

JUNE 1976

CANADA'S JAZZ MAGAZINE

# Coda

ONE DOLLAR

JIMMY HEATH  
JAZZ LITERATURE  
HAROLD VICK



# Shakti

with JOHN McLAUGHLIN



Columbia Records.



# Coda

June 1976 - Issue 148

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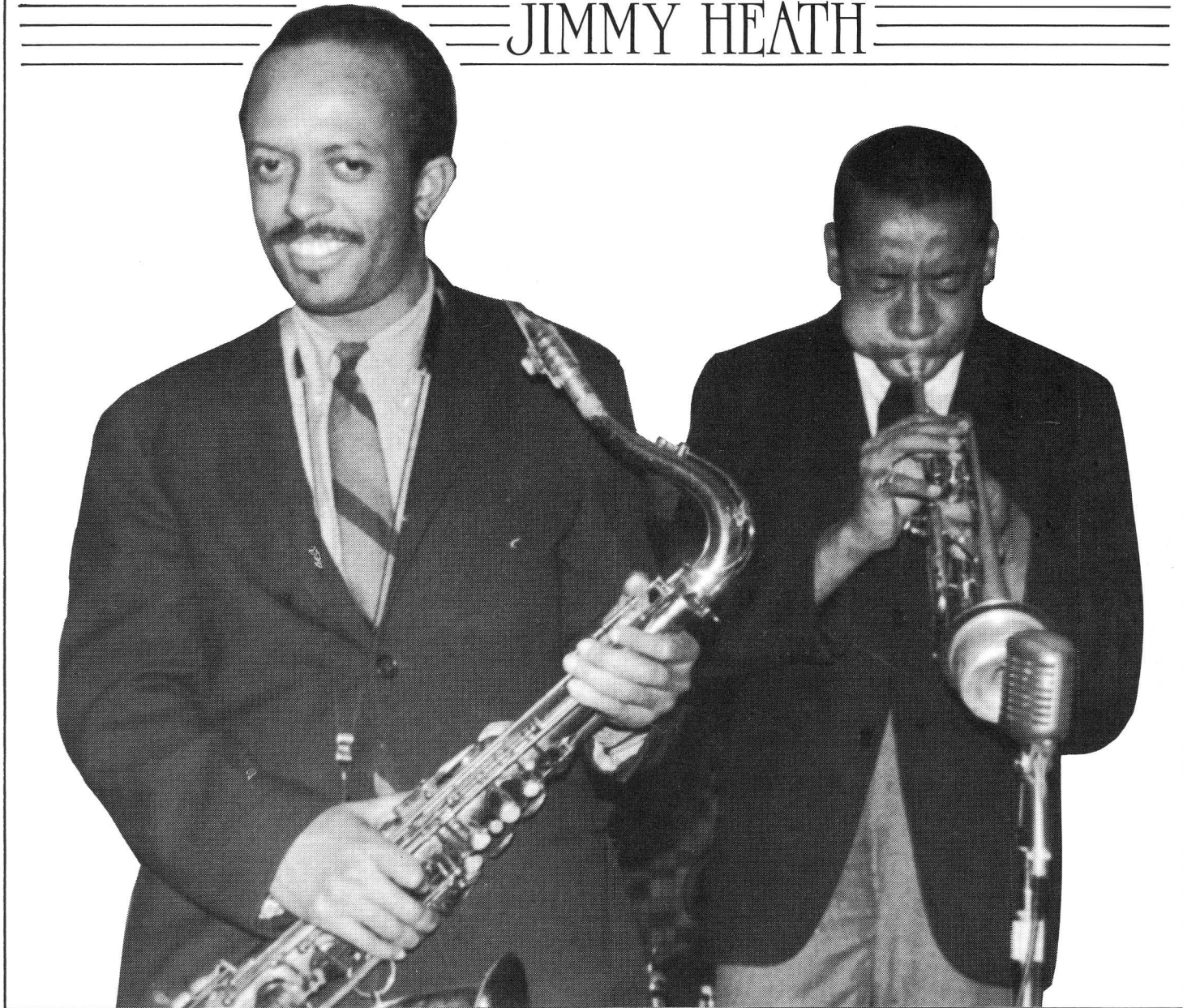
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# JIMMY HEATH

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## INTERVIEW • BOB ROSENBLUM

**Bob Rosenblum:** Are there a lot of great jazz musicians not known by the public?

**Jimmy Heath:** I'm meeting new jazz musicians of important stature all the time. It's not their fault really. It's the media and who they write about. They write about the same people all the time. Years ago every article you read about the saxophone, if it wasn't about Trane, it was about Archie Shepp. And at the same time Hank Mobley and Clifford Jordan never got anything written about them.

**B.R.:** How do you place yourself among these people?

**J.H.:** Well, for example, I've been playing music for 35 years and I've yet to do a blindfold test. I had an article in *Down Beat* in 1959 and that was only because I was coming back from Lexington,

Kentucky and was off narcotics, and that was interesting to write about. I know it couldn't be that I don't have enough background, because just the fact that I've been living out here and performing for this long is proof that something is happening. Somebody has to like me. I have a student who wrote for *Down Beat* and she was never allowed to write an article on me. To be on the cover of a magazine, I had to be on a magazine in England called *Jazz & Blues*. Other than that I'm the little guy that's never there.

**B.R.:** How are record dates set up?

**J.H.:** I choose my own musicians or I don't record. I was without a contract for a long period of time. I want control of my music and what I'm gonna play. I don't want a guy who's a frustrated jazz musician to run a record company and tell me what I got to play. I remember a year or so ago a 25 year old guy telling

Yusef Lateef to play funky. Yusef can play anyway he wants to and has always been able to. The A&R men think they know more about the music than the musicians and they tell you what to play. It's alright if they could find something different for you to play. But they always want you to be like someone else. There is still room for individuals. The audience may be smaller, but there are people out there who appreciate someone who is original and who has control over what they play.

**B.R.:** What is a typical day for you?

**J.H.:** Getting up around 10:00 a.m. for a student. I have three or four students a day. Then I work on music that I have to write for someone and then possibly performing that evening.

**B.R.:** You have often said you were never surprised that Coltrane was a great musician.

J.H.: At the time Coltrane was playing with Miles he worked just about every week and he practiced more than anybody I ever met. So, if he didn't play better than anyone else he would have to be a dumb man. I think anybody who was a pretty good musician, who had the opportunities that Trane had would get better.

B.R.: How important is practicing?

J.H.: I still practice every day. I don't practice 12 hours like Trane did.

B.R.: Who are some completely unknown musicians that you have been impressed by?

J.H.: There are always saxophone players that come up like Jimmy Oliver in Philadelphia, who we used to call "Satin Doll". Benny Golson, John Coltrane and myself used to hear him all the time because he was the best saxophonist in the city. When Coltrane started to experiment with overtones - there was a baritone player in Philly named John Glenn who could play overtones. That was his main thing. He couldn't do anything else. But people think Trane started it. Cannonball said he would rather play a concert with known people than to play with unknowns. Because if Joe Blow comes up and can outplay you, that looks pretty bad. Whereas if it's Dexter Gordon or somebody people expect him to play good.

B.R.: How do you feel about groups like Herbie Hancock?

J.H.: I don't need one person to play like someone else. If I want to hear music in the rock groove, I don't have to listen to Herbie Hancock. I can listen to James Brown or Kool and the Gang. I don't have to hear jazz musicians play different kinds of music. If they play what they are playing, it's good enough for me.

B.R.: What musicians do you prefer to work with?

J.H.: Stanley Cowell on piano, Sam Jones on bass, and Billy Higgins on drums with Curtis Fuller on trombone. Higgins has phenomenal time and he can make people happy by playing time. He doesn't have to drop all the bombs and drown you out and crowd your music to make people happy. Sam Jones plays for the soloist. I like a soloist too, but not one who solos right along with another soloist. Unless it's indicated in the style that dictates it - like Dixieland. Because when they play free and they all improvise together it was more chaotic. In Dixieland when horns played together they listened to each other and complemented each other's ideas. Now they close their eyes and everybody plays, and nobody understands nothing. You don't hear anything but mass sound. Like "Ascension" by Coltrane. I wouldn't buy that because I couldn't hear what was going on. It was too much.

B.R.: Are you taking directions to expand your music?

J.H.: Sure. But with logic. I don't believe it can be done without going through a certain process. Sam Rivers is an example who is playing music unrestricted to certain chords, but his music still makes sense. Ornette also. They're

phenomenal. Not everybody can do that. I would try to use anything that I think is good. But I feel that the so called free movement employed an element of abandon and excitement. If you want to create some excitement there are certain ways to do it, and they have cliches also. You can't call it free when everybody jumps up and plays the same trills and squeaks. Illinois Jacquet put his teeth on the reed and made squeaks before Archie or Albert Ayler. There is no new music. Maybe we'll have new music when we get some new instruments. As long as we use the same instruments we are going to get something that has been done before.

B.R.: What about jam sessions?

J.H.: I think, if they had a jam session we would have a better repertoire that everyone would be familiar with. Like when Miles Davis started playing Green Dolphin Street everybody started playing it. Now you don't have a common repertoire. We had Broadway standards, plus our own jazz standards. If I go somewhere now and ask them to play Confirmation, they don't even know what it is.

B.R.: What about jam sessions as cutting sessions?

J.H.: When I first went to Minton's in the 1940's they had Dizzy, Thelonious Monk, Leo Parker and a guy named Demon. He never could play - he never played changes.

At that session they played standards and there were many rivalries. Now Lester Young didn't like that kind of atmosphere. He used to say, "I never rumble because you might dirty my clothes." This competition between tenor saxophonists was brought about by concert producers. We had a couple of tenor conclaves in New York and there were nine saxophonists on the stand. That battle thing is for the public, but I don't think it brings out the best in them. Sonny Stitt likes to do it. But I'm afraid if he jumps on some of these people he better not get off of them.

B.R.: Johnny Splawn from Philly had a reputation for doing that.

J.H.: Somebody who does that wants to impress. But I don't think without record companies starting something like that it would have ever come to pass. Like with Dexter Gordon and Wardell Gray or Lockjaw and Gene Ammons. There was a kind of respect among musicians of my era that's not present today. Young musicians have an ego going and they'll jump up with anybody. But there was a case when I was with Howard McGhee at the Three Deuces and Charlie Parker was supposed to come in the next week, but he couldn't make it. So his agent said to me - Okay, you're Little Bird, so why not play in his place. But I didn't have the heart to play in Charlie Parker's band. I didn't believe that anybody could fill his shoes. We always had respect for the generation just before us. I wish I could have learned to respect those two and three generations before us when I was young, but it took me a long time to do that.

They played less - they had one chorus to tell a story. Now it takes mus-

icians more time than that to get into a groove, because they have to build up to the 20th chorus.

B.R.: Do you like to play long solos?

J.H.: I find myself getting carried away sometimes, but not as long as some of my friends. They play long and hard.

B.R.: When you solo you seem to build up intensity as you go along.

J.H.: Dizzy Gillespie would always tell you hold back as long as you can. Don't give them everything. It's like making love - if you give them everything you got, it's over. You got to build up to a climax. If you play your best stuff in your first chorus it all comes down hill. But if you doodle around and then increase the density and play in higher registers you can build to a climax. Guys like Lockjaw and Blue Mitchell know how to leave spaces. People can't digest sheets of sound. When you are improvising you are supposed to be talking to the people. I heard Thad Jones' orchestra, and I heard Billy Harper play a million notes on the saxophone and a million choruses and it's exciting and everything. But then Quentin Jackson can pick up his plunger mute and play two choruses and get just as big a hand. It's because he's talking to the people. People don't know if it's a 13th. They just know that either it's coming off or it's not.

B.R.: Should they know?

J.H.: It would help if they knew. That's why I always advocate that schools expose their students to jazz. But when people bring in music to a school it's usually a string quartet.

B.R.: Can white people play jazz?

J.H.: Environment has a lot to do with it. But now it's so technical that you are playing right into the scientists' hands. When we play the blues, which some people think is degrading - well I wish I could play the blues like Arnette Cobb. It is the most communicative 12 bar form.

I asked Europeans why everybody plays like Trane over there - and they got it all from records. You will find most musicians lived with other jazz musicians or in their environment. In Europe it's a record reading contest. In Russia they have a duplicate of everyone. Alexander Pitzakoff is paid by the state to study and sound like Coltrane.

The cool school was an effeminate kind of playing. They were the ones who didn't try to swing hard. It was the difference between Stan Getz and Sonny Rollins. Herbie Fields used to put pancake make-up on his face to travel with Lionel Hampton.

I don't think anybody swings any harder than Pepper Adams. There are exceptions. But the general rule is that it comes from an environment of suffering. But now jazz is almost a universal music.

Getting back to communication - Charlie Parker didn't communicate all over the world. Johnny Hodges had a certain quality that allowed him to get across to kings and queens and to the people at the Apollo. Because he was singing to the audience, not just playing - it wasn't scales and sequences.

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# JAZZ LITERATURE

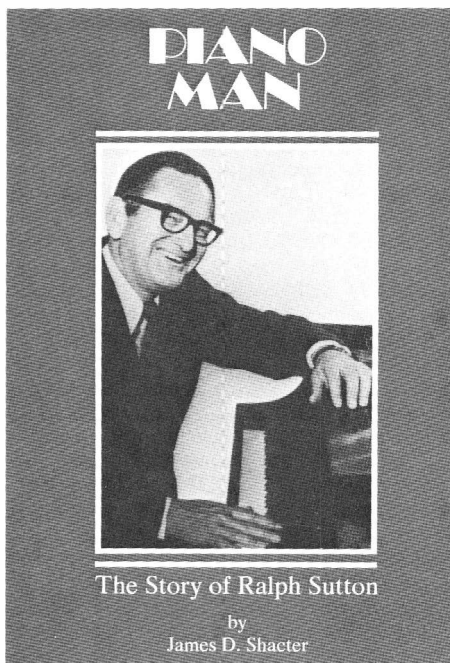
## PIANO MAN

The Story of Ralph Sutton  
by James D. Schacter  
Jaynar Press, P.O. Box 3141, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Ill.,  
60654 U.S.A. \$7.95 (plus 30¢ mailing)

Biographies of jazz musicians are becoming more frequent but their relevance to the music remains as tenuous as ever. It is certainly encouraging that the music is becoming established enough that the world's presses are recognising its validity - even though many of its greatest practitioners have lived and died without the intensive analysis which biography prescribes. But when you examine these books more closely you will find that, in general, they are essentially "fan" biographies rather than serious analyses of the art of the music. They deal with the parochial day to day routines of the musician rather than being intensive investigations of the man's music and his influence on his contemporaries and followers. Such is the case in this book about Ralph Sutton.

Sutton is generally recognised as being one of the handful of musicians who have perpetuated the Harlem stride style perfected by James P. Johnson, Willie The Lion Smith and Fats Waller. He is a stylist of some importance and a musician of considerable depth and integrity. But it doesn't take 200 pages to let us know all this - which is the principal failing of Schacter's book. He constantly reiterates, through the testimony of various friends, admirers and family, that Sutton is an inward looking, intensely artistic musical creator who can't stand the insincerity and arrogance of the average night club patron. It also doesn't take 200 pages to emphasize Sutton's intense love of Waller and Tatum. Anyone with half an ear would know this within five minutes of listening to Sutton. The fact that he's a remarkable pianist who rarely plays badly is something which isn't commented upon too much. In reality this book is as much a portrait of the man and his family and the group of admirers who have made visible their appreciation of Sutton - the man and his music.

There isn't enough of Sutton in this book, despite the many hours of interviews given to James Schacter. Perhaps in interview he is as taciturn and noncommittal as he often is in general conversation. At least the book gives the impression that the last thing Ralph Sutton likes to do is talk. He'd rather play the piano. In that respect, the book is a fascinating insight into the character of a man who has obviously brought great pleasure to countless thousands of people. It's easily readable and there are many Sutton ad-



mirers who will readily enjoy this book. It's just that it simply isn't enough to know that Ralph Sutton loves Fats and Tatum, has a passion for lonely walks in the country and his St. Bernard dogs. Perhaps that's part of the inevitable artistic privacy which separates those who create from those who listen and analyse.

Nonetheless it is an easily readable biography of a musician whose talent continues to grow. It is also an excellent guidepost for those jazz devotees who somehow forget that the most important thing to do is listen to the music and accept what the artist has to offer you - rather than demand the musician perform within the framework of your perspective.

There's a discography which is arranged alphabetically rather than chronologically and it's nice to see a book published about a musician while he is still an active part of the jazz community.

It was certainly an enjoyable experience to share a part of Ralph Sutton's life through the pages of his book but to share his music you have to listen to him in person or on record. - John Norris

## MODERN JAZZ 1945-70

Modern Jazz 1945-70 The Essential Records  
by Max Harrison, Alun Morgan, Ronald Atkins, Michael James, Jack Cooke  
Published by Aquarius Books, London  
140 pages, softback 2.90 pounds (\$7.00)

In this slender but useful volume five British critics, the heart of the old Jazz Monthly team, compile a basic record

library of post war jazz. Inevitably, with a project of this scope there have been compromises in the final choice of 200 representative records, a selection which must, in the last resort, be somewhat arbitrary. However, as I find that I own some 145 of the chosen discs, I am fairly in accord with the book's recommendations. Not surprisingly, I diverge over the "New Thing" and "Thirdstream" chapters which account for some 33 albums.

The compilers - and the editor is Max Harrison who, one supposes, had the last word - have sorted out many absolute musts, along with offbeat choices which are, nevertheless, representative of stylistic facets. Here we find, in a proper review format, detailed analysis of albums by people like Sonny Clark, J.R. Monterose, Duke Jordan, Barry Harris, Al Haig, Tony Fruscella, Tina Brooks and others who have made significant contributions but have too often been overlooked.

Yet, one could equally point to omissions - no albums by such fine players as Charles McPherson, Cedar Walton, Jimmy Heath, Booker Ervin or Boyd Raeburn are dealt with. It is true that a book of this nature cannot be all embracing, and there must surely be room for second and third volumes to cover this most significant 25 years in jazz.

I do find a few of the L.P.s picked by the panel a trifle strange. No one could pretend that the Jazzland L.P. "Take Twelve" was Lee Morgan's best effort. Bill Evans' "Interplay" album is another quirky choice. I was disappointed to see that Kenny Dorham's "Quiet Kenny" album had been overlooked.

That said, there are some excellent essays - Atkins on Charlie Parker, James on Harris, Mobley and Bud Powell, the other writers on their special favourites. It is clear that in certain cases a member of the team had to deal with a record he did not particularly like. And as Editor Harrison states, "Alert readers will find evidence of disagreement between the authors, and there has been no Editorial attempt to suppress these."

All in all a sensible, at times provocative book which seriously attempts to present the reader with a jumping off point for his own explorations. Harrison strikes the correct note when he writes, "It is of no importance whether the reader agrees with this or that contributor; what matters is that he listens to this music and comes to his own decisions." The book is, in fact, a handy supplement and, in some respects, an extension of Jazz On Record.

The format is two columns per page, the type is rather small and, in most cases, both American and British catalogue numbers are given. Needless to say reissues and deletions have already overtaken the authors, and in certain

instances better compilations of material dealt with here are now available (eg. the Phoenix collections of Gillespie's small group and big band performances). One must assume that the sequenced Dial volumes on Spotlite were not available when this manuscript was prepared and hence the concentration on the Savoy material of that period.

A final complaint - the price of this book strikes me as being astonishingly high in view of the modest quality and relatively low budget extended on production. Indeed, the cost may well deter many readers, and that will be a pity for the content deserved a far better presentation. - Mark Gardner

## RHYTHM

Rhythm - An Annotated Bibliography

by Steven D. Winick  
Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, N.J. 1974

This book needs not so much criticism as acknowledgement. Bibliographer Winick has searched the English-language musical and pedagogical literature since 1900 to catalogue all available published material on the phenomenology of rhythm - its musical uses, its psychological implications, its teaching. Each entry is thoroughly annotated as to the general content of each paper, consistency and thoroughness of preparation, and overall interest value. This is, then, a very specialized volume, of much import to the educator and musicologist; and, for what it sets out to be, well done. - Barry Tepperman

## JOHN TCHICAI

John Tchicai On Disc And Tape

by Mike Hames  
(Michael Hames, London, 1975)

In the past few years, the art of discography in jazz has become infinitely more complex, both as a result of the wide dissemination of the tape medium for both recording and playback, and because of the monumental works of Rust, Jepsen, and others. What this means, in 1975, is that a researcher wishing to compile a "name" discography can no longer be content with putting together a listing of commercial recording dates; this becomes now a simple matter of juggling another's work. Rather, he must probe myriad sources to uncover clandestine recordings, and the thought of a "complete" catalogue of recordings becomes even more a fiction. Thus we come to Mike Hames and this exemplar of the new art of jazz cataloguing. With John Tchicai, we deal with an artist whose influence is individually strong, but not widely felt, and for whom the vast majority of recordings fall into the relatively inaccessible headings - "broadcast", "private", "unissued", and - too often - "possibly recorded".

This discography has been four years

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in the making, its tentative accuracy assured by Hames' continuing correspondence with his subject. For all that, it's a frustrating document for the interested reader - because of the inaccessibility of most entries. (Of more than 150 sessions listed, only 21 produced commercially-issued material, most of which is out of the catalogue by now.) However, Tchicai was a major altoist to the New Music of the early-1960s, one whose impact was felt particularly in developing the art in Europe. Documentation such as this, and Hames' forthcoming work (a quadruple discography of Cecil Taylor, Albert Ayler, Sunny Murray, and Byard Lancaster) is vital to the preservation of a heritage that died at the hands of commerce. Well produced, this is a thoroughly important piece of research. (Available for 1.80 pounds (including postage) from the author c/o "New Sarum", Pinewood Road, Ferndown, Wimborne,

Dorset BH 22 9RW, England.)

- Barry Tepperman

## JAZZ, HOT AND HYBRID

by Winthrop Sargeant  
Da Capo Press, New York, 1975;  
302 pp., \$3.45 (paper)

This is a rather annoying volume, because of the thoroughness with which it follows through misapprehensions. "Jazz, Hot And Hybrid" was the first and only detailedly analytical work on "jazz" when it was first published in 1938; it was then revised in 1946, reprinted in 1964, and this new version is a verbatim reproduction of that last edition.

