman, Mingus, Taylor, Coltrane (2 chapters), Shepp, Ayler, Cherry, Sun Ra, and the AACM. However many of these presentations are already outdated (the cutoff date for inclusion in this text seems to be about 1971). The discussion of AACM recordings is based totally on pre-1970 materials, thus placing extreme stress on the Roscoe Mitchell-Art Ensemble complex while (as the author admits in a hasty footnote) unnecessarily and at length denigrating Anthony Braxton. Again in this chapter sociological content precludes substantial analysis. This segment strikes me as a perfunctory inclusion accepting the Chicagoans as obligatory subjects for which, however, Jost seems to have only forced tastes. One also wonders if six more years of historical perspective and removal from the mainstream would change Jost's treatment and ultimate conclusions about Cherry and Ayler. Because for all his pretensions to objectivity, Jost lets his own feelings run rampant, mainly through his choice and treatment of individual subjects. While there can be no faulting his words on Coleman, Taylor, or Coltrane, his discussion of Mingus is confined to the later period (1960-1970), with generalization to an unfair degree about earlier accomplishments. Eric Dolphy is a non-person - a minor figure who passes through two chapters, painted each time in colours too contrasty to be realistic.

Unfortunately the objective conclusions Jost seeks are impossible, because despite the depths of analysis, his choices and ultimate results must be couched in adjectives definable only by mutual consent at best, and imply the very value judgements he sets out to escape. (Schuller faced the same problem unsuccessfully in "Early Jazz".) Each artist depicted as a major figure is described in depth, including appropriate probings of motivational factors (Shepp, Coltrane, Taylor). His basic tools are transcription - accurate beyond reproach - and description in the jargon of orthodox musicology. He assumes some of the recent technological trappings of his

craft. But when the same range of music as his base is recorded for the reader's access as permanently as our civilization allows, on vinyl and tape, and the ultimate authority for all his statements lies in those recordings, one wonders what productive purpose is served by a fundamental-pitch-versus-time graph of an Archie Shepp slur or a pitch-dynamics curve derived from Albert Ayler's *Witches And Devils*. As Jost readily admits, many passages are not readily subjected to his analytical devices at all. His discussions around the artificial frameworks he imposes are occasionally too specific to be usefully generalized to the artist under discussion (viz. his detailed dissection of Taylor's "Unit Structures").

But please don't think I dislike this book. Having paid similar dues myself, I have to agree that the majority of faults to Jost's work are intrinsic to the mode of discussion he chooses. Despite some obviously premature assessments (AACM) and some evident conclusions from which I strongly dissent (Ayler, Cherry, Dolphy), for the material covered in the attack chosen, "Free Jazz" represents the best possible treatment - and certainly not one that is likely to be redone in the foreseeable future. This is the discussion that three of the prime movers - Taylor, Coleman, and Coltrane - always deserved but never received. Despite the limited availability and high price of this book, it is well worth a look by the committed listener. - Barry Tepperman



Buddy Bolden . . . famous jazz pioneer in turn-of-the-century New Orleans . . . now the subject of an unusual work of fiction, **Coming Through Slaughter**

by Canadian writer Michael Ondaatje.



This is the only photograph that exists today of Buddy Bolden and the band. BACK ROW (l. to r.): Jimmy Johnson, bass; Bolden, cornet; Willy Cornish, valve trombone; Willy Warner, clarinet. FRONT ROW: Brock Mumford, guitar; Frank Lewis, clarinet.

that incredible period when jazz was coming into its own. Also, through the strange, true story of Bolden's disintegration, Ondaatje gets under the skin of a musician's creative process, describing the kinds of inner torments and breakthroughs that led Bolden to his place in jazz history.

Drawing upon memoirs, reported conversations and historical fact, Ondaatje has recreated the mood of

Coming Through Slaughter: a convincing new novel about jazz and the way jazz is made.

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Around The World Around The World Around The

CANADA

TORONTO - The past month has been fruitful in many ways and the array of music in the city has been something for everyone, even television got in on the act, which is a rare occurrence. The month of October brought us Sun Ra, reviewed elsewhere, and Ali Akbar Khan in the same week. Sun Ra was a beautiful spectacle, but somehow Indian music does not have the mysticism of a decade ago, and now feels quite ordinary. Jack DeJohnette's group, New Directions, played three nights to a very enthusiastic crowd at the ElMocambo. With him were John Abercrombie, Alex Foster, Warren Bernhardt and Ron McClure. Stephane Grappelli played Massey Hall, and the Pablo circus brought Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald and Joe Pass to the same institution. They all played such predictable music there is little need for review. Very Special was an hour TV feature for Oscar Peterson and it included more Pablo "stars" - Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, Louis Bellson and Ray Charles. I must thank the CBC for the press release which arrived several days after the airing of the program. This program was reviewed earlier in Coda (March 1976). Basin Street closed, mostly from lack of identity. The yearly Ragtime Society bash happened again this year and included among its multitudes of performers Eubie Blake, William Bolcom, Terry Waldo and a rare appearance by Canada's Lou Hooper. A concert at the Palais Royale turned out to be much more like a giant party with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. The occasion was promoted by local clarinetist Bruce Bakewell and Ray Harding who deserve to be encouraged further. There is some talk that they may bring the Legends of Jazz soon. The warm up bands for this most happy event were the Paramount Jazz Band and the Silver Leaf Jazz Band. If you would like information about future events write Bruce Bakewell, 1359 Sedgewick Crescent, Oakville, Ontario. A Space has now had two concerts in its new music series that are produced by Onari Productions. The opening concert featured New Delta Ahkri with Leo Smith, Oliver Lake, Anthony Davis, Wes Brown and Paul Maddox. This group has changed considerably since a year ago when I last heard it. The format this time was much looser, with a set being a string of compositions joined together. The music was so exuberant and at times felt like foot stomping time. Superb. The second concert, which was poorly attended, introduced the amazing solo trombone music of George Lewis. This concert is reviewed further on in this section. George provided me with some of the most incredible music I have ever witnessed. While he was here Sackville recorded him. Thank you, George. The series continues with Anthony Braxton and Roscoe Mitchell on December 11 and 12.

