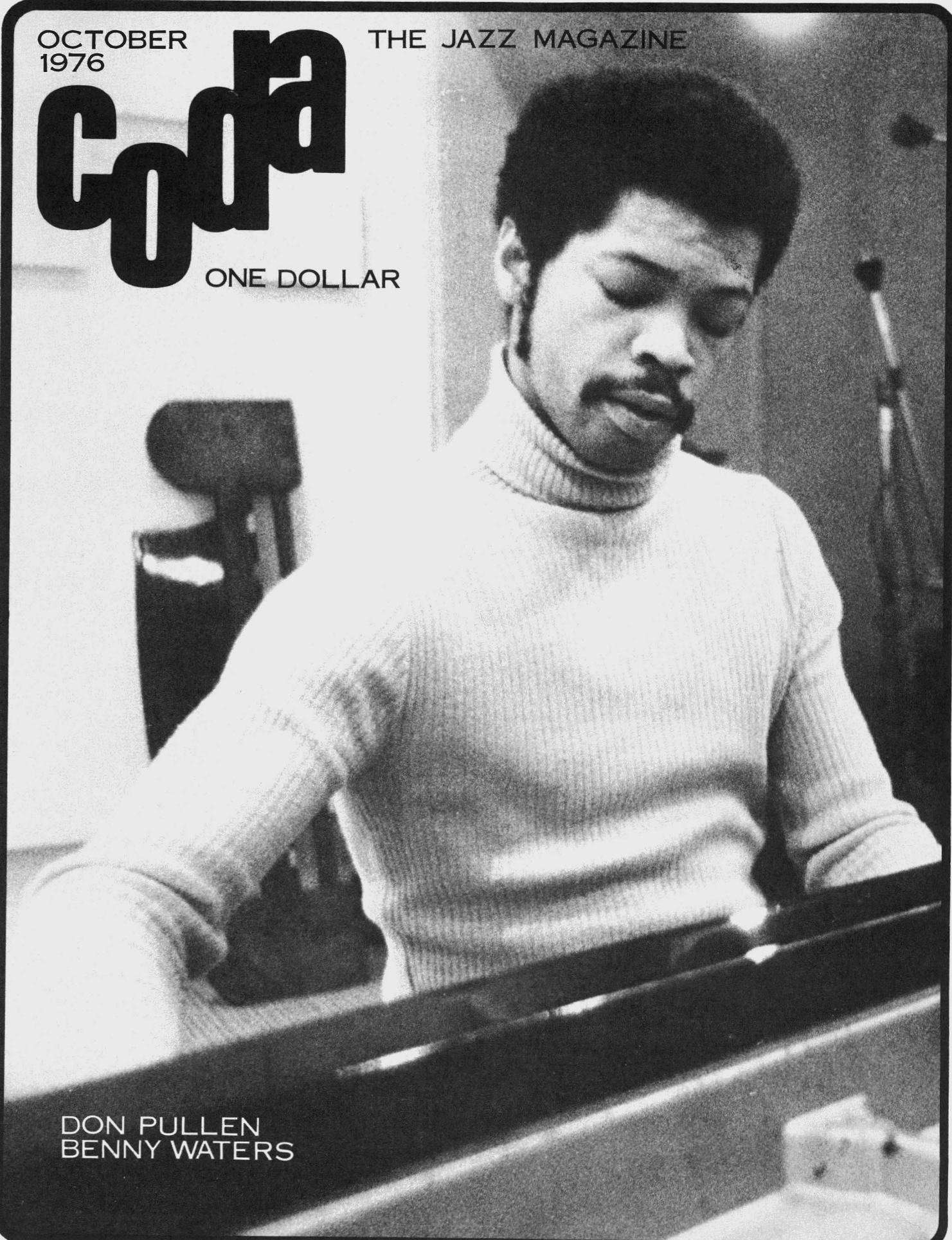


OCTOBER
1976

THE JAZZ MAGAZINE

Coda

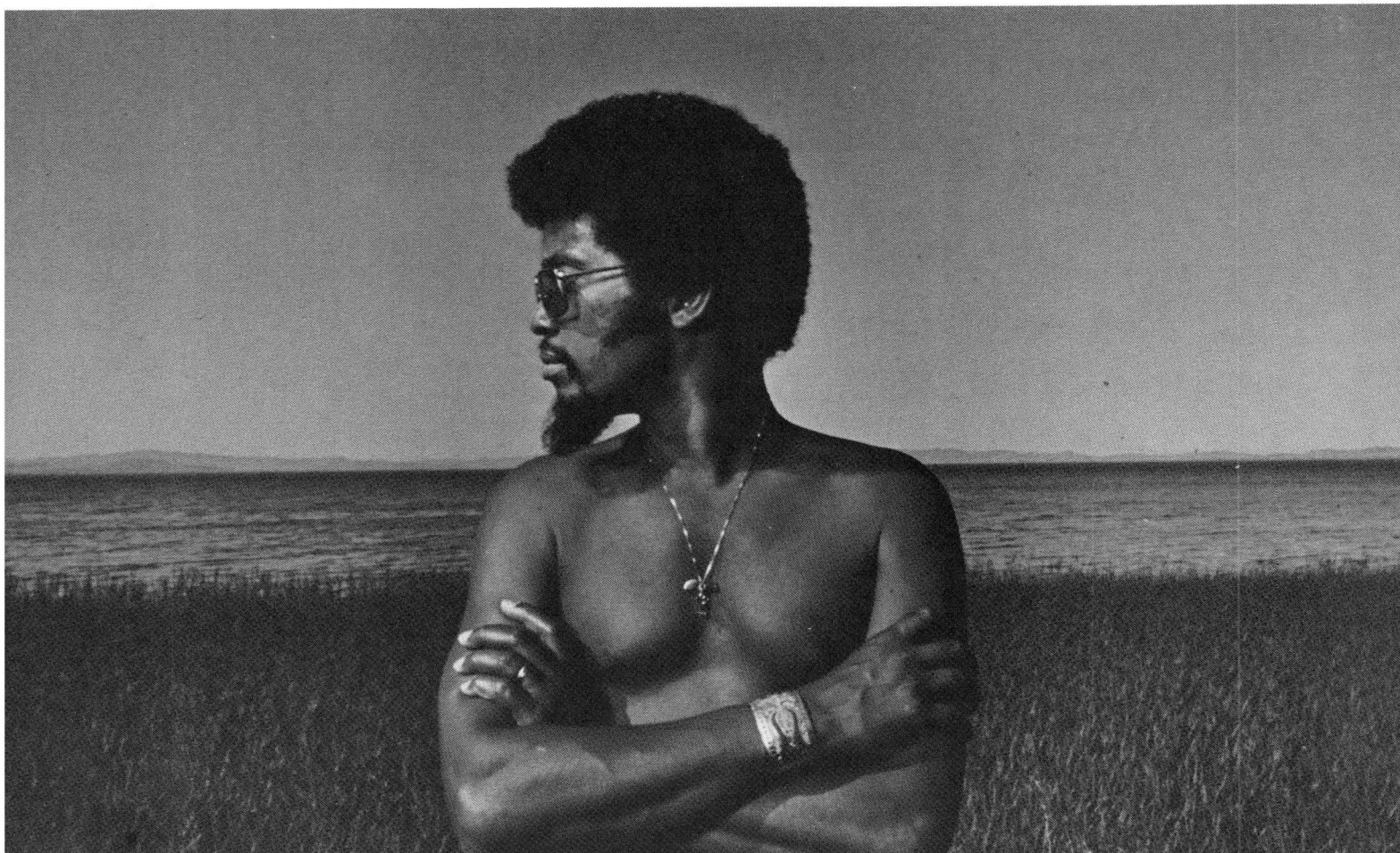
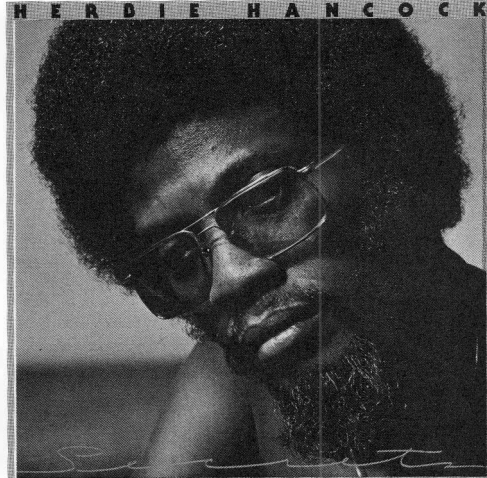
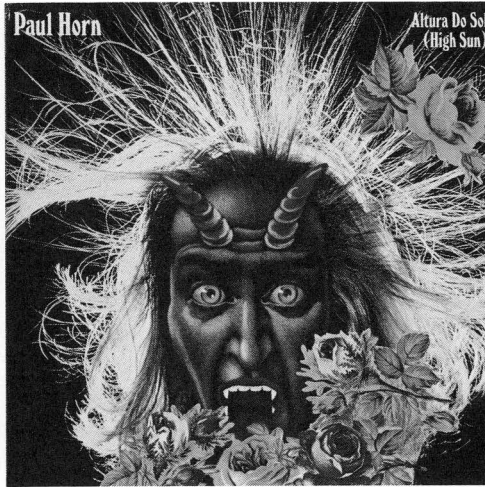
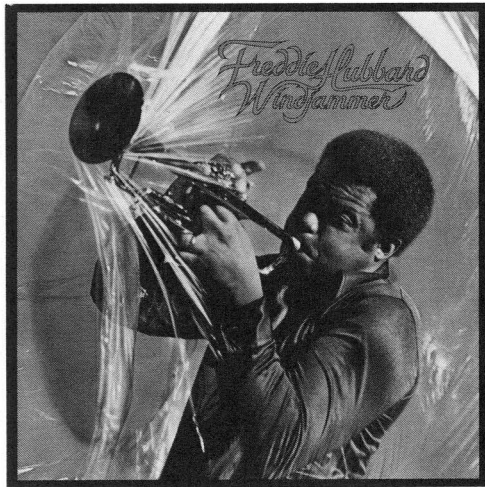
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Jazz magazines have a terrible tendency to rise and fall with the winds of time. Coda, however, is now eighteen years old and can claim to be among the senior members of the hierarchy. Those who have been with us since the early days will know that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

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

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

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

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

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

Bill Smith John Norris

Coda

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1976 - ISSUE 151

STAFF

Dan Allen - Patricia Brown - David Lee -
John Norris - Bill Smith

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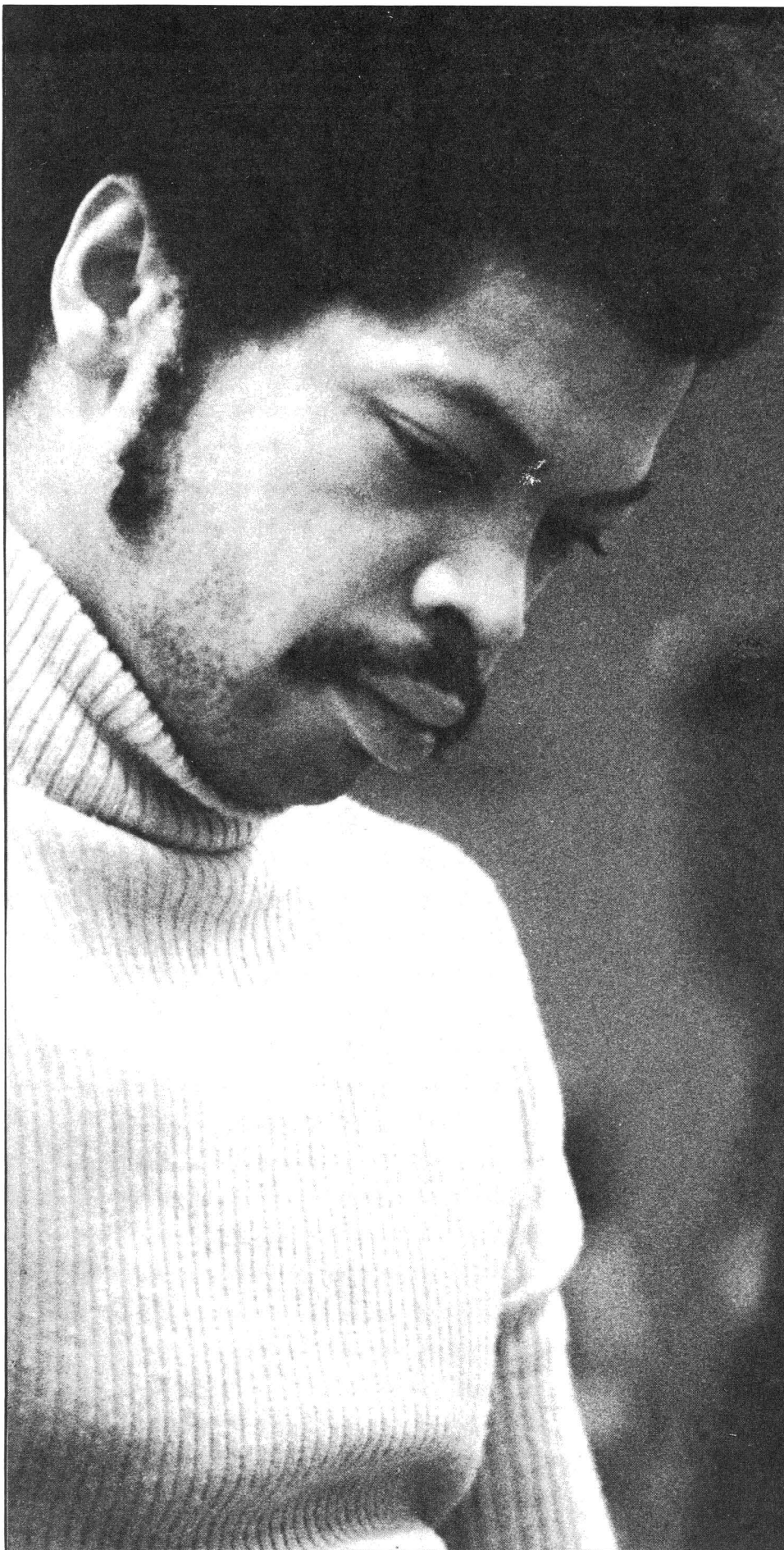
DON PULLEN
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Subscription rate \$10.00 for 10 issues (surface mail inside Canada); \$11.00 elsewhere (surface); \$18.00 (airmail); \$15.00 (first class - in U.S. and Canada only), individual copies \$1.50 each, from: Coda Publications, P.O. Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8.