First off, I should acknowledge that, given what available recorded information and knowledge there was concerning Black



American custom and music (other than stereotypy) or concerning African musics in the mid-1930s, the original edition was a meticulous analytic masterpiece based around the musical characteristics of what the author was pleased to call "jazz". His dissertations are detailed, well thought-out, and lucid. Some are also outdated; his researches on African music have long since been superseded, but still stand well for what they were intended to be. I do have to hang three "unfortunately"s on that - one major (the basis of my gut reaction to the volume) and two minor.

The minor ones first. Unfortunately the resources available to Sargeant at the time of original writing were limited, his choice of materials for analysis ill-advised (as a scanning of his comments about ragtime - which completely omits any mention of Scott Joplin and puts great emphasis on one Zez Confrey - or a majority of his other examples would indicate) - presumably by an outside source, as the author presents himself more as an objective observer than an enthusiast. The second quibble is that the book has been repeatedly reprinted, with new chapters added here and there, since 1938 - and nowhere has Sargeant seen fit to question his original assumptions and stances.

These two, together, lead to the one major problem with "Jazz, Hot And Hybrid". Winthrop Sargeant has misinterpreted the nature of the music on which he chose to write. Indeed, had he only understood the essence of the art - its social and expressive functions and motivations - it would be simple to understand his choices of examples, his repeated confusion (unsuccessfully rationalized at length) between jazz (in any accurate sense) and popular music ("hot" vs. "sweet"), and a few blatant oversimplifications - his reduction of form to a question of rhythmic patterns over extended lengths of time, for example. More than that, though, is the fact that he has not seen fit to retract the very wrongness of many of his previous statements when, in subsequent editions, time and evolution have shown him to be in error. With later editions he attempted to absolve himself with dogmatic post facto statements as to what is or is not "jazz" to avoid admitting error. For example, Miles Davis, Ornette Coleman, and Cecil Taylor are Not Jazz; the MJQ, Bill Evans, and Sonny Rollins are True Jazz; bebop is a momentary aberration, probably degenerate. He cannot admit to any evolution in the fields he considers - gospel music has destroyed rather than supplemented the music of the sanctified church, evolution does not exist in African cultures, and, of course, "jazz ceased to evolve in the middle 1960s because its popularity was being contested by the new arts of Rock and Country Music". This egocentric attitude is fundamentally inimical to the music, certainly indicative of no defect on the part of the music, and has no place in any serious book on the subject.

Enough of that. What Mr. Sargeant accomplished with the first publication of this book was a landmark, and the results of his analyses and researches for the

time are still valid - with some question as to his ability to recognize the music of which he speaks. The study is a fascinating introduction to the backdrop of Afro-American musical expression to that point, if one has healthy reservations about accepting all he says. The core is in chapter four through eleven, with his remarks on the evolution of the blue impulse and on rhythm being particularly outstanding. The other eight chapters are trivial. But I would have to see anyone approach "Jazz, Hot And Hybrid" without a good prior knowledge of AfroAmerican music, so as to gauge what areas need to be taken with pounds and pounds of salt. Mr. Sargeant should have kept to his own business - analysis, not evaluation.

- Barry Tepperman

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## JAZZ

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edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert J. McCarthy  
Da Capo Press, New York, 1975; 387 pp.  
\$4.95

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Ever since White America first interested itself seriously in AfroAmerican music as an indigenous art form (a ruefully late awakening), there has been some degree of serious sociological and musicological commitment to the investigation of the phenomenology of jazz. At first the work of strong-willed and committed individuals (Winthrop Sargeant and a few others from the 1930s on), these efforts slowly congealed into a core mass of critical intelligence, particularly in and since the 1950s. The first major work out of that era was Hodeir's "Jazz -Its Evolution and Essence" (1954). "Jazz - New Perspectives on the History of Jazz", originally published in 1959 and here resurrected intact, was the second important such work - a set of fourteen position papers, hypotheses, and reports-on-work-in-progress that both summarized the bulk of knowledge to that date and stated future needs of the art, to be followed (as most have been) to the present. Artefact written after art - like criticism - tends to age much less gracefully than the initial inspiration, because it depends so much on temporal perspectives that are quickly exhausted. But rather than becoming anachronism, a great deal of the content of "Jazz" has proved enduring enough to not only warrant the reissue (perhaps more so than some of the other jazz literary treasures DaCapo is in the process of reviving), but to merit the designation "classic" in its own right.

In fact, only two of the fourteen articles - Martin Williams' "Bebop And After" and Nat Hentoff's "Whose Art Form? - Jazz At Mid-Century" - prove irrelevant after sixteen years, because both deal with a subject without being far away enough from its time setting to gain ample perspective. Some of these sections have been the initial salvos for researches that have since been carried through to fuller publications by the same authors - Williams on Jelly Roll Morton, Paul Oliver's blues chronology, Gunther Schuller's anal-

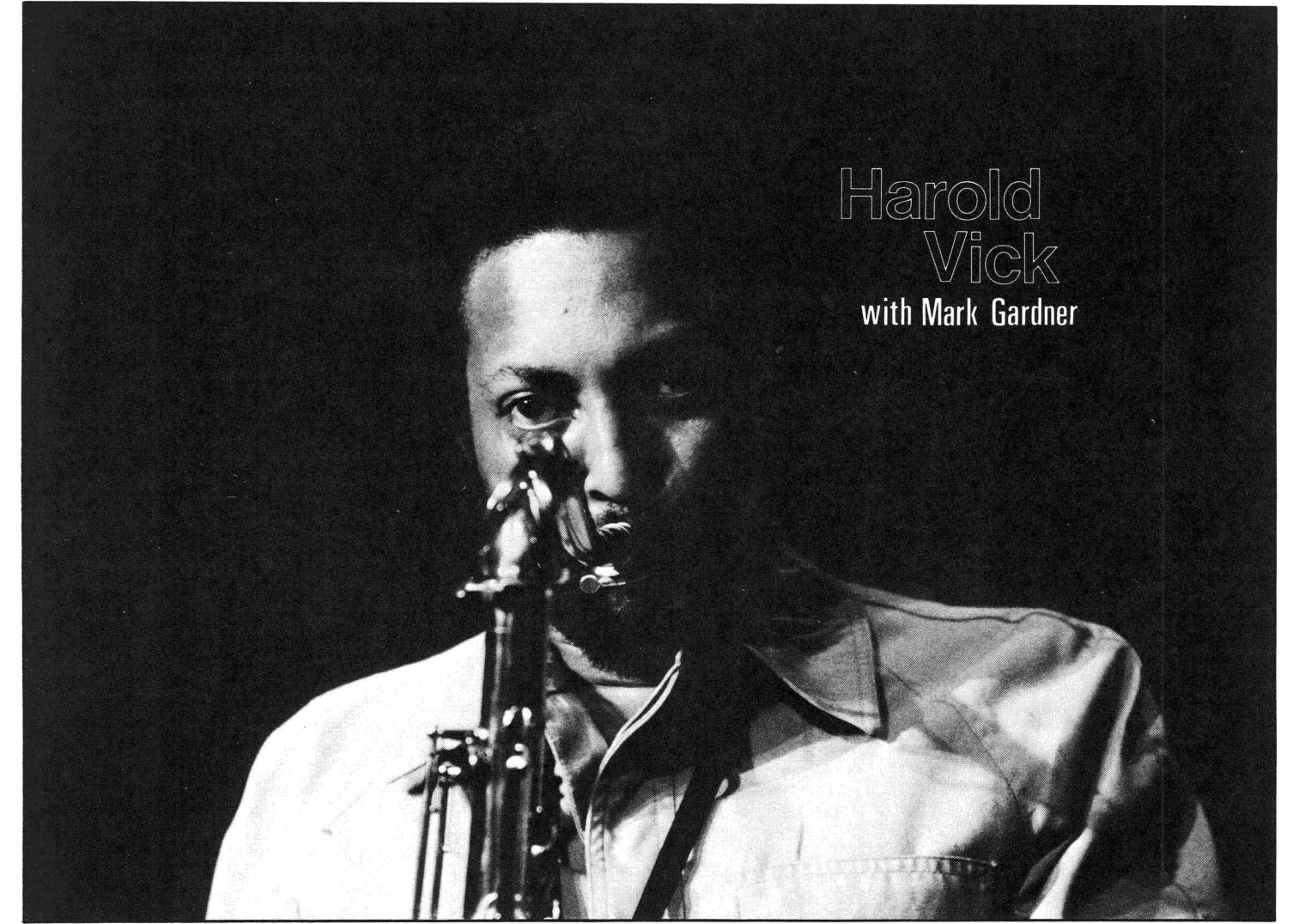
ysis of early Ellington music which appears almost verbatim in "Early Jazz", and Max Harrison's discussions of Charlie Parker. But these original 1959 pieces serve the 1975 reader as concise summaries of all their authors' current theses, precis of current masterpieces that certainly the novice to the music would do well to broach first, and the rest of us to keep in mind.

Others of these papers stand by themselves, in their mere twenty-odd pages of print, as still the authoritative words on their subjects. Guy Waterman's analyses of ragtime history and structure may yet be superseded now that (with the publication of the complete works of Joplin and others) current sources for research exceed his - but as yet they have not been surpassed. Harrison's exhaustive tracing and dissection of boogie-woogie is without doubt the finest single treatment of the subject. Hsio Wen Shih's sociological insights into the big band phenomenon - "The Spread of Jazz and the Big Bands" - is often forgotten for being so long out of print, but remains a touchstone for any intelligent understanding of the large ensemble musics of the 1920s and 1930s. Frank Driggs' "Kansas City and the Southwest" is - for its brevity - more painstakingly researched and more objectively written than Ross Russell's more recent, larger, and much-ballyhooed "Jazz Style in Kansas City and the Southwest". (One wonders when Driggs' much-promised book on the subject will finally appear).

Ernest Borneman's "The Roots Of Jazz" hints at territory more thoroughly covered since by Paul Oliver ("Savannah Syncopators - African Retentions in the Blues") and Gunther Schuller ("Early Jazz") - but remains a thoroughly valid introduction to the field. Charles Edward Smith's "New Orleans and Traditions in Jazz" and McCarthy's "The Re-emergence of Traditional Jazz" cover well-flogged territory lucidly and wisely. The only suspect inclusion is John Steiner's piece on Chicago, which purports to be - rather than another discussion of Bix and the Austin High Gang - a sociomusical history of the city in jazz from the early years to the present modern era. In so doing he blissfully vaults stylistic boundaries and completely (racistically?) avoids the Black music establishment of Chicago through the years (from the early ensembles discussed in "Journal of Jazz Studies" and Albert McCarthy's "The Big Bands" in the past year, to organizations such as Sun Ra's, whose early years certainly overlap the time span of the paper). It's an insensitive treatment of the subject, fully worthy of being discredited. And finally, the selected discography to the volume may originally have been of use, but the passage of time, change in issues, and numerous deletions should have made an update mandatory.

"Jazz" was an important volume in the awakening awareness in the music in its day, as a proposition and manifesto for jobs to be done. It remains so, as a summary and jump-off point for further readings and researches.

- Barry Tepperman



# Harold Vick

with Mark Gardner

One cold morning in February 1974 tenor saxophonist Harold Vick's heart stopped beating. He was rushed to hospital and underwent emergency treatment. It took 11 minutes to start his heart functioning again. He literally came back from the dead and nobody knew if his brain would be undamaged, let alone whether he would ever play again. In this interview Harold Vick describes that profound experience, its aftermath and the way it changed his life. Mr. Vick has all but completely recovered, is performing and recording again and at the age of 40 looks forward to many more years of making music.

**MARK GARDNER:** How did the heart attack happen? Were there any warning symptoms?

**HAROLD VICK:** No, there were absolutely no warnings. I'll tell you how it all happened. I was at an early morning recording session - 9 a.m. start - with Shirley Scott. We were running down the first tune and I suddenly felt sick and I could feel my legs going. I said to the other guys, "Look, I don't feel well, I'll have to sit down." They thought I was kidding and said, "Come on, man, we've got work to do." Well then they could see I was serious. I just had time to tell them two things - to call my mother, I gave the number, and get me to hospital. That

was it - I passed out, unconscious.

It was four days before I came to in the hospital bed and did I feel weak! I was utterly helpless. Could not even move an arm, leg or finger. It was pretty scary. Gradually I found out what had occurred during those four days. When they got me to the hospital the heart had stopped so they gave me this relatively new treatment where they apply a tremendous weight to the chest and keep pumping it up and down, at the same time administering shock treatments. Finally I responded and the heart began to function again. One side effect of the shocks is that it burns the skin right off your chest. So I was all bandaged up and had drips in my arms, everywhere. Fortunately the burns healed perfectly and left no scars.

Well, I can tell you that lying in that hospital, unable to do anything for myself, I had a real chance to think about my life up to then, and I found out who my genuine friends are - the jazz musicians. Looking back I felt I had achieved very little. It always seemed that I was playing other people's music, working jobs with other leaders' bands, and I'd never properly got my own music together. So that was the first decision - from then on I would play only what I wanted to play, assuming that I could play at all.

They tried to break it to me gently but I understood what they were getting at. When I was beginning to get a little of my strength back, the doctors started asking questions like, "Can you do anything else apart from working in music?" They eventually came right out with it and six doctors altogether told me I would have to forget about playing; I would never blow a saxophone again. I had my own ideas about that but in the meantime, as I started to feel better, I passed the time in writing some new compositions. These pieces had a special significance for me because they were the product of that whole experience and I tried to put into them so much that I had always meant to say but never found time to do before.

**Mark:** You mentioned that you found jazz musicians were your real friends. Why do you say that?

**Harold:** They were the people who rallied around and got together a benefit for me - a 12-hour concert at a place called The Watergate on West 72nd Street at the corner of Columbus Avenue. It was the last presentation at that particular club. It closed the next night. Anyway so many wonderful musicians played at that concert - Dizzy Gillespie, Shirley Scott, Roy Brooks, Billy Taylor, McCoy Tyner, George Coleman and so many others.

They came to the hospital and gave

me a box full of money to pay for the doctor bills. And many of the guys, like Dizzy, Art Blakey and Horace Silver, put their hands in their own pockets and contributed. So many of the cats visited me in hospital. Gene Ammons, who wasn't too well himself, came along. About the time I got out of hospital, Jug went in and never came out. So, you see, it was the Brothers who really came to my rescue when I needed it most.

Anyway, I was finally allowed to go home but told not to work - and no playing! Shirley Scott stayed at my place for a time. She kept an eye on me and she used to get so frightened when I'd go near the saxophone. To tell you the truth in those first few weeks I couldn't even pick up the instrument, leave alone play it. I felt as though all my strength had been dissipated. But, naturally, things got better. I was able to hold the saxophone, then make a few runs. Day by day I could do more. I started taking walks, following the doctor's orders. First a block, then a couple of blocks. Now I'm running two or three miles every other day. I never thought I could do it. I was playing the saxophone again, not in public, but my energy was increasing.

During my convalescence I had another shock. My father got seriously ill and it soon became clear that he was dying. He had cancer. My pop loved jazz and his twin idols were Count Basie and Duke Ellington. His ambition was for me to work with Basie. I did have opportunities in later years to do that, but by then I didn't want to go on the road at a salary which just covered hotel and other expenses. Dad used to get very sore when I told him I'd turned down Basie. My father worshipped Duke, too, and when Duke died in May 1974, Pop, ill as he was, insisted on going to the funeral. I drove around to pick him up. He was trying to dress himself and the effort was too much. He died right there and I was with him. I still went on to Duke's funeral because I knew Dad would have wanted that.

Mark: How did you come to start working with Shirley Scott?

Harold: Actually, just before I got sick George Coleman was working with Shirley. George and I are very good friends. They were working in Pennsylvania and George would have to travel every weekend about 100 miles to go and work with Shirley. He became tired of leaving home every weekend. So he asked me would I make it for awhile, would I do it to give him a rest so I started working with Shirley just to give George a rest. During that period, that's when I got sick, Shirley liked George very much and she liked me. She's a person who accompanies very well so whoever she's playing with it's with them. So if she's playing with George she plays one way. If she plays with Stanley Turrentine who was her husband she plays another way; she complements what he's playing. And with Eddie Davis... so when I started working with her she began playing a different way to complement me.

She always had this desire to get

George and me both to play together, but then after I got sick Shirley came to New York to stay at my apartment while I was in the hospital because you know in New York if you leave your place for a period of time when you go back it's been cleaned out. So she stayed at my place the whole time I was in hospital which was a month. Then when I got out of the hospital I really didn't have anybody to look out for me so Shirley stayed with me then.

When I started to practice again, when I really started to try to play my horn again, Shirley just used to sit and watch because she was very afraid for me to play. But when she saw I was very determined to play again, she would play the piano for me during the day. In the July - I got sick in the February - actually it was July 1st I played my first job. Shirley had a job - the Newport Jazz Festival 1974 - and she had a concert in Carnegie Hall and so George and I both played with her. That was my first date and I was very nervous. I didn't know if I was going to be able to do it. That was another reason why George came too because - in case I wasn't strong enough. Anyway it was the first time I played. So then we all worked together for a little while - about two months - with a quartet of George Coleman, Shirley, myself and Billy Hart. Then George came to Europe, alone to work and he stayed about two or three months, so while he was away Shirley and I continued to work. We used quite a few different drummers including Billy Higgins who was on the record. Most of the good drummers were already obligated - Billy Higgins was working with Cedar Walton and Sam Jones - but we would be lucky enough to catch somebody while they were off and then they would work with us for awhile and then they would leave. So we used Joe Chambers, Roy Brooks, Billy Hart, Billy Higgins - a lot of drummers. Finally Eddie Gladden started working with us and he wasn't really obligated at the time so he's been working with us ever since.

So when George left for Europe I continued working with the trio and I was getting stronger all the time. By the time George came back, I think he wanted to return to the band, but in the meantime we had got a lot of work and jobs that we had booked just for the trio. The contract read trio so the money was only for a trio. That kind of left George out. We didn't intend it that way but we didn't know when he was coming back. When he left he just went on the spur of the moment. He didn't tell us until the last minute so we didn't know what he was going to do and couldn't very well include him. So it just became the trio. My health started getting better. Actually I would rather work that way. All respect to George but I'm interested in trying to express myself. We have pretty similar concepts but he likes to play one way and I like to play another. So it was better to be him or me - one of us. It's been less of a problem, just working with a trio because now I can play what I want to play.

Mark: Have you worked mainly in New York or been on tours with the trio?

Harold: Oh, we've played different places, been on tours to different cities but mostly just concerts. We have worked in a few clubs but in New York the only clubs still open are the Village Vanguard, which we worked, and the Village Gate. There are a few small places uptown but they are mostly neighbourhood clubs that don't want to pay any money. There is Boomer's in the Village but the Half Note is closed. We've just been trying to concentrate on playing concerts and going out of town to work clubs where you can make some money. But in New York the club scene is very sad. We work in Philly quite a bit which is Shirley's hometown. It's been very hard to work consistently because the organ presents a problem. For instance in Europe we could have picked up quite a bit of other work but in a lot of places the organ presents quite a problem. Getting the correct organ - a Hammond B3 - is tough. Hammond's are trying to make it obsolete. They've created some new models but the organ she likes is becoming obsolete so when you travel it is hard to get it. Now when you don't get that it changes all the music. It changes her whole thing. So sometimes we'd rather not work than put up with all that.

Mark: When you are not working with Shirley, then you're in the studio?

Harold: Yes. Recently I've been able to start making a lot of commercials. This is just to pay the rent, to survive, but before that I'd been working with a lot of different people, mainly Aretha Franklin. I worked with Aretha for about five years. I still don't have a negative feeling towards Aretha. I still love her but it's time for me to do what I must do. Working with her I don't even get a chance to play, I don't get a chance to write, I don't get a chance to use any of my talents. It's all Aretha, it's all just playing in the band. Anybody can do that. I don't feel I accomplish anything by working with her. It's just a job - I may as well be driving a taxi or something.

I started recording again in November 1974. First we did the trio album with Shirley for Strata-East. Then I did my album the following week. We financed the albums ourselves and that was the hardest part - getting all the money together. After I was sick quite a few companies wanted me to record all of a sudden and I hadn't recorded in a long time. I used to try to present record companies with tapes and try to get cats interested in recording me but everybody was trying to make a rock and roll saxophone player out of me which they still do. If I make rock and roll records then it's all right but if you want to play some music then they aren't too interested in that. So I felt the only way to present myself as I wanted was to get the money and do it myself. This was really hard to do after being sick, and the doctor was telling me I was not supposed to work. In fact they still tell me that now. According to all my medical records they still have down that I'm not supposed to work, even now. But I worked and got the money together to do that record.

I convinced Shirley to do the same thing because she had made 45 records and she didn't own anything. People took her music, she didn't get much money for doing all those sides and she was very unhappy about the music that she played on a lot of those records. She hated it. I know a lot of people wouldn't believe that. She wanted to express herself too. She had a similar feeling to what I had. She'd been working with different people without being able to play as she really felt so I didn't really convince her to do it. But I'd be talking about what I wanted to do and as a result of listening to me she got the idea that she would like to do the same thing. On the spur of the moment, she got the money some way. I had booked the studio to record for one week and she came up and said, "I want to record, right now, this week!" So I said okay. We did Shirley's album that week and the next week I did mine. We worked on the cover together, we did the whole thing together. If I don't make any money out of the album, I don't care because I got a great sense of satisfaction out of doing something I wanted to do. The few people who do get a chance to listen to that music, I want them to know that it is very important to me. That's more important than selling a million records and making a lot of money playing some shit I didn't want to play.

Mark: You weren't happy with the Sir Edward album?

Harold: I was happy with it in a sense. A few people put it down because it had a commercial element, but you can be sincere about that too. I made that album under some very adverse circumstances. If people only knew what I went through to do that! In the first place I was signed with Columbia Records in this group Compost so they wouldn't let me record under my own name. So Lloyd Price who had been a former bandleader of mine had a job as executive producer for Encounter Records, and he approached me about making an album for them. I explained that I couldn't use my name so he said, "That's all right you can make the record and we'll put another name on it. I'll give you 5,000 dollars." Well, I could really use 5,000 dollars so I got the music together and everything. I had a week to write the music and get everything together. So then he told me I had to go to New Jersey because he had some connection with a friend who had a studio which was 50 miles from New York in the country, at a man's house - a small studio. I then had to find a way to transport all the men 50 miles in order to make the record. That was my problem. There had been no rehearsals. I couldn't rehearse anything, there wasn't the time. I got the musicians together and hired somebody to drive down to New Jersey.