Saxophone Colossus.

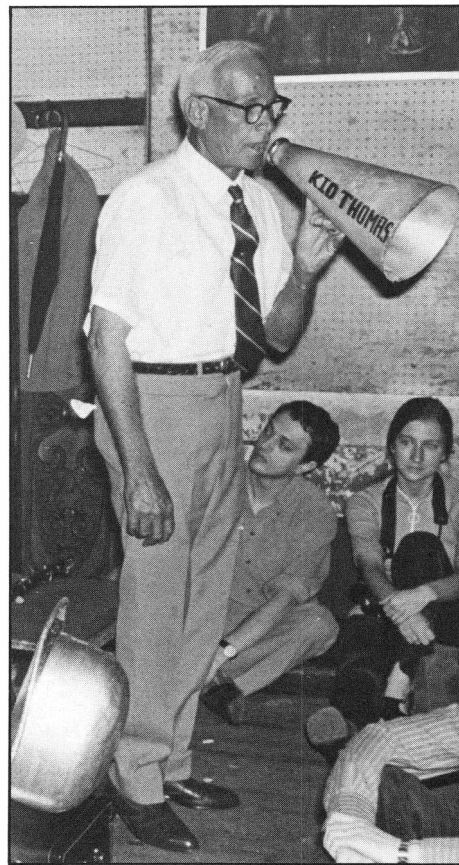
I received two interesting magazines in the mail, the first an American publication which has a very long interview with Anthony Braxton. Individual copies are available from Brilliant Corners, c/o Art Lange, 1372 West Estes, #2, Chicago, Illinois 60626 USA. \$2.00 will cover the cost. The other publication is called Gong, it is published in Italian, is a four colour glossy with spreads on The Art Ensemble, Terry Riley, Steve Lacy, Sun Ra and Derek Bailey. Their address is via Romagna, Opera, Milano, Italy. Eugene Chadbourne has informed me that the first pressing, 500 copies, of his solo guitar record has sold out, so he intends to issue a second volume. Lloyd Garber alos is in the final stages of releasing his first solo guitar record, probably it will be ready by January '77. Stuart Broomer and myself will release our first recording on Onari, early in the new year. This will be a soprano/piano duet record which was originally a program for the CBC's Jazz Radio Canada series. This will be the last issue of Coda for 1976, and in the new year we will change to six issues per year. Bi-monthly. Enjoy your festive season with music. - Bill Smith

Guitarist Andy Krehm is steadily building a reputation for himself through his work with the Phil Nimmons band and with his own trio. He worked the downtown Holiday Inn for a week in November as well as playing one of the Sunday night gigs at Bourbon Street. On December 13 he was featured on CJRT-FM's live concert from the Science Centre. He will be at George's Spaghetti House in January and part of that week will be broadcast on the CBC's Jazz Radio Canada on March 3.

The Oscar Peterson TV Special was finally shown on November 14 by the CBC. It had been taped earlier in the year with Ray Charles as special guest...David Rosenboom gave a solo electronic concert at The Music Gallery on November 13...Maury Coles' second A Space concert is scheduled for December 18. Appearing with the saxophonist will be Al Mattes, Larry Dubin and Stewart Broomer.

Traditional jazz has been in the news. The Toronto Musicians Association and Molsons are sponsoring a free Sunday night club at Harborfront. The opening night was November 7 when Dr. McJazz and Jim McHarg's Midnight Special were featured. The sessions begin at 7:30 and upcoming attractions include the Casa Loma Jazz Band (Dec. 12), Pete Savory's Louisiana Joy Makers (Dec. 19), Jim Abercrombie's Vintage Jazz Band (Dec. 26), Harvey Silver and his band (Jan. 2), Bruce Bakewell's Paramount Jazz Band (Jan. 9)...Bruce Bakewell's new club at Anthony's Villa is shaping up and the resident bands for the first month (January) are the Vintage Jazz Band (Tuesdays), the Metro Stompers (Wednesdays) Paramount Jazz Band (Thursday), Silverleaf Jazz Band (Friday) and Harvey Silver

Saturday...Jim Galloway has also initiated Saturday afternoon sessions at The Upstairs Sidedoor, 11 Walton Street...trumpeter Doc Cheatham was a breath of fresh air during his week-long engagement at DJ's with the Climax Jazz Band. You should make a point of being there during the early part of the week when Bobby Fenton's piano enables such artists as Cheatham to display their talents fully. The trumpeter has a unique style and his full command of the trumpet at his age is remarkable. Stylistically he is adept at reflecting the characteristics of long ago while frequently structuring phrases which show his continuing understanding and absorption of musical developments of more recent times. His ability to open solos with choice selections of high notes is an unusual conception. - John Norris