Subscription rate, United Kingdom - 5.50 pounds for 10 issues (surface mail); 9.50 pounds (air mail) from Rae Wittrick, 5 Whitefriars Crescent, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, England.

Payment outside Canada through International money order or bank draft. We accept U.S. cheques but require 75¢ additional to cover bank charges.

Coda is published 6 times per year in Canada cooperatively by John Norris and Bill Smith, with assistance from the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council. Second class mail registration number R-1134. For availability of current and back issues of Coda on microfilm, write to University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106 U.S.A. Indexed in The Music Index. ISSN CN-0010-017X



DON PULLEN

an interview
by Vernon
Frazer

Vernon Frazer: In 1966 I heard you play on a Giuseppe Logan album and read several reviews of your performances and recordings with Milford Graves. After that, I didn't see your name mentioned until about 1972, when you joined Charles Mingus' band. What did you do during those years? Apparently you received very little publicity.

Don Pullen: During that time the music critics were especially adverse to what they called the New Music, Avant Garde or whatever. After the period with Milford Graves, I worked with a trio around New York, had an organ group and played for a lot of singers. I just made it any way I could and still stay in music.

V.F.: How did you join Mingus?

D.P.: Roy Brooks recommended me. Mingus just called me and I made the gig.

V.F.: And you stayed with him for three years?

D.P.: Approximately.

V.F.: Why did you decide to leave Mingus?

D.P.: Personal reasons. It was just time to go, time to leave.

V.F.: Do you want to be more specific?

D.P.: I would rather not, right now.

V.F.: During the time you played with him, did Mingus influence you in any way?

D.P.: No. Before I met Mingus, I was playing virtually the same way I play now. My way of playing had to be a little more contained with him because of the form of the tunes, the changes and so forth. I had to stay within a certain framework to do justice to his tunes, you see. If I had ventured to play them the way I think they should be played, there might have been a little conflict.

V.F.: What have you been doing since you left his band?

D.P.: I've been doing a few things. I've recorded for an Italian label, a European label, done solo concerts up in Canada. I've worked with a trio here in New York, using Bobby Battle on drums and Alex Blake, whenever he's available, on bass.

V.F.: In the mid-sixties you and Milford Graves recorded, produced and distributed an album by yourselves. Why did you choose this over the more conventional avenues of recording?

D.P.: For awhile, the critics and record producers were turning thumbs down on the New Music and the New Musicians. Milford and I were having difficulty getting recorded, as I am even today. We weren't getting any play from the White Establish-

ment. They were only recording those they felt were more Establishment-inclined, so we just decided to do it ourselves. During that time, you see, the so-called Black Revolution was happening. The social and political aspects made it just about the right time for us to go into this venture. Musicians were thinking about controlling their own music. We weren't going to sit back and wait on the Man to say, "Well, here. Take this crumb." We said, "We'll do it ourselves." That was the impetus. We did a concert at Yale, decided to record it and try to do it ourselves, to expose ourselves. And we were successful to a very big degree, you know. We sold a lot of records, we got our name out there. We achieved what we set out to do.

V.F.: Were any other opportunities for recording available at that time, possibly through ESP Records or through Bill Dixon, when he was at Savoy?

D.P.: I came to New York, I think, a little bit after Bill Dixon and the Savoy thing. I did record two albums for ESP with Giuseppe Logan but I never did an album for him under my own name. Bernard Stollman, by that time, had - has even now - a lot of good music. He recorded everybody, all the cats. Some of it he released, some of it he didn't.

V.F.: When you put out your own record, did you hope to attract the attention of a major jazz label?

D.P.: Not really. We were mainly concerned with trying to build our own company and eventually control our own music. When I traveled with Mingus and even now, wherever I go, people always ask about the record. Milford and I get letters now, every day, from people asking where they can get the record. We only did two. I think eventually we're going to have to re-issue both albums. One avenue might be to lease the masters to a larger company. There's a lot of headaches, a lot of trouble, in trying to take care of the business and play also. It would be easier for another company to put it on the market.

V.F.: How did you handle the distribution of the record?

D.P.: We went into mail order. We got some play from the music magazines - Downbeat, Jazz, all the major jazz magazines. Different music critics would write about it, you know, and people would write in and ask for it. Some distributors in Europe and Japan asked for five hundred or a thousand copies. But in the U.S. we never had any distribution to speak of. We sold more records in Europe and Japan than we did in the States.

V.F.: It seems you've recorded more outside the States than you have inside.

D.P.: Yeah. I've got three in Europe and one in Canada in 1975, you know, and can't get a record date in America.

V.F.: Why can't you get a record date here?

D.P.: I have no idea. I don't think they like me here. I think they're trying to run me out of the country. (Laughs) I don't know, man. I really don't know. I have certain opinions I might venture, but I really can't say.

V.F.: Would you put out your own record now, if you felt it was necessary?

D.P.: If I felt it was necessary, I would do it. Like I said, I really don't want the headache of doing it. I enjoy the work that's involved, but I would prefer to let somebody else do it while I concentrate on the music. The machinery that's necessary, the distribution, is a major problem with any venture such as producing. You have to have world-wide distribution. It means collecting your money - all this takes a big operation to be really big, you know? If necessary, I'll do it on a small level - you know, myself. And I'm almost to that point now. I've done it before, so I can do it again.

V.F.: Although independent recording has received less publicity than it did during the sixties, it seems that, in recent years, the number of musicians who release their own work on their own labels has increased. Do you think these musicians are acting on the same motivation as you and Graves?

D.P.: Yeah. The same things. In fact, a lot of the cats that are trying to produce their own records today come to us from time to time for advice, to see how we did it. They're doing it their own way, but I think Milford and I, during the sixties, were pioneers in that aspect of doing it yourself. Of course, other musicians have done it before: Sun Ra, Mingus. But during that time, we were the youngest cats out there and it was like phenomenal for two young dudes to be doing it, you see. So it inspired other cats to say, "Yeah, we'll try it too."

V.F.: Over the past decade, what changes do you think have taken place in the New Music?

D.P.: Looking back and comparing then with now, I don't see that real drive. Like, cats were - I hate to just say "into it", but that's the best I can explain - they were into it. It was like a community, you know, even though they might be separated for miles. Nowadays, I think they're going more towards the Jazz-Rock - that bullshit, you know - trying to sound like Miles. There's no real influence, no leadership, out there. Which is one reason why I think they won't record me. If they ever give me a chance, I'm gonna lay something heavy on 'em and they really don't want anything like that - too heavy - out. The people in power always say, "Well, people don't want to hear this" or "People don't understand it." They're always looking down on people. I think one of the prime purposes of music is enlightenment, to elevate people. Music is supposed to elevate the person. If you always play down to people, they don't move anywhere. For instance, different things I was doing in the sixties I hear cats in Rock doing now. But in the sixties, they said it was nonsense.

V.F.: They didn't understand it at the time.

D.P.: Exactly. And they said, "People can't understand it, they'll never understand it." But they're doing it. I'm playing basically the same way I've been playing all my life and more and more people are digging it. But what if I had stopped back then? If nobody ever does anything new, if nobody tries to advance the music, then everything is going to become dead.

Everything is going to become stagnant. Everybody was talking about "Jazz is Dead" because there was no innovation, there were no new things out. But there were. It was happening, but it wasn't being given to the people. It wasn't being exposed at all. So they said, "Well, it's dead." Damn right it's dead, if you keep playing something over and over for twenty years.

V.F.: The media made it appear dead, although a lot was really going on.

D.P.: Yeah. That's what was happening when the so-called Revolution in Music was happening. They called it the "October Revolution". They used the term "revolution" because there was a call for something new. When I first came to New York in 1964, Bill Dixon had a club - on 96th Street, I think. He was doing that thing and I was there every night. I heard them cats and I said, "Goddamn! What is this shit? What is this here?" That was what I had been looking for, searching for. People used to say I played strange. I really didn't know anybody else who was playing, you know? So when I went there I had heard Eric Dolphy and Ornette - they were the two main influences on me - but aside from them, I didn't know there were many other musicians playing. I said, "Well, this is it. I'm not alone."

V.F.: During that period, the New Musicians were attempting to develop an aesthetic which didn't necessarily require or follow a pre-conceived structure -

D.P.: That's not true. The critics used to say that because they didn't know what the structure was, what the form was. The form was different, something they never heard, so they said there was no form. They didn't know what it was. On a higher level there is a communication among musicians that gives its own form to what you're doing, you see. This is why I don't like to play with a lot of people. If I do, I like for everybody's head to be in the same direction. That way you can create on that higher level. Like I said, the form, the structure, everything was there. People weren't used to hearing it and so they said there was none. Now, one critic wrote about me and said I didn't have one touch of rhythm at all. He said I didn't have no melody, no rhythm, no nothing. It was dumbass! (Laughs.) He didn't know.

V.F.: Would it be more accurate to say that the New Musicians used a wide variety of structures, sometimes within the same piece, to enhance their expression?

D.P.: Yeah. They used to call it freedom because you were free to do whatever you wanted to do. But that wasn't really new in the sense that, for instance, Mingus' compositions, though from a different era, have always been free. Duke's were like that. Duke used whatever he felt that he should use to express whatever ideas he had, so that was really nothing new. It was just a different way of expressing the same thing. You see, there are no limits to music, to anything. The only limitation is your own mind. If you say, "Well, this is what I want to do," then stop there, that's as far as it's gonna go. But somebody else is gonna say, "No, I can take it a little bit farther than that." Everything builds, one on top of the other, you know.

It's like a stack, one up. You just stop whenever you go as high as you want to go. That's the end of it. There's one area of music that if you do get into is very dangerous for your life, but I don't want to get into that. I really don't know much about it.

V.F.: In what ways do you feel your own music has evolved over the years?

D.P.: It's difficult for me to discuss my own music because I've never really satisfied myself. I know that I have done some good things. I think the solo album I did for Sackville is good. I like that more than anything else I've done. But now I don't even like that. I can't say because I'm continually growing. What I played five minutes ago, I won't like the next five.

V.F.: Do you prefer to play solo or with a group?

D.P.: At this point, I enjoy both. When I come out with a group, I do parts of a performance solo and parts of it with the group. I play differently with a group than I do solo. Solo gives me a different kind of freedom of expression than with a group. For example, Song Played Backwards. I started at the end and played it backwards.

V.F.: What was the song?

D.P.: I didn't have a title for it. I played it by myself, you know, so I just... played it backwards. (Laughs.) There are different ways of doing things. I just felt like doing it, so I did it. When I solo, it's only my mind. You can do anything you want to do with a group, you know. Like I said, you set your own limitations. When I play with a group, I have another kind of freedom of expression because I have the other minds, the other vibrations of the musicians working, you see. There's interplay. You have to consider them and they have to consider you. So a group adds another aspect to the music. I enjoy both, you know, and it doesn't matter to me if I play solo or with somebody else.

V.F.: Have you performed any of your solo pieces in a group setting?

D.P.: No, I haven't. Some of them are not adaptable to groups. At least, I haven't figured out a way to do it. I imagine I can. Some I just like to play solo. Richard's Tune is one of my favorites. It's adaptable to group or trio or whatever, but I prefer to play it solo. The Malcolm piece is part of a suite which has seven or eight different...tunes, I guess you'd call them. The only one that I can play solo is the one I recorded, Malcolm, Memories and Gunshots. That's the only one that's adaptable to piano. The rest of it is integrated into the full wide spectrum - small group, strings, full orchestra.

V.F.: Then you've written for large ensembles, also?

D.P.: Yeah, I used to be Arranger and Conductor for King Records a few years back. That was also in the sixties. Not Jazz things, but for singers: Arthur Prysock, Irene Reid.

V.F.: In recent years, Jazz musicians have recorded solo piano albums more frequently than they have in the past. Why do you think this is happening?