When we got there somebody else was using the studio so we waited all day to get into the studio. When we finally got into the place we recorded one tune and then they ran out of tape! By this time the stores had closed and they couldn't get any more tape. So we had to go all the way back to New York. What was so

bad about this was that one of the cars I hired to bring the fellows, this man had to leave. That meant I had to drive back myself with some of the fellows and return again to pick up the rest - 200 miles in two trips. So then the next day we had to go back and finish it and go through all that driving again. After I did all this and we had the music, I mixed it and they were very happy with it. They paid the musicians but they never paid me. They wouldn't pay me because of the fact that there weren't any written contracts because I couldn't use my name. It was just a gentleman's agreement. There was no way I could make them pay me the money they had promised. So they didn't even pay me for the record. They put the record out and it got good reviews. Then, just after they released it, the company went out of business. I tried to buy the master from them and they wanted to charge me 5,000 dollars for the master! It didn't even cost them 3,000. They didn't pay for the studio, they didn't pay for anything or anybody except the musicians. They had to pay the musicians because of the union. So the company went out of business and I tried to get the master back but they would never sell it. But then I got a lawyer working for me, straightening out all my things, and he recently got the master back. Now I'm trying to find somebody who might be interested in releasing it under my true name. So that's the Sir Edward story - it happened back in 1972.

Mark: I notice in your album notes for the Strata-East record that you pay tribute to Gene Ammons, among others.

Harold: Right. Gene Ammons goes back a long way, even to my childhood before I ever met him. I always liked his playing, especially his big sound. It was a very unique sound. When I moved from North Carolina and went to Washington, D.C. to school, he was living about three houses from me, so I got to know him. He was very warm always. A lot of guys try to dominate lesser, younger musicians. They try to make you realize who they are, but Jug didn't ever do that. Even when I was learning he used to invite me down on gigs and let me play with him. He always made me feel good and never tried to make me feel small. He tried to encourage me. That's one thing I always loved him for.

Then after I got out of college and started working with Jack McDuff and different people, from time to time, Ammons would still let me play with him, even when he was working at McKie's with Sonny Stitt or Johnny Griffin and other well known tenor players. It was a lot of inspiration in my early development.

Before he died he was sick for a long time. He was playing sick. Actually he had bone cancer. They said he died from pneumonia. Well, he had that too but cancer really killed him. People didn't realize how sick he was. All those records in the latter part of his career, they were bad. His teeth were coming out and it was very difficult for him to sustain notes and hard for him to play in tune. A lot of those albums were badly produced;

he was sick. Just as I was getting better I heard he was in hospital in Chicago. I called him and sent him flowers in the hospital but he didn't last too long. He lived about two weeks after that. I think he was ready to go. He didn't have the strength to fight it. He had broken his arm before he went to the hospital. First he broke his arm, then he fell down a flight of steps and hurt his back. They put his arm in a cast but it would never heal because he had bone cancer. Finally they just took the cast off and it was just over. But he was warm.

Mark: He never did play in Europe.

Harold: Well, the people over here really missed a treat. He was a good tenor player and a much better musician than people realized. He had perfect pitch and he could read his ass off. He could look at a sheet of music and sing it in tune and pitch, sing what was on the paper - exactly. A very good musician. As I said most of his records were badly produced. In fact I would have liked to produce a record by him. We were about to get to that, we were talking about it but then he was sick. I would really have liked to have done that for him. His record sessions would make you sick. He'd just go into the studio with some musicians who he hadn't even been playing with and people would bring music by that he never saw before, give it to him and he'd just play it. The good things he did were the early sides with Sonny Stitt, the records with Woody Herman, "More Moon" and so on, and later the Canadian Sunset album - then he was really playing. I remember when he had a big band and Sonny Stitt would play baritone. I used to go and see them when I was a kid.

Sonny is still Sonny. I don't like to criticize because I know how hard it's been for me and he's been doing it twice as long. I would like to see Sonny express himself in a more creative environment that would be good for him without having to worry about selling records. Because with him they're going to be good anyway. I'd like to see him make some records that he'd like to make, just as Shirley and I did.

Mark: I remember once before we talked about influences. Do you feel you are now beyond the stage of being influenced by others?

Harold: I don't think I'm beyond being influenced by other people but in the playing part maybe I am in a way because now it is important for me to play just the way I feel. Whatever that is, I'm not trying to prove anything anymore or come up to anybody else's standards. All I'm trying to do now is the best I can do with what I have. All the tenor players that helped me, I've gotten as much from them as I can get. Now the rest is up to me. So now when I listen to other players I listen strictly to enjoy them, not to be influenced by them.

Mark: Going back to your benefit concert, whose idea was that?

Harold: George Coleman had the initial idea to get the concert together. Then MsManagement - the people that work with Shirley and I - organized it. Let me

tell you about MsManagement. This is an organization that was formed when I was with the group Compost. At one time we didn't have a manager. All the fellows were married except me so their wives started doing the work that a manager would do. They became known as Ms-Management and formed a company. When the band broke up everybody scattered but MsManagement still exists. They took on the responsibility of working for Shirley and I, and they are also handling George Coleman. They've been doing a lot of work in connection with helping us get jobs, taking care of all the details and arranging tours.

Anyway they planned the whole benefit out and it was really planned well. It was so good that it impressed many people in the business. A lot of record companies have tried to hire them. A lot of times when I send them to companies to try and psych business the companies are so impressed by their knowledge and professionalism that they try to hire them. But they are very loyal and stick with us. They have a lot of faith in what Shirley and I are trying to do so we're like a family.

Mark: Will you be doing some more recording soon?

Harold: Not for Strata-East. I'm just trying to see who is really interested. We have an album from Montreux which came out good. I have the tapes which I have to mix, but I was very pleased with the outcome. Some companies have shown interest after our own albums, but they seem to want to get you and steer you in a different direction. They see where you're coming from but they want to send you somewhere else which I'm not interested in. If they want us as we play, then we're interested but otherwise forget it. I don't want to make any rock and roll records! We don't really want to be tied to contracts and packaged, but just make records here and there - of our own music.

Mark: Looking back on your ordeal, do you feel anything positive came out of the experience?

Harold: Well, there's no virtue in being sick - very sick. It's terrible going through it, but I believe you can emerge a better, more useful person after a serious illness. It made me think. It made me realize that life is short and that while you are here you must use your talents to the full. In a way all my life since that heart attack has been extra because without the doctors I would have been gone. So, yes something positive did come out of it. I'm writing my own music, playing my own music the way I want. That's what I'm here for. And I appreciate life much more than before.

The doctor who saved my life in New York is Swiss and some months later he moved back to Switzerland. When I knew we had the Montreux booking I kept sending him postcards saying, "I'll see you there and I'll be playing." He didn't believe it because, like the others, he told me I would never play again. I made it of course and even when it was known Shirley and I were booked he still didn't



believe it. In the end his wife and child went to the concert and he stayed home. He didn't think I would play! He was amazed and pleased.

My heart is now healed, I feel stronger and better all the time, though I still get a little tired. But I feel fine after a three-mile run. I've changed my diet, too. I cut out meat completely and feel better for it. To anybody who has had a heart attack I can tell them, "don't despair, you can get well again." Anything is possible if you take care of yourself, follow what the doctor tells you and have the will to do what you want to do.

Footnotes: Seeing Harold Vick and hearing him play at Ronnie Scott's Club in

London it was very hard to believe that 16 months previously he had almost died. He looked a picture of health, a man in his prime with many years of music-making ahead.

Records mentioned in this interview: Harold Vick/Don't Look Back (Strata-East SES-7431), Shirley Scott/One For Me (Strata-East SES-7430), Sir Edward/The Power Of Feeling (Encounter Records EN-3004). Harold Vick is also represented in the current catalogues by his own album Commitment (Muse MR 5054) which was recorded in 1967. Anyone interested in booking Mr. Vick should contact MsManagement, Room 419, 463 West Street, New York, N.Y. 10014 U.S.A.

# record reviews



Roland Baggenaes  
Eugene Chadbourne  
Jack Chambers  
Len Dobbin  
Mark Gardner  
Doug Langille  
John R. Nelson  
Vladimir Simosko  
Barry Tepperman  
Ken Waxman  
Tex Wyndham

## SONNY CRISS

Crisscraft  
Muse 5068

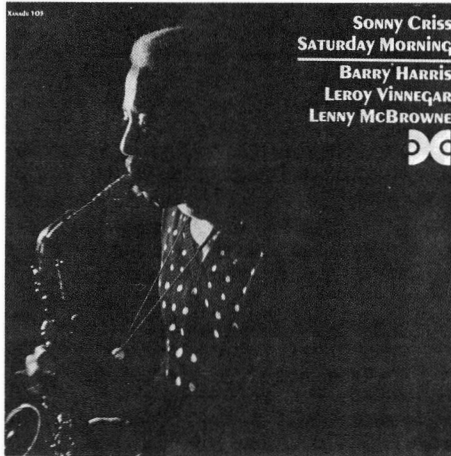
Saturday Morning  
Xanadu 105

As I said before in reviewing a Sonny Criss lp, I fell in love with his playing a long time ago. I had a Gene Norman 78 on Modern in the mid-40's that featured Criss, Wardell Gray, Howard McGhee and Dodo Marmarosa doing Groovin' High - that was it!

Sonny's recording career had been rather sporadic until Don Schlitten started recording him for Prestige in 1966. I have all but one of those, and if you don't, I recommend that you add all of them, plus these two, to your collection.

The Muse "Crisscraft" has Dolo Coker, piano; Larry Gales, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums plus the important appearance of guitarist Ray Crawford. The selections (recorded in California in February 1975) are a fine mix. For boppers, such as myself, I recommend that you go immediately to the last cut - the title tune - some excellent fast bop on a Criss original, opened by Dolo, with a fine solo from Gales (remember his work during his long stay with Monk). There are two fine ballads, Curtis Lewis' All Night Long with its late night feel and the most recent re-working of Benny Carter's Blues In My Heart, a non-blues with a real strong blues-drenched solo from the leader. Last but far from least, two from the pen of Horace Tapscott, This Is Benny (which Sonny did before on "Up Up and Away" - Prestige) a very fast waltz with a watch out for solo by Crawford and Isle Of Celia (for Tapscott's wife - no relation to either Bud Powell or Mingus' ladies of the same name) with a corker of a Coker solo. Throughout the whole lp the playing is of high calibre.

The Xanadu was recorded March 1, 1975, two lps in a few days after a lag of 6 years. This one also sports an excellent rhythm section, Barry Harris, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass and Lenny McBrowne, drums. Again, for the boppers in the audience, go directly to Diz's Tin Tin Deo, a very strong performance from all, especially the leader and Harris. Criss flies/soars on Until The Real Thing Comes Along - there's also a gorgeous ballad performance of Matt Dennis' (whatever became of him?) Angel Eyes - two blues by Criss, Jeannie's Knees, slow, and mindful of Parker's Mood, es-



pecially in Barry's introduction and Saturday Morning, a faster, happier blues with an outstanding Vinnegar solo. As a bonus, there's a trio (sans Criss) version of My Heart Stood Still by Barry - excellent - please compare to his 1961 Riverside version and Bud Powell's on Roost.

Which lp do I recommend most? That's a hell of a question. For the leader's playing there's no choice (both are of high quality) - the Xanadu has Barry Harris, who I can't recommend too highly on any of the lps he appears on (try the David Allyn duo lp also in the Xanadu catalog) but then the Muse has Ray Crawford, one of the most under-recorded and under-rated guitarists in the jazz world. Check out his solo on La Nevada on Gil Evans' "Out of the Cool" lp (Impulse). He recorded under his own name for Candid but that date never saw the light of day, not even when Barnaby released the material from Candid. For Crawford, the Muse would be first choice by the slightest of margins.

Some footnotes: - Don Schlitten (who did same for all the Criss Prestige releases) produced the Xanadu; Bob Porter the Muse. Former Montrealer Don Hahn did the re-mix on the Muse...I had the pleasure of driving in from the airport with Crawford, during his recent appearance in Montreal with Jimmy Smith, and hearing him live for the first time. Both Smith and Patrick Boyle of Mojo Records said that they were planning a session with Ray as leader, let's hope they let him pick the sidemen, format and material and I'd still like to have the Candid session released by someone - anyone!... Bob Porter in his excellent notes on the Muse issue (Mark Gardner did the same on the Xanadu) states that Hugues Panassie dug Criss. That's really weird be-

cause one of the swingiest, unsung of the saxophonists, George Kennedy, once told me that he played Paris with a Buck Clayton group and that the whole group was invited to Panassie's - talk got around to altos and after much talk of Carter and Hodges, George asked what about Charlie Parker. George says at that Panassie's conversation ceased and in his later review of the group (of which George was the only white member) he praised all except Kennedy to the heights, he described George as a non-descript white saxophonist whose name he couldn't recall. By the way George always referred to him as "Assie" Panassie.

Again both lps are highly recommended. Now, how about a different kind of "supersax" with Criss, Stitt, McPherson and Pepper Adams (for superior bottom).  
- Len Dobbin

## ROY BROOKS

The Free Slave  
Muse 5003

Besides being an excellent drummer, Roy Brooks takes after Max Roach and Art Blakey in that he is capable of organising a really good band. In addition he is a composer of unusual and superbly constructed themes. This set, recorded back in April 1970 at a gathering of the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore, is a fine showcase for Roy's various roles, including that of producer. He heads a useful quintet, comprising Woody Shaw (trumpet), George Coleman (tenor sax), Hugh Lawson (piano) and Cecil McBee (bass), playing four lengthy performances.

Three of the compositions - The Free Slave, Understanding, Five For Max - are from the pen of Brooks; Will Pan's Walk is the work of McBee. The style of the band might be described as post-hard bop. The musicians have all taken account of developments in jazz in the past 20 years, as well as what went before, to produce a hybrid approach. The music is often hypnotic, especially on the title track, which is not to say that it lulls one into a blank state of complacency; there is too much happening for that situation to arise. Coleman, as usual, is Mr. Consistency while Shaw is moved to rise above his longstanding infatuation for Freddie Hubbard's style. Lawson's solos are uncharacteristic - not his normal Detroit bebop groove - but there is much to admire in his contributions. Brooks and McBee keep everything flowing in

electric fashion. Roy's shimmering cymbals and ever helpful accents constantly attract the ear. On this record Brooks introduces a drum innovation of his own - the breath-a-tone which consists of two rubber tubes from the drummer's mouth into the drums. It enables him to change the pitch of his drums by blowing air into them. Roy Brooks is always seeking new ways of saying new things. This LP leads one to regret that he has been denied the opportunity of leading a group on a permanent basis. Recommended. - M.G.

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## BOISEC

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La Musique Creole  
Arhoolie 1070

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This is not the raunchy blues and R&B inspired swamp music of Clifton Chenier or Boozoo Chavis. It is closely tied to the cajun tradition with strong similarities to the old time rural music of the Acadians and Quebecois. It is loose, raw and has a strong good-time tendency. Side One features Alyhonse "Boisec" Ardoin on vocals and accordion, with Camay Fontenot adding some vocals and rural swamp fiddle. Side Two features Fontenot on fiddle, Morris Ardoin on guitar, Gustav Ardoin on bass and accordion, and Lawrence Ardoin on drums. All with the exception of Lawrence Ardoin contribute vocals. All the songs are of course in French and were recorded at the Ardoin home near Eunice, La., on portable equipment.

While quite enjoyable and extremely pure in its rural crudeness, the full potential effect of the music seems to be lost. Possibly a condition of the recording situation. In spite of this overall shortcoming there are some good fiddle and relaxed Sunday afternoon moments.

- D.L.

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## CHARLES BRACKEEN

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Rhythm X  
Strata-East SES 19736

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A strange album. The fourth volume of the Strata-East Dolphy series, this consists of a session dating back to the '60s, saxophonist Brackeen matching wits with what was then 3/4 of the Ornette Coleman quartet - Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Edward Blackwell. Brackeen himself was a bit under Ornette's spell at the time, and his associates obviously conspire to keep the whole thing sounding very close to the original model. Thus, one can put this on and, if not paying very close attention, forget that it's not Ornette Coleman one is listening to. At times Brackeen identifies himself by being much less authoritative a player than Ornette, at other times he happily makes an exciting improvisational move that owes nothing to anyone but himself. But the style is Ornette's, and the compositions all spring from the same song-source Ornette's do. The title piece in

particular is an arrogantly lyrical burst that Coleman would have been proud to have written. Needless to say, Cherry, Haden and Blackwell are astonishing. As for Brackeen, this release points to the inevitable question of what he's doing now. He's still around, and his recorded work with various JCOA ensembles is of a very high quality. Let's get more of him as a leader on record. - E.C.

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## BROWN AND ROACH

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Jordu  
Trip Jazz TLP-5540

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During 1954 and 1955, the Clifford Brown/Max Roach Quintet with Harold Land, Ritchie Powell and George Morrow was unquestionably one of the greatest jazz groups playing, and their regrettably small recorded legacy reveals them to have been one of the great jazz groups of all time. This reissue of EmArcy 36036 contains such classics as the sensuously yearning Delilah; the studio version of Parisian Thoroughfare with its perfectly stated, witty, literal sound effects and allusions; the dynamic masterpiece The Blues Walk; the lyrically boppish Joy Spring; the slightly ominous Daahoud; a short, fast version of Ellington's What Am I Here For? and an excellent version of Jordu featuring Brownie all the way.

Delilah, Parisian Thoroughfare and Joy Spring all follow the same form of opening and closing theme statements separated by solos from Land, Brown and Powell in that order, exchanges of fours running Brown/Land/Roach, and a drum solo from Roach, on brushes for the latter title. What Am I Here For? omits the exchange of fours, and Daahoud shuffles solo order. Blues Walk exhibits riffing behind the soloists, building to exciting climaxes, and features a brilliant chase between Land and Brown starting with exchanges of fours, then twos, ones, and the briefest of phrases before the final theme statement, to make it one of the group's outstanding performances.

The factors which made this such an important group are consistently in clear evidence, the most prominent being the magnificence of Brownie's trumpet, Max Roach's superb rhythmic sense and impressive solos, and the interplay between the two men. But Harold Land's tenor work, noticeably colored by exposure to Wardell Gray, and Ritchie Powell's subtle piano solos are not completely overshadowed; they live up to their context even with more than twenty years' hindsight, and the overall balance the group achieves in all aspects of its work - choice of tunes, arrangements, ensembles, solos, accompaniment - is brought off with an easy grace that deserves to be appreciated as an aesthetic whole and earns these performances the ultimate accolade of being considered essential classics.

If you've worn out your original EmArcy, here it is again at last with the same sound quality. Do not be alarmed by the differences in timing of the pieces on the labels; Jordu, for example, was

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originally timed at 4:54 whereas the Trip label says 3:58, so I timed the original and it came out 3:58 by my watch.

If you're unfamiliar with this material and always wondered what all the fuss was about, listen closely to this LP; this group was very influential, you'll learn a lot. - V.S.

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## CARTER • SMITH • BROWN

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Alto Artistry  
Trip Jazz TLP-5543

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This enjoyable collection brings together four tracks each by three of the top pre-bop altoists, all recorded in the mid-1940's for Harry Lim's Keynote label. The study in contrasts among the three men offered by this collection adds enormous insight into the state of the art prior to Charlie Parker's appearance on the scene. Benny Carter takes the honors here in a quintet setting provided by Arnold Ross on piano, Alan Reuss on guitar, Artie Bernstein on bass, and Nick Fatool on drums, with two ballads, *Stairway To The Stars* and *I Don't Know Why*, and two up tempo performances, *The Moon Is Low* and *Bye Bye Blues*. Ross and Reuss are also featured. This was originally Arnold Ross' date (erroneously described in the liner notes as previously unissued in the United States and first released in 1973 in Japan - I have an EmArcy EP containing two of these performances under Ross' name, that has been around quite a while); but Carter is very well featured and steals the show.

Ross and Fatool are carried over onto Willie Smith's date, with Les Paul taking over the guitar chair for some particularly Charlie Christian flavoured solos. Trumpeter Billy May and trombonist Murray McEachern are also featured on this septet date. Smith is rather Carterish on *September In The Rain*, but reveals more of his individuality on the witty, fast version of *You Ought To Be In Pictures*, transformed here into a riff tune in a way that must be heard to be appreciated. The classic *Moten Swing* is given a brisk treatment, and Smith is excellent on *Willie Weep For Me*, a slow blues not to be confused with the familiar tune with a similar title.

The Pete Brown date is of particular interest since Brown's work is fairly hard to come by, and his peculiarly individual style is always fascinating. Brown is backed by Joe Thomas on trumpet, Ken Kersey on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and J.C. Heard on drums. Each of Brown's four tracks are over four minutes long, giving the soloists noticeably more room to stretch out. Thomas' lucid trumpet work almost upstages Brown here, particularly on *It's The Talk Of The Town*, given a ballad treatment except for Brown's bouncy double time solo; Brown has played more movingly on other occasions. However, Brown's gritty sound and eclectic phrasing ultimately make him the focus of interest.

All three altoists are worth careful study, not only for the obvious contrasts

among them and between their basic approaches and that of the bop figures just coming to prominence as these were recorded, but also for what each has to offer. This album is a good place to start, or continue, that analysis. - V.S.

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## RON CARTER

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Spanish Blue  
CTI 6051 S1

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Side 1: *El Noche Sol* (5:56), *So What* (11:24)  
Side 2: *Sabado Sombrero* (6:14), *Arkansas* (10:33)

Hubert Laws flt; Roland Hanna pno, el pno (on *So What*); Leon Pendarvis el pno (Arkansas only); Carter bs, overdubbed piccolo bs (on Arkansas); Billy Cobham dms; Ralph MacDonald perc.

Recorded Nov. 1974.

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"Spanish Blue" is another typical Carter date for CTI. The music is smooth and fluent, the arrangements are careful, and everything is given a lilting upbeat. Arkansas is countrified in exactly the same style as *Blues Farm* (CTI 6027), the record before last. *So What* is another instalment from the Miles Davis modal book, like the title tune of the last album, *All Blues* (CTI 6037). There is some novelty in extending the Carter style to tunes with a slinky Spanish beat in the opening tracks on both sides. Laws apparently loves that beat, because he responds with some fiery flute on both tracks. But the novelty of the beat does not jar the session out of the groove that has come to be expected of CTI in general and Carter in particular, which may be good news or bad news, depending upon your own head. - J.C.