OTTAWA - largely through the efforts of Jazz Ottawa, we now enjoy wall-to-wall jazz - there's something to hear and/or see every day of the week. On Monday there is jazz programming from 10:00 pm to 2:00 am on CKCU-FM, every Tuesday Jazz Ottawa hosts a jam session at the Black Bottom, and on Wednesday we have jazz and blues on CKCU-FM from 6:00 pm to 2:00 am. Thursday offers a choice between live jazz with the Frank Koller Trio at the Wildflower Cafe, and Jazz Radio Canada on CBC-AM. Friday is dixieland night, with the Apex Jazz Band at the Black Bottom and the Capital City Jazz Band at Chez Lucien. Saturday aft-

ernoon, CBO-FM has the longer version of Jazz Radio Canada, and in the evening there's live contemporary jazz at the Black Bottom. The week rounds off with Jazz Ottawa's own radio show on Sunday from 7:00 to 12:00 pm on CIMF-FM.

Additional goodies were the Preservation Hall Jazz Band (National Arts Centre, November 15), Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson (NAC, November 21), and a festival of jazz on films. This event has been planned by the National Film Theatre of the Canadian Film Institute, with input from Jazz Ottawa, and will be at the National Library and Public Archives Building on Wellington Street. Showings are scheduled for Saturdays November 20, November 27, December 4, and December 18, and the provisional list of films includes Jazz Is Our Religion, Jazz On A Summer's Day, Mingus, New Orleans, Odds Against Tomorrow, Repulsion, Shadows and 'Til The Butcher Cut Him Down. - Ron Sweetman

AMERICA

AMHERST - on Friday evening, October 22, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibration Society performed an ecstatic three-hour set before an overflow crowd of nearly one thousand people at the University of Massachusetts. Rahsaan dazzled the crowd with the strength and depth of his music, as well as with the speed of his recovery from his recent stroke. The next evening, Saturday, October 23, "Air," featuring Steve McCall on drums and percussion, Fred Hopkins on bass and Henry Threadgill on saxophones, flute and percussion, treated a packed house of four hundred listeners at Hampshire College to a breathtaking display of contemporary composition, instrumental virtuosity and collective improvisation. Their two-set concert featured six compositions that spanned the entire spectrum of Afro-American and Afro-Latin instrumental styles, ranging from a backwoods blues to a "free" tango to a kaleidoscopic reworking of Scott Joplin's "Ragtime Dance".

And each weekend evening, after these earlier concerts were concluded, many listeners drove nine miles over to a club in nearby Northampton, Mass. (The Lazy River) to hear vocalist Sheila Jordan and her group, which included Beaver Harris on drums and Jooney Booth on bass. Throughout this festival-like weekend, musicians like Vishnu Woods, Marion Brown, Charles Majid Greenlee, Archie Shepp and Jimmy Giuffre, all residents and/or teachers in this Five College area, observed from the audience, and in some cases sat in. Although not all weekends are this busy in the Amherst area, the near future will see Oliver Lake, David Murray and Randy Weston (and probably others) perform here.

- Rick Jeffery

LOS ANGELES - October 18&19 we annually get treated to a broadcast from the Monterey Jazz Festival by 24-hour jazz format KBCA. I for one do not listen

much to that radio station as the programs smack too much of commercialism, not having valid jazz commercial scares me. Shows of interest would be Frank Scott's "Preachin' The Blues" on KPFK, Monday nights at 10:00 pm. John Breckow's "Big Sleep" on KPFK, Thursday morn 2:00 am where it seems that he'll play everything from Clifton Chenier, The Hokum Boys to Tex-Mex Swing to Albert Ayler, if it swings he has it! And Johnny Otis has a show on the Pacifica station KPFK also on Sunday at 7:00 pm.

We have had the opportunity of viewing local group the El Monte Art Ensemble during five "Coltrane 50th Anniversary Birthday Concerts" during September and October culminating in an outdoor concert at the L.A. County Museum Sculpture Garden where the music was heard by the great Balzac himself (all respect to Rodin). Buell Neidlinger, Don Preston, Deborah Fuss and Marty Krystal comprise the decade long alliance and are in need of a record contract for international savoring. Their logo breaks a smile as El Monte is a heavy pachuco area in Los Angeles where it is doubtful that the community's aesthetics would be in line with the Ensemble's.

Blues September 26th with Johnny Shines at McCabes guitar shop in Santa Monica! October 6 and 7 Warne Marsh at the congenial N. Hollywood club Donte's where Art Pepper played October 20 and 21, and Hampton Hawes the 27 and 28. Welcome a new jazz club in the area: The Beverly Cavern at 4289 Beverly Blvd, Hollywood where they saw fit to kick things off with the Harold Land/Blue Mitchell Quintet Oct. 18 and the Warne Marsh Quintet Oct. 19.