D.P.: I really don't know, but it's nothing new. Tatum did it. Monk has done it. Duke. On one cut I remember, Eric Dolphy played solo saxophone - God Bless The



Child, I believe. Solo isn't really new, you know. My cousin, who was a big influence on my playing - Clyde "Fats" Wright - used to tell me that unless you could play solo, you couldn't play at all. I think every piano player has to. If you sit home and practise, you develop a way of playing solo, anyway. I think more people are becoming aware of the beauty of just piano alone. Classical music, you know, has solo concerts, so it's not strange for Jazz to do the same thing. It's always been there.

V.F.: Do you think the increase in solo piano recordings could be, in part, a reaction to the increased use of electronic keyboard instruments?

D.P.: I don't know. I don't deal with electronics too much. I don't know anything about them, really. I've played electric piano, but I think all those things will pass, you know. It's not real, it's not the real thing. I break up electric pianos, so I can't play them. I have to be very careful with them or else they won't last ten minutes. My own piano is in such bad shape, man, that I've been trying to tune it myself. I'm ashamed to call a tuner over here to try to fix it. So I need something sturdy.

V.F.: An electric piano wouldn't lend itself to your percussive style of playing.

D.P.: It doesn't lend itself at all. It doesn't have the sound, the overtones - I make use of overtones. The electric piano. Well, there can't be. There might be electronic ones. But I don't think I want to get into that.

V.F.: In your solo pieces, you sometimes play the strings inside the piano. Did you learn this formally or pick it up on your own?

D.P.: I did it on my own. My technique is my own. I don't know if anybody can teach you to play strings. You have to do it yourself, find out where they are and play them.

V.F.: When you improvise, do you consciously move "inside" or "outside", as the terms are customarily used?

D.P.: No, I wouldn't say so. It depends on the particular composition that I'm playing. If I'm playing a tune with a set structure, say the structure is "in" and I want to move "out", then I don't consciously say that I want to move "out". I try to let the flow of the music direct me. If you feel it's going in a particular direction, don't force it. Other times it might be necessary to force it in some direction, whatever it is. If you don't feel like you're getting what you want out of the music, then you have to force it. We have to get out of the concept of "in" and "out". I might say, "This cat is out," but I don't mean it in the sense of "as a way of playing". There's no such thing as playing "in" or "out". It's a way of playing. Period. It's just what you feel, how you're playing. You have to let it move you, instead of moving yourself. There's no feeling of what to do next, or whatever. You don't really know what you're going to do next.

V.F.: A number of your compositions appear simple in their melodic content, in that a listener can easily sing the melodies. How does this relate to the complexity of your improvisation? Some musicians use relatively simple compositions because the simplicity allows them more freedom to improvise.

D.P.: Well, the majority of my compositions are about people that I know. Dee Arr is Danny Richmond. Richard is Richard Abrams. And Traceys of Daniel - that's my daughter, Tracey Danielle. Melodies are moods, rhythms and feelings that remind me of certain people. I find that within people there's just one thing and that's very simple. Their ways of acting, the things they do, the way they go through certain changes, gets complex. But, basically everything is the same. We come from one source, you know. So that's the way my little melodies come out. And I find that I'm not that complex anyway, so far as music is concerned. Simplicity is very difficult to achieve - to play simple, I mean. Mal Waldron is a good friend of mine. I remember I was at school when I first heard him. It was amazing to me how he could take about four or five notes and play nothing but those four or five, or just play within a scale, and just weave those notes in and out, in and out and still keep building. He's a master of simplicity and there's so much beauty in simplicity. But I can think of a person and play something that would remind me of him. I do things like that.

V.F.: In the sixties, your playing was frequently compared to Cecil Taylor's -

D.P.: That's only dumb critic's talk! When I came to New York, I didn't even know who Cecil Taylor was. In fact, I met Cecil three times over the last ten years and I have never yet heard him play.

V.F.: Not even on records?

D.P.: I've heard one or two records by

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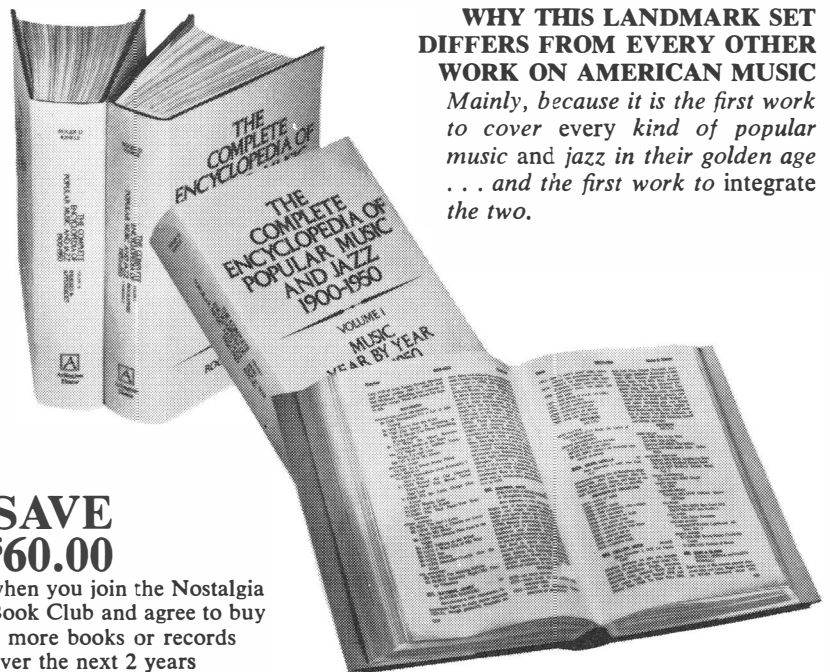
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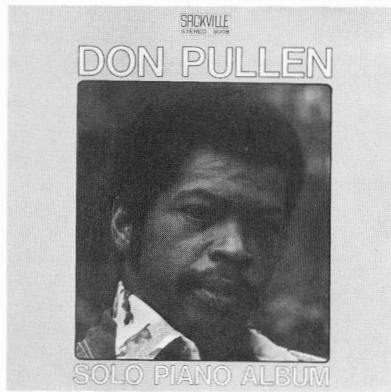
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Recorded March 21, 1975.

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George Adams (tenor sax, flute, piano,
vocal), Don Pullen (piano), David Wil-
liams (bass), Dannie Richmond (drums)
Cry From The Mountain, Song Of
Adam, Requiem For A Slumlord,
Payday Blues.

Recorded March 29, 1975.

BLACK SAINT BSR 0004 "CAPRICORN RISING"

Don Pullen featuring Sam Rivers
Don Pullen (piano), Sam Rivers (tenor
& soprano saxophones), Alex Blake
(bass), Bobby Battle (drums & tam-
bourine) - Break Out, Capricorn Rising,
Joycie Girl, Fall Out
Recorded October 16&17, 1975.

Each of the above records are avail-
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onto, Ontario M4J 4X8 CANADA.

him. One of them, I think, was at Bill Smith's house in Canada. The last time I saw Cecil was in Switzerland, at Montreux. We talked just about all day, hung out all day together. I got to know him a little better then, but this was about ten years later, you see. He's aware that I don't play like him and I'm aware that he doesn't play like me, either. We appreciate each other, we dig each other as people. I used to purposely avoid him because when I came to New York the first review was, "Don Pullen sounds like Cecil Taylor." If the critics said anything about me, Cecil's name had to be mentioned. Now, I didn't know who this motherfucker was, never even seen him. If he was playing somewhere, I wouldn't go there because I didn't want to sound like anybody. I was insecure in my position because he's been established for twenty or thirty years and I supposedly sounded like him. So I said, "Whoever he is, I'm gonna stay away from him so that I can be free to develop my own way and go my own way." If I sounded that much like him, as young as I was, then I might have been influenced by him.

V.F.: Which would have been dangerous for your future growth.

D.P.: Yes, of course. So I stayed away from him. As I became secure in my position, that I could play my own way, it didn't matter. So now I consider him a friend and I still don't know what he sounds like. From what I've heard of him, we might have the same way of doing things. But if you play C-D-E-F-G and I play the same thing, it's going to sound different. People haven't tuned their ears to hear the difference between your C and my C. Or maybe they're not taking the time to hear the difference. Cecil's background and my background are so different that we could never possibly sound alike.

V.F.: What is your background? I know Cecil graduated from the New England Conservatory. Their catalogue lists him as one of their Distinguished Alumni although, from what I've read about him, he hated the place.

D.P.: (Laughs.) I imagine he would. He's a free spirit and a very beautiful person. So I imagine that they probably did give him hell. But my background was the Rhythm and Blues, chitterlings circuit and the church.

V.F.: Did you have any conservatory training?

D.P.: No.

V.F.: Any lessons?

D.P.: Oh yeah. The lady across the street was a piano teacher. But that was it. I went to school to become a doctor, but split after awhile. The pull of music, the influence of music, was too great. School was just a diversionary tactic. I knew all along I was going into music. So here I am: got my shingle hanging out and an eviction notice on my door.

V.F.: Some musicians who play Fusion music -

D.P.: Fusion music?

V.F.: Yeah. The Jazz-Rock that Miles is doing, for example.

D.P.: Oh, that's what they call it?

V.F.: That's the most common label for it.

D.P.: Oh yeah?... Fusion music.

V.F.: The fusion of Jazz and Rock.

D.P.: Oh, I see. Okay... Con-fusion.

V.F.: (Laughs.) Anyway, some of the musicians playing Fusion music have openly stated that they're playing to make money so they can survive, as well as invest in the equipment and facilities required to make their music. Do you think you could alter your style to achieve greater commercial success?

D.P.: I could do it easily. It's hard, man, when you see cats out there making a whole bunch of money playin' shit while you're trying to elevate the music and by elevating the music elevate yourself. It's a feather in your cap when you be true to the music. So it's sort of difficult. I imagine anybody might be tempted to do something. But with me it's only lasted for a minute because I wouldn't be able to live unless I got some sort of satisfaction from the music that I was playing. I would probably die right quick, so there's only one way for me to go. I have to be true to myself and play the music that I feel I'm supposed to play. Otherwise, there's no purpose to it. What have I been doing all these years if I'm gonna sit down and play some shit, some garbage, you know? Then I've wasted half my life because I don't need training, I don't need thought, I don't need mental abilities, I don't need insight, I don't need creative power - I don't need any of that, you dig? I could just sit down and bullshit! If the cats that are doing it feel that's where they belong, then I've got no criticism of them. But a lot of it's more business and greed than anything else.

V.F.: It's difficult for you to get your music heard. What do you do to survive?

D.P.: What do I do? I do the same thing I'm doing now, just make it from day to day and keep my music on a high level. If I take care of the music, it'll take care of me. Then I go out, try to help myself. I don't just lay on my ass. I do whatever is necessary. If I believe in the music like I say I do, then I've got to do something to make the music heard. There's different ways of doing it. But I've managed these years. I might take a gig at the corner bar, playing some funk or fatback, whatever you want to call it, to survive, all for the music. There are bad periods in everyone's life, you know, periods when nothing is happening or happening the way you would like it to. But if you endure those periods, your praying becomes that much stronger. You learn from those periods, gain strength from them and the strength you gain comes out in your music. If you play truthful music, it's going to prevail, no matter what. My music is too good to be ignored, so I'll do whatever I have to do to keep it on a high level and get it out to the people. Like I said, if I take care of the music, the music will take care of me.

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I first heard and met Benny Waters in 1972 when he did his first tour in Denmark. In the band was a young girl guitarist, Marie-Ange Martin, and in an interview Marie-Ange said of Benny, "I find him fantastic." (CODA, October 1972) So did a lot of people in Denmark and Benny has been a regular guest here since his first tour. This interview was made at the office of Jazzhus Tagskaegget in Aarhus on April 24, 1975.