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## MAX COLLIE

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Battle Of Trafalgar  
Reality R 106

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*Shimme Sha Wobble*, *All The Girls Go Crazy*, *Beale St. Blues*, *Red Wing*, *The Entertainer*, *Panama*, *Ballin' The Jack*, *Philip St. Breakdown*, *Alexander's Rag-time Band*, *Weatherbird Rag*, *Some Of These Days*, *Yellow Dog Blues*, *Gettysburg March*, *Tiger Rag*, *There'll Be Some Changes Made*.

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On Tour In The U.S.A.  
GHB-63

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*Original Tuxedo Rag*, *Savoy Blues*, *All The Girls Go Crazy*, *Too Busy*, *I Found A New Baby*, *Stockyard Strut*, *Baby Brown*, *Over In The Gloryland*, *Mabel's Dream*, *Cake Walkin' Babies*.

Both albums by Max Collie's Rhythm Aces, a six-piece British band playing the direct, uncluttered "uptown" New Orleans style of jazz (as polished by the in-

fluence of well-known British revivalists Ken Colyer and Chris Barber) are "in-person" recordings, remarkably well recorded and balanced for being so. *Reality 106*, a two-Lp set, apparently preserves all of the approximately eighty minutes of a carefully-selected concert, including interludes spotlighting each Ace, at an English pub April 8, 1973. *GHB-63* comes from an Atlanta, Georgia club date probably a year or so later, and has a slight edge in terms of sound quality, novel repertoire and overall level of performance.

The Aces' rhythm section of "Gentleman Jim" McIntosh, banjo; Trevor "Fingers" Williams, bass; and Ron McKay, drums/vocals, is excellent, with Williams coming across as exceptionally good, slapping, plucking and bowing with taste and swing. Working within a traditional style that calls for essentially functional rhythm, this team nevertheless manages to avoid mere metronomic time-keeping, consistently providing fresh and imaginative action. Starting usually with a gentle two-beat and shifting to four along the way, they have mastered the art of building a performance, getting hotter without speeding up or blasting. High marks, too, to clarinetist Jack Gilbert (soprano on *Cake Walkin'*) whose flowing lines never fail to be cooking and passionate, and whose clean attack and round tone produce musical, effective results.

A further plus is the Aces' smoothly-integrated ensemble. The men know the routines inside and out, benefitting from extensive time together as full-time pros without a personnel change. Complex numbers involving several strains, key changes, breaks, vocal interludes, riff choruses, etc., go by without a hitch, making the most of the material. In fact, some tunes are almost all ensemble (*Weatherbird*, *Entertainer*, *Tuxedo*, for example), the band rolling along most satisfactorily.

The Aces' weakness is in its brass, unfortunately the most prominent sound in any jazz group, thus robbing the discs of some potential for enjoyable repeated listening. Trumpeter Phil Mason has a good lip and adequate technique, but turns out a generally uninspired lead and solos that run the chords much too predictably. Leader Collie, whose trombone style consists of a handful of licks supplementing assorted smears and grunts delivered with raspy tone and uncertain pitch, belongs in a more primitive band - say one more closely patterned on the rough Preservation Hall units; his approach lacks the precision and flexibility demanded by his sidemen, with the consequence that he seems unable to contribute much that really enhances their output.

On balance, while I find a lot to admire about the Aces, a band that succeeds in many areas where so many contemporary traditional units fail, I still have the feeling that I will not return to these Lps very often. Don't know Reality's address, but U.S. residents may obtain *GHB-63* for \$5.98 postpaid from GHB Records, 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Atlanta, Georgia 30032 U.S.A. - T.W.



## KEN COLYER

Spirituals, Volume 1  
Joys 235

We Shall Walk Through The Streets Of The City, Darkness On The Delta, It's Nobody's Fault But Mine, My Life Will Be Sweeter Someday, Were You There When They Satisfied My Soul, Sometimes My Burden Is So Hard To Bear, Old Rugged Cross.

Spirituals, Volume 2  
Joys 236

Ghost Soldier, Precious Lord, In The Sweet Bye And Bye, Ain't You Glad, Sing On, Just A Closer Walk With Thee, Lead Me Saviour.

Few sounds in all of jazz can match the uncompromising honesty and directness of bands led by Ken Colyer. In these two Lps, available separately, the veteran traditional trumpeter explores in depth thirteen spirituals and one pop tune (Darkness On The Delta), bringing out all the righteousness inherent in the material.

Based on the music of Bunk Johnson, George Lewis and the other old-time New Orleans musicians who came to prominence in the revival of the 1940s, the style of Ken Colyer's Jazzmen here follows a fairly standard pattern: several opening ensembles mounted on a steady, pulsing four beat from the bass-banjo-drums rhythm section; solos by the front line, usually sticking fairly close to the melody

(Colyer often muting his horn), for which the rhythm shifts to a strutting two-beat; about half the time, lagniappe in the form of a gently rendered vocal from the leader (with the enunciation sometimes swallowed up by the accompanying horns); and a series of driving, ever-more-intense full-band choruses to the end. The Jazzmen have a well-integrated blend and a sure grasp of what they're about, leaving the audience with the feeling that the potential of each tune has been fully realized. Individually, the performances are thoroughly satisfying.

Collectively, the set suffers a bit from the very simplicity that serves the band so well on the separate selections. All of the spirituals are sixteen bars long (sometimes extended to thirty-two by the addition of a sixteen-bar verse) and use three or four basic chords; hearing these numbers rolled over and over - without a single break, rhythm section solo, or other device commonly used to vary jazz routines - lends a predictability to the overall program and raises an obstruction to attentive listening for more than one side at a time. The playing itself, unadorned by frills or flashy displays of technique, tends to compound this problem; with Geoff Cole's trombone basically walking a quarter-note foundation, Tony Pyke's clarinet leaning heavily on arpeggios, and Johnny Bastable's banjo laying down a metronomic four-to-the-bar, one begins to yearn for somewhat less restraint and control as the sequence unfolds.

Colyer's units invariably weave a characteristic, personal, utterly sincere tapestry; not many contemporary traditional jazz bands combine distinctiveness and excellence to this degree. If you share my admiration of Colyer, you will not be disappointed with these fine albums; if you are not familiar with his work, or if you are a dilettante where traditional jazz is concerned, you're probably better advised to start with one of his records that offers more varied fare. - T.W.

## STANLEY COWELL

Brilliant Circles  
Arista-Freedom 1009

When this album was originally released in England in 1969 (as Freedom 2383092) pianist Cowell said he was in the midst of deciding whether to opt for a career in "free music" or one in more conventional forms of jazz. He was also poised artistically between his work with the Harold Land/Bobby Hutcherson group and Max Roach, and before his organization of the musicians co-op record label Strata-East, and membership in the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. This album is part of his search - the search asserts itself in such tunes as Woody Shaw's Boon Ann's Grand that has both a post hard-bop theme and a slower more "avant-garde" secondary theme. Shaw's trumpet work shines in the first part, running all over the horn while the tempo shifts under



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him, while tenor man Tyrone Washington takes care of the second part with some healthy post-Coltrane work. Add some moving Bobby Hutcherson vibe work, and bassist Reggie Workman's impeccable backup, and you come up with an over nine-minute-piece that deserves many more hearings. The other tune on the second side is the misnamed Booby's Tune. For rather than a solo piece for Hutcherson it allows all the band men to stretch out. It gives Washington a chance for some oriental soloing on his clarinet, and features drummer Joe Chambers' only drum solo. Chambers manages to tastefully explore all the parts of his drum kit without involving himself in a flashy, empty display. On side one, Cowell's own Brilliant Corners features not only outstanding solo work by the pianist, but also exceptional double-time work from bassist Workman who at times makes you think you're hearing two basses not one on the track. Workman is the true "star" of the session. This solo work on reflection allows you to realize just what kind of work Cowell and Workman do on the rest of the tracks. Their backup qualities are so well-meshed that often you don't hear them, but just feel them. Finally there's Washington's Earthy Heavens, the most "out" piece on the date. It's reminiscent of some of Ornette Coleman's early 1960s slower pieces. The theme is stated by unison tenor and trumpet, and the two horns continue to play together through the piece while the other musicians go to work between their solos. - K. W.

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## EDDIE DANIELS

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A Flower For All Seasons  
Choice CRS 1002

A surprising collaboration, this, but then the people at Choice have a nose for the unusual and offbeat. Furthermore, as in this instance, their ideas work. Eddie Daniels, a booting tenorman with Thad and Mel, left his sax at home for this February 1973 meeting with guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Daniels plays flute, alto flute, clarinet and bass clarinet; Pizzarelli veers between electric and acoustic guitars. There are no other helpmates; this is a genuine duo.

The music they produce is pleasant, sweet, thoughtful, gentle. No sweat or strain but an abundance of liltingly tasteful jazz from both men. The first side spotlights Daniels the flute player and his offerings vary from Les McCann's Samia to Chopin's Etude No. 14 in F Minor. To set beside those is Eddie's own Afterthought, Mandel's Emily, Entr'acte by Jacques Ibert and Pat Williams' Variations On An Autumn Theme. Daniels soon manifests the fact that he is an expert flautist while Pizzarelli is that rarity - an accompanist who listens and anticipates. The music they make often defies categorization for which let us all be truly thankful.

The remaining six tracks provide us with the tones of Eddie's clarinets (bass

and ordinaire). Harold Arlen's As Long As I Live is given a delightful treatment by Eddie. The modest Pizzarelli is even persuaded to take a short and attractive solo here, and then he gives a lovely unaccompanied reading of Mancini's Two For The Road on electric guitar. Blue Bossa, by Kenny Dorham, finds Daniels getting a rich, woody tone from his bass clarinet. The collaboration works nowhere better than on the first of two originals by pianist Roland Hanna, Wistful Moment, where clarinet and electric guitar blend and mesh as one. Shine is the only fastie of the set and it demonstrates Daniels' facility and sense of comedy.

The LP concludes, rather appropriately, with Daniels (flute) duetting with Daniels (bass clarinet) on a new Hanna composition, A Flower For All Seasons. The line is beautiful and Daniels proves to be an excellent partner for himself by use of the technique of overdubbing. The track is something of a tour de force for this highly gifted player who has never been better showcased than in this intimate context. - M. G.

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## EDDY DAVIS

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Plays Ragtime

Pa Da P7401

Cascades Rag, Bethen Waltz, Euphonic Sounds, Magnetic Rag, The Entertainer, Stoptime Rag, Gymnopedies No. 1, Golliwogg's Cakewalk, Russian Rag, Original Rags.

Plays And Sings Just For Fun

Pa Da P7402

My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes; Lovin' Sam, The Shiek Of Alabam'; Santa Claus Blues; Irish Black Bottom; Take Your Tomorrow; The Pearls; Kansas City Stomp; Original Jelly Roll Blues; King Porter Stomp; Mr. Jelly Lord; Black Bottom Stomp.

Most of the ten selections on P7401 are banjo duets of classic rags, transcribed from the piano scores with surprising fidelity. Davis, presumably, is on lead as the "right hand", with Buck Kelly on the left-hand's rhythm. (Banjoists may purchase the arrangements, incidentally, from Pa Da Publishing and Recording, 27 Washington Square North 4D, New York, New York 10011, at \$2.98 each).

On the whole, the duets are accurately executed but in a reserved, austere manner and at rather plodding tempos. Passing grades to Euphonic Sounds and Russian Rag, but unless you're deeply into banjo, your attention is probably going to start wandering before the close of Side One.

Conversely, Eddy comes out of P7402, an unusual and thoroughly delightful album, smelling like a rose. He sings seven of the eleven tunes, displaying well-rounded vocal timbre, a fine sense of pitch, clear diction, and a relaxed, thoroughly engaging delivery. The four instruments are solo banjo or banjo-with-rhythm on tunes by Jelly Roll

Morton, Davis turning in a light, clean, confident, swinging lead that does full credit to the complexities of Morton's stuff and holds your interest every step of the way.

Side One has Davis accompanied by ten first-class musicians appearing in various Dixieland units comprised of, for example, banjo-jug-ocarina or full-band containing amplified bass and guitar; the various sidemen drift in and out during the numbers, but with a comfortable feeling that makes it all seem inevitable. Emphasis is on Eddy's superb vocals (including some dandies, such as Santa Claus Blues or My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes, which don't get recorded much these days, especially with the words), but the support couldn't be better, with some tasty duets from reedmen George Probert and Bobby Gordon and a couple of easy-going, understated-but-cooking ensembles led by cornetist Jackie Coon.

Three of the six tracks on Side Two feature a trio combination (Davis plus Howard Smith, tuba, and Bob Raggio, washboard, playing Kansas City Stomp, King Porter Stomp and Black Bottom Stomp) that's not only well-integrated and full-bodied, but also highly novel. Davis rounds out the program with three solos, Original Jelly Roll Blues being particularly noteworthy in presenting both the complete instrumental and the effective-but-practically-unknown lyric.

There's such a wide variety of sounds on P7402 that any fan with traditional leanings is sure to find something appealing especially to him - plus a fun disc that justifies its title in every bar; the whole album captures the spirit of capable jazzmen having a ball playing at their best. Both records are available at \$5.98 each from Pa Da at the above address; outside U.S. add \$1.00 to foregoing prices. - T. W.

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## WILD BILL DAVISON

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Live At The Rainbow Room  
Chiaroscuro CR-124

This Lp documents a live performance at New York City's Rainbow Room by a six-piece band under Davison's leadership. Actually, though the format follows the familiar ensemble-solos-ensemble of the Condon school, the phrasing and general approach of most of the sidemen reflects the cleaner, fleeter, "mainstream" lines of the 1930s and lacks some of the overall punch you might expect from a Davison band.

The eight performances also suffer from the prevalence of two-chorus solos. Too often you can hear that the soloist has oriented himself to making his statement during the first chorus and winds up going through the motions on the second.

Still, these men have plenty of ability, and everything has some moments of interest. Davison is consistently hot, as usual, and turns in one of his marvelous, inimitable ballad readings on his feature Memories Of You. Pianist Claude Hop-

kins was also having a good night, with lots of meaty work including a flashy, well-executed, flag-waving solo number on Three Little Words. On the other hand, trombonist Ed Hubble, clarinetist Jerry Fuller and bassist George Duvivier, while technically impressive, seem strangely cold and uncommitted much of the time - though Hubble gets much juicier when he switches to (I'd guess) baritone horn and Duvivier improves on Side Two when his solos break away from straight walking into more eccentrically rhythmic lines.

Pretty good, but not as good as the talent would suggest, even though Davison successfully maintains his claim to being about the most exciting, and certainly the most distinctive, traditional lead man around. Three cheers for Bill; two cheers for the record. - T.W.

**Birthday**  
Hore Kiks HK LP 5

During a three-month tour of Denmark, cornetist Wild Bill Davison celebrated his 68th birthday (January 5, 1974) by recording this album with a swinging seven-piece local combo, Fessor's Big City Band. With its use of amplified bass and tendency toward arranged ensembles (either unison lines or parallel melodies for the four horns, a la early forties "progressive" groups), FBCB is perhaps a half-step more modern than Davison's typical free-wheeling Chicago-style surroundings, but the band develops a good head of steam, and that's all Bill really needs to make himself right at home.

Fessor's best soloist is tenor sax man Steen Vig Hansen, who consistently turns in full-bodied, stomping work on tenor, and then switches to soprano for perhaps the best track, I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me, holding his own against Davison as the two of them (the other horns drop out) whip things to a driving conclusion. Trumpeter Finn Otto Hansen also leaves a favorable impression, with clear, singing tone and sure technique. FBCB's rhythm section is fine, constantly moving things straight ahead in no-nonsense fashion without excess frills or fuss.

The program is nicely balanced, also. There are ten numbers, including some all-out cookers, two of Davison's patented ballad readings (Blue And Broken-Hearted and the haunting Blue Again), a cornet-trumpet duet with rhythm (Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now), and even a gutty boogie (General Booze) in which Davison comes on right after an earthy harmonica (!) solo by clarinetist Nulle Nykjaer.

All in all, most tracks are quite successful, with nothing below average. A welcome birthday present from Bill to us. - Tex Wyndham  
(Available through Danish Music Centre, Grundtvigsvej 27B, DK-1864 Copenhagen V, Denmark.)

## MARCO DI MARCO

At The Living Room  
Modern Jazz Record MJC-0098

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Nobody will argue that Mr. Di Marco knows his way around a keyboard, but unfortunately for him he sounds like too many other people, especially people like Chick Corea, Hamp Hawes and Bill Evans. There are eight Di Marco tunes presented on this set, recorded at the Living Room Club, Paris on November 10, 11 and 12, 1973. Di Marco has the expert assistance (save on Solo Pour Martial) of the Georges Arvanitas rhythm section of Jacky Samson (bass) and Charles Soudrais (drums).

Yet, at the end of the album one is left with the impression of having heard a very professional, technical display that lacks emotional appeal. Di Marco is all glittering pianistic precision (and no doubt this is the reason why Martial Solal admires him and pays a fulsome tribute to the Italian in his sleeve note) but where the feeling? Parts of the set are certainly attractive but there is nothing here to make you feel happy, sad, exultant or even depressed. The music goes its own slick way, failing to carry this listener, at least, along with it. - Mark Gardner

## BILL DOBBINS

Textures  
Advent Record 5003

Bill Dobbins is a very gifted young man - writes well, plays fluently (piano and electric piano), knows how to put together a heavy band. He already has a trunkful of awards won at festivals and so forth and has played with the likes of James Moody and Art Farmer. This LP, though, is his record, his music. The title piece "conceived in a format similar to the traditional concerto grosso" is an intriguing 23-minute work in three movements - Points, Shapes and Lines. The main voices throughout the composition, commissioned by the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, are Garney Hicks (trombone) and Dobbins (electric piano). I especially enjoyed Shapes but found Points too long; it drags and runs out of steam. Lines is a complex and exciting section.

The second side features three more Dobbins' works, With Love And Squalor (a funky waltz), The Balcony (relating the composer's impressions of the student murders at Kent University in May 1970) and Roots, a long modal blow. The Balcony is suitably doomy and also frantic. You will recognize the obvious references to marches and hymns. The message tends to be hammered out. Roots is an entirely different mood - happy and swinging.

This is, apparently, a purely local Cleveland band. The standard of musicianship is high and soloists like Lorm Weitzel (trumpet), Chas Baker (trombone), Ernie Krivda (soprano sax) and Bob Chmel (drums) are far above average. An altogether unusual and stimulating recital, well produced with intelligent liner notes by Chris Colombi, Jr. and explanatory insert comments on the music by Dobbins. You may not find this in

your usual record store and if this proves to be the case drop a line to Advent Records, 23366 Commerce Park Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44122, U.S.A. - Mark Gardner

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## GEORGIA TOM DORSEY

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Come On Mama Do That Dance  
Yazoo L-1041

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This Lp reissues thirteen sides recorded from 1928-1932 which include pianist-vocalist-composer "Georgia Tom" Dorsey either as accompanist or featured artist. The fourteenth track, Mississippi Bottom Blues, is a 1930 duet between Dorsey and guitarist Scrapper Blackwell that Yazoo claims is previously unreleased in any form.

The program covers the complete range of Dorsey's musical activities, providing for varied and interesting listening. Among other things, for example, Dorsey backs up a bantering vaudeville dialogue between the unknown Foster and Harris on Crow Jane Alley; engages in some sly, slightly blue discussion with Kansas City Kitty on the easy-going How Can You Have The Blues?; turns in a spirited, nicely blended vocal with his long-time partner, guitarist Tampa Red, on the up-tempo But They Got It Fixed Right On; and supplies samples of his rolling, righteous "gospel" music (a style he is credited with originating and to which he eventually exclusively devoted himself) on both If You See My Savior and How About You?

In addition, the overall level of performance is quite high, most tracks hitting their special targets dead center. Bertha "Chippie" Hill delivers just the right amount of emotion in her reading of Some Cold Rainy Day, an exceptionally well-constructed eight-bar blues that is possibly the best of the many excellent performances here. By contrast, you'd have to be of a pretty sour disposition not to grin and tap your feet at Frankie Jaxon's good-natured vocalizing on Jive Man Blues, or at the humorous double meaning on Gym's Too Much For Me, by Dorsey and Kansas City Kitty.

Sound quality is quite satisfactory, with all lyrics being easily understandable. A fine, enjoyable Lp that will appeal to dedicated blues fans and which the neophytes will have fun with too.

- Tex Wyndham

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## K.C. DOUGLAS

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The Country Boy  
Arhoolie 1073

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If Coda was into giving out merit point symbology for recorded work, this LP would come out with its fair share. Whatever, this is a welcome return by K.C. to the widely available LP recording format. He also has several recent singles on the West Coast label, Blues Connoisseur. This current LP is of great interest to country and rural-based downhome citified ensemble blues fans. Side A is a

collection of acoustic blues with K.C. on guitar and vocals, often joined by Richard Riggins on backwoods harp. The frequent playing together of this guitar/harp team shows up clearly on these particular sides. They form quite a tight and complementary unit. K.C. plays in a finger picking style, at times reminiscent of the so-called Tommy Johnson centered Jackson school. K.C., by the way is from the Jackson area of Mississippi. Side A has an overall relaxed presentation with the thematic focus directed at women and voodoo problems. The various songs included are filled with the lyrics and phraseology that make blues such a rich art form.

On Side B, Douglas and Riggins are joined by one Ron Thompson on lead guitar and one Jim Marshall on drums. This results in a tight, intense and wherever appropriate, rocking set of downhome citified funky blues with Thompson's electrified slide trading off with Riggins' harp. There is some gut alley autobiographical content in the likes of High Water Rising and My Mind's Going Back To 1929. On the rocking side there are cuts like Woke Up This Morning, Mercury Boogie and a throbbing Catfish Blues. Although Mercury Boogie does not jump like the 1948 version it is quite exceptional and thoroughly pleasing.

Overall the set is well performed, produced, recorded, mixed, pressed and packaged. A good mix of straight country and citified downhome blues.

- Doug Langille

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## DYANI • TEMIZ • FEZA

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Music for Xaba  
Sonet SNTF 642

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"I play for love, you know, I sometimes, I'll just wake up and play. This is where we differ from the European system, there's a head force in playing music in Africa, and even in Oriental music, love. You dedicate your music with it. In Europe it's just like, you know, you play music, it's not for God. We're much more serious. Now, they look at us, a musician when he looks at us and wonders, wow, what energy, what power, what spiritual, you know. And he don't even think about that love, we're born with that, man." - Johnny Dyani, as recorded by Keith Knox in liner notes

Permit me a mainly-found review of this album, because anything else I could say would be wrong. The album is headed "universal folk sounds", and even more than Albert Ayler's claims to the same, that's precisely what "Music for Xaba" is. This is no more jazz than it is South African folk music than it is Turkish folk music. Rather, it draws from each to create its own identity.