Claremont Colleges are back in business sponsoring jazz programs with a solo piano recital by Clovis Bordeaux, a solo flute and reeds performance by James Newton and a new music group performance by locals Tylon Barea on percussion, Glenn Ferris on trombone and percussion, James Newton on flute and tenor and Clovis Bordeaux on piano. Thanks are extended to Bruce Bidlack who I have a suspicion had much to do with these productions. And Tylon Barea who shone fantastically in the Milford Graves/Sunny Murray school of drumming. 34 N. Mentor, Pasadena, now besides the Sunday afternoon 4:00 performances also hosts a Thursday night 8:00 function. The music as always is of high quality as it comes from under the direction of its leaders; Bobby Bradford and John Carter.

Kind of out-of-bounds for this column but humility being what it is these days I doubt that editor Henry Kuntz will mention in his BELLS newsletter that he and guitarist Henry Kaiser performed a concert of spontaneously improvised music, Kuntz on tenor sax, at Pangaea in San Francisco. Also young west coaster (now a NYC boy) David Murray went to Holland and Butch Morris of Oakland ventured to Europe with Frank Lowe.

- Mark Weber

MC COY TYNER IN CONCERT



JANUARY 13TH

8:30 pm York University
Burton Auditorium

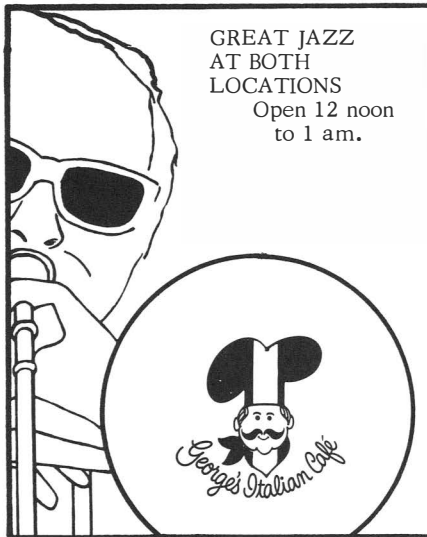
Box Office: 11 am - 2 pm, Monday to
\$5.00 Friday. Phone 667-2370.

with: Charles Fanbrough, bass
Eric Gravatt, percussion
Guilherme Franco, percussion
James Ford, saxophones
Ronnie Bridgewater, saxophones

TURKEY

ISTANBUL - Spectacular percussionist Okay Temiz opened the resident gig at Istanbul's newest jazz club at the Galata Tower, built in 528. The tower stands at the edge of the Bosphorus between Europe and Asia with views over the Golden Horn, where man took to wings and flew from the tower for his intercontinental flight in the seventeenth century. Managed by Erol Kaynar, the club has been a startling success well attended by an attentive audience who hear the music in one of the most fascinating historical places in the world. The Turkish audiences welcome fine foreign musicians who are able to make good direct personal contact with the clientele. Besides Okay Temiz the Galata Club has featured South African bassist Johnny Dyani, Swedish baritonist Gunnar Bergsten and a long list of well known Turkish musicians. Swedish drummer Conny Sjokvist and his trio now take up the residency for a season.

Okay Temiz also held his own fortnightly guest TV show where he presented his star-studded choice of musicians. Okay features strongly in Sonet's forthcoming "Live in Ankara" production with the Don Cherry Trio - Cherry's trumpet



GREAT JAZZ
AT BOTH
LOCATIONS
Open 12 noon
to 1 am.

GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE
290 Dundas Street East, phone 923-9887
Dec. 6 - 11 - Moe Koffman
Other performers unknown at presstime.

BOURBON STREET
180 Queen Street West, phone 864-1020
Nov. 29 - Dec. 11 - Jackie & Roy
December 13 - 18 - Gerry Niewood
20 - 25 - Jack Sheldon

BOURBON STREET - Sunday sessions
Starting at 6:00 Sunday evenings
Performers unknown at presstime.

record! Now back in Sweden, Okay Temiz has a new group, "Oriental Wind", featuring pianist Bobo Stenson, Hacı and Lennart Aberg flutes and reeds, with Nyofu electric bass, sax and bagpipes. "Oriental Wind" and their rocking band of traditional Turkish folk jazz are proving highly popular.

GEORGE LEWIS

A Space, Toronto
November 20, 1976

George Lewis played a lot of good music tonight. Solo trombone - the audience had come prepared for an "interesting" performance, perhaps an amazing one, but not for the warm and pleasurable event that unfolded. There is something about the trombone - a deep-voiced, sliding brass instrument that gives it a uniquely vocal quality. The horn itself has a temperamental personality which raises its voice over that of any but the strongest players. George Lewis has it perfectly under control. In his hands the trombone is not an end in itself, but the vehicle for his personal concept of music, in which a "sound piece" which involves dismantling his trombone, playing a mute through his mouthpiece and various vocal notes and noises contains as much music as Donna Lee. And in Lewis' case his concept is aided by an incredible technique. I remember especially a lightning high-note passage over a moving pedal point that I would have expected from John Coltrane playing tenor saxophone, but not from this studious young man with a trombone.