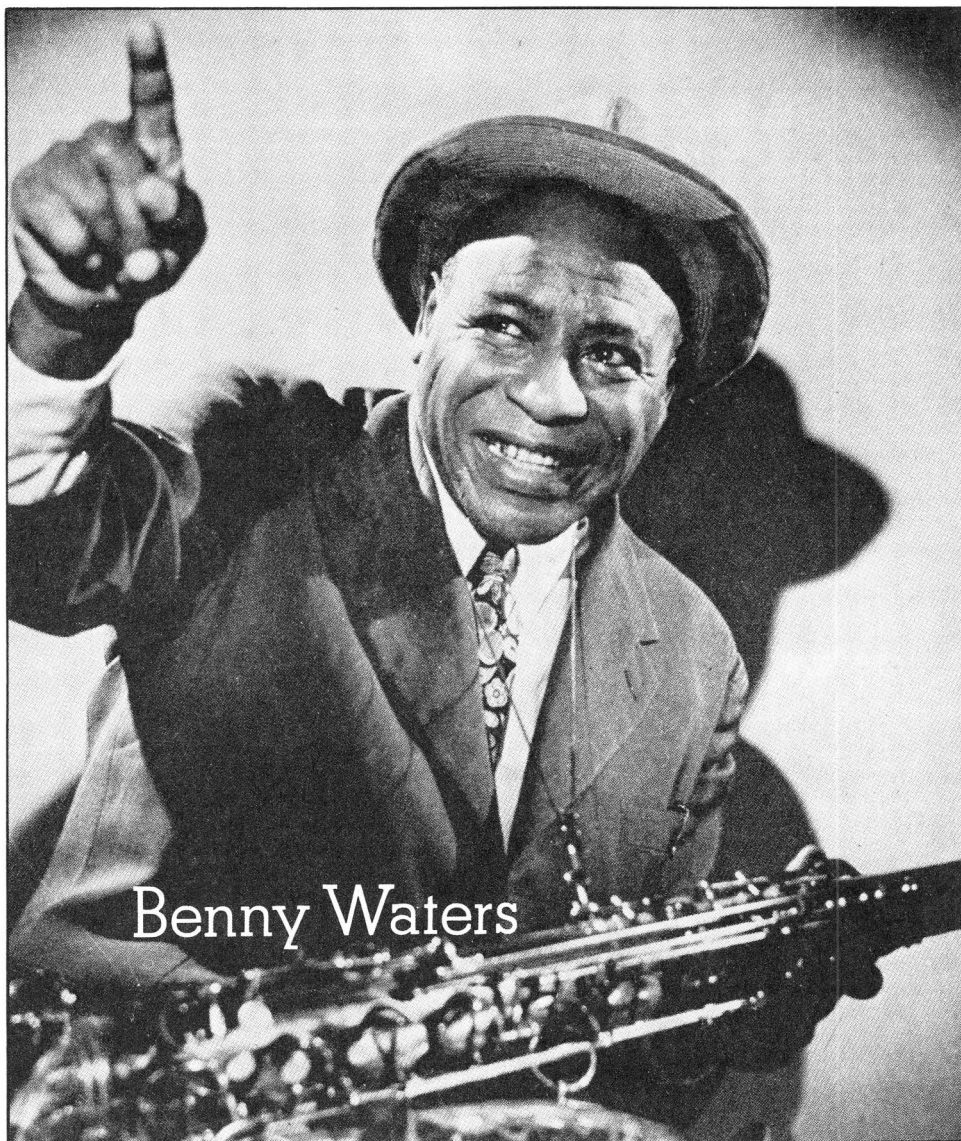
I wish to thank Benny for the pleasure his music has given me and for being such a beautiful person. I hope to hear him many times in the future. And to those of you who don't get the chance I would recommend his latest record: *Swinging Along With Benny Waters*. German CBS 80 252.

My musical career started when I was six years old. I started on piano and went from there to other instruments. My brother, Clarence, was kind of a virtuoso. He played trumpet, clarinet, flute, violin, saxophone and other instruments and he gave me a trumpet to play. So I stuck with that for about two years, but I couldn't do much with it so I went to the E-flat clarinet and later I borrowed my brother's alto saxophone. He read and had a beautiful sound... All my brothers could play something.

At that time I was playing mostly concerts at the private houses of rich people - just for music and dancing. I didn't hear no jazz until I joined a group in Philadelphia - there I worked with a jazz band by the name of Charlie Miller, the first jazz band I worked with. We had an excellent trumpeter, we had a good drummer and we had a girl pianist who was also excellent, I remember her name, Ruth Mossy. This group worked together for about two or three years and when I left I went to Boston to study music. I didn't study music until I was about 18 years old and I had been playing a long time before that. I didn't study saxophone or clarinet, I studied just music, harmony, theory... the roots.

In Boston I played with many of the great guys. Many of them may not be known so well but one great pianist was Skinny Johnson and another one was Walter Johnson. Then we had a conservatory graduate on piano by the name of Joe Steele, he may be the most learned, the most studied of all the pianists there but I always gave Skinny Johnson the credit of being the greatest pianist of that era. I worked with another pianist, Tom Whaley, we did concerts in the afternoon at hotels and at night we played for dancing. It wasn't too much jazz, it was commercial deals. Also, I worked with Johnny Hodges, who was born in Boston, many times. I did some radio work for the Howard Clothing Company, a very big clothing chain company, it's still there. But again, we didn't play jazz at all. We did classical solos, for instance I played a number called *Saxofobia* written by a virtuoso and the trumpet player played classical trumpet solos etc.

That's where I got all my pupils, like Harry Carney. You see, they had not heard any Negroes play that type of music on the radio before, these technical things. Things like that were rare and to play that kind of stuff you had to read music. And



people heard and said "that's the teacher for me". I had about 65 pupils in Boston but I only remember one name, Harry Carney. Johnny Hodges didn't have to learn anything but to read music. He was playing more jazz than anybody else then.

The first big band I worked with was Charlie Johnson's Band, an organized big band. We had quite a good group, we had arrangements from everybody and we had four arrangers in the band. I arranged and Benny Carter did - he was in the band also. We had the great trombone player Jimmy Harrison, we had Dickie Wells working with us sometimes. We had this little kid we brought from Philadelphia, Jabbo Smith, a fine player who was quite a success. With Johnson's big band we started in Atlantic City and from there we worked for a long period in New York, at Small's Paradise.

R.B.: You recorded with King Oliver in the 20's...

B.W.: Yeah, to be exact I did six sessions with Joe King Oliver and Clarence Williams. Williams had a music publishing company and they recorded all the songs they could possibly get together before the company was sold. Some of the recordings I made I heard six months later, others I have never heard. But you see, I

was working with Charlie Johnson's band and recording with Oliver was just a matter of making some extra money. I guess you know that Joe Oliver's band broke up in New York... Luis Russell later took charge of the band. He took the nucleus of that band and they had some great men there but the band was nothing because they didn't have any arrangements. Everything was head arrangements, you know, and that's where I come in about the idea of how necessary it is for a person to read music. They had some of the greatest soloists in the world in that band but they sounded bad because they weren't reading. The musicianship wasn't there but as for soloists they had them, Barney Bigard, Red Allen, Higginbotham, and individually they all went their own way when the band broke up.

R.B.: You talked about head arrangements and of course this is a thing we know from the Count Basie Band of that time also...

B.W.: Yeah, that was practically the same thing - but that band didn't break up! Here's what happened to that band: Basie came to New York with some of the greatest soloists in it, Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Buck Clayton, Jo Jones - and the band was playing head arrangements. Head

arrangements are always the same, there's nothing musical about it, but it swings. So the band couldn't compete, at the Rose-land Ballroom where they were playing, with bands like our band, Fletcher Henderson's Band, and many white bands that played much music. There's a big difference there so that's where John Hammond came in. If I'm not mistaken the Godfather of the Basie Band is John Hammond, he paid for arrangements etc. and everybody knows what happened. And John Hammond was the Godfather of Benny Goodman too. He also discovered many other guys, like Charlie Christian and he suggested the Lionel Hampton/Benny Goodman/Teddy Wilson/Gene Krupa Quartet.

But back to the Basie Band. The band was always swinging but you get tired of those head arrangements. So after John came he lifted the band right up. I heard Lester Young and Herschel Evans play Moten Swing or something like that for about an hour... Of the two I've always liked Herschel Evans' style better than Lester's. It was not that he played better, but Herschel played more soulful for me you see.

I asked Jo Jones one day when I met him, I think it was last year at the festival, and I asked him: "Actually, who was the best tenor saxophone player?" And I understood that Jo said Herschel Evans - and he should know.

But you could not say that to those kids who listened to Count Basie's Band. I'll give you one idea how popular Lester Young was. I was on the road with Charlie Johnson's Band and I went to a little joint where a whole gang of young kids played the juke-box. They played one of Count Basie's records and Herschel Evans was blowing and all these young kids started: "Blow Lester, blow man...." I told them that it wasn't Lester, it was Herschel, but they said, like, "No, man, it's Lester, don't tell me..." And they were full of marihuana and they wouldn't pay any attention to me. And that's how popular Lester was. It was Herschel playing but as he sounded good - to them it had to be Lester.

R.B.: You were not influenced by Lester Young yourself?

B.W.: No, I was influenced by Coleman Hawkins. On alto I was influenced by Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges and Earl Bostic. I played classical clarinet and didn't follow nobody much on that. I admired many, but....

R.B.: When you left Charlie Johnson's Band you were free-lancing in New York and you also had a job with a dancing school....

B.W.: Yes, that was during the Depression. It was a bad period for musicians and I was lucky I was working. I was playing for dancing and that was another type of stuff. I could read and we had music for every song we played. A lot of musicians who could play much jazz were out of job because they couldn't read. This dancing school was a high-class school. I'll give you an idea of how high-class it was. Do you know that movie actress Barbara Stanwyck? That's where she came from, the first movie she made was called "Ten cents a dance" and that's from that school. She was discovered there as well as another

girl too... I forgot her name. So it was real high-class, everybody was in tuxedos and evening dresses... and only white people attended the school.

Later, after Small's Paradise closed, I came with Fletcher Henderson's Band, I worked with a lot of big bands, like Claude Hopkins, I rejoined Charlie Johnson, worked with Hot Lips Page and a Cuban Band. After these groups I joined Jimmie Lunceford, in fact I was recommended by Claude Hopkins.

Later after that I formed my own group and we worked at the Red Mill in New York. I had a great little band there, very musical. I had a guy on guitar, Eddie Gibbs, who was one of the greatest unknown guitarists in New York. He had an electric harp and guitar, and this electric harp was like a Hawaiian effect. We only had five pieces but we sounded like eight people because of this electric thing which made it compact. I can remember my wife, Lorraine, on piano, the trumpet player was Herman Autrey, who used to work with Fats Waller, the drummer was Kaiser Marshall and that's all. We played anything there, we were swinging with all kinds of stuff. That was the beginning of the 40's before I went to California. At that time the new jazz was coming up, Dizzy and Monk and those cats. I lived near Minton's, I had to go by there to go home, so I heard all the sounds. It was a harder style than the music I played and there was a little prejudice, even now there's a conflict about style. But I went there to listen and Dizzy was terrific. I never heard Charlie Parker play there, Dizzy was playing that be-bop music before Charlie came to New York. When Charlie came in he was an asset to Dizzy because he was in the same vein. That's why they made those great records like Hot House and all that. I liked the music, I found it was great. Coleman Hawkins was playing progressive stuff then, he changed his style a little. Or let me tell you how I see it. Coleman didn't change his style but he was just playing be-bop songs and he had always been using beautiful harmonies, long before be-bop came around.

But Coleman played the songs with a be-bop flavor, but when he took his solos he played like he always did. Dizzy had a different style, different from all other trumpet players. Later of course many people followed him and Miles came up and many others. But to me Dizzy was the most sensational, he had control and he still has...

I went to California in the late 40's. I went there to join my wife who was working with me again and I had charge of the band when that saxophone player, who was a Mexican, had to go to the Army. That band I had was an entertaining band, the only band I ever had that was doing all the things the way I feel. We had everything going on, we even had big cowboy hats, we played mambos, we played tangos, rumbas, we had to do a certain amount of that stuff because we were near the Mexican border. On Saturday nights the place would be nearly half full of Mexicans. Actually, Dizzy came out to work on the West Coast but he made no success, he flopped. Not because of him but because of the rhythm. The young boys now are playing things that

Dizzy has given up, things he used to do.

I was at the Salle Pleyel and Dizzy was playing there... He had this great drummer playing with him... what's his name... Art Blakey. Art was playing so loud and Dizzy had to cool him down because you couldn't hear anything but cymbals all over the place.

Of the bands I've worked with, from all standpoints, I liked Jimmie Lunceford's the best. Not particularly because of the music... I like entertaining as you've noticed. I do a lot of entertaining myself and I like to work with a group where I can entertain.

Jimmie's band had group singing, it had a quartet, a trio, and it had singing individually - and Duke and Count Basie had nothing of that. So to me Jimmie's band was a better band, but not musically. I feel entertaining is important. Fletcher Henderson was a great band musically but there wasn't any entertaining at all.

With Jimmie we changed uniforms two or three times a night, I had fifteen uniforms, things like that were important. We were in Kansas City and people on the corner were not talking about the music, they were talking about the uniforms. What I have said about the Jimmie Lunceford Band can be proven if you listen to some of the records he made, like Ain't She Sweet, things like that...

In the beginning of the 50's I went to Europe with a Dixieland band exclusively to work for a month. But I stayed over here, the others went back. It was Jimmy Archey's band. I played clarinet and a little soprano, Jimmy Archey was the leader and the trombone player, the greatest Dixieland trombone player maybe at that time, Henry Goodwin was the trumpeter, Tommy Benford was the drummer, Dick Wellstood, the young white piano player and the bass-player was Pops Foster. We did some tours in Germany and Switzerland and I stayed and joined Bill Coleman. Why did I stay? Well, I guess just for adventure. I could have gone home to work in the States but this was my first trip and I just wanted to see Europe. Like a little baby... for adventure. And I had this job with Bill Coleman and I worked with Bill until I went to this little joint 'La Cigale' in Paris. With Bill I played soprano and clarinet and finally I bought an alto and we had Guy Lafitte playing tenor. When I left the band I went to this little place in Paris playing alto also, and when the tenor saxophonist once went to Nice on vacation and didn't come back the man asked me could I play tenor. I said I had no tenor but then I had a guy bring over my tenor from New York. And I stayed on tenor.

That's why I have all these instruments, that's how it happened. I came here with clarinet and soprano and I joined Bill Coleman's band on alto and I changed to tenor at 'La Cigale'. And I just kept all the four horns and use them as an attraction.

So I haven't been to the States for more than twenty years. The reason is that something is always coming up. I'm always working...