Dissecting this music is pointless because too great an effort is required to separate its components while listening, and such a process leads to no understanding of the expression. The magic is in the fusion. You no more listen just to Feza's brazen lines than to Temiz' spark-

ling polyrhythms in isolation. The core of the music is a free, rhythmic growth, where the other voices - trumpet, bass, piano, chants - seem huge enhancements of the overtones of the drum scund, much as if the ironic joys and strengths of the "Brotherhood of Breath" has been distilled to its finest essences. (There I go, not mentioning love.) To my ears Temiz is a far more subtly tonal and driving percussionist than the "Brotherhood"'s Louis Moholo, but the comparison is unnecessary. Certainly, as the two guiding forces are rooted there, "Xaba"'s music must draw heavily from South African sources. But just as Maffy Falay's "Sevda" or Don Cherry's recent ensembles (both of which have involved Temiz) transcended chauvinistic identities, this music defines a unique sound of humanity.

This is a pulsating, buoyant sound of joy and love and hope. Perhaps the closest touchstones any of you reading this can have without hearing the music will be the "Brotherhood of Breath" or "Spear" recordings - or Coltrane's "Kulu Se Mama", which seems to me to plumb similar depths of texture and piety. But just because you relate to "something like" doesn't mean you'll know or accept this sound.

- Barry Tepperman

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## DOWNCHILD

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Dancing  
Special Records (GRT) 9230 - 1049

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To many, this is what Canadian, especially Toronto, blues is all about. No matter how provincial this attitude or impression may be, the Downchild Blues Band have become quite popular in the Canadian context, with their loud rocking blues interpretations. This present LP will go down popular with the Downchild following. It has a full band sound (brass and rhythm), adequate instrumental work, tight rocking arrangements, good recording quality and a good pressing.

Included in this set are five original cuts and six borrowed from Otis Spann, Jimmy McCracklin, Homesick James, Elmore James, and Big Jay McNeely. One thing, full composition credit is given in large type for the borrowed material.

In the field of blues interpreters, Downchild is quite functional and their present set quite substantial. However, when one considers the impact and quality of the originals borrowed for this set plus the quality of certain Afro-American blues LP's currently on the market this Downchild set comes up second class.

- Doug Langille

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## DUKE ELLINGTON

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Duke's Big 4  
Pablo 2310 703

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Of course, Duke Ellington's key instrument was his orchestra and his main contribution to jazz was his big band work. Not the greatest jazz pianist his role as such is often neglected, I feel,

although his personal solo piano playing was always something else as can be heard on many records - with the band or in other settings ("Money Jungle", "The Duke Plays Ellington" and "Piano In The Foreground" are some).

These quartet recordings were cut in 1973 with the master, Joe Pass who seems to be everywhere these days but whose presence here is redundant, Ray Brown, still one of the leading voices on his instrument, and Louie Bellson (called Louis B.) whose playing throughout the album is never more than competent.

Ellington has played better on previous occasions but he delivers some good, but too short solos. Listen, for instance, to his solos and accompaniment on The Blues and Just Squeeze Me. Although Ellington was not at his creative peak at the time, in 1973, his playing here still offers the listener some of his unmistakable stamp of a genius. Despite the playing of Ellington and Brown (the latter also in a few well-constructed solos) and the repertoire (apart from The Hawk Talks the compositions are all by Ellington) - the album hasn't become what it might have been. I am sorry to say.

- Roland Baggenaes

The Duke Is On The Air - From The Blue Note  
Aircheck 4

These two well recorded NBC broadcasts from the Blue Note, Chicago (July 30 and August 13, 1952) give us an accurate picture of the Ellington Orchestra of that time, delivering two nicely balanced programmes compared by the inimitable maestro himself. The first set includes Bensonality, the seldom heard Bakiff, a romping Hawk Talks, VIPs Boogie, Jam With Sam (with no fewer than seven soloists), Just A Sittin' And A Rockin' and the closing Mood Indigo Theme. There are also a brace of forgettable vocals, All Of Me (Betty Roche) and Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear From Me (Jimmy Grissom).

Paul Gonsalves, Clark Terry, Ray Nance and Cat Anderson are liberally featured on this session. Jam With Sam which presents Willie Cook, Gonsalves, Britt Woodman, Russell Procope, Anderson, Quentin Jackson and Terry in that order is an undoubted highspot with Duke introducing each of the soloists in turn. The trumpet section of Terry, Cook, Nance and Anderson was certainly among the strongest Duke ever had. A familiar voice is missing from the reed section - Johnny Hodges was taking one of his temporary breaks from the band at this particular time.

After a tasty Gonsalves chorus on Just A Sittin', Ray Nance comes on to do one of his inimitable vocals that shows Mr. Grissom exactly where it is really at. To reinforce the point Nance opens the second airshot by singing Tulip Or Turnip. Grissom is heard from again (Flamingo) and so is Roche (Take The A Train). Inevitably there are some Ellington staples - Rockin' In Rhythm and Sophisticated Lady - but it is interesting to hear the band taking off in a tribute to

Lionel Hampton on Flying Home, and Duke playing some exciting piano on Bellson's excellent Ting-A-Ling, a decidedly boppish set of changes that Gonsalves puts to good use.

We have hardly seen the tip of the iceberg as far as Duke Ellington's broadcasts are concerned. If all of the others "on ice" are as good as these two we have a plethora of pleasurable listening in store. Our knowledge of the Duke will continue to expand for many years to come.

- Mark Gardner

## CHET ELY • MIKE WALBRIDGE

Til Times Get Better  
GHB-67

Roll On, Mississippi, Roll On; Nobody's Sweetheart; Til Times Get Better; Jazz Me Blues; Dancin' Fool; Tomorrow; My Baby Knows How; Ready For The River; Kansas City Kitty; What A Little Moonlight Can Do.

The Windy City Wonders, led by tubaist Walbridge, were really a one-shot band of nine Chicago traditional jazzmen (trumpet, clarinet/alto sax, trombone, tenor/bass sax, piano, banjo/guitar, tuba, drums, washboard) who got together to make a bon-voyage recording with and for vocalist Chet Ely, who was leaving the area. Happily, the results found their way onto GHB (\$5.98 postpaid to U.S. residents, from 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Decatur, Georgia 30032), and we can all enjoy this superb revivalist session.

The rhythm team whole-heartedly accepts its self-effacing role of time-keeping, setting up a deft and uncluttered foundation for the horn men; with Walbridge lightly accenting one and three, Charlie Marshall strumming a crisp chord on each beat, and Don Gibson, Wayne Jones and Mike Schwimmer loosely comping, you've got that juicy movement generated only by musicians who stick to business. The front line, filled out by Russ Whitman's marvelous, leathery bass sax, has a rich, thick texture characteristic of the period from which most of the tastefully-selected program is drawn; in fact, both reeds are outstanding, Kim Kusak's dry, lyrical alto work being particularly noteworthy. Overall, it's a full-bodied yet easy-going sound, well-recorded and with plenty of swing.

The Wonders, and their material, deserve a vocalist of Clancy Hayes stature, but Ely will certainly do. Completely at home in the idiom, he renders all ten numbers with a sympathetic, unaffected, wholly natural delivery that, for the most part, overcomes his technical limitations.

Negatives? None, actually, except for personal taste - I doubt that the intricate lyric to Jazz Me is worth reviving, for example, and I think that Moonlight, with its melody consisting of repeated notes and long tones, is of substantially lower quality than the much-long-neglected gems comprising the bulk of the album. In any event, unless your

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personal taste is just plain bad, you're going to dig this one. Enthusiastically recommended.  
- Tex Wyndham

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## BILL EVANS

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Intuition  
Fantasy F-9475

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"Intuition" is the word Lennie Tristano brought into jazz usage to depict the instantaneous interaction of musical creation. Although he provided the harmonic and rhythmic roots for Bill Evans' musical expression back in the mid-fifties, Tristano is somehow less than pertinent to Evans' piano style today except when it comes to this concept - the intuitive flight of mutual inspiration - which has always been of major import in the younger man's music. Too often in the recent past Evans has fallen into realms of misty romanticism that would have proven irresolvable without the consistently strong mind and sinew of his long-term bassist Eddie Gomez to cut through and around him.

This "Intuition", recorded by Evans and Gomez in the latter part of 1974, is one of their more solid recent recordings. It demonstrates that the repeated drifts into introspective impressionism that characterized the end of his period with Verve, and his experiments with ensemble freedom and electric sound under Columbia's almost-benign guidance, have not detracted from or fundamentally altered his expression. Rather they have been sources of new elements that rejuvenate his idiom until, as here, we come full circle to ground the old Riverside sessions covered. Evans - for the first time in God-only-knows-when - is a concerted, hard-driven, self-justifying improviser whose left hand provides not so much chordal feeds to his right as percussively snarled responses to the call of the other side.

Evans' career has been marked by two great empathetic partnerships with bassists, and here Eddie Gomez proves, in his physical prowess and emotional sureness of his instrument every bit Scott LaFaro's peer. This recording does, of course, contain the obligatory ballads; but its music consistently attains a level of invention few of the pianist's sessions of the past five years can match. There is a rhythmic audacity in Invitation (in which one expected syrup) and Are You All The Things (a setting recalling Powell as much as Tristano) that goes right back to the Miles Davis-George Russell years. Evans' own Show-Type Tune has both grace and an excitingly exploitable harmonic openness that would overwhelm mere Broadway sensibilities if it ever saw light there. The harmonic dissection of Mercer Ellington's Blue Serge is a fascinatingly ambivalent study of just how blue the man can get. And even when he chooses to play the electric keyboard, he still somehow retains the same elegant control over nuance through touch that sets him apart from virtually every other pianist (acoustic or electric). Gomez' yeoman performance throughout is ex-

ceeded only by his opening to Steve Swallow's Falling Grace.

Not that any of these comments suggest anything about these two that we shouldn't already know. Rather that after a surfeit of rather self-seeking recordings, it's good to be reminded of just what solid music they can generate. This goes on your shelf next to the Village Vanguard sides.  
- Barry Tepperman

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## BUD FREEMAN

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Midnight At Eddie Condon's  
Dutch Mercury 6336 327

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Try playing the tunes on this LP in the order in which they were originally recorded and you will notice that the quality of the music deteriorates as more cats join in. Back on December 5, 1945, Bud Freeman sat down in the Keynote studios with a rhythm section consisting of Joe Sullivan (piano), Carmen Mastren (guitar), Sid Weiss (bass) and George Wettling (drums) - and who could ask for anyone more? They recorded relaxed versions of Tea For Two and Noel Coward's A Room With A View. Joe Sullivan's deft piano is a delight, and Bud's tenor is simply magnificent - he proves quite conclusively that he can dominate the proceedings without a lot of other soloists cluttering up the disc. Things stay reasonably pleasant with the addition of Peanuts Hucko (clarinet) on a version of Honkeysuckle Rose.

Then Uncle Bill Davison blasts his way in for You Took Advantage Of Me, Sentimental Baby, and You're My Everything, and the placid mood vanishes. Sullivan starts to pound along in hamfisted fashion, Hucko wilts noticeably, and only Freeman stands his ground. Sanity returns briefly for just one number at the beginning of the second session, recorded December 10, 1945. Edmond Hall and Bud share the Blue Room in exemplary fashion, ably assisted by Gene Schoeder (piano), Bob Casey (bass) and Dave Tough (drums). Then disaster strikes, with Charlie Shavers' erratic trumpet and Vernon Brown's burly trombone battling with Hall and Freeman for solo honours in Time On My Hands, I Found A New Baby, Royal Garden Blues, and the album title - which is a bit of a come-on, come to think of it. Freeman remains relatively unfazed, but Hall shrieks and slides in all directions. Definitely a case of the more the sadder.

The twelve titles included on this short-change LP were originally issued on Keynote 78s and on Emarcy MG. 36013. A final Keynote title, Town Hall Blues, could easily have been included. The sleeve-notes are a major disaster area - no recording-dates are given, and an incomplete "collective" personnel omits Weiss and Mastren and the two bassists who alternate on the second session, Bob Casey and John Simmons. Incredibly, Wild Bill Davis (piano) is listed instead of the ebullient Mr. Davison. The same identical titles have also been reissued on Jazz Trip TLP 5529 but, sight unseen

and sound unheard, save yourself a bad Trip, and get this Dutch issue - an indispensable item for Freeman fanatics.

- John Nelson

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## FRANK FROST

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Frank Frost  
Jewel LPS 5013

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This set is a rocking collection of Mississippi blues-funk, showcasing some outstanding downhome harp and lead guitar work set on a solid rhythm foundation. The set is made up of material recorded in 1966 featuring Frank Frost on all vocals, plus guitar and harp as well, with lead guitarist Jack Johnson, harmonicist Art Williams, drummer Sam Carr and one Chip Young on bass. They form a very tight working unit.

Frank Frost noted in William Ferris' Studio Vista book "Blues From The Delta" that he and his band are basically a force of modernization which takes the low down "cotton-picking" blues and updates it with a new up-tempo beat; making it more relevant to the period and of course more suitable for dancing in the Southern roadhouses and urban bars. (See Ferris p. 97).

As a result of this change, the music has not suffered. It still has retained its honest unpolluted down home quality. This is clear as the band rocks through a refreshing take of Muddy's Got My Mojo Working and their own My Back Scratcher, Feel Good Babe, and Ride With Your Daddy Tonight. Frost and his band really get low and moody in Janie On My Mind, Didn't Mean No Harm, and of course Eddie Boyd's Five Long Years.

There are 11 cuts altogether, set to what appears to be the 45 RPM single length formula, reproduced (well) in simulated stereo, and packaged in an Hawaiian shirt print cover with good straightforward liner notes by Jim O'Neal.

All-in-all this is a very honest good rocking blues set that deserves a great deal of attention. Hopefully Frost and his band will be again taken to the studio for some more downhome blues. If you can't pick it up or order it from your local record shop, drop Jewel Records a line at 728 Texas, Shreveport, Louisiana 71163, U.S.A.  
- Doug Langille

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## CARLOS GARNETT

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Journey To Enlightenment  
Muse MR 5057

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## JOE FARRELL

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Canned Funk  
CTI 6053 SI

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What does groping sound like? In one form, it seems to have layers of Latin rhythms overlaid with rock accents. These two LP's definitely sound like groping.

Garnett's is mainly a vocal LP, in which he sings two duets with an earthy

Ayodele Jenkins, lets her sing alone on another track, and keeps one song for himself. He plays tenor mostly on the one instrumental track, which has vocal effects but no lyric. Most of the rock is supplied by guitarist Reggie Lucas, from the Miles Davis band. The rhythms come from the keyboards, bass, drums, congas, and miscellaneous percussion.

Farrell's is mainly an instrumental LP, with a vocal contribution on the title track but no lyrics anywhere. Farrell and guitarist Joe Beck both play rock in their turn, and both add another layer to the rhythm of the bass, drums and congas on the other's turn.

There is no reason to doubt the musicianship of anybody involved. The rhythms are always lush and the rock licks are always slick. After all, the two leaders earned the right to lead by serving time (however briefly) with two of the most conspicuous bands of the past few years, Garnett with Miles Davis and Farrell with Chick Corea. Superseding one's mentor is the classic pattern in jazz. One thinks immediately of Louis growing up beside King Oliver, Bird eyeing Prez from a Kansas City gallery, and Trane concentrating on Miles. All of them knew, when their time had come, that they had to go further. But in the classic pattern, they all went searching. Not groping.

- Jack Chambers

ments are by Chick Corea. Corea, Stanley Clarke and Airtio, the heart of the original RTF, are the arteries for Getz here, along with Tony Williams on drums. The sound and the spirit is very much that of the first (and so far, the best) RTF record.

To listen to it in this light completely overlooks the fact that the Getz/Corea collaboration predated RTF. The group on "Captain Marvel" was, after all, a working group before RTF was, and Getz must have influenced the specifics of Corea's conception. True, this recording was made after the working group broke up, and exactly one month after the first recording by RTF (ECM 1022). But Corea's work with Getz was a formative influence, just as his previous work with Miles Davis was. In any event, the conception is so similar that anyone who was delighted by ECM 1022 (which means almost everyone) will be delighted by this one too.

The differences between them are not exactly subtle. Getz is more forceful and confident than Joe Farrell, whose role in RTF was comparatively minor. Tony Williams is tougher and more dynamic than Airtio, who plays percussion, not drums, for Getz. Their presence makes Corea's conception less self-conscious than it is under his control. Nevertheless, the difference is overwhelmed by the similarity. Already three years old, "Captain Marvel" is not novel, only new.

- Jack Chambers

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## STAN GETZ

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Captain Marvel  
Columbia KC 32706

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After being announced as forthcoming at every public appearance Stan Getz has made since it was recorded on March 3, 1972, "Captain Marvel" is likely to be something of a letdown. Fact is, it has aged a little while it was sitting around waiting for the legal hassles to be cleared away. At this late date, it is bound to be dismissed as "Stan Getz meets Return To Forever". Except for two minutes of Lush Life (a nod in the direction of Getz's older clientele), all the tunes and arrange-

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## DIZZY GILLESPIE

---

The Giant  
Prestige P-24047

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In the past decade, and particularly since James Moody split the quintet in 1970, a lot of discomfiting myths have appeared about Dizzy Gillespie. The gist of most of these was that he was played out, or that he had sold out. This date, recorded by America Records in Paris in early 1973, blasts all such conjectures to shreds. In front of the most sympathetic group he's worked with since the Moody

band broke up, Diz revisited several standards and classics from more consistently creative years.

Well, who needs it? The fact is that Dizzy himself has rarely played this inspiredly in recent years, and that in reviewing past works he brings them a maturity that gives the works a totally new and vigorous outlook. His Manteca solo is dynamite for at least three reasons - the profound harmonic resources he draws from a supposedly-exhausted idiom, the joy he derives from the sound of his horn - half-valve passages and dynamic range, and the juggernaut rhythmic momentum he develops without help from the others. His ballads are tender without being cloying, sincere without extravagance or apology, and yet vividly musically adventurous. (Hear Alone Together and Stella By Starlight). Above all this is the Gillespie phenomenon - substance and invention more than personality (as not always the case) that drives the music almost to the point of rendering the others irrelevant. His invention is still vivid and individual; there can be no doubt of this trumpeter's identity, and he has grown into his own biggest influence.

The other bandmen, though inessential and almost unsubstantial in the shadows of the giant, are as excellent an accompaniment of established bebop talent as one could hope to accumulate. Tenorist Johnny Griffin has come to a reevaluation of his style in recent years (as his SteepleChase album "Blues For Harvey" shows), and certainly no longer deserves the non-distinction of "world's fastest tenor". He still can raffle off long, loping phrases shotgun-style when he chooses, but for the most part his lines are sparer, making much more use of space and consideration of what to say at almost a Rollinsque level. Kenny Drew, as ever, is a sensitive, sparse accompanist who keeps well out of soloists' way while feeding astutely; most of his own utterances are anticlimactic. Niels Henning Orsted Pederson, bassist extraordinaire, is the most important member of the ensemble beyond Dizzy himself - for the full-toned drive he imparts to the entire band (especially to Drew, who occasionally seems to be asleep at the keyboard), and for the harmonic substructures he erects, which are at times interchangeable with the two horns' contributions. Kenny Clarke swings the entire studio from his drum seat; congaist Humberto Canto is (except for Manteca) along just for the ride, but pleasant enough. The sound of the sextet as a whole is exceptionally clear and clean, a result not so much of the excellent recording as of ensemble empathy.

Dizzy Gillespie's recorded output in the past five years or so has often been disconcertingly insubstantial; and under the circumstances the exaggerated rumours of his imminent musical demise were occasionally understandable. This is his first absolutely essential set since "The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie" of about twenty years ago.

Welcome home, DG.

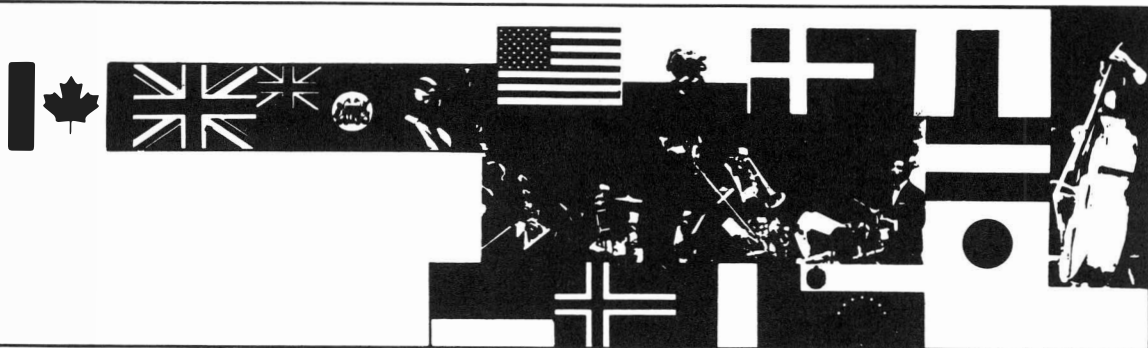
- Barry Tepperman



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## TORONTO

It's been a month for jazz films in Toronto, with everyone from Albert Ayler to an ersatz Leadbelly on the screen. "Leadbelly" is of course Hollywood's latest contribution to the history of the blues, with Roger E. Mosley playing Huddie Ledbetter and a singer called HiTide Harris overdubbing his vocals. "Huddie Sings The Blues" might have been a better title, for the film seems directed by the same sentiments that led to Diana Ross' portrayal of Billie Holiday as an R&B Barbiedoll in "Lady Sings The Blues" a few years ago. The depths into which the film makers explored Leadbelly's life are best illustrated by the solemn note at the film's end, which informs us that he died in 1964...15 years after his death in 1949.

However 1964 is the year that "New York Eye and Ear Control" was filmed. Recently shown as part of a series of films by Michael Snow, it features Albert Ayler, John Tchicai, Roswell Rudd, Don Cherry, Gary Peacock, and Sunny Murray playing on the soundtrack, and brief shots of each of the musicians looking into the camera with expressions of understandable puzzlement.