Lewis has worked with both Anthony Braxton and Roscoe Mitchell and I notice attributes of both men in his playing - Braxton's clear acknowledgement of his jazz roots, but more importantly Mitchell's ability to tap a natural flow in his solo music, to play unstated rhythms that seem to suspend time, so that silence, or a pause in changing from one instrument to another (or in Lewis' case, changing mutes) does not interrupt the ambience that has been created. How-

ever comparisons between Lewis and other players does not do his music justice. He does not sound like them, nor does he sound like any other trombone player I have heard, although he just might be better than any trombonist now drawing breath. Although this was the first concert he has performed solo, and he professes to prefer "more anonymous" ie. group contexts, George Lewis' musical voice that must be listened to as long as it can be heard. Thanks to Onari Productions for letting us hear it in Toronto.
- David Lee

SUN RA

York University, Toronto
October 7, 1976

Burton Auditorium's amphitheatre has challenged numerous performers in the past and Sun Ra was not to be defeated by its chilling environment. With the help of slides and movies, song and dance, mime and satire he created a spectacle worthy of presentation in the great halls of the world. It wasn't perfect, of course, and what he gave us in quantity could have been helped with a little judicious editing. It sometimes seemed as if The Sun Myth was capsulating into one evening a whole lifetime of ideas - both musical and theological.

The beat of the drum - an incredibly tall one - ignited the spectacle in fascinating fashion and the band took their places one by one as they added to the texture of the opening serenade to the Sun Myth. Appropriately he emerged in majestic fashion, complete with elegant robe, that evoked illusions of Nero (as played by Peter Ustinov) before the fall of Rome. His attendants (or chorus) were the dancers - Cheryl Banks and Judith Holten - and the striking voice and posture of June Tyson. They provided the sharp focus of much of the mystique and movement while the band served as a tool for the musical/extra-musical impressions of the maestro.

The music was definitely controlled to fit the momentum of the presentation

and such enigmatic voices as alto saxophonist Marshall Allen were used in one dimensional roles. Perhaps only John Gilmore emerged as a solo voice who retained his own identity - that of a superior jazz soloist within the traditional foundations of the music. It is long overdue for him to be presented in front of a conventional rhythm section.

Sun Ra uses his orchestra in much the same way as Duke Ellington used his. He creates the sound pictures he desires and ignores the conventions of musical structure, form and idioms. While the pastiche tributes to Henderson, Ellington and Morton were of interest they were, in reality, a minor diversion in a musical landscape which follows its own destiny. Sun Ra's ability in developing/presenting expressive musical talent is never ending. While most people are now familiar with such performers as Pat Patrick, John Gilmore and Marshall Allen (the three key sidemen) it was quickly apparent that trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah is gifted while trombonist Craig Harris' controlled gymnastics gave much coloration to the ensembles.

There were defects. The sound balance was never right and the stage manipulation of the leader's synthesizer/electric piano gave him an overbearing prominence which was not justified. His space textures are effective in small measure but intruded into the sensibilities of at least this listener after a little while. The concert was very long and the possibilities within the horizons set by Sun Ra were not capable of sustaining interest over such an extended period. The strengths of the soloists were not sufficient to dominate the mind and spirit and thus repetition set in. What is effective in a cabaret setting where the audience is shifting and changing is not the same when that audience is chained to a concert seat.

Sun Ra is as much theatre as he is music. With the right kind of producer he could become, after all these years, more than a myth.
- John Norris

BURTON AND COREA

Hill Auditorium, University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor. September 25, 1976

The appearance of Chick Corea and Gary Burton, in the first concert of the University-based Eclipse Jazz's 76-77 season, seems to have been inspired by the excellent duet album ("Crystal Silence" on ECM) which the pair did about three years ago. There's been a resurgence in the last few years of the art of solo jazz performance, and their work here (on acoustic instruments only) showed both Corea and Burton to belong to this virtuosic, highly individual breed of loners.

Corea the soloist was up first, and he immediately established a close rapport with the predominantly college-age audience, swinging around crosswise on the piano bench to ask the crowd about the afternoon's football game. Corea told them that he hadn't done a solo concert in

three years and hadn't thought out too much of what he wanted to do, but he'd been listening to a lot of Flamenco music in preparing for an upcoming album, and he planned to spin a lot of that out. Corea's first choice was his Noon Song, a piece from his old solo repertoire. As in all of his solos of the evening, this performance touched several bases as it unfolded: first a strutting classical piano texture, into a jazz waltz (with Corea pounding out the downbeat with his heel), then to a 4/4 Latin feeling which highlighted his speedy right hand. The out-of-tempo melody built back into the waltz with rapid lines over a pedalpoint pattern reminiscent of Gil Evans' So Long, before retarding to a finish. Corea then indicated he wanted to "spin out some of this Flamenco music". The resulting piece had some of the unfinished quality of a work-in-progress, and it was the only point during the evening at which Corea could be accused of occasional sloppy technique. On the whole, however, it worked well, its showiness, extroversion and bold, emotional rhythms being what the crowd wanted to hear. Corea again moved in and out of tempo and through different tempos, continually probing Flamenco devices and scales, blending simple Flamenco-like triadic harmonies with richer jazz voicings. Corea described his next piece as an attempt to create a "portrait of my Ann Arbor friends". Completely improvised, this performance started with some very sparse, pointillistic playing, which drew a laugh from the audience. I didn't hear any clear focus in the piece, which could be a way of saying that the audience he and Burton had attracted was pretty varied. The portrait included rock and Flamencan rhythms, some Bill Evans-ish voicings, and - incredibly - a near cakewalk. Corea introduced his final solo, Sometime Ago, as a melody he became aware of in a landscape he often dreams about. He had by now warmed up fully, and this was the most satisfying of his four efforts. His long, impressionistic opening molded itself around a three-note motif, and he displayed the inventive command of the acoustic piano one might have thought lost in the electronic simplicity of his recent work.