ROLAND BAGGENAES

Last Chord

The following letter is the final correspondence on this subject that Coda Publications will be printing.



This note is a response to Mr. Ron Welburn's review in CODA April 1976, of "Coltrane: A Biography". In strictly objective fashion I will present evidence supporting information in the book which he claims is in error. I will also address myself to actual errors that he brought attention to. Quotes will be taken from his review which will be followed by my answer.

(1) "Simpkins' book which was to be published by Emerson Hall... a small Black Publishing House, was further delayed two months from its projected March, 1975 release..."

The manuscript of "Coltrane" was completed in April 1973. Its publication was delayed 1½ years by Emerson Hall until I succeeded in obtaining a formal release from my contract. The book was published by Herndon House, a company which I formed. March 1975 was our projected date of publication. The books were not received from the binder until June 12, 1975. Publication date was June 15, 1975, the date of a book party sponsored by the Schomberg Library in New York.

(2) "Already there's been some mud-slinging, most of it racial in nature. An interview of Simpkins on a New York

Black Television program called his book, 'the only legitimate biography,' because Simpkins is an Afro-American..."

I think it misleading to place such observations in a review. It is an implied reflection upon my public behavior regarding the existence of two books. I think that already Welburn is trying to dig up some mud to sling.

(3) "Both books lack depth of musical analysis."

Mr. Welburn obviously did not understand the book. I refer him to pages 65, 74, 75, 92-94, 112-114, 246, 257, 263-272 and 276-287. My belief has been that one cannot discuss Coltrane's music without discussing the large part his life played in the creation of his music. Therefore there is no music analysis section. But dispersed throughout there are analyses. Coltrane's movement through various bases of improvisation is dealt with. We see him move through the chordal stage on to scalar, to modal, and rhythmic bases. There are discussions of his re-arranging of songs such as My Favorite Things and Body And Soul. There is discussion of his formula for superimposing chords upon any II-V-I progression. There is also a copy of his workbook from 1959-60 which shows his transition from a highly chordal concern represented by Countdown to the use of modes from all over the world.

(4) "Simpkins did not spare expletives." These are not my expletives. The story was set down as it was told to me. It stands as it was told.

(5) "...could have woven into his narrative Elvin Jones' challenge that Rashied Ali's drumming was no more "eastern" than New York. Simpkins bungles it before he started by apparently not knowing the story behind the two recorded masters of 'Ascension'... prefiguring the kind of airy percussion style and rhythm texture Coltrane would find attractive in Ali later in 1965."

In a taped interview Rashied Ali informed me that John Coltrane asked him to be on the "Ascension" date. Rashied refused for reasons described in "Coltrane". Therefore it is highly improbable that the drumming on "Ascension" prefigured the "airy" qualities that Coltrane found attractive in Ali's playing. Coltrane was obviously attracted to his playing before the "Ascension" date. I was aware of the "Ascension" hypothesis as an explanation of the entry of Ali into the Coltrane band. Mr. Welburn also asserts that I did not hear the two "Ascension"s which I did. However, the evidence steered me clear of this hypothesis.

(6) "...Coltrane studied at Ornstein in the forties and started Granoff in 1951..." Mr. Granoff, of Granoff studios in Philadelphia, in another taped interview informed me that Coltrane studied there in the 1940's and then did eight years of post-graduate work. I think it unlikely that he began a music school in 1951 during the period he was with Dizzy Gillespie and Earl Bostic and travelling about the country.

(7) "Simpkins claims that Trane was

stranded in Los Angeles and that Dolphy paid his fare back to Philadelphia in 1952; Thomas paraphrases Trane's own quote of knowing Dolphy since 1954 days."

Please note page 132 of "Coltrane", the quotation to which I think Mr. Welburn is referring. "Eric and I have been talking music for quite a few years, since about 1954. We've been close for quite a while..." Note that Coltrane says "since about 1954" in reference to his and Dolphy's discussion of music. As for the time they have known each other he says "quite a while". The same story of Coltrane's being lent money by Dolphy to return to New York comes from many sources. Johnny Coles, the trumpet player, tells how Coltrane was stranded in California while both were in Earl Bostic's band. Discography places Coltrane in Bostic's band in 1952. These facts, combined with the temporal open-endedness of Coltrane's statement make 1952 the most probable year of Coltrane's and Dolphy's meeting. In "Coltrane" the reader is given an indication of the deductive nature of this datum by it being stated thusly, "It may have been while with the Bostic band that John was stranded in Los Angeles. Eric Dolphy, a musician who would be more prominent in John's later life got him money to return to Philadelphia".

(8) "...Coltrane stopped smoking, drinking and taking drugs and (Thomas) gives an account of his isolation in his mother's house in Philadelphia for nearly a week." See page 57-58 in "Coltrane". The section describing Coltrane's withdrawal was written at Naima Coltrane's table with her standing over me. I wrote it and rewrote it until it accurately described the situation. She graciously provided suggestions and even some phrases for these pages. Coltrane was in his mother's house for nearly two, not nearly one week. Three days after he began feeling better he had a dream in which there was a drone that he would later search for in music.

(9) "...Simpkins says Coltrane began using drugs in the late forties. Thomas states that Coltrane became addicted after leaving Earl Bostic and before Johnny Hodges in 1953, drinking heavily from 1946 usually to combat severe toothaches." Jimmy Heath is the reference here. Coltrane was in his band in 1948. No one tells of drug addiction before then. Jimmy Heath as well as Naima state that Coltrane began drinking heavily after using drugs. Heath was with him in the Dizzy Gillespie band when he states that Coltrane began drinking. Naima states that Coltrane told her he began drinking in an attempt to stifle the desire for drugs.

(10) "Neither agrees with the date of Coltrane's first job."

I stated on page 21 that Coltrane's first professional job was with a cocktail lounge group in 1945. There are numerous references for this date, one of which is liner notes to "Dial Africa" BYG Records #529-108 written by Phillippe Carlos of JAZZ Magazine.

(11) "...Brower, Coltrane and James Kinzer left Highpoint on June 11, 1943 and

Simpkins insists that all left on January 11, 1944."

Mr. Welburn is correct here. I called Mr. Brower. The correct date is June 11, 1943. I interviewed Mr. Brower in preparing the manuscript. There was an error in transcription of the text confusing January with June.

(12) "Calvin Massey the late trumpeter/composer/arranger first heard Coltrane while walking down a side street in Philadelphia and Coltrane was rehearsing with the Heath brothers band in a garage."

Mr. Massey told me in a taped interview that he met John Coltrane while walking down South Broad Street in Philadelphia and hearing Coltrane's solo during rehearsal with the Joe Webb band, which included Big Maybelle.

(13) "Thomas claims Cleanhead Vinson wanted Coltrane so bad for his group that he offered to buy him a tenor sax; but Simpkins takes a first person statement from a draft he fails to annotate in which Trane claims he bought his first tenor when going with Vinson."

Neither author's claim precludes the other. It is possible that Vinson offered to buy Coltrane the saxophone and that Coltrane decided to buy his own. In addition the quotation I used is clearly annotated as standard practice at the end of the quotation as footnote #16. The reference as clearly noted in the footnote section is "Coltrane on Coltrane" by John Coltrane 9/29/60 p. p. 26-27 Down Beat magazine. Mr. Welburn please read!

(14) "...few record dates for Columbia confused with Prestige's catalog...."

These dates were taken from a discography. Perhaps the discography listed them incorrectly, perhaps it listed them correctly, I will look into this.

(15) "...questionably long digressions on Charlie Parker and Sun Ra."

I felt that many readers would not be familiar with Bird and Sun Ra. These readers and even more knowledgeable readers would understand more of the musical, spiritual, and conceptual heritage and environment of Coltrane if they knew something of the lives of these and other seminal forces.

(16) "...calls Metronome a British jazz magazine...."

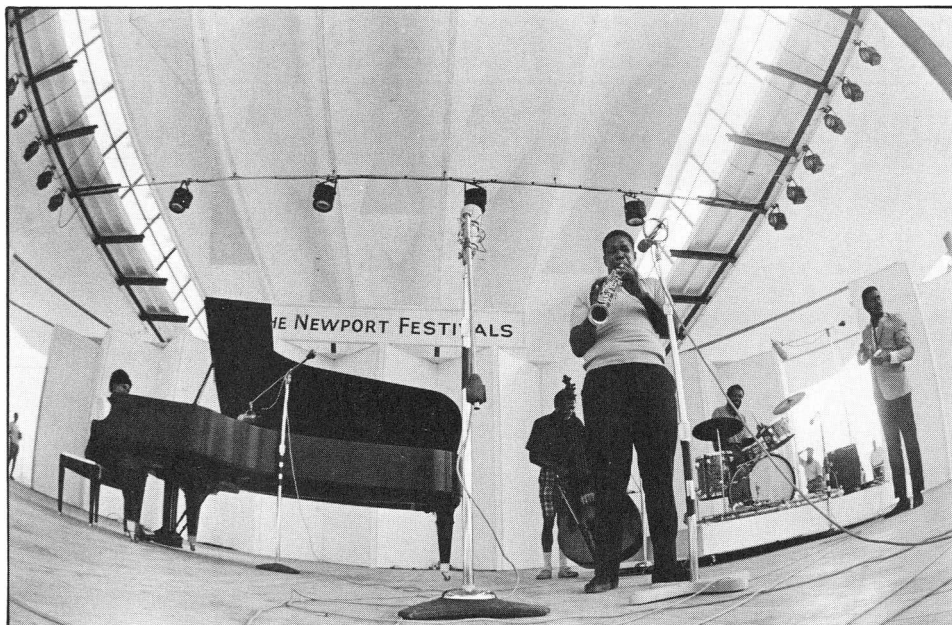
Agreed that this is incorrect.

(17) "...confuses the Frank Kofsky interview with Coltrane as a 1962 event but later says it occurred in 1966...."

Material from the Kofsky interview in which events of the year 1962 were discussed, was placed with other material pertinent to that year. It was never stated that the interview took place in 1962 and it is difficult to understand how one could interpret the material as such. It is unequivocally stated that the interview took place in 1966.

(18) "Simpkins also didn't realize that Living Space (1966) featured Alice Coltrane and son Oran dubbed into the track in 1973. (See the notes to 'Infinity'.)" Liner notes to both my copies of "Infinity" do not give this information. Granted that other jackets might provide this information.

(19) "It seems that Simpkins limited his



Alice Coltrane, Jimmy Garrison, John Coltrane, Rashied Ali and Pharoah Sanders

interviews to Blacks...." (Did not mention any of the people who knew Coltrane in Europe).

I did not "limit" my interviews to any group. The study of the subject led naturally to more Blacks than whites just as a true study of Ho Chi Minh would lead to more contact with Vietnamese.

As far as European interviews are concerned, I was a medical student at the time the book was being done. Money limitations did not allow me to travel to Europe. However, as we all know, research is a never-ending process.

(20) "Simpkins...used this (Melody Maker) and Down Beat without investigating Jazz Journal, Jazz Monthly, Coda, Jazz, Change and several others."

I spent many months in the Library of Performing Arts in New York, Berklee College School of Music Library in Boston, Rutgers Jazz Center Library in Newark and the Schomburg Library in New York. I read everything in English about John Coltrane and related subjects in every one of the magazines Welburn mentions as well as others except Changes. I am very conversant with this literature though I did not include articles from every source in the book just to show that I had read them. Rather articles were chosen for their uniqueness in describing some characteristics of Coltrane or some events involving them. Also a more careful check of the footnotes would have shown Mr. Welburn that there is material from Coda for which Coda graciously gave me permission to use, "Frank Kofsky talks to Bob Thiele about John Coltrane" Coda Publications 5/68 p. p. 3-10.

(21) "All of Simpkins' discography is within his text and there are huge gaps." This statement implies that gross errors were made in compiling a discography. This is a contorted and ludicrous statement since the recordings that are in the book are not mentioned in an effort to compile a discography. Instead they are presented to illustrate a stage of develop-

ment, a feeling, or the fact that he played with certain people. I have a complete discography which was not included in the present edition of the book because to print more pages would have meant that I would not have been able to finance the book. A complete discography will be included in a future edition.

(22) "Neither (book) satisfactorily tackles the matter of 'mystique' - When mystique is ascribed to anyone something of their personality and goals in life linger on after death."

As far as I am concerned the study was of Coltrane's life not the lives of those after his death. I think that the study of his life constitutes a more than ample basis for investigation.

In conclusion, I do not usually reply to criticism pro or con concerning "Coltrane: A Biography". (Most of the criticism has been very favourable I might add) However, Mr. Welburn's challenge to my scholarship demanded a reply. I wanted to present my evidence for the facts which he challenged. In view of the evidence presented only three of the twenty-two points Mr. Welburn challenged were actually in error. It was misleading and incomplete for him to compare the two books and assert that "Coltrane: A Biography" was in error because it did not agree with Thomas' work. Some of his challenges revealed superficial knowledge of his subject as with the point about Rashied Ali's drumming. He also did not read "Coltrane" well, as a critic should, since many of his doubts would have been cleared up had he done this. He never consulted with me and never showed me the respect I think due one who has been involved with this research on Coltrane for seven years now and will be involved as long as life permits. Thank you to Coda for allowing this scholarly exchange.