Of all of these the jazz epic is "Jazz On A Summer's Day", which the New Yorker cinema ("The Greatest Theater In The World") double-billed with Lester Young in "Jammin' The Blues". The latter film, made in 1944, is a lovely, impressionistic vignette of Young and small-band swing. Filmed on a sound stage by Gjon Mili, the short has a delicate, preserved-in-amber feel about it, which is somehow enforced by the slightly disjointed overdubbing of the music. Somewhat less timeless was "Summer's Day". From the perspective of 1976 it seems odd that the filmmakers gave such seemingly inordinate space to Anita O'Day, Louis Armstrong and Mahalia Jackson (Singing The Lord's Prayer, among other things) yet offered such brief, almost apologetic glimpses of Thelonious Monk playing his "wacky music" (Blue Monk), Jimmy Giuffre, Sonny Stitt, Gerry Mulligan with Art Farmer, and Chico Hamilton with Eric Dolphy. However the mere fact that these performers were filmed at all is invaluable, along with the film's depiction of the jazz mainstream circa 1958.

Everyone was looking forward to hearing Charles Mingus' "new band" at the Colonial Tavern. Actually it's the

same band he's had for quite a while, except that Don Pullen's place at the piano has been filled by Danny Mixon, who plays with a harmonic richness and bluesiness similar to Pullen's. As for how this band compares to previous Mingus bands... Mingus is still Mingus, his greatest influence is still himself, the energy is all there, the music is still incredible. From one night to the next his repertoire hardly varied - the blues For Harry Carney, Sue's Changes, Rockefeller At Attica/Fables Of Faubus, Devil Blues (you don't often hear someone shout the blues like George Adams), Goodbye Pork Pie Hat. The sets always started with Jack Walrath playing with almost stifling restraint and Adams, as usual, playing as if he's going out of his mind. As the set warms up Adams integrates his tenor bellows and screeches into solos that are at once sensitive and explosive, Walrath drops his reserve and catches fire, Dannie Richmond and Mixon exchange licks, Mingus plays two and three strings at once, something happens to the music, a tapestry is woven of sadness, laughter, anger, love, arrogance, joy, sorrow, beauty. This is what music (any music) is all about, and its greatness justifies the efforts of all musicians everywhere to add something to our lives. We left the Colonial every night convinced that not only Mingus, but everyone in his current band is a genius and a magician.

Toronto Arts Productions is "celebrating Olympic Year" with a series called Canadian Sound at the St. Lawrence Centre, which included two jazz concerts. The first concert was truly strange, hampered from the start by the fact that it commenced at 11:00 p.m. on May 22, following an evening of readings by Canadian poets. The first hour featured trumpeter Sam Noto with Gary Williamson, piano, Dave Young, bass and Marty Morell, drums. Emcee Ted O'Reilly proudly announced that this quartet had never played together before, and the performance bore him out. Too much of the group's energy went into just keeping things together, so that the evening consisted of these excellent musicians playing the changes behind each other's solos. Strange that a concert performance should be arranged so haphazardly, but as it was, Dave Young's bass solos were the highlight of the evening, and Noto never sounded comfortable enough to stretch out and demonstrate what a fine player he is. With all this, it was past midnight by the time the Artists' Jazz Band came on, and

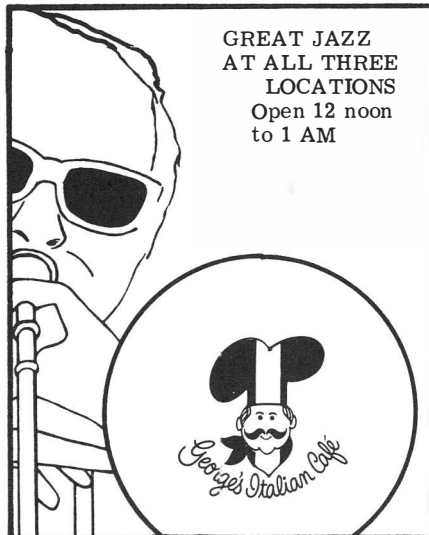
despite Ted O'Reilly's warnings to the audience beforehand, they were a lesson in group cohesion and improvisation. Gordon Rayner on drums and Jim Jones on electric bass were models of supportive restraint, in fact all the players seemed only too happy to lay back and let each other solo with the result that Michael Snow on grand piano, Graham Coughtry on trombone, Nobby Kubota on alto (and baritone) and Robert Markle on tenor saxophone all played fine solos. Gerald McAdam plays a fine textural electric guitar but as so often with this style his effects were too loud and the guitar became a dominant voice despite his best intentions. The group played well, but again this music demands a certain amount of energy from the listener as well as from the players, and by 12:30 or so everyone's energies were at a low ebb. The second jazz concert of this series, on May 28, featured Phil Nimmons and his orchestra along with pianist George McFetridge playing with Dave Young and Marty Morell. Thankfully, this performance started at 8:30.

As part of a "Jazz Radio Canada" feature on "contemporary jazz", the CBC recorded Fred Stone's "Young People's Guide to the Jazz Orchestra", cellist David Darling with Nexus, and Bill Smith with Stewart Broomer. The program will be broadcast July 29 on CBC-AM at 10:30 p.m. and on July 31 on CBC-FM at 2:30 p.m.

The Climax Jazz Band has moved back to DJ's Tavern after a two month engagement at the Chimney. They cut a live album for future release during their last week at the Chimney. Part of the new policy at DJ's will be the incorporation of guests with the band. Wingy Manone opens June 7 and for one night, June 9, the Harbor Jazz Band from Holland will take over the stage with Wingy. New Orleans vocalist Elaine Tatum opens June 21 with the band...Trumpeter Kid Sheik Colar was a special guest with the Silverleaf Jazzmen June 4...Electric guitarist Munoz is active in Toronto once again and gave concerts at The Music Gallery and A Space...Ron Arnold's Jazz on the Lake has scheduled 7 cruises this summer (June 9, 23, July 7, 21, August 4, 18 and September 1). Phone 924-1373 for further information...The Blue Mountain School of Music's summer program from June 20 to July 3 includes the Fred Stone Quartet and Paul Hoffert in the faculty. Further information is available through the George Brown College of Applied Arts



and Technology.... Charles Delaunay was special guest of honor (along with Louis Hooper, Ed Moogk, Jerry Valburn and Ken Crawford) at the 5th annual Canadian Collector's Convention in Montreal April 23-25.... Jazz Ottawa publishes a monthly newsletter of jazz events in that city, Montreal and Toronto. Their address is P.O. Box 2068, Station D, 340 Laurier Avenue West, Ottawa Ontario K1P 5W3.... Phil Nimmons, Guido Basso, Rob McConnell and Moe Koffman will all be featured this summer at Fredericton's Summer Festival June 25-30.... The Erich Stach New Art Ensemble performed May 13 for the opening of Ron Martin's "World Paintings" at the McLean Gallery of the Art Gallery of Ontario.... Hot Jazz, 36 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. is the headquarters of traditional jazz in that city. Live sessions are presented weekly by various bands. - David Lee



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21 - July 3 - Maxine Sullivan

## THE SCENE

**BASIN STREET - 180 Queen Street West**  
June 7-19 - Joe Williams  
21-

July 3 - Maxine Sullivan

**BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen St. West**  
May 31-

June 12 - Harry Edison

14-26 - Zoot Sims

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July 5 - Oscar Peterson  
12 - Cleo Laine/John Dankworth  
19 - Chuck Mangione  
26 - Preservation Hall Jazz Band

## VANCOUVER

With the restoration of the Vancouver Jazz Society to full-life status and the expanded jazz bookings at Oil Can Harry's, the level of musical activity that has resulted is unprecedented. Both the months of February and March saw a seemingly endless visitation by major artists to the west coast. Patronage to these events has not always adhered to anticipatory goals, but nevertheless, the general interest stirred will hopefully assure their continuance. Those interested in receiving advance notice on future concerts and workshops are asked to write: Brian Nation, Vancouver Jazz Society, P.O. Box 46615, Vancouver, B.C. V6R 4G8.

Guitarist Gabor Szabo's week-long engagement at Oil Can Harry's in mid-February was followed by a week with

flautist Paul Horn and his group. Horn's band boasts some fine resident musicians that frequently tour the province giving concerts. However, since his initial move to Vancouver Island from L.A. some years ago, audiences for Horn's music have dropped noticeably. Saturation is partly the reason, but more realistically, his rather safe, conservative, pop-jazz style has become overly predictable.... Oregon followed Horn for two nights, March 2 and 3. Guitarist Ralph Towner was in fine form on twelve-string contributing many stunning passages to the group's airy, romantic sound... Gary Burton and Eberhard Weber played a week following Oregon... Anthony Braxton returned with his group for five days in mid-March. Trumpeter Leo Smith replaced Kenny Wheeler who didn't make the trip. I thought Braxton and Smith were slightly upstaged by the dynamic conversations of drummer Philip Wilson and bassist Dave Holland. Wilson's ability to feel the direction of the music, propel it and sustain cohesiveness is uncanny and frightening. An additional highlight was provided by resident alto saxist Gavin Walker who sat in on one set and displayed some fine "outside" blowing.... Much of the exhaustive intensity that Pharoah Sanders showed in his early stages was not on display when he came to town. Occasionally, there was the characteristic display of upper-register harmonics that so distinguished his post-Coltrane style but generally the music was geared in more traditional aspects.... Cecil Taylor's debut in this city was nothing short of thunderous. The music was so intense one or two nights in attendance was all most people could sustain... Charles Mingus, featuring the muscular tenor voice of George Adams, followed Cecil for 3 days April 5-7.... Dave Liebman's Lookout Farm played April 12-15.... Already booked for future dates at Oil Can Harry's are Bill Evans, May 31- June 5, Stan Getz June 7-12, and Mose Allison June 28-July 3.

The Vancouver Jazz Society presented pianist Dollar Brand for a series of three solo concerts February 26, 27 and 28 at the Western Front. In March, Michael

Snow, Bill Smith and Larry Dubin of the Canadian Creative Music Collective gave a performance, followed on March 18 by an eloquent solo soprano saxophone recital by Steve Lacy. The same month saw McCoy Tyner's Sextet play the Queen Elizabeth Theatre.... An upcoming VJS presentation will be a solo concert by resident keyboard artist Bob Murphy in May.

Hard-working impresario, Willi Germann, continues to manifest his undying belief in the viability of the local jazz scene. Germann has sponsored a number of concerts in the past months with the hope of exposing and creating interest in the talents of resident musicians. One of his series, "Jazz at the Planetarium" on March 30, featured the John Nolan Quartet with Nolan on drums, Dean Bates, reeds, Torben Oxbol, bass and Gerry Palkan, piano. Unfortunately, Germann has not generated the kind of enthusiasm he himself displays for the concerts. It is hoped that in upcoming concerts featuring vocalist Eve Smith and the jazz group Gibraltar, that the jazz community attends in full force, otherwise Willi will be forced by financial constraints to discontinue any further presentations.

Le Chat Noir, 95 Powell Street in Gastown features jazz nightly. Mondays and Tuesdays there are performances by the Free Jazz Workshop: Larry Kennis, violin, Bob Murphy, piano, Al Wiertz, drums, Billy Taylor, bass, Peter Thompson, sax and flute and Albert St. Albert, congas. Fridays and Saturdays alto saxist Gavin Walker and his group perform. Gavin occasionally fronts a group at 12 Caesars Sundays.... A new after hours club called Jablu has been opened by resident pianist Mike Taylor. The club is located at 1333 Burrard and offers the tastiest bowl of chili in town as well as the pianostylings of Mike Taylor.... "Jazz Monday" at the Hot Jazz Society (36 E. Broadway) recently had the Lynn Garner Duo and Pacific Salt.... Bruce Freedman's Trio gave a free concert May 9 at the Burnaby Art Gallery, 6344 Gilpin. John Giordano was on bass, Gregg Simpson, drums, and Freedman, tenor and soprano sax.... Long overdue is an album by resident pianist Al Neill. 200 copies of an album of selected performances recorded in the late 60's has recently been issued. Those interested should contact Black Swan Records, 2343 Main St.

- John Orysik

## DENMARK

Starting on a sad note: the famous Copenhagen club Montmartre has stopped and it seems unlikely it will ever reopen as a jazz place. The only international jazz centre in Denmark now, Jazzhus Tag-skaegget in Aarhus, continued its activities. In February the Woody Herman Band played two concerts there, and in the same month Dizzy Gillespie played with Radiojazzgruppen at Tagskaegget. Dizzy Gillespie returned in March and this time he was teamed with another giant, tenor player Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis.

Budd Johnson was another guest and

unable to catch one of his live performances in Copenhagen, I enjoyed a short, but pleasant presentation on the Danish TV. In March, Return To Forever played two concerts in Copenhagen, and in April Tagskaegget celebrated Bud Freeman who was 70 during his gig there.

SteepleChase recorded Mary Lou Williams (already released), Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Claude Williams and - trumpet and fluegelhorn player Idrees Sulie-man, an excellent musician too long neglected by the record companies.

So Hooray for SteepleChase.

- Roland Baggenaes

## ITALY

From February 24 to 28, Rome's Music Inn was the place for really exciting and warm jazz music. There were on stage Johnny Griffin, tenor sax; Enrico Pieranunzi, piano; Roberto Della Grotta, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Griffin played with generosity and authority, his thrusting, aggressive saxophone sound provided most of the really fantastic music. His robust and sparkling improvisation never paused for a moment and his high level of invention, always fresh, was superior to his accompanists, except for Art Taylor. Taylor was in Rome for the first time and his polyrhythmic drumming was really outstanding. The pianist and bassist provided good support to the collective sound, even if, as soloists, they are very far away from the two black American artists who have taken up residence in Europe.

Art Farmer was the next to take his place on the small stage of the Roman jazz club and was accompanied by John Piscatelle on piano, Roberto Della Grotta, bass, and Pepito Pignatelli, drums. Farmer was in quite good form, but he seemed to lack the right rhythm section for his music and this did not permit him to express himself fully. There were some good moments, particularly when Farmer played such ballads as Darn That Dream, What's New and When The Lights Are Low.

Two highlights were the arrival of groups led by Charles Mingus and Max Roach. Mingus presented the music included in his two new albums "Changes One And Two" and also the personnel was the same with the exception of pianist Danny Nixon in the place of Don Pullen. As happens frequently, this Mingus group showed his expressive skilfulness with its ensemble sound and its individuality; Jack Walrath seems to have acquired much confidence with the Mingus musical universe, while Adams and Richmond have confirmed their capabilities. Pianist Nixon was satisfactory, but not to be compared with Pullen. Max Roach's quartet included tenor saxophonist Billy Harper, trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater and bassist Reginald Workman. The music was very warm and played with great forcefulness. The tunes were very long, sometimes over one hour but their inventiveness was so high that no one got tired. A very personal interpretation of Monk's Round About Midnight was one of the most

interesting things Roach's group played.

## RECORD NEWS:

Recent additions to Horo's catalog are Archie Shepp Quintet, with Charles Greenlee, Dave Burrell, David Williams and Beaver Harris (Horo 101-27); Paris' Quartet, with Francoise Janneau, Michel Gril-lier, J.F. Jenny Clark and Aldo Romano (Horo 101-28); Archie Shepp and Irio De Paula "Mariaman", with Cicci Santucci, Charles Greenlee, Alessio Urso and Alfonso Vieira (Horo HZ 001); Roy Haynes Quintet "Hip Ensemble" (Horo 101-29); Louis Agudo and Alfonso Vieira "Percu-samba" (Horo HNS 752); Gerardo Jacoucci piano solo (Horo 101-30); Roberto Della Grotta Quintet (Horo 101-31); Lee Konitz Quartet, with Dave Cliff, Peter Ind and Al Levitt (Horo 101-32); Dino Piana and Oscar Valdambri Quintet and Octet (Horo 101-33).

Lino Patruino, the animator and guitarist of the traditional jazz style, has two new records on the Carosello label under the imprint "Jazz From Italy"; the first featured Bud Freeman and Wingy Manone (CLE 21015); and the second has as a guest star the trumpeter Jimmy McPartland. Carosello has already issued the following LPs: Gianni Basso Quartet (CLE 21016); Sergio Fanni Quintet (CLE 21017); Guido Manusardi piano solo (CLE 21018); Slide Hampton Quartet (CLE 210-19); Giorgio Azzolini Sextet (CLE 21020); Eraldo Volonte Quartet (CLE 21021); Henghel Gualdi Group (CLE 21022); Angel Pocho Gatti "Big Band Live In Buenos Aires" (CLE 21025).

Fresh EMI Italy items include "Son-bossa", the first recording as a leader by the Brazilian percussionist Ivanir "Mandrake" Do Nascimento, with his Roman-based group called Mandrake Son, (3C064-18104); and "Brown Rice", the latest effort by Don Cherry's Organic Music, including FrankLowe, Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins and others (3C064-18107). Cherry has also signed with this label for three other albums.

The new Perigeo's Group album has been issued by RCA Italy; it is called "La Valle Dei Templi" (TPLI 1175).

The latest issues from Black Saint Records highlight "Sightsong" by Muhal Richard Abrams featuring Malachi Favors (BSR 0003); "Capricorn Rising" by the Don Pullen Trio featuring Sam Rivers (BSR 0005).

King Records, a new jazz label produced by Tony Cosenza has issued 4 LPs: Marcello Rosa and Tony Scott "Friendship" (NLP 112); Mario Schiano "On The Waiting List" (NLP 110); Spirale Group "Spirale" (NLP 112); Tommaso Vittorini "Placenta" (NLP 113).

- Mario Luzzi

## ODDS & . . . . .

The 1976 Newport Festival in New York runs from June 25 to July 5 with a wide selection of concerts. Artists advertised are Tony Bennett, Bill Evans; Fats Domino, Bobby Blue Bland, Muddy Waters (25th) Charles Mingus, Billy Cobham/George Duke (26th); Anthony Braxton, Ted Curson, George Coleman, Ellington Saga Part 1;

Tribute to Trane with McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, Andrew White (27th); Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Jazz Interactions Orchestra with Joe Newman, Frank Foster, Bob Cranshaw, David Lee, Ted Dunbar; Keith Jarrett, Jan Garbarek, Charlie Haden plus string orchestra (28th); Ellington Saga Part 2; Horace Silver, Art Blakey, Freddie Hubbard; Herbie Hancock Sextet plus Miles Davis, Tony Williams, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Billy Hart, Eddie Henderson (29th); Ellington Saga Part 3 with Mercer Ellington Band; Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie; Weather Report (30th); Stan Kenton, Maynard Ferguson; Midnight Jam Session with everyone (1st); Children's concert; Big Man - The Legend of John Henry with Nat Adderley, Joe Williams; Buddy Rich, Stan Getz (2nd); Kid Thomas, World's Greatest Jazz Band on Riverboat; Sarah Vaughn; Count Basie with various sidemen from past (3rd); Ellington Saga Part 4 with Al Hibbler and Barney Bigard; Tal Farlow, Kenny Burrell, Jim Hall (4th); 52nd Street Jazz Fair with many bands; Farewell Dance at Roseland with Basie Band and guests. These concerts are being held at Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall and City Center. Additionally Newport has combined with the New Jersey Jazz Society to bring two days of jazz to Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. On Saturday June 25 there is an afternoon gospel picnic followed by a concert with the Basie band and Eubie Blake. On Sunday 27th there will be a jazz picnic featuring many bands and individuals in the traditional jazz vein from New Jersey and New York. Full details on Newport are available by writing Newport Jazz Festival - New York, P.O. Box 1169, New York, N.Y. 10023 U.S.A.

Jazz Interactions and radio station WRVR combined forces for a jazz concert on May 23 at Storyville. Titled The Many Faces Of Jazz - From Ragtime to the Avant Garde it showcased many different musicians....The Yusef Lateef Quartet with Kenny Barron, Bob Cunningham and Albert Heath were featured May 28 at a concert in Town Hall....Jazzmobile saluted saxophonist Jimmy Heath by presenting the premiere performance of his "The Afro-American Suite of Evolution" at Town Hall on May 1....The music department of Rutgers University hosted a series of lecture demonstrations in April/May with each of the principal jazz instruments being discussed by leading exponents reflecting different styles and eras.

Roscoe Mitchell and Philip Wilson were featured in concert on April 23 in East Lansing....The San Francisco All Star Jazz Band features John Handy and Michael Howell and gave its premiere concert on April 26 at the John Adams Community College Center. The 20 member orchestra was formed last fall as an educational project to perform a survey of great jazz compositions and arrangements according to director David Hardiman....This year's Boston Sackbut Week ran from May 1 through 9 with many concerts and events presented by and for trombonists of many different styles....The Buzzy Drootin band with guest star

Joe Venuti gave a concert in May at Northeastern University in Boston. Buzzy then rejoins the Drootin Brothers band who are in their 10th month at the Governor Carver Hotel in Plymouth, Mass....Boston's New Black Eagle Jazz Band continue their Thursday night appearances at the Sticky Wicket Pub in Hopkinton, Mass. They have a busy summer schedule and in the Fall will be playing host in a series of special weekend sessions with the Silverleaf Jazzmen from Toronto (September 12-17), The Original Salty Dogs from Chicago (October 22-24) and the Hall Brothers Jazz Band from Minneapolis (December 3-5)....Berklee College gave George Wein an honorary doctorate of music....Groove Holmes, Dave Pichonnet, Charles McPherson, Art Farmer, Houston Person and Red Prysock were the May attractions at Baltimore's Left Bank Jazz Society....Big Chief Russell Moore (May 23), Azar Lawrence (May 30), Jon Faddis (June 6) and guitarists Jack Wilkins and John Abercrombie (June 13) were all scheduled for appearances at Schenectady's Ramada Inn.

On July 4 the city of New Orleans will formally dedicate Louis Armstrong Park. On the same day a statue of Louis, created by sculptor Elizabeth Catlett, and cast in bronze is also supposed to be unveiled. However, the organizers are still short \$10,000 and further contributions are being sought. Most of the \$20,000 so far raised has come from jazz fans rather than the industry which benefitted so mightily from Armstrong's music. Even many of his show business associates have failed to untie their purse strings a little. Contributions should be sent to The Louis Armstrong Statue Fund, P.O. Box 60244, Los Angeles, California 90054 U.S.A.... Crescent Jazz Productions has scheduled a three day festival in Los Angeles. "A Night with the Blues" on September 17 will feature John Lee Hooker, Little Brother Montgomery, Cousin Joe, Sunnyland Slim, Clyde Bernhardt, Lowell Fulson, Lloyd Glenn and the Louisiana Shakers band. The following night (18th) will be the fourth annual "A Night in New Orleans" with Joe Venuti, The Legends of Jazz, Art Hodes' Jazzmen, Rosy McHargue's Ragtime's and the Eagle Brass Band. The final night (19th) "Memories of Satchmo" will feature Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Arvell Shaw, Cozy Cole, Dick Cary, Teddy Euckner and the Trevor Richards Trio.