Corea returned to the stage to introduce Gary Burton as "the most amazing vibes man I ever heard", and amazing is certainly a good word for Burton's command of the four-mallet technique. His mallet mastery allows him to use a pianistic solo approach, accompanying himself in such a way that one never notices there are only four notes to be heard at any one time. The precision and control required of this technique might also explain the less improvisatory nature of Burton's solo performance. I don't mean that Burton didn't improvise, but rather that in contrast to Corea's freer, almost spontaneous performance, Burton drew on a personal solo repertoire for performances structured in a more conventional, theme-solo-theme pattern (all four selections Burton played were taken, generally unmodified, from his "Alone At

CECIL TAYLOR will play a solo piano concert at the New Yorker Theatre, 651 Yonge St., Toronto on Sunday, January 16, 1977. Two shows, 3:00 pm and 8:30 pm. Tickets \$5.00. Phone (416) 925-6400 or (416) 929-5065 for tickets and information.

Last" album on Atlantic). Which is not, however, to disparage Burton's strong, effective solo work. He opened with a Keith Jarrett medley of Moonchild/In Your Quiet Place, the first performed out of tempo, the second with a strong pulse and blues-tinged lines. Burton followed with a medley of three compositions by composer/bassist and longtime Burton associate Steve Swallow, Green Mountains, Arise, Her Eyes, and Hullo Bolinas. Burton gave all three inventive, musical readings; as a whole his playing here avoided both music-box tinkling and Lionel Hampton-style bombast. The vibraphone lacks the rich overtones which make the piano easy to listen to at length. This and The Sunset Bell's less overtly rhythmic character led to a restless audience, but Burton's last selection, Jobim's Chega de Saudade - a bright samba - brought them around again. Chega has changes particularly amenable to improvisation, and Burton as always took a strongly-sung ride on them.

After a brief intermission Corea and Burton filed onstage. Corea's introduction, with its clowning around, underlined the difference between the two and indicated perhaps why they work together so well. Burton is relatively serious, his soloing straight ahead. Corea is by contrast the imp, playful, volatile, interested in his solos in changing perspectives and bold rhythms. In their duets Corea seemed to push Burton to extend himself, and Burton's powerful rhythmic pulse gave Corea an individual, alternative approach to react against. The pair began with Swallow's Falling Grace; Corea's lines here were more in the jazz tradition than in his solo section. Swallow's I'm Your Pal, a slow, blues-flavoured ballad, had full, almost conventional chording from Corea. Corea's Desert Air was a fast jazz waltz, with fleet Burton making the most of the natural climaxes in the composition, Corea offering more fluid time, dynamics and pianistics. Crystal Silence was notable for a long section by Corea alone, with Burton standing listening with closed eyes. Corea built into a Footprints-like waltz, and Burton took off strongly on it. Corea's Senor Mouse needed no introduction; its bright rocking rhythms were greeted with scattered applause. Burton read the complex arrangement (the two had met again that afternoon for the first time in three years), but cooked nonetheless. The tune must be engraved on Corea's fingers; he soloed over the minor ostinato pattern with complex freedom and a whole bag of creative tricks. The two left the stage after Senor Mouse, but were brought back by standing ovation for an evidently planned-for encore - The Children's Song, followed by Fiesta. The

concert was long but satisfying, valuable especially for placing Corea in a less commercial, more interesting acoustic context. It made a good start to what promises to be an ambitious second season for Eclipse Jazz; upcoming productions include Keith Jarrett (solo), Charles Mingus, Yusef Lateef, Dizzy Gillespie and Mary Lou Williams. Along with the similarly student-based Showcase Jazz organization at Michigan State University in East Lansing and Probita Productions in Detroit, jazz appears alive and well in southeastern Michigan. - David Wild

BENNY WATERS

Shaw Theatre, London, England
September 21, 1976

The highpoint of Benny Waters' second British tour, at least in terms of presentation, was his concert appearance with the Humphrey Lyttelton Band as part of the successful "Jazz at the Shaw" season. This week long series has Slide Hampton, Dexter Gordon and Paul Bley on board at various times and involved a renewed partnership between the Jazz Centre Society and the London Borough of Camden, an enlightened public authority if ever there is one. Following the Camden Festival in March (see Heard & Seen: July 1976) the JCS/Camden combination again conceived an enterprising programme, with Waters, in this case, making his London debut in a concert setting. Certainly worth the accolade, Waters has had a distinguished career in major American orchestras, culminating now in 20 or more years barnstorming as a star soloist wherever European enthusiasts require him. A Parisian by adoption, he has only worked in Britain during the past two years, his absence a curious omission on the part of UK promoters. All credit then to Jim Simpson's Big Bear for bringing Ben to Britain.

This said, it's frustrating to report that Waters' concert was a partial disappointment: its outcome a combination of poor musical form and incompatibility, tempered by Waters' own indestructible ability to triumph over any odds and the presence of that rarest of jazz birds, a jazz dancer. Of that, more later.