- Cuthbert O. Simpkins, Jr., M.D.
President, Herndon House Publishers

RECORD REVIEWS RECORD REVIEWS RECORD

KING OLIVER

The Great 1923 Gennets
Herwin 106

At this time there is little fresh to add to the accolades already bestowed upon the 1923 version of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band. They are the first recordings by the young Louis Armstrong (his first solo is heard on Chimes Blues) and are definitive examples of New Orleans style jazz at its best. It has always been said, with some justification, that only those who actually heard the band can have any real grasp of the immense power generated by the four piece front line of Joe Oliver, Armstrong, Johnny Dodds and Honore Dutrey. Certainly the quality of the various reissues has been abysmally lacking in sound quality. The few people fortunate enough to own or have access to good quality originals knew that the music was better recorded than the lps would suggest.

Now Herwin has done us all a favour by reissuing all the Gennetts with exemplary sound. It's like hearing the music for the first time - even Zulus Ball/Working Man Blues are much better than would have seemed possible (this is the legendary 78 turned up by Monte Ballou in the 1940s and still the only extant original copy of the music).

Despite the music being offered on other labels at the same time there's no question that this is the best reissue of the fabulous Gennett recordings by King Oliver. They are a cornerstone in any worthwhile collection of jazz music.

- John Norris



have enjoyed their freedom it is. But if the playing experience was satisfying, why did it end up in an unsatisfying listening experience?

Basically, the listener's problems with "Spirit in the Sky" seem to have two sources. First, the music is, in a word, inconsistent. The styles fluctuate from energetic avant garde (Amy) to slicka-phonics (Spirit), with quick passes at a lot of styles in between. The second side is a hodge-podge, with the musicians changing personalities more often than they change instruments. Secondly, drummer Bob Moses often seems to be insensitive to what the other musicians are doing. He is consistently loud and overbearing, which works well on the boisterous Bugs Bunny but nearly destroys the meditative Rada, set up by a beautiful flute-bass duet by Liebman and Tusa. Moses tends to play against the other two instead of with them. That may be construed as an expression of freedom on his part, but it seems more like self-indulgence when it saps the collective expression.

Collectively, Open Sky tries to move in several directions at once, and the result is that is hardly moves at all.

- Jack Chambers

ORIGINAL TUXEDO BAND

Patch's Jazz
Patch's Jazz 1001

Swing That Music, The Mooche, Once In A While, Apex Blues, Weary Blues, Shim-Me-Sha-Wobble, Promenade Aux Champs Elysees, When I Grow Too Old To Dream, Sweet Substitute, Floatin' Down To Cotton Town.

The title of this Lp reflects its recording and production in early 1975 during the Original Traditional Jazz Band's regular engagement at Patch's in New York City. The six musicians, led by drummer Stan Levine, here lay down ten tunes in a smooth, slightly modernized Dixieland style, generally avoiding exhausted material and exhuming two numbers (Swing

That Music and Promenade Aux Champs Elysees) which, while somewhat riffy and repetitive, will be brand new to most traditional jazz fans.

Full-band playing is the strength of the album, trumpeter Bill Barnes pushing out a crisp, confident lead over solid, swinging rhythm. The Mooche, almost entirely ensemble, is about the best performance, cleanly played but down-and-dirty in mood. When I Grow Too Old To Dream heads the list of up-tempo selections, clarinetist Jacques Kerrien (effectively picking up the melody on a couple of choruses) switching for this one to the more dramatic soprano saxophone, and the rhythm section generating an urging, straight-ahead four-beat.

What is too often lacking in this session is that fickle quantity, inspiration. This deficiency is especially apparent in the solos, where considerable time is spent superficially running the chord changes. For example, pianist John Halsey, spotlighted on every track, generally fills his slot with right-hand arpeggios and a few overworked licks, while trombonist Bruce Paine is only marginally more imaginative. The main exception is bassist Bill Popp, who consistently gets under the skin of things.

On balance, the individual artists are technically accomplished, but their potential is only partially fulfilled in this recording. Grade it C. Available from Stan Levine, 41 West 83rd Street, New York City, New York 10024 U.S.A.

- Tex Wyndham

KID ORY

Creole Jazz Band
Folk Lyric 9008

The New Orleans jazz revival of the 1940s brought to prominence two great band-leaders - Bunk Johnson and Kid Ory. While the former sparked off a worldwide music trend, the accomplishments of the 1940s Ory band have fared less well. The music on this record comes from the Orson Welles radio show of 1944 and from 1945 Standard School broadcasts. It is an invaluable contribution to the band's history - for, in essence, the Ory band began on the Orson Welles programs where it was more simply known as The All Star Stompers. It was an all-star cooperative unit but Ory's influence gradually dominated its direction and name. Even at this early date the remarkable cohesion, sense of rhythmic drive, admirable choice of tempos (with the surprising exception of his own tunes - Muskrat Ramble and Savoy Blues) and fantastic ensemble sound which made the Ory band so distinctive was well in evidence.

A major key to the individuality of sound and style in this band was the trumpet of Mutt Carey. He was a contemporary of Joe Oliver and was a marvelous

OPEN SKY

Spirit in the Sky
PM Records PMR-003

Side 1: Amy (7:12), Come To Supper Tonight Rada (10:50). Recorded NYC, Dec. 28 and 29, 1973.

Side 2: (a) mfwala myo lala(1:13), (b) Striving For Truth(2:02), Bugs Bunny(4:53), (c) Seeing You (3:03), (d) Spirit In The Sky (10:24). Recorded Jan. 14, 15, 30, April 1, Aug. 11, 20, 24, 1974.

David Liebman tr, alto flt, el pno, perc; Frank Tusa bs, perc; Bob Moses dms; (a) Liebman sop, Moses vibes; (b) Liebman pno, Tusa bs; (c) Tusa bs; (d) add Susan Bauer, Eleana Steinberg, Steve Sattan voc.

The intention is above criticism; musicians should be free to play and record the music of their choice. Open Sky has been given that freedom on Gene Perla's FM label and this record represents, as Dave Liebman says in the notes, "a form of expression not dictated by commercial pressures." It should be a cause for rejoicing, and insofar as these musicians

lead trumpeter in the New Orleans idiom. His use of mutes gave him a tight, highly disciplined and unique sound. He drove the ensembles - listen to him spark Weary Blues, for instance. His tone belongs to a past era and the only trumpeter to utilize his approach successfully in more recent times has been Ken Colyer and he, like Mutt Carey, has had to deal with people who equate trumpet only with Louis Armstrong.

The third stylistic factor in the success of Ory's band was the buoyant elasticity of his rhythm section. Buster Wilson, Bud Scott and Ed Garland played with an openness which was heard earlier in the great Victor recordings of Jelly Roll Morton. For the first 12 selections (the Welles broadcasts) the rhythm is held together by the classic percussion of Zutty Singleton, one of the great masters. His bass drum pulsates while his press rolls snap and sizzle with the zip of an earlier generation Ed Blackwell. The Welles broadcasts contain the essence. They sparkle with the abandoned drive of musicians playing music they love in comfortable surroundings. Sound quality of this issue makes previous releases sound like fourth hand rejects. There's so much more presence and distortion is minimal. It also seems as if Tiger Rag, Oh Didn't He Ramble, Blues In E Flat (vocal by Helen Andrews) and Royal Garden Blues (with Norman Bowden's later trumpet style at odds with the remainder of the band) are issued here for the first time. Jimmie Noone is the clarinetist on the first five selections (High Society, Sugar Foot Stomp, Muskrat Ramble, That's A Plenty, Panama Rag) and Wade Whaley is heard on the tribute - Blues For Jimmy. Barney Bigard joins the band for Tiger Rag, Savoy Blues, Weary Blues, Oh Didn't He Ramble, Blues In E Flat and Royal Garden Blues. All three clarinetists are exponents of the New Orleans Creole tradition - which Ory favored - and their highly arpeggiated lines weave in and out of the ensembles.

Previous commercial issues (in increasingly dubious presentations) stem from Jazz Panorama 8 - released in Europe several years ago. It does have the bonus of Orson Welles' forceful introductions (all but missing in this new Folk Lyric issue) as well as a 1946 V Disc version of High Society by the band with Albert Nicholson's clarinet.

The Standard broadcasts are flat and uninteresting (compare the version of Creole Song with the Crescent). Perhaps the band felt intimidated. Joe Darensbourg is the clarinetist while pianist Fred Washington and drummer Charlie Blackwell are ordinary. There are two versions of The Blues (one of which is newly issued), Creole Song, Lonesome Road and High Society (neither of the last two are on the Jazz Panorama).

The classic Ory sides are the Crescent/Jazz Man 78s reissued on Good Time Jazz 12022. The material on this record is complimentary and has the bonus of Zutty Singleton and Jimmie Noone. Unfortunately Ory's repertoire remained static so unless you are an avid collector

of his music you will find much repetition in his selection of tunes. - John Norris

OSBORNE • TRACEY

Original
Cadillac Records SGC-1002

A few years ago, a Mike Osborne and Stan Tracey partnership would have seemed a little improbable. Coming as they do from different generations of British jazz, the pianist Tracey a musical contemporary of the late Tubby Hayes and Phil Seaman, and alto saxophonist Osborne a member of the Mike Westbrook, John Surman and Brotherhood of Breath community, they wouldn't appear to be very closely allied. But here they are, playing as if they've been together for years, and proving all suspicions wrong. Osborne's influence has apparently been quite inspirational, bringing Tracey right up to date and into the more comfortable realms of free music. (So much so that Tracey's quartet, Open Circle, now includes two members of the Spontaneous Music Ensemble, John Stevens and Trevor Watts.)

Evidence of the New! Improved! Stan Tracey, as he has been called in Britain, and of the fruits of his collaboration with Osborne is clear on "Original". And the rewards of this association are not all one-sided. The pianist offers a bebop-er's sense of form and a composer's feeling for organization, two elements occasionally absent from Osborne's work. Together, they've taken the duet format and explored it at length. Superficially, Original invites comparison with Anthony Braxton's and Chick Corea's Duet ("Paris Concert", ECM 1018-19). Although the pianists are poles apart, Osborne at this point, takes more than a little from Braxton. Unlike the freewheeling Duet, however, Original has the illusion of being a very compact piece of music, confined to a relatively narrow area of development. Where Braxton and Corea react openly to one another, Osborne and Tracey work so closely together and the result is so logically put in place, that the resulting music is characterized by a single-mindedness almost contradictory to the idea of a duet.

On the most basic level, Tracey explores the rhythmic and percussive aspects of the piano while Osborne deals with the alto's melodic and tonal range. Tracey sets the pace, rolling off irresistible rhythms, very much in the manner of an African percussionist, (which have Osborne rushing his phrasing uncomfortably to keep in step) and leading the music into passages of delicate balladry (where the altoist is at his best), harsh but controlled atonality and reflective calm. They plunge in courageously from the start, leaving themselves open to all sorts of possible pitfalls. To their credit, the spell is shaken by a few awkward moments, but it's never broken. For two musicians from such diverse backgrounds, that's an impressive accomplishment. - Mark Miller

JAZZ JOURNAL

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JOE PASS

Intercontinental
MPS 21-20738

Joe Pass, for all that he is obviously a supremely accomplished technician, usually leaves me pretty cold. The school of thought which lionizes Pass, Peterson, Ferguson, Ella Fitzgerald, et al, and claims Tatum (rightly or wrongly) as patron saint seems to conceive of jazz improvisation as a technical obstacle course through advanced-harmonic chord substitutions, octave-runs, triple-tonguing, descending minor-ninth arpeggios, etc., instead of a direct route between feeling and sound.

To me Pass' playing often sounds like it's meant for college professors, not flesh-and-blood bipeds, a weakness I would imagine even he himself is aware of. When fired by the right circumstances, as on his Concord records with Herb Ellis or parts of his Virtuoso Pablo LP, he is able to transcend the prodigious weight of his technical capabilities. Unfortunately this doesn't happen at all on "Intercontinental", on which Pass is accompanied by a very low-key rhythm section which fails to generate any excitement. The result is a record with quite a bit of "just another gig" feeling to it.

At that it is a moderately interesting record for students of modern mainstream guitar-playing, because whatever Pass in his less-inspired moments isn't, he is always an amazing instrumentalist from whom young players who want to play this style can learn. Beyond that, however, there is little of interest here.

- Richard Baker

Portraits of Duke Ellington
Pablo 2310 716

Portraits of Duke Ellington - and all of them exceedingly familiar. No surprises either in the program or the precise, professional playing of guitarist Joe Pass. It seems a shame that Pass could not unearth less tried works from the voluminous Ellington library. There are so many that have never been played in this kind of intimate trio context. Instead we get *Satin Doll*, *I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *I Got It Bad*, *In A Mellowtone*, *Solitude*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *Do Nothin' 'Til You Hear From Me* and *Caravan*.

I have said before that Pass seems incapable of playing a mediocre solo. That still goes. His style has its share of gloss and glitter but he can equally get to the heart of a song with feeling (eg. his unaccompanied cameo of *Sophisticated Lady*). Still, one cannot help thinking that a more individual account of Ellington and Strayhorn works is to be found on Tommy Flanagan's "Tokyo Recital" album.