Karl Berger's Creative Music Studio (P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498) announces a "June Intensive" as well as their summer session in Boulder, Colorado.

The Charles Mingus band (May 21 and 22) and Tribe (May 14) were recent guests of Showcase Jazz at Michigan State University....pianist Pat Flowers is appearing nightly at the Danish Inn on Grand River just north of 10 Mile Road in Farmington, Michigan....Multi reedman Gerry Niewood has left Chuck Mangione and formed his own quartet. They are being represented by R.M.E. Talent Agency, P.O. Box 659, Schenectady, N.Y. 12301....Rafael and Susan Garrett are available for concert and club appear-

ances and can be contacted at 3e Oosterparkstr. 71, Amsterdam, Holland....The trio "Air" (Henry Threadgill, Fred Hopkins, Steve McCall) is seeking bookings and can be contacted via Henry Threadgill, 410 E. 9th St., New York, N.Y. 10009, (212) 533-6824 or Fred Hopkins, 35 E. 10th St., Apt. 8H, New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) 982-7542.

The European Jazz Festival, Nuremberg, West Germany was held from May 13 to 16 and presented an excellent cross section of contemporary European musicians as well as Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, Mal Waldron, Terumas Hino, Joe Turner and Hal Singer....The 1976 Moers Festival was held June 4-7 and featured Fredrich Gulda, Art Blakey, Cecil Taylor, The Trio, Bennink/Mengelberg duo, Globe Unity Orchestra, Pharoah Sanders, Anthony Braxton, Evan Parker/Paul Lytton duo, Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath, Archie Shepp, Paul Bley, Gary Peacock, Joseph Jarman....Trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff was Artist of the Year in the German Phono Academy's Recording Awards as well as winning the modern jazz category with his newly released MPS record "The Wide Point".

"Ecstasy" (Labor 7003) is the third release on Heinz Stadler's label. It is available through New Music Distribution Service....Enfant Terrible (Birth 0025) is the latest release on Gunter Hampel's label. It features the multi-instrumentalist with Anthony Braxton, Jeanne Lee, Perry Robinson, Mark Whitecage, Thomas Keyserling, Jack Gregg and Martin Bues. Birth Records are available from Phil Reis Str. 10, 3400 Gottingen, West Germany or New Music Distribution, 6 West 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10025....Nick Lomakin's Dixieland band has two lps in release from the leader at 633 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222....Audio Fidelity has re-released Oscar Peterson's MPS lp "Action" as "A Rare Mood" on MPS 20668....Phil Wilson and Rich Matteson's "The Sound of the Wasp" (ASI 203) has just been released and can be ordered from ASI Records, 711 West Broadway, Minneapolis, Minn. 55411....Alligator Records has released Hound Dog Taylor's "Beware of the Dog" (4707)...OM is the name of a European jazz group whose recording of "Kirikuki" has been released on Japo 60012....Arista has issued the first eight records from the Savoy label. They are all two record sets and feature Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, Erroll Garner, Yusef Lateef, Milt Jackson and "The Changing Face of Harlem". There are numerous titles not on lp before...Jim Taylor is working on new lps for his own label Jim Taylor presents (Bob Barnard); Bix Lives (Max Collie) and for the Central Illinois and Detroit Jazz Festivals...Jan Evensmo (Garnasen 73D, 1347 Hoslø, Norway) has issued four booklets in his Jazz Solography series. They are complete analyses of the solo contributions of the artists on their many recordings. Published so far are Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins, a collection of Henry Bridges, Robert Carroll, Herschel

Evans and Johnny Russell and another collection of guitarists Charlie Christian, Robert Normann and Oscar Aleman.... C. Thomas Stites is the editor of a new jazz magazine in the U.S.A. It's called simply JAZZ Magazine and the first issue will be published in June. Write to them at P. O. Box 212, Northport, N.Y. 11768. ...Hot Jazz Info is a German publication (in German) available from Gesellschaft zur Forderung des New Orleans Jazz, Austrasse 43, 6050 Offenbach, Germany. Dick Bakker has published a "Clarence Williams on Microgroove" booklet to complement the new Storyville publication covering the same area.

Trombonist Jim Robinson died May 4 at the age of 86. Only a few days later trumpeter John Brunious, who sparked the Paul Barbarin band in the 1950s, died on May 7. Alto saxophonist Ted Buckner, long a mainstay of the Lunceford band and recently active with the New McKinney Cotton Pickers died in Detroit April 12 as he was readying for a European tour with his brother Milt.... Veteran English jazz drummer and record executive Karlo Krahrmer died April 20 in London.

## LETTERS

The manifest ill will in John R. Nelson's review of "The World of Duke Ellington", Vol. II, Columbia KG-33341, seems to require some kind of response.

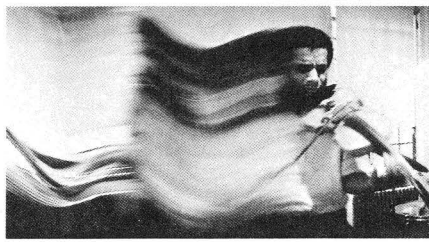
He believes I spend most of my "waking hours writing sleeve-notes." ("Sleeve" - how English!) Last year I wrote a total of eight, three of them for Ellington records. He infers that I do not listen to those I write about because he has been clever enough to spot an error in identification. I will make no excuse for this carelessness, nor refer to the circumstances in which it occurred.

Mr. Nelson is obviously a "completer", and although he is withering about the poor girls who sing on the album in question, he also complains because only "20 out of a probably 30 recorded" sides are included here. As is pointed out in the notes to both volumes, sides already available in other Columbia sets are not repeated. Nor have plain dogs like Cowboy Rhumba and A Man And A Woman been used.

All this has nothing to do with the irrational bitching that invariably occurs in collectors' magazines when these Columbia re-issues are reviewed. The company's policy is absolutely beyond my control, and if it chooses to be extravagant with cardboard and vinyl, that is not really of great concern to the buyer. The point is that the American market is "oriented" towards twofers, and in these sets twenty titles are offered at a suggested list price of \$6.98. Normally, the collector may expect twelve to sixteen titles on a single LP for the same money.

I have never held any brief for simulated stereo. In fact, I believe stereo in general - like quadrasonic - was primarily devised to sell more equipment to hi-fi nuts. It has led to the whole ghastly and expensive business of multi-track

# JCOA RECORDS



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recording, which ensures that we now often hear a band with less fidelity than when Okeh's man was recording, say Luis Russell with one mike. But people like

your reviewer start to froth whenever simulated stereo is detected or mentioned. Added echo is something else, but not all simulated stereo is necessarily objectionable. On one album for which I wrote the notes, the identical mono message had been fed into both channels, but the complaints were just as heavy, the sense of outrage just as acute. So to some extent the distress and prejudice exist more in the mind and eye than in the ear. In warning his "discriminating Ellington collectors" against the horrors of Columbia's simulation, Mr. Nelson seems unaware that they don't give a damn about sound quality. Otherwise, why would they keep on buying all these expensive bootlegs on which the sound is so often atrocious? - Stanley Dance

I want to call attention to a curious misprint in my published review of the two Coltrane biographies (April, 1976). Actually, the kind of misprint that it is happens to be less "curious" than it is "familiar". Near the end of the first major paragraph on page 28, a sentence reads:

"What Afro-Americans will have to do is take Blacks as seriously as they take white writers of Black culture."

This is grossly misleading and nothing could be further from the truth. It is unfair to both authors and myself. My carbons and xerox copy of the original read:

"What Afro-Americans will have to do is more than 'decry' and 'object' and what publishers will have to do is take Blacks as seriously as they take white writers of Black culture."

I have respected Coda's integrity as a music publication since the mid-sixties.

- Ron Welburn

(Editorial Note: Ron Welburn's original copy was not changed. Somewhere in the typing process a line was dropped - which made grammatical sense without being the real sense.)

I don't want to start a war here, critical or otherwise, but I do want to voice some disagreement with the opinion expressed by Ron Welburn (in his April review of the Simpkins and the Thomas Coltrane biographies) of Bill Cole's "Miles Davis: A Musical Biography". Welburn seems to feel that Cole's book represents some sort of major achievement in jazz scholarship, and he characterizes as "racist" two Downbeat reviews of the book that appeared about a year ago. While Downbeat is not reknowned for its lack of bias, the reviews of Cole's book were actually fairly accurate, attacking it as I recall not in racial terms (real or disguised) but in terms of its very real flaws.

Cole has designed probably the ideal format for a work on a jazz musician (biography, analysis, transcriptions, and discography), and his bibliography is quite detailed (although I suspect it resulted from a few solid afternoons with a set of the Music Index), but he is unable to provide the content to flesh out the format. His biography is pretty superficial and I've noticed a number of errors (for in-

stance, Miles disbanded the original quintet in April 1957, not December 1956 as Cole states on page 72). The style section doesn't analyze the individual solos in the specific detail one would expect of a truly musical biography. Musical analysis should go beyond general description to examine the how and why of the solo's construction and the soloist's employment of the resources at his command, something Cole doesn't do.

The Downbeat reviews alleged that there were rhythmic errors in Cole's transcriptions. I can't attest to that on my own, but I did note that the two solos from the "Kind of Blue" LP were transcribed a half-step too high (Cole isn't evidently familiar with these tunes as a player), and that Cole includes Joe Zawinul's melody to In A Silent Way (unembellished by Miles) and what is I believe Wayne Shorter's pre-composed line to Sanctuary as "solos". And why no chord symbols? Miles was a tremendously gifted player on changes in the fifties and early sixties, and not notating the chord structure behind his solos is like only transcribing Art Tatum's right hand.

Cole's discography, however, is the weakest part of the book. He copies J.G. Jepsen's 1968 Miles Davis discography (minus the album attributions), errors, omissions and all, and leaves out several important sessions (the interesting July, 1958 "Jazz at the Plaza" performance, for example, or the TV broadcast of So What of April 2, 1959, on the Ozone label) that were released after 1968.

I must say something about language here too. Frankly, none of these three books approaches that level of literary craftsmanship which a truly excellent biography should achieve. But Cole's book is especially poorly written. Even Barry Tepperman's otherwise laudatory Coda review last year noted that Cole doesn't always say what he meant to say. Cole's command of written English is weak, and to defend it (as Welburn does) as "decidedly Afro-American diction" is to do disservice to those black authors (one thinks of Malcolm X) who have employed black idioms while continuing to write lucid, coherent, and effective English. With all his concrete poetry, Simpkins is much more readable, and in fact within its limitations I found Simpkins' work to be the best of these three.

Again, I have no wish to start a fight with anyone. But I feel strongly that the music deserves research and analysis which can meet the same high standards applied to any other important artform. The old patronizing phrase "close enough for jazz" has as little place in jazz scholarship as it has in jazz itself.

- David Wild

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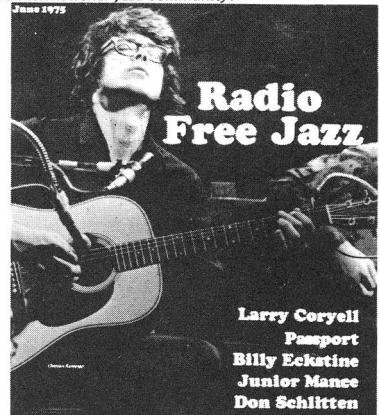
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## Heard and Seen

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### SOLO NOW

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Albert Mangelsdorff, Gunter Hampel,  
Pierre Favre, Joachim Kuhn

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Morris Pollack Concert Hall, Montreal  
May 12, 1976

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Such a strange occasion this, driving to Montreal, oh! so French, for a concert performance of three German musicians and one Swiss. How many times we have been told that nothing can happen in this city and yet already this year 500 people had turned out to hear Steve Lacy perform solo and now a large concert hall is 80% full for Albert Mangelsdorff, Gunter Hampel, Pierre Favre and Joachim Kuhn.

The concert had been set up in an interesting way. Two soloists and a duet before the intermission. Two soloists and a quartet to conclude.

Gunter Hampel opened the performance on a very high level with three improvised compositions on vibraphone, one on flute and one on bass clarinet. In Gunter's case it would be proper to call the instrument a vibration-phone, for right from the very beginning his four mallet technique, which was truly amazing, changed his metal instrument into a veritable orchestra. The concept of these three pieces, in many ways were similar, in so much that he employed the sustain pedal to hold chord clusters lingering in the air and at the same time counteracted them with single note runs, rhythmically arranged and rearranged in more ways than it seemed possible. The first piece leaped out almost like an opening display, the second piece a short, pretty, repetitive ballad and the third a continual permutation of a simple rhythmic melody. He is surely one of the most individual players that I have heard in recent years,

his music is full of joy and exuberance and he himself physically, tall and loose, completes the picture of a beautiful and happy experience.

The flute piece brought to mind immediate exaggerated accolades, the most amazing flute playing ever, the greatest etc., and although this is perhaps not totally true, he did make the heart leap with its expectations. So much happened in this short piece I am almost afraid to tell it all, but it ranged from the natural twittering of birds to the banshee vocal cry of folk music. Breathing, swaying, grunting into his instrument and even to the technique of rhythmically accompanying himself with the clacking of the keys. Truly Astounding. For his bass clarinet piece my mental block of Eric Dolphy interfered so much that I cannot say I heard it in the correct perspective.

Joachim Kuhn continued the concert with three solo piano pieces, that were all original compositions. I had heard him perform once before with his brother Rolf at the Newport Festival, and on that occasion was also impressed by his European technique. So romantic and so classical in concept that at times it hardly felt like improvised music. For some parts he sounded very much like a powerful version of Keith Jarrett, and by the time the third piece had arrived I was beginning to lose interest in his very derivative type of playing. He was not much assisted by a woman who kept walking in and out of a door to the side of the stage and a very distracting audience, at least where I was seated, who kept whispering to each other loudly. He seemed to be very well equipped technically and it seemed unfortunate that he needs to impersonate Jarrett, even down to his gestures. We really do not need any Avant Garde versions of Dave Brubeck, via Jarrett, in this period.

This final piece of the first half once again had Gunter Hampel on flute producing a very fast, rich chocolate-covered sound, but was hardly a duet. Joachim Kuhn seemed unable to become involved with the piece and even when he did seemed little more than an embellishment. I found later, after the concert, that there were no rehearsals and that the duo had never performed together before. Just one of the problems of hearing a concert tour on its opening right.

### Intermission

The second half of the concert opened with the amazing solo trombone artistry of Albert Mangelsdorff. The recording of his solo work has so many actions taking place that it made it almost seem suspect, perhaps it's multi-tracked, but once you witness him live you realize that the recordings do not do him justice. The five solo pieces, four original and Duke's Mood Indigo, brought to the audience a great amount of humour, the trombone legend of "push me off the pavement", became an actual reality. His music is not simply the application of well thought out technique, although it's true he can play many notes at once, but more to do with the same temperament that Hampel projected. Humour, swing

and a very funky occasion was what it was about, he even tapped the slide in rhythm to himself on the floor, and on one occasion he released his spittle valve in coordination with the music. The titles of some of the pieces are very descriptive, in some ways, of what he was playing. Do Your Own Thing, Bonn and Accidental Meeting being three of them. This day was my birthday, what a marvelous way to celebrate it.

In recent times drummers have become percussionists and Pierre Favre's monstrous array of drums, Paiste cymbals and gongs, marimbas, bells, beaters and shakers helped visually make you aware of this difference. Like Hampel and Mangelsdorff, Favre made the audience openly enjoy his display of percussion acrobatics, by bowing cymbals, playing with knitting needles and various types of mallets, etc., he created a very fine understanding of percussion, compositions of sound, rather than just dexterous displays of rhythmic technique. A very interesting attitude toward percussion. The final piece of the evening featured the whole quartet, and started and ended as a slow, almost spooky abstracted formalism that relied a great deal on the pure interchange of ideas. At some point in the middle, the piece turned into Bird's Now's The Time - the microphone began to lose the sound, and I could not tell if it was good music or not. Damned electricity made it seem like chaos.

Overall the concert was a beautiful and joyous experience even if I have been critical of some of its content. Perhaps by the end of the tour, which was continuing in South America, all things will join together and the music will become as perfect as music is allowed to be.

- Bill Smith

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## JAMIESON • CHADBOURNE

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Phoenix Club, Edmonton, Alberta  
April 25, 1976

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The potential advantage of avant garde music is its freedom from conventional restrictions but this very absence of restriction can produce very bad results. Both extremes were evident in this concert.

The best of current avant garde music was played by the Bill Jamieson Trio. Jamieson, who played alto and soprano saxophones, is a student of Anthony Braxton who has recently returned to Edmonton from a stint at the Creative Music Studio at Woodstock, N.Y. He shows some Braxton influence but is an original musician. I particularly liked his alternation of passages of honking (deliberate) with more conventional playing. He has good control over his pitch and tone which many younger players neglect. He has brought some aspects of Braxton's solo playing into an ensemble context. Cliff Michau played electric and acoustic bass very well despite some extraneous noise, at first, from his amplifier. He played the electric bass like a kind of bass-guitar combination, employing electronic

gadgetry quite well. John Logan played very good drums and backed his colleagues quite solidly. He also played chimes well and used what can only be described as a pile of metallic junk, ably scattering it about on the tops of his snares. The AACM tradition has a strain of dadaesque humor in it which this group has picked up quite well. In addition to playing together well, the group can and did genuinely swing. While this group needs some more experience working together, they are already my favorite local group. I only hope they can be heard more often and by a wider audience.

The negative potential of the avant garde was almost definitively exhibited by Eugene Chadbourne on solo guitar. Objectively, he could be said to be trying to combine elements of black folk guitar with avant garde classical and jazz music - ie. Rev. Gary Davis meets Derek Bailey meets John Cage. The idea is intriguing but its execution was not. Chadbourne extracted an impressive variety of noises from his guitar but neglected that these noises, perhaps, ought to make some structural sense. His playing mainly consisted of taking some fairly trivial idea and repeating it at great length, with minor variations, before passing on to another bit of trivia. Most appalling of all for jazz, he seems to have little or no sense of time. Like John Cage (for me, anyway), he is both pretentious and totally devoid of humour. Unlike Jamieson, I believe that Chadbourne has felt it unnecessary to "pay his dues" by developing some musical intelligence and judgement. The absence of external limitations, imposed by a firm musical tradition, means that a strong internal discipline must be employed. Jamieson's group did so while Chadbourne did not.

The concert was also marred by bad planning and coordination by its organizer, James McCaffry. Scheduled to begin at 8:30, Chadbourne did not condescend to appear till nine and played painfully for an hour. This was followed by a half-hour performance by a mime which might have been adequate in another context. Thus, two hours had to be endured before the real music began and a good many in the audience, who felt they needed sleep before working on Monday, left before Jamieson started playing. It is commendable to give avant garde music a chance but a three hour plus presentation is hardly the way to do it.

- Kellogg Wilson

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## A SPACE CONCERTS

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Karl Berger/Dave Holland

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A Space, Toronto  
April 24&25, 1976

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Everybody loves Karl Berger and David Holland, so why aren't they Stars? Probably they choose their roles for themselves, and they are both usually found lending their talents to other people's music. Berger is currently teaching with his Creative Music Studio in Woodstock,

New York. Holland first came to prominence with the notably attention-grabbing Miles Davis, and now records with everyone from Vassar Clements to Anthony Braxton. Even on his own beautiful "Conference Of The Birds" LP, Holland's bass is only one voice amid the swirling sounds he creates with Braxton, Sam Rivers, and Barry Altschul.

Both tend to be more appreciated than spotlighted, and both are unique, creative musicians who should be listened to and heard. Berger's approach to music is highly rhythmic and his vibraphone playing is sparkling and vital. As for Dave Holland - he is obviously one of the masters, and has perhaps the most instantly-recognizable sound of any of his peers on the acoustic bass.

In two duet concerts at A Space, both men's talents were brought to the fore. For the most part the music, all composed by Berger, was based in briefly sketched melodies, often riffs of only a few notes. Both concerts started with Berger's piano and Holland's bass exploring these figures, finding their entrances and exits, harmonizing on them, composing counter-melodies to them, until a sustaining rhythm was created that allowed Berger to move to his main instrument, the vibraphone. Vibes, marimba and drum - Berger's "main axe" is anything that he can hit with a mallet. His concept of music dances, his solos are as rhythmically compelling as Holland's accompaniment. His piano playing, in comparison, seems limited - the left hand-chords/right hand - improvisation approach seems to dampen his inspiration. His piano work is solid and original, but less exciting than his playing on the percussion instruments. Berger's technique seems to suit the piano best when he leaves the keyboard to pluck the strings, or drum a pattern on the wooden body of the instrument.

Holland is of course one of the great horn-players of the bass. To him the bass is not just a complementary instrument - his solos are complete and self-contained pieces of music, and as an accompanist he can give space and feed ideas to another musician without relinquishing any of his own identity. His and Berger's musical concepts fit together so well that often they sound like a single, living musical instrument. Even the solos of each flowed naturally out of the playing of the other. On one piece, for example, the bowed harmonics of the bass and the reverberations of the piano merged so that for a few moments a sound was created that seemed to come from a third instrument somewhere between the two.

Berger ended the Sunday concert by thanking the concert organizers who put up the time, energy and money to bring these and other artists to Toronto. "Bring your friends...", he joked, "tell them there is nothing frightening about this music." Beautiful music can often be frightening, but this is not the direction of the Berger/Holland collaboration. The music they played for themselves and for us was a music of constant discovery and joy.

- David Lee

A Space, Toronto  
April 10 & 11, 1976

The usually accepted definition of a "duet" involves a performance in two parts with both performers taking an equal role - either through a sequential alternation of lead voice, or through a contrapuntal equality of statement. A detached observer - meaning one who wasn't there - might consider that Oliver Lake (reeds) and Joseph Bowie (trombone) came to Toronto in April 1976 to play two concerts of duets. He/she would be wrong, for the same reasons as it was impossible for anyone there to be a dispassionate observer. What Bowie and Lake played was an impassioned and demanding music of the moment that responded as much to what was written on their lead sheets or to their spontaneous concepts as it did to the ambience of the moment - the "A Space" gallery, its resonances, and the sound it and the audience it contained generated. While superficially we heard duets - with alternating lead voices while the momentary-second player responded to the leader's thrusts - the emotional intelligence of the music was such that it was never experienced as less than a trio, centered on each listener's own perceptions of (and gut reactions to) what was going on up front. The performance was an open one, to be accepted not on the level of what you heard but of your response to it. And as I sit, several hours later, scrawling these inadequate words, I have yet to come to grips with what grasping power their music had to make me feel excited, or lulled, or outraged.