Lyttelton's sextet comprises the front line talents of altoist Bruce Turner and tenorperson Kathy Stobart, supported by a rhythm section made up of fine young British performers. Inevitably, there are stylistic variations between the soloists and the rhythm team: after all, Lyttelton specialises these days in mainstream trumpet, Turner combines Konitz and Hodges as his influences while Stobart is a player from the bebop generation. Usually, their choice of material melds rather than separates these talents - equally, Humph's flair for direction and dynamics normally obviates the pitfalls inherent in such stylistic confrontations. Sadly, on the night in question, these checks and balances failed and the band's session was, as a result, cold and remote from achievement of its aspirations. To illustrate this, their first half set con-

sisted of originals, only one of which, Mezzrow with all three frontliners on clarinet (Humph plays nice, percussive clarinet on occasion) seized the audience's full attention. It should be explained here that the Shaw is a compact 500-seat theatre, with an open stage, suggestive of warmth and intimacy: this time, the music rather kept that feeling at bay. Fortunately, the second half represented an improvement. Lyttelton resumed with *Vive Le Roy*, good cohesive ensembles and strong solos, before Waters came on, tuned up, and with the rhythm trio, zoomed into action. No messing about, Waters swung *Undecided* from the first bar and communicated immediately: audience response was suitably enthusiastic.

Slightly portly, the 74-year old reedman is a saxophonic technician of high calibre and still has the wind and strength to play long, inventive lines in the general mode of mid-period Coleman Hawkins but with undiminished inspiration. Yes, a compelling performer, equally adept with alto and clarinet - preferring standards and a blues original or two. Waters' experience permits him to transcend rhythmic vagaries with practiced ease so the Lyttelton trio's lack of rhythmic empathy appeared not to bother him one little bit. Ben vocalises too, mercifully rarely, and indulges in harmless showmanship by holding long, long notes and playing intricate, one-handed alto, as on his own *Astronaut Blues*. A crowd pleaser without doubt, he's a straight ahead improviser of class and richly deserved the ovation he received.

Joined by the Lyttelton horns, Waters stuck to alto for a batch of jammed numbers. A trifle anti-climactic perhaps, but with *Inswinger*, Lyttelton's band suddenly hit form, took fire as dancer Will Gaines, an American resident in Yorkshire, leapt in and dazzled with an impromptu combination of tap and acrobatic dancing. Each soloist duetted with the Gaines feet and the night took on that special quality that had been promised all along. A climactic splits, in tempo, brought the crowd to its feet and the concert to an exciting end. A curate's egg perhaps, but nonetheless one I'm glad to have witnessed.

- Peter Vacher

ODDS & -- --

West Coast rhythm, a combination of West Coast musicians including cornetist Jim Goodwin, played at Vancouver's Hot Jazz Society on November 26 and 27. Earlier in the month, Toronto's Canadian Creative Music Quartet (Peter Anson, guitar; Larry Dubin, drums; Al Mattes, bass; Casey Sokol, piano) played at the Western Front, 303 E. 8th Ave. The CCMQ's tour also included the University of Victoria, where Sokol and Dubin gave a workshop, the Parachute Gallery in Calgary on Nov. 12, the Plug-in Gallery in Winnipeg on Nov. 15 as well as the SAW Gallery in Ottawa. On October 30 Mike Snow (trumpet, piano), Nobuo Kubota

(reeds) and Larry Dubin performed a concert at the Montreal Museum of Fine Art.

New York City's clubs remain active. Sam's place in Brooklyn featured Shirley Scott, Irere Reid, Houston Persson and Larry Young in November... Boomers, in Greenwich Village, is resident home for pianist Cedar Walton it seems as well as being a showcase for many different groups. They rotate on a two night schedule... The Louis Hayes/Woody Shaw Quintet with Rene McLean, Ronnie Mathews and Stafford James played a week at the Village Vanguard and they were followed by Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble... Toronto's Artists' Jazz Band played two nights at The Kitchen, Nov. 12 & 13... saxophonist Frank Foster was showcased at a special concert at Town Hall November 27 where several large orchestras performed his works. He also took his band into Ali's Alley Monday nights during October and November... Jazz at the Sweet Basil, 88 7th Ave. South was home, during November, for Mike Nock, David Holland and Barry Altschul; Mike Longo's quartet and Dave Liebman/Richie Beirach/Frank Tusa... The David Eyges Quartet performed recently at Ladie's Fort, Ali's Alley and Environ... Composer/percussionist William Hooker presented his work "Patterns" October 15 at the Langston Hughes Library in Corona... Chicago's The Adegoke Quintet gave three performances in New York late in October at Environ, Jazzmania and The Tin Palace. The group consisted of Adegoke Steve Colson (piano), Iqua Colson (vocals), Wallace McMillan (reeds), Brian Smith (bass) and Thurman Barker (percussion)... Steve Tintweiss' Space Light Band performed at New York University on October 29... Jemeel Moon-doc's quartet Muntu performed at Environ on November 19. Completing the group are Mark Hennen (piano), William Parker (bass) and Rashid Bakr (drums)... David Jasen organised a ragtime spectacular called "Rags To Riches" which was held October 30 at The Dome in Greenvale, N.Y. Joe Fingers Carr, Dick Hyman, Neville Dickie, Dick Wellstood, The St. Louis Ragtimers, Bob Seely and Dave Jasen were the performers.

The Detroit Hot Jazz Society featured Maxine Sullivan with backing from Ted Sheely, Will Austin and J.C. Heard at their November 21 session... Pianist Pat Flowers is heard Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the Danish Inn, 32305 Grand River, Farmington... The St. Louis Jazz Club publishes a newsletter. More information from them at 3934 Flora Place, St. Louis, Missouri 63110... Hawaii's New Orleans Jazz Band under the leadership of cornetist John Norris plays Sunday afternoons at the Hilton Hawaiian Village... Barry Martyn's Legends of Jazz gave a concert November 7 for the Classic Jazz Society of South Western Ohio.

Michigan State University's Show-casejazz presented Gato Barbieri on November 20... Steve Kimmel, Minneapolis vibraharpist, took his trio to New York in November for engagements at Environ and The Brook... The Smithsonian Instit-

tutions winter concert series includes appearances by Max Roach, Art Blakey, solo jazz piano (Al Haig, Roland Hanna, Stanley Cowell), a tribute to Charlie Parker, guitarist Bill Harris, Swing Trombones (Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton), Anthony Braxton, Joe Turner, Mighty Joe Young, Jimmy Witherspoon, Muddy Waters and Willie Dixon. Full details and a brochure from The Smithsonian Institution, P.O. Box 23345, Washington, D.C. 20024... Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin were guests of the North Texas State University band at their fall concert on November 23.

This month a commemorative medallion of jazzman Julian "Cannonball" Adderley will be circulating from Legends In Our Time, 866 U.N. Plaza, New York City. The late Fort Lauderdale, Florida alto saxophonist died August 8, 1975 in Gary, Indiana at the age of 46. The face of the medallion has Cannonball's image, while the reverse is inscribed with one of his personal credos: "A big man is judged by others - Not one's self" with his signature. The medallion is two inches in diameter, struck in bold high relief, and comes in bronze, silver, or 14 carat gold. The first edition is being produced in limited mintage. Part of the proceeds will be donated to the Julian "Cannonball" Adderley Scholarship Fund, set up by his brother Nat, following Cannonball's death.

The Dortmund International Festival was held October 29-31 and featured such talent as Gil Evans, Roland Kirk, Albert Mangelsdorff, Ellis Larkins, Illinois Jacquet, Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner and Anthony Braxton... The annual Baden-Baden New Jazz Meeting took place November 23 to 26 with Mike Mantler and Carla Bley the featured composer/performers. With them were Roswell Rudd, Bob Stewart, Gary Windo, Wolfgang Dauner, Urs Leimgruber, Toto Blanke, Albert Mangelsdorff, Aldo Romano, Edward Vesala, Bo Stief and Hugh Hopper.

Obituary list: We regret the necessity of reporting the deaths of Rudy Powell, Albert Burbank, Victoria Spivey, Quentin Jackson, Conee Howell, Pete Franklin, Lil Son Jackson, Lars Gullin and Toronto trumpeter Graham Topping.

OTIC Records has released "The Haunt" (1005) featuring Leo Smith, Bobby Naughton and Perry Robinson... Composer/saxophonist Milton Marsh has released his lp "Monism" on Strata East 19758... El Saturn Research, medium for the cosmic sound and space wisdom of Sun Ra, can be contacted at El Saturn Research, P.O. Box 7124, Chicago, Ill. 60607... Ictus Records, c.o. UFIP, P.O. Box 59, Pistoia, Italy is a new label that has issued two Steve Lacy lps "Clangs" and "Solo" as well as a percussion duo of Pierre Favre and Andrea Centazzo. They are looking for distribution in North America... The Smithsonian Institution has just released a two-lp set of Ellington recordings from 1938. All are ex-Brunswick 78s and all have been released on lp before. The set is available only from the Smithsonian Collection, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013 USA.

- compiled by John Norris

TORONTO MUSIC SCENE

After this issue Coda will not be publishing again until February 1977. Since we do not have space to include all the jazz events happening between now and then, we will include below a listing of clubs and spaces to call for information about forthcoming events.

A SPACE - 85 St. Nicholas Street
964-3627

BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen Street W.
See advertisement on page 33 864-1020
CHEZ MOI - 30 Hayden St. 921-5566

DJ's TAVERN - Hydro Building, University & College 595-0700

FRIDAY NIGHT JAZZ - 355 College Street
3rd floor - Friday nights from 10:30 to 3
GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE

290 Dundas Street East 923-9887
See advertisement on page 33

INN ON THE PARK - 1100 Eglinton Ave. E.
Jazz every Saturday 2:30 to 5:30 pm.
444-2561

MALLONEY'S - 85 Grenville St. 922-4106
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina Ave.
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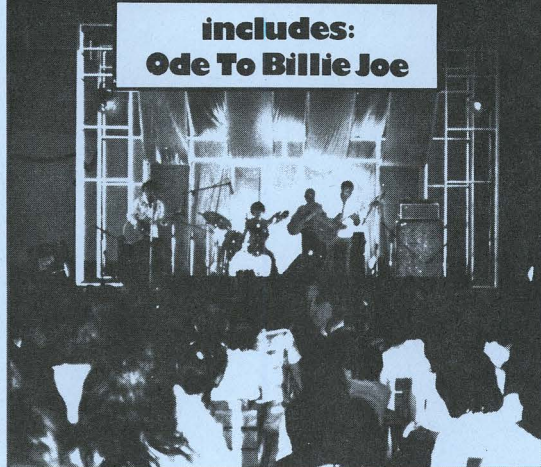


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