Pass is almost too perfect here. Everything is just too cut and dried, and I suspect that the guitarist is suffering from recording fatigue (the number of LPs he has appeared on in the last year

or two is phenomenal). Given so many assignments, an element of sameness invariably creeps in. Aside from the solo ballads (*Sophisticated Lady*, *I Got It Bad* and *Solitude*), Pass is assisted elsewhere by the faultless Ray Brown (bass) and the crisp and springy Bobby Durham (drums). Brown's statements are always a delight, particularly so on *Mellowtone* where he and Pass indulge in engaging conversations.

It may have been the hackneyed (if one may dare use such a term in connection with over-exposed Ellington pieces) repertoire that held back Pass in this instance. Whatever the reason, I find this one of Joe's least satisfactory and satisfying recordings. My complaint really is: too much expertise, too little emotion. Nobody can turn it on all the time, and Pass has a pretty astonishing track record up to now so we cannot complain hysterically about a momentary lapse.

- Mark Gardner

ANDRE PERSIANNY

Jazz Piano Concert
Concert Hall 1362

The Real Me
Black and Blue 333.024

Requiem Pour Un Chat
Le Chant du Monde AJ1010

Despite his acceptance by his peers, Andre Persianny has never attracted the kind of audience more flamboyant European pianists have enjoyed. Part of the problem is that, like Dill Jones, his eclecticism has not placed him consistently in any one idiomatic grouping. His lengthy sojourn with Jonah Jones suggests a traditionalism that is only part of "Pepe's" story. This aspect of his style is most apparent in the concert recording where he performs alone. The brilliance of attack so characteristic of Earl Hines is noticeable in *Rosetta* but there are touches of Teddy Wilson, Nat Cole and others. His conception is full without being over-busy and his blues playing is excellent in *Ora*, an extended improvisation which really hits and maintains a lowdown groove. There's also an elaborate exploration of Nuages and respectful versions of *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *St. Louis Blues* and *Sweet Lorraine*. This concert recording shows Persianny to be a solo performer of grace and beauty.

The trio album on *Black and Blue*, where he is supported by bassist Roland Lobligeois and drummer Oliver Jackson, may well be titled "The Real Me" but it shows a pianist completely fascinated by the locked-hands conception created by Milt Buckner and popularized by George Shearing. This can be a very exciting jazz style when used with discretion (i.e. Erroll Garner) but becomes tedious when incorporated into every tune. The lyrical strengths of Duke Ellington's *What Am I Here For* are dissipated by this device but mention should be made of the excellent bass conception of this performance -

a showcase for Roland Lobligeois. Compare, for instance, the locked-hands version of *King Porter Stomp* with the flowing lines of *If Dreams Come True*, another Swing Era opus, where Persianny's approach is very much in the Teddy Wilson style. The gracefulness of this approach seems particularly appropriate to the tune. The same is true of *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* which follows *If Dreams Come True* and accentuates the imbalance of the programming of this set.

"Requiem Pour Un Chat" is an album of duets with Milt Buckner. In fact it would be true to say that it is more Buckner's album than Persianny's for the American pianist sets the pace on every selection. The title selection, *La Tres Jolie Gwendolyn* and *Boogie Woogie Pour Edith* are well played extended excursions into the blues at different tempos. They are fully realised and successful duets in which the two pianists interact with ease. *Stinky* and *What A Mess For A Bass* are block chord vehicles and the strength of Buckner's playing overshadows that of the Frenchman. *Tophie's Dream* is a decorative ballad and *Slide Jimmy Slyde Flash* is a tantalisingly brief look at a challenging melodic line which would serve as a good basis for improvisation. The two pianists work well together and the intensity of swing generated by them both makes this a most enjoyable collection.

These three records offer the listener a comprehensive look at the attributes of one of Europe's most interesting pianists.

- John Norris

BARRE PHILLIPS

For All It Is
Japo Records 60003

Just a bass quartet, that's all it is. Four bassists (Barre Phillips, Barry Guy, Palle Danielsson and J.F. Jenny Clarke) take care of everything; melodies, harmonies and, with a helping two hands from percussionist Stu Martin, rhythm. It's an unusual although not entirely new idea, borrowed only recently from "European music" by another expatriate American bassist, Peter Warren.

And why not a bass quartet? If anyone could handle such a format successfully, it would be Barre Phillips. An excellent musician, previously involved in two other bass dominated projects (his own "Unaccompanied Barre" and David Holland's "Music From Two Basses") as well as with The Trio and Ambush, he seems quite insistent about establishing his instrument's importance as a solo voice. Certainly the increased flexibility of the instrument, which has been a feature of the new music, is a point in his favour.

The obvious problem, other than what to do with four bassists, is to avoid creating a "sameness" to the music. That the problem arises here only on a superficial level, is equally the result of Phillips' sense of organization and his fellow

musicians' skill. He has some remarkable resources on which to draw; both the musicians (Englishman Guy, Swede Danielsson and Frenchman Jenny-Clarke) and the surprising range (as it's revealed in the arco, pizzicato and percussive techniques used) of their instruments. He exploits both in a great variety of compositional contexts, from the rocking Just 8 to the sombre Few Too and from the very modern light-heavy textures of La Palette to the amusing and spirited Whoop. Themes aside, the balance of the music is freely and most often collectively improvised, making considerable demands on the musicians' imagination and stamina. At the same time though, there is a certain anonymity to the playing. Democratic as the set-up may be, each individual's contributions (save Martin's) tends to lose its own character.

But taken together, four basses naturally create a very warm and evocative music. Although the definition between the instruments, rumbling their way through one of Phillips' tricky lines, can get a little muddy, it's an exhilarating sound, quite unlike any other. Which is likely the point that Phillips hoped to make: the bass is unique. And following the pattern of his work, from solo to duet to quartet, will his next venture be a bass octet? Well, why not?

- Mark Miller

JACK PINE

Bix Beiderbecke Legend
Jim Taylor Presents JTP 104

Fidgety Feet, I'll Be A Friend With Pleasure, Somebody Stole My Gal, Royal Garden Blues, Sweet Sue, Old Man River, From Monday On, Jazz Me Blues, Coquette, Sunday.

There is a basic conflict in the rhythm section of this six-piece Dixieland outfit that keeps things firmly rooted to the floor. Bass horn man John Butterfield rolls out a deft two-beat, nicely accenting one and three, while drummer Bud Haviland chugs along on a basic four-beat; thus, with nobody emphasizing the back beat, the overall effect is thin, lumpy and unswinging. Perhaps this problem could have been resolved by a capable pianist, but Holly Failes is relentlessly stiff and wooden, mercifully somewhat underrecorded as his work is unfailingly the low point of every track.

The front line consists of men with quite adequate technical ability but a lack of imagination and inspiration that permeates the disc. As an example of the Savages' total failure to even attempt anything fresh, they have only one routine - in-choruses, clarinet solo, valve trombone solo, cornet solo, piano solo, out-choruses, with no verses to the pop tunes, no chases, no horn backups to solos, nothing special at all. The deviations from this pattern are virtually too trivial to notice - trombonist Don Ingle and cornetist Tom Fletcher switch solo spots on a couple tunes, a vocal replaces

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the trombone solo on Jazz Me, and a few tracks have closing routines incorporating front-line riffs (the one on Sue is quite listlessly played, as if the Savages were hitting it for the millionth time). Individual solos are of the let's-be-careful-not-to-hit-any-clams-as-they're-recording-this type, consisting of mechanically running the changes. Overall, after you've heard one track, you've got the whole act.

If there is a bright spot in this boring album, it is River, a relatively unusual tune that seems to have challenged the musicians (except Failes, who doesn't really know it and is plainly uncomfortable) into delivering a moderate amount of bite and drive. In addition, Fletcher has an exceptionally lovely tone, obviously Bix-derived, but he pushes the resemblance too far, coming across generally as a poor Bix imitation rather than a distinct musical personality with a Bix-influenced style.

The whole thing is so canned that it might just as well be a dance record rather than jazz, or something ground out by music services for background in offices and elevators. I can't imagine readers of this magazine enjoying it, but any who are interested can send \$5.50 (U.S. residents) to Jim Taylor Presents, 12311 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mi. 48205.

- Tex Wyndham

MAX ROACH

Plus Four
Trip TLP-5522

Trip are gradually working their way through the old Mercury vaults wherein many jazz classics have lain unissued for too long. The present album is certainly worth putting out again, featuring as it does magnificent tenor playing by Sonny Rollins and electric drumming by Max Roach. This was the band that Roach put together after the disastrous car accident which robbed him of co-leader Clifford Brown and pianist/musical director Richie Powell. To replace Brown, Max brought in an old colleague he had worked with in the Charlie Parker Quintet seven years earlier - Kenny Dorham. On piano he selected a young and fresh-sounding player, Ray Bryant. While the re-vamped group never achieved the dynamism of the Roach/Brown combination it was among the top combos active in October 1956 when this session was made.

The opener is George Russell's forward looking line on Love For Sale which the composer called Ezzz-Thetic, as a tribute to boxer Ezzard Charles. It sports outstanding solos by Rollins, Dorham and Roach. Dr. Free-zee is Roach from start to finish, delivering the kind of complex solo that makes his contemporaries gape. Thanks to multi-taping, Roach accompanies his regular drums on tympani. Just One Of Those Things is one of those very fast things with Rollins playing an effective solo chorus against stop chords. This was the era when Sonny was really revelling in up tempo

exercises (eg. B. Quick and B. Swift on Prestige) but Kenny was no slouch at frantic moods, and only Bryant seems uneasy. There's a nice cod ending to the performance.

Roach's Mr. X is a swinger and, as Ira Gitler notes, it bears a resemblance to Rollins' Airegin. Dorham's softness with strength contrasts well with the emphatic tone and manner of Sonny. Bryant is much happier at this sort of quickish (but not fastish) tempo and sounds relaxed and bluesy. Rollins makes a super re-entry with a snatch of Jericho. The Roach solo is accompanied by effective piano chords from Bryant. Body And Soul is not wholly a tenor feature though Sonny does indeed give us the theme, showing at once his great individuality but undoubted respect for Hawkins. Dorham takes over at the bridge and ad libs the rest of the chorus. Bryant and bassist George Morrow handle the next chorus, Dorham and Rollins wrap it up between them. The date concludes with an admirable Woody'n You, a bop classic that Roach first did with Hawk in 1944. A fitting climax to an LP that has given and will continue to provide a lot of pleasure to many listeners. Now, Trip, please let's have Roach Plays Parker by a slightly different and later edition of Max's band. - Mark Gardner

SONNY ROLLINS

The Cutting Edge
Milestone 9059

Guess again. This isn't the new Sonny Rollins album we've all been waiting for. It's a live recording from the 1974 Montreux festival, and the first thing one notices is the clutter. Guitarist Masuo pays close attention to Rollins and tries to complement the saxophonist's inventions as best he can. Bassist Bob Cranshaw, a longtime Rollins associate, follows his friend as best he can. Drummer David Lee and percussionist Mtume fill in the rhythm as best they can, keeping it tight but keeping it open so that Sonny can go in any direction he chooses to. And pianist Stanley Cowell's best is very good indeed. He's a much-needed replacement for Sonny's last pianist, Walter Davis, and one of the mere handful of contemporary pianists who are capable of keeping the Rollins pace.

Didn't turn out to be much of a pace this time around, though. It's the clutter. Everyone is playing away, trying to get something going, but it's all very polite as if all the above players were afraid of giving Rollins a bit of a push. He's playing nicely enough these days, but God knows if he needs anything, he needs a push. Suffice to say that the up-tempo funk numbers, The Cutting Edge and First Moves, are well developed and enjoyable. The ballads, To A Wild Rose and A House Is Not A Home are pretty. A 14-minute version of Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, despite interesting use of Rufus Harley's bagpipes in the introduction, completely fails to get off the ground. I'll leave it

to someone else to analyze each note and determine why this isn't classic Sonny Rollins. I just know it isn't. Hope he tries again. - Eugene Chadbourne

ROSWELL RUDD

Numatik Swing Band
JCOA 1007

Roswell Rudd's "Numatik Swing Band", a sequence of five tightly-written compositions for large jazz orchestra, was commissioned by the Jazz Composers' Orchestra Association in 1971, completed and recorded two years later. I avoid referring to the five as a suite in that there is no recognizable common program and only one mutual trait - each piece reflects the same bluesy, lyrical swagger that typifies its creator, compactly and with surprisingly little bluster. At the same time the components of this series span a remarkable range of the musical influences that Rudd has felt. This is not intense music - at least in that it does not violently wrench your attention - you must seek it out. But in its visceral muscularity, it brings to a wide spectrum all that the trombonist is - and listening, with your inner ear, you can imagine it all as if uttered by him alone. "Numatik Swing Band" is that close a construction of character.

The twin cores of the experience lie with the charts and the soloists. Each selection is its own story, inseparable from both its spontaneous and its pre-determining composers, with the worlds of jazz (and others) lying between. Vent follows Beaver Harris' elaborate rhythmic constructs with a set of vaudevillian fanfares led by the composer. Breathahoward, a vehicle for tubaist Howard Johnson, updates Tricky Sam Nanton in an elegantly vocal solo over sparse Ellingtonian orchestral interplay. The third title, Circulation, is the first on the disc to be truly orchestrally conceived. Its opening, a lengthy and contemplative statement by Rudd, devolved its direction in subtle degree into a theme whose character crosses the paths of marching and swing bands (a role Rudd knows well from many of Archie Shepp's works of a decade ago). The rainbow subtlety, whose mantle you begin to feel at about this point in the music, is a key to this music, whose layers you must peel back to enter the experience. Yet another key is Rudd's own personal world view, encompassing a love for man, music, and exploration in a dry, wry wit that infuses each line.

The fourth selection, Lullaby For Greg, is the latest of the five (completed in 1973, all the others in 1971) and the masterpiece of the whole album. The budding musical partnership between Rudd and vocalist Sheila Jordan (whose fruits are even more tangible in Rudd's Arista album "Flexible Flyer") is one of the most naturally close and rewarding that the music has ever known, one whose unforced warmth speaks worlds. Over a shifting blue riff base with a gift of effective simplicity that rivals classic

Basie, Ms. Jordan slides in a breathy incantation that melts time and intonation in the same burry way as the trombonist might. The one flaw in the performance is Dewey Redman's tender tenor solo which - fanatically lyrical it may be - is completely orthodox almost to the point of impersonality.

"Aerosphere" closes in the spirit of George Russell's big band bop charts, with a crisp and biting trumpet solo by Enrico Rava and positively the best baritone solo Charles Davis has ever recorded - fleet, angular, and rich.

As I said earlier, "Numatik Swing Band" is not an intense work - merely attractive. (Merely?) It is witty, richly eclectic and contains too many unique moments of personal triumph to be passed by. - Barry Tepperman

GEORGE RUSSELL

Listen To The Silence
Concept CR002

Commissioned for performance at the 1971 Konigsberg Jazz Festival, George Russell wrote "Listen To The Silence" as "a mass for our time". It follows none of the conventions of classical mass form, but rather treats a diverse selection of texts - from Newsweek magazine to Rilke's poetry - as a reflection of the moral salience of the 20th century world. Through his readings and music, Russell seeks a transcendence of the conflicts of that world - "metanoia".

Whether or not Russell achieved that end for himself in this work is something that only he can know. From my standpoint, "Listen To The Silence" is little more communicative than were its original texts. Russell has set his words in jagged parallel lines for mixed chorus and bass solo that occasionally approach the rhythmic complexity of interplay of "Jazz In The Space Age". Within that rhythmic setting, the voicings remain dynamically and harmonically static, and once the initial impact of the approach is appreciated in the first five-odd minutes of the recording, the sameness of the choral writing dulls the possible impact of the text. Except for the occasional instrumental interlude, and some revealing moments of obbligato during choral passages, the score of "Silence" meanders along at a level of contemporary classical mediocrity far below what I have come to expect from Russell.

The stand-out passages of this work - aside from the text selections, which include one rather striking sermon on the radicalism of Jesus - are those performed by the large orchestra. This ensemble includes at least three considerable soloists - guitarist Terje Rypdal, trumpeter Stanton Davis, and tenorist Jan Garbarek. Rypdal and Garbarek, both long-term co-creators with Russell, are becoming reasonably well-known; both play considerably more substantially in this setting than in others of their recent recordings, on ECM. Davis is - as far as I know - previously unrecorded; he is a pleasantly

burry, powerful trumpeter with an identity defined by his smeared attack and an exciting rhythmic impetus.

After "Silence" and "Living Time", I'm unsure as to what course George Russell's music is taking. Presumably he knows where he's going, and will show us when he gets there. Whatever he does compose is/will be inevitably interesting. As yet, since his 1966 recordings with Don Cherry he has yet to communicate to me the same creativity that marked all his earlier works. Russell could probably not care less for that.

- Barry Tepperman

(Available from: New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024 U.S.A.)

Outer Thoughts
Milestone M-47027

Bebop was, first and foremost, a harmonic revolution. It seems reasonable that, when it appeared that even Parker's idiom has harmonic limitations of blind-alley proportions, those interested in perfecting their own expressions would seek alternative personal harmonic schemes for bypassing (or even jumping over) the obstacles. The boppers themselves implied possible solutions through their introduction of the flatted fifth and exploitation of the thus-derived superimposed tritone harmonies. Possible solutions involved polyphony (Mingus), quartertone and melismatic vocalization of instrumental sound (Dolph), scalar improvisation around tonal centres (Davis, Coltrane), multiple complex systems of chordal substitutions (Coltrane), and tone clusters around (and later away from) specific centre points (Taylor). George Russell's answers were unique in many respects. Apart from being chronologically the earliest, appearing contemporarily with the halcyon days of bop (A Bird In Igor's Yard - 1947), his was an arranger's conception rather than the product of a single soloist - which is to say that many creators could articulate it simultaneously, even allowing for individual variation in their manner of embracing it. The answer, he said, was the "Lydian Chromatic Concept", a sublimation both formal and harmonic in content. He extrapolated the Lydian mode from the tritone relationship the boppers had used, and allowed the improviser the choice of tones in that scheme as a centre for his lines, each implying new Lydian scales and in turn implied by the apparent tonality of the root melodic fragment being played. A melodic rather than harmonic-based (i.e. horizontal rather than vertical) system evolved which expanded both traditional and original harmonic usages (depending on the piece being transformed) rather than replacing them in total. It was a new synthesis of old knowledge, and it worked. Its acceptance of multiple simultaneous centres, rather than a negation of tonality, was in keeping with the root tonal character of Afro-American Music - what Russell termed "pantonality". His theses were most ar-

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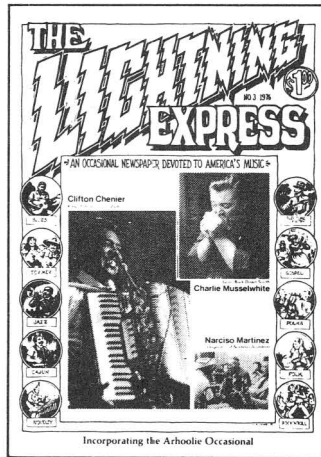
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ticularly enunciated at the turn of the 1960s, when the composer formed his own working ensemble for the elaboration of his work - some of whose performances are reissued here.

But - as vital a revamping of the arranger's art as the Lydian Chromatic Concept proved to be - jazz is essentially an improviser's art, and effectively to produce the music meant finding soloists who both had personal styles and were conversant with the demands of the new harmonic/formal schemes. This, Russell had done initially in the late 1950s with Teddy Charles, Hal McKusick, Art Farmer, Gigi Gryce, and Bill Evans as mainstays of his infrequent performances; plus (less often) others such as Bob Brookmeyer and John Coltrane. To form a regular working group was harder, and it shows here. These titles are drawn from four sessions by four different ensembles, and in at least one of them - the earliest - the presentation of the music is as vigorous, enlightening, and lyrical as the conversation of a New York cab driver. Trumpeter Al Kiger knew Miles, tenorist Dave Young a lot of notes and some 'Trane, and between them they negotiated Lydia adequately. But for the single original voice of that sextet, trombonist Dave Baker, to step in was for your Bronx cabbie to begin spouting iambic pentameter. Baker, the common denominator of the first three dates (apart from the leader) and present in spirit on the fourth (he'd been sidelined by an auto accident, but Garnett Brown was a close approximation), was an excellent choice for Russell's music, reconciling as he did the old with the new. His was an amazing technical conversancy on his instrument with a purity of tone a la JJ when he wanted it, but he had an intense interest in exploiting and contrasting that sound and the older, guttier styles that let you know the instrument had a slide. The leader's piano, like his charts, owed little to anyone - Monk, mainly. But he played dictionary-definition "arranger's piano" most of the time. His performances furthered the musical ends of the arrangements appropriately without being necessarily expressive entities in themselves. From that first date, Stratus-phunk, a percussive theme (Gil Evans demonstrated just how far that aspect could be taken) built around a rock-steady bass ostinato walked by Chuck Israels, was the strong point.

A conception as challenging to individual invention as was Lydian Chromatic Music could only attract the attention of real talent in the searching opening days of the 1960s. By the second date for Riverside, major changes had been made. For one, Don Ellis was the sextet's trumpeter. Another long-term member, he brought at this time a very boppish rhythmic concept smacking of artificiality on the few occasions he attempted originality, but the same vigorous approach to the sound of his instrument as trombonist Baker (hear especially his use of mutes), and an impressive ear for grasping and extending the ever-present harmonic stimuli. The bass, a major concern in a

music whose growth depended on harmony, was in Steve Swallow's capable hands. The important newcomer, however, was Eric Dolphy, whose presence for only the May 8, 1961 session alone made this the most musically valuable of the Russell Riverside recordings. Miles Davis' Nardis is molded beautifully to the concept by the arranger, even more so by Dolphy's errant lyricism in a spare bass clarinet solo that recalls his Green Dolphin Street of a year before. Dolphy's presence on the five titles heard here invariably raises the energy level of the sextet by several degrees of light, but his vocally outthrusting Round Midnight competes only with the 1953 Davis-Rollins-Parker recording as the most magnificent of all visions of Monk's shopworn standard. Midnight also boasts the extremes of Russell's arranging ingenuity, a textural variety ranging from total ensemble orthodoxy to sparse, almost-electronic sounds recalling musique concrete and the "Chromatic Universe" segments of his "Jazz In The Space Age". Baker is especially adept in the time and rhythm play of Thoughts and his own Honesty, which move in sequence from optime and chordal suspension easily to free space.

After Dolphy's departure, Russell filled the void with two reedmen - altoist John Pierce and tenorist Paul Plummer. Pierce was one of the very few players of the early 1960s whose putative style represented, more than anything else, a strong impact by Dolphy; Plummer was a heavy-toned soul who was still swimming vertical changes like mid-1950s Coltrane. Pierce emerged from obscurity long enough to make one date - the early 1962 septet that produced Pan-Daddy and The Stratus Seekers. Stratus Seekers is vivid as a percussion line turned melodic (another of Russell's preoccupations; recall his own early vocation as a drummer); but the contrast in substance between this ensemble and the ones that preceded and followed it was just too great. Ellis and Baker are on form, but the reeds were too glib to be of any more value than had been Kiger and Young fourteen months before.

Russell closed his exploits for Riverside with an album called "The Outer View" by a revamped August 1962 sextet featuring Ellis, Garnett Brown, Plummer, Swallow, drummer Pete LaRoca, and - for one title - vocalist Sheila Jordan. Brown has already been noted as a parallel disciple of Baker's, one who consciously exploited facile technique to to excellent effect (note his triple and quadruple tongued solo on Au Privave). With the acquisition of LaRoca, a rhythmically kaleidoscopic drummer whose style always kept him unjustifiably in Elvin Jones' shadow, the sextet finally attained the drive it needed to match its harmonic invention. Of the four titles issued here, two are of special merit. one is the chromatically-voiced Au Privave, which brings us face to face with an innate contradiction Russell was not to escape until later that decade. The roots of his music lie in the problem Russell

purports to solve, and certainly a shift in substance of one dimension only of a music is not a substantial shift unless all others move as well. Harmonic and formal essences were reevaluated in the Lydian Chromatic Concept - but textures and rhythms remained largely as they were, so that while soloist conception was redirected the ensemble art was not. With few exceptions. The most important exception to this was You Are My Sunshine, a fragmentary chart from the same date that uses the isolation of voices and splintering of lines among different timbres to create a most striking wide vista of chill desolation. Sheila Jordan's voice is set off in a stark, plaintive, even pathetic redistillation of redneck America's nonsense-and-good-times song. This is even the one occasion when Russell's self-conscious piano exceeds itself to speak out on its own. Again it becomes clear just how much the success of any jazz arrangement/composition depends on the improvisers employed in its implementation.

One last set of remarks. If I felt the mood, I should really do my "commerical rip-off" number about this set. There seems little reason to make up a "twofer" out of randomly selected titles from four dates when the titles not selected warrant at least equal consideration. It seems particularly nonsensical that five of the six titles with Dolphy are included here and one - Lydiot - omitted; ditto the omissions from the final sextet-plus-Jordan date. Since those are the two strongest dates, and acknowledged as such, one would have expected Milestone justifiably to have put them out as a "twofer" coupling ("The Best Of George Russell" or somesuch) and left the weaker session in the can for later consideration. No such luck.

Oh well. The liner notes are erudite and legible, pressings good. You can't have everything. So take this music.

- Barry Tepperman

TERJE RYPDAL

What Comes After
ECM 1031 ST

My first reaction to Terje Rypdal's music, which I had heard previously on Jan Garbarek's two ECM albums, was to lump him with other guitarists of the electric generation - a technically proficient gad-geteer with occasionally interesting ideas. But as I listened repeatedly, the closeness of his interaction with Garbarek and the other band members came across; and the introverted sympathy of Close Enough For Jazz, on the "Sart" album, indicated that there was much more sensitivity to Rypdal's conceptions than originally met the ear.

"What Comes After" shows the guitarist's music to me in a much more valid light than any of his previous recordings - and in Rypdal's case, "what comes after" is sensitivity. His quintet is a model for a close sharing of intelligence. Rypdal himself plays acoustic and elec-

tric guitars, as before, and flute. Significantly, he shares the front line with bassist Barre Phillips, whose performances run the gamut from functioning as the quintet's lead horn (approaching the sonority and rumbustious textures of a gutbucket