Lake and Bowie played a music of contrasts and power. Lyricism was inherent in Lake's drum-tight alto sound, but just as that potential weakness was overridden by Bowie's hoarse stutter, so the odd wistful passage was set up only as a development by contrast of the energy yet to come. It was a European crutch to be discarded as quickly as possible. The pulse of the music was picked up from the room, from outside, from between our own ears rather than intrinsic - and all the more strongly emphasised for our having to make our own. And largely irrelevant. This was one of few occasions in the New Black Music when an energy level was not only quickly established through empathy, but that scream-pitch level was sustained throughout the improvisation.

Lake and Bowie are both masters of Afro-American witchcraft. The saxophone's sinister sliding lines defied pitch, drawing their force from wide timbral leaps through and within registers as they accrued an impossible critical force through velocity. Joseph Bowie spanned through the timbres of his horn a wide pictorial emotional response from incoming anger to an urbane sarcasm just short of the put-on. He, more than the saxophonist, seemed sensitive to the impingement of room and audience on his creat-



ion. He, like the saxophonist, is a monster of an improviser.

What else should I tell you? Tune titles say nothing about the direction of this music. Neither do the rest of these words, except possibly to convince you of the necessity of being there when (if ever) these two spirits again meet.

- Barry Tepperman

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### PAUL DESMOND

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Jubilee Auditorium, Edmonton, Alberta  
April 14, 1976

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This concert was presented by the CBC as part of its Alberta Festival Series which is being recorded for later radio presentation, this one for Jazz Radio Canada. In comparison with the Show Biz type presentation given Count Basie, the socialistic format did a better job for jazz by a very small margin.

In previous years, the CBC has presented us with such daring choices as Oscar Peterson and Paul Horn. The choice of Desmond was only slightly more daring in that he was not Canadian but he certainly might just as well have been

since he so scrupulously observed the National Tradition of Timid Conventionality. It clearly was a concert that MacKenzie King would have enjoyed.

Not much need be said about the rest of the group. The drummer, Jerry Fuller, was skilled but played timidly. The bassist, Don Thompson, was clearly the strongest member of the group but played more timidly than he did with John Handy (an affiliation cautiously omitted from the program notes). The guitarist, Ed Bickert, also played timidly and demonstrated a profound knowledge of all the Johnny Smith cliches from the '50's, an era within which the entire group (except Thompson) was firmly rooted. Desmond was clearly the pace setter for the group and performed with the zest of a lethargic toad. There was no detectable variation in his dynamics and he devoted himself to execution of dainty runs which apparently did not call for the use of his tongue or brain. The range of tempos alternated between slow and middle. As little as I like Dave Brubeck, even he would have made the group swing by comparison. Desmond has obviously cared to learn little or nothing about jazz since Charlie Parker. One real tragedy of the evening was the



obvious waste of the talents of Don Thompson who could have given a much better concert by himself. The other is that a genuinely talented Canadian group, like that of Ted Moses, was not presented instead.

Probably, a good part of the blame for the ineptness of the proceedings can be attached to the totally indiscriminating performance of the CBC production staff. Some measure of their sophistication can be gleaned from the program notes which cited Desmond's pre-Brubeck affiliations with "jazz greats Jack Finca and Albino Rey". I assume that this was meant to refer to Jack Finca and Alvino Rey who can be regarded as jazz greats only by the most feverish commercial imagination. It is incredible that production responsibilities should be assigned to persons who show so little knowledge of what they are doing.

- Kellogg Wilson

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## STEVE LACY

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Captain's Cabin, Edmonton, Alberta  
March 21, 1976

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Steve Lacy had apparently disappeared from the jazz scene five or so years ago as far as North America was concerned. Actually, he has been quite active in Europe but the lack of distribution of his recordings here created the impression that he was no longer active. Fortunately, his recordings are only now becoming available in Canada, mainly on the Emanem label, and his tour also indicates that quite a bit has been going on.

Lacy's Edmonton concert was solo, like his Emanem 301 recording made in France in 1972. Just as a musician in a small combo is much more "exposed" than in a big band, a solo horn player is "exposed" beyond the point of even metaphoric nakedness. Like an actor performing a monologue, he has to not only state the foreground but at least suggest the background. Thus, a solo horn concert places considerable strain on the musician, who is obliged to do all the musical thinking and execution. Also, the audience is under considerable strain to understand what the musician has in mind because this understanding has to "fill in" the missing musical context. If the musician and audience are both successful in this, solo concerts can be extremely rewarding but, if not, they can be very frustrating. In reviewing a solo concert the reviewer is reviewing the audience, and particularly himself, in addition to the musician to an even greater degree than usual.

All the above is a kind of explanation of why I found amazingly little agreement among the audience I spoke to later, both about Lacy and the comparison with the earlier Anthony Braxton solo concert in Edmonton (reviewed in the February Coda). In listening to the Braxton, Lacy and Roscoe Mitchell solo albums I find it even somewhat hard to agree with myself from one time to another. After all that, I'll try to express an opinion.

Most of Lacy's concert was very ex-

citing, stimulating playing which showed both amazing control over the horn and a real musical mind at work. I was struck by his deep sense of musical structure and his control over squeaks and "wrong" notes. Even more than Braxton, I thought Lacy had an amazing capacity to find beauty in what more conventional musicians would regard as "errors". For me, the low point of the concert was the first two pieces which seemed like terribly formal exercises in running the scales. Perhaps, this was his way of warming up, or his way of getting used to us, my way of getting used to him, or his way of setting the stage for what was to come. A lesser low point was a chanted mantra which became interesting once he got into the variations. Despite the minor quibbles above, it was a very musical, very enjoyable concert and it is a joy to experience the product of a good deal of musical intelligence and integrity.

This was the first concert sponsored by the Edmonton Jazz Society after too long a period of inactivity. It was, unfortunately, badly attended due to an unfortunate scheduling of a concert of local musicians on the same evening. Good jazz in Edmonton can only be hurt by this and I hope it won't happen again.

- Kellogg Wilson

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## COUNT BASIE

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Jubilee Auditorium, Edmonton, Alberta  
March 29, 1976

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Even though I've been listening to jazz actively for over 30 years, I shall never cease to marvel at the ability of the Show Biz approach to virtually eliminate the vitality and creativity of jazz. The defense of Show Biz types, of course, is they are giving the public what they want and this is really the tragedy of it all. This Basie concert was very well attended, the audience had a very good time in most cases and the Edmonton Journal reviewed it very favorably with even less discrimination than usual. For me, the general effect was that of seeing Jazz as it might be presented by the producers of I Love Lucy. There was also a sad and ironic contrast with the Steve Lacy concert of a week before. Lacy alone, I felt, produced much more music than the entire Basie band but his concert was poorly attended and not reviewed by the Edmonton Journal. The "system" again displayed its preference for marketable mediocrity over talent. In this, we all lose.

Basie's earned stature as a band leader cannot be disputed and while the quality of his bands has been variable, he has led several very good bands and at least one great one. The strength of his bands has been his soloists and the feeling of genuine swing while the most serious weakness has been a tendency to use conservative arrangements and otherwise play it safe. Among his serious past non-achievements was to so stupidly restrict the considerable compositional tal-



ents of Frank Foster and Thad Jones. The only good things about the evening was the tightness of the ensemble playing (which, if anything, was too tight) and Basie's piano playing. Jimmy Forrest's tenor and Al Grey's trombone were adequate. The arrangements were stereotyped, almost beyond belief, rarely allowing for more than one horn solo and sounding like Neal Hefti's *Cute*, one of the first pieces played. (We were spared *Little Darling*). Freddie Greene sounded listless and amazingly loud, John Duke (on bass) sounded listless and amazingly inaudible (both with the assistance of bad miking) but worst was the drummer, Butch Miles. Miles is young and attractive, has very good technique and would be very impressive if you are anachronistic enough to think that Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich are the last word in jazz drumming. It may well be that, given the nature of his arrangements, Basie needs an older type of drumming but Miles hasn't even caught up with Jo Jones, Shadow Wilson and Gus Johnson. Miles played accents with the brass section (real flash), played an extraordinarily long and stupid solo (great technique, wow) but rarely, if ever, listened to the soloists or backed the band (eg. his very dull chink-chink-chink in back of Al Grey on *Making Whoopee*). Miles even made the return of Sonny Payne seem desirable but I'm afraid the fault lies with Basie and those who manage him.

Perhaps worst of all, and indicative of Basie's working environment, was the *Spirit of Las Vegas* which lent a distinct odor of banality to the proceedings (and *Las Vegas* strikes me as a kind of Shavian Hell which all the Best People want and richly deserve). The Mayor of Edmonton was trotted out during intermission to present the Keys to the City and a belt buckle to commemorate Basie's status as a "race" fan, along with some incredibly tasteless jokes based on the alternate meanings of "race". The effect was rather like a Monty Python skit except that it was for real. The opening introduction of Basie included mention of various vocalists he had worked with, including "The Chairman of the Board" (or Bored), Frank Sinatra. Lester Young was naturally omitted since he is no longer a highly marketable "product". I thought of Prez, Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Walter Page and Jo Jones then and often during the concert. I wonder if Basie did?

- Kellogg Wilson

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## DOWNBEAT TV

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"The 1975 Reader's Poll Awards Program" *Soundstage* (National Educational Television Network).

Friday, February 20, 1976

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Not exactly the apocalyptic event the pre-broadcast flackery would have had one believe, but still well above the sort of thing usually associated with award programs and labels like "best" bestowed by popular vote, the *Downbeat Reader's Poll* awards show presented an erratic but in-

teresting look at portions of the modern jazz scene. While one cannot expect too much depth from a program that squeezes a dozen important artists into an hour's time, the sometimes unusual juxtapositions of dissimilar stylists resulted in some illuminating contrasts, and of course any mass exposure of the music on the one-eyed monster is to be applauded.

In general I was impressed by the professional, smoothly paced production, a characteristic of the *Soundstage* presentations I've seen. The producers wisely chose from within jazz for the masters of ceremony, Chick Corea and Quincy Jones. Corea (who seemed to be chewing his cud throughout) was occasionally overly simplistic while Jones veered at times towards jivey nightclub hyperbole, but both were pleasantly off-the-cuff and unrehearsed, and obviously of the music, which has always spoken best for itself. Coda's southern relative intruded mostly in the recitation of the names of the past poll-winners (who only occasionally reflected the music's movers and shakers of those years) but otherwise thankfully maintained a low profile.

The program opened with an unseen announcer introducing the show while the cameras focused on a band (including Sonny Rollins and Rahsaan Roland Kirk) playing some of Joe Zawinul's *Mercy Mercy*. The announcer mentioned the late Cannonball Adderley and said this music was in tribute, at which the band segued into Adderley's *Work Song*, with short solos from Rollins and Kirk, both on tenor saxophones. Corea and Jones then came onstage and began to introduce the evening's participants, beginning with the rhythm section and working outward. Drummer Lennie White and bassist Stan Clarke (from Corea's band "Return To Forever") were joined by McCoy Tyner (on acoustic piano, of course) for a short version of his *Celestial Chant*, with a representative if brief look at his rapid-lined, rich piano style.

Corea and Jones next introduced guitarist George Benson, flautist Hubert Laws and trombonist Bill Watrous, who joined Corea (on electric piano), Clarke and White for a smooth reading of Corea's *Spain*. The composition has nice changes for improvising, which all four soloists took advantage of in short solos. Laws, up first, displayed his crystalline tone and fleet fingers (sounding much like Joe Farrell on the original recording of the tune). Watrous followed with an exhibition of speed and range remarkable on the relatively cumbersome slide trombone (going modishly free at one point) and Benson was also smooth rather than funky. A relatively simple effort by Corea led to the head again, with Watrous wailing high in the flute register.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, appropriately introduced by Jones as "the Black Master of Black Classical Music", offered his modal original *Pedal Up* accompanied by Tyner, Clarke and White. Looking rather unusual in a black top hat and tuxedo, Kirk stated the minor theme on three horns at once and surged along, first on a Coltrane-ish tenor, then adding manzello and

stritch. McCoy, who was quite at home in this darkly joyous terrain, took a solo too short to develop much steam before Kirk brought back the head. Kirk followed the theme with an eerie cadenza involving three of his horns, incorporating a fragment of *Satin Doll* and ending with a vocal yawp.

Sonny Rollins, like his one-time employer Miles Davis, has become a little weird in his old age. On *In A Sentimental Mood*, in which he was featured in a duet with Tyner, he did little to display the chops, hard, pure tone, and sardonic intelligence with which he dominated the mid-fifties. Here he offered an almost comically wide vibrato, a rhythm-and-blues-ish growl tone and a seeming inability to connect his notes into meaningful patterns. He took the tune in and out of tempo several times, and each pickup into the theme (with his raunchy, gutbucket tone and the ripple of applause it brought from the audience) sounded like an excerpt from a burlesque house soundtrack. Tyner, by contrast, was rich and icily elegant - he is developing that broad command of the instrument which only Cecil Taylor of this generation has had. Tyner also covered a strange, stillborn attempt at a cadenza by Rollins that died after a few notes.

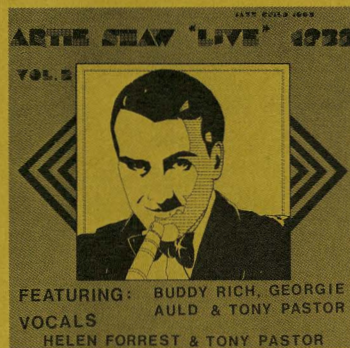
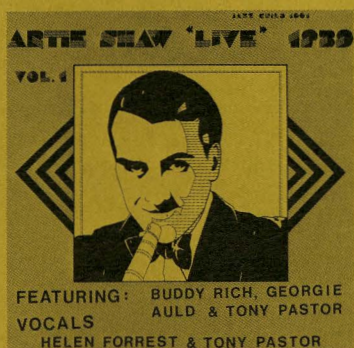
*Weather Report*, which had won some sort of group award (the proliferation of categories, while ridiculous, at least gets more names into print), was presented via tape in an unidentified composition with the earmarks of Joe Zawinul's writing style. *Weather Report* has definitely established a group identity, centered around Zawinul and saxophonist Wayne Shorter, a recognizable sound that has survived numerous changes in the bass, drums, and percussion chairs (here filled by Al Johnson, Chester Thompson and Alejandro Acuna). But in the emphasis on sound and texture, the possibility of individual solos has been eliminated, a loss which diminishes the music.

Freddie Hubbard (on trumpet) and Airtio Moreira (percussion) were introduced next. Hubbard chose to perform one of his earlier Latin/rock compositions, *Straight Life*, joined by Airtio, Corea, Clarke and White. Hubbard exhibited a nice, bold, brassy tone, floated in and out of the montuna-like chord pattern, and ended his solo with a lick from the old Miles Davis arrangement of *Salt Peanuts*. Airtio, a big, shaggy bear of a man, was given a chance to bash around a little, although not particularly creatively.

Finally, as a tribute to Duke Ellington, all hands assembled to play Billy Strayhorn's *Take The 'A' Train*. Everyone soloed, with Tyner and Corea trading fours. Although it had little to do with Ellington, this final jam, with its raucous, ragged reading of the theme and range of styles, was a satisfying reaffirmation of the common roots of the widely spreading jazz vine. No matter in how many directions the music grows, there remains this common tradition, to which all of its disparate voices still relate and in which it is still possible for them to join together.

- David Wild

# THE FIRST FOUR RELEASES



## JAZZ GUILD

### JG 1001 ARTIE SHAW - MELODY AND MADNESS, VOLUME ONE (BROADCASTS AND REHEARSALS)

The great Artie Shaw band featuring Georgie Auld, Buddy Rich, and vocals by Helen Forrest and Tony Pastor.

The Yam (Nov. 18, 1938), Non-Stop Flight (Nov. 20, 1938), Who Blew Out The Flame? - Shoot The Rhythm To Me, John Boy - Back Bay Shuffle (Nov. 27, 1938), Yesterdays - What Is This Thing Called Love? - Copenhagen (Dec. 2, 1938), It Had To Be You - Simple And Sweet - Rockin' The State (Dec. 11, 1938), You Got Me - In The Mood (Dec. 18, 1938), Shine On Harvest Moon (Dec. 25, 1938)

### JG 1002 DUKE ELLINGTON - THE WASHINGTON, D.C. ARMORY CONCERT (APRIL 30, 1955)

Perdido, All The Things You Are, Just Squeeze Me, La Virgen De La Macarena, Happy-Go-Lucky Local, A Tone Parallel To Harlem, Take The "A" Train (extended version), John Sander's Blues

### JG 1003 ARTIE SHAW - MELODY AND MADNESS, VOLUME TWO (BROADCASTS)

The great Artie Shaw band featuring Georgie Auld, Buddy Rich, and vocals by Helen Forrest and Tony Pastor.

Hold You Hat - Jeepers Creepers (Dec. 25, 1938), (I've Been) Saving Myself For You - Indian Love Call - Time Out (Jan. 1, 1939), Serenade To A Savage - Softly As In A Morning Sunrise - Diga Diga Doo (Jan. 8, 1939), Begin The Beguine - My Heart Belongs To Daddy - Prosschai (Jan. 15, 1939), Rose Room - My Own - At Sundown (Jan. 29, 1939)

### JG 1004 THE UNUSUAL ELLINGTON - DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA (LIVE PERFORMANCES)

Stomp, Look And Listen - Warm Valley - Sultry Serenade - H'Ya Sue (April 29, 1953), Passion Flower (April 29, 1952), Primping For The Prom - Cobb's Tune - Coffee And Kisses - Easy To Love - Change My Ways - Liza (April 29, 1954), Body And Soul (June 11, 1955)

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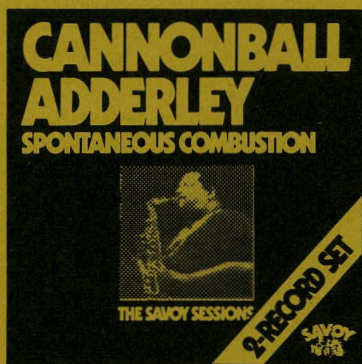
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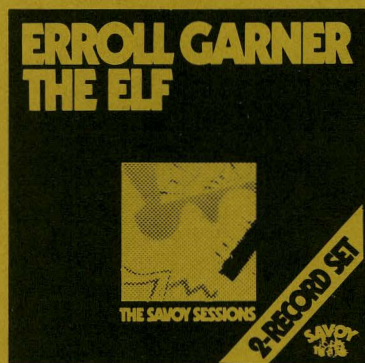
"Countdown" represents the complete recording of Coltrane's first Savoy meeting with legendary trumpeter Wilbur Harden. These exciting recordings display the unparalleled energy and inventiveness of Coltrane at his best. He is captured here in his most inventive period, along with the inspired playing of Harden, Tommy Flanagan, Doug Watkins and Louis Hayes. (SJL 2203)



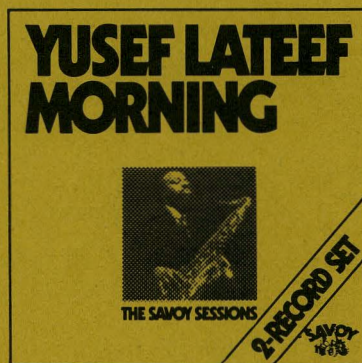
"Spontaneous Combustion" represents Cannonball Adderley's first recordings. The outstanding sessions feature the late alto star stepping out with the likes of Donald Byrd, Paul Chambers, Kenny Clarke, Nat Adderley and Hank Jones. Cannonball plays brilliantly throughout with the fire and spirit that became his trademark. (SJL 2206)



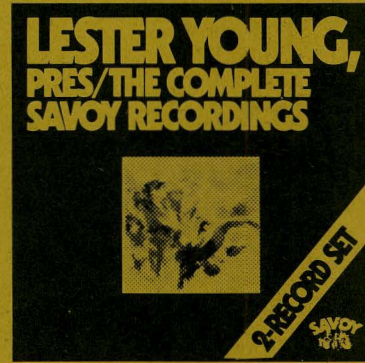
"Bird" is the premiere reissue in the historical series of Savoy recordings by the incomparable Charlie Parker. The album features Parker at his finest, performing classic pieces such as "Billie's Bounce", "Parker's Word" and "Chasin' The Bird" with the brilliant accompaniment of Miles Davis, Bud Powell, John Lewis and Max Roach. (SJL 2201)



Errol Garner is a remarkable pianist who has always possessed a unique interpretive ability with the best standards of American popular music. On "The Elf", he presents a program of twenty great melodies featuring such perennial favorites as "Red Sails In The Sunset", "Penthouse Serenade" and his first big hit, "Laura". Garner's magnificent technique shines throughout. (SJL 2207)



The complete initial recording sessions by the master of exotic reed instruments. On "Morning", Lateef performs in a remarkably contemporary mode as the music is highlighted by a smooth rhythmic feel which features the use of unusual percussion and Lateef himself on flute, tenor and argol. A wide variety of mood and texture is explored, from the surging power of "Yusef's Mood", the straight bop of "Beauregard", to the more reflective title cut. (SJL 2205)



"Pres" is an incredible double-LP presenting the entire body of Lester Young's Savoy work, comprising thirty-five tracks in all, including eight pieces which were previously unavailable. The key sessions here are Yung's only recorded appearance with the renowned Count Basie orchestra ("Circus In Rhythm") in addition to a dynamic and intimate small band session featuring Young and Basie himself ("Blue Lester", "Indiana"). (SJL 2202)



Milt Jackson was the key soloist in the Modern Jazz Quartet for over two decades. "Second Nature" showcases the bluesier, gutsier side of his own musical roots. On this set, Jackson's superb performances are accompanied by tenor master Lucky Thompson, pianist Hank Jones and long time MJQ cohort and drummer extraordinaire Kenny Clarke. (SJL 2204)



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"The Changing Face Of Harlem" is an excellent program of "swing" and "jump" music from the 1940's. Among the performers are Buck Ram's All Stars, Pete Brown's Band, Lionel Hampton, and Tiny Grimes with Charlie Parker. This superb Savoy collection marks the first time this material has ever appeared in LP form. (SJL 2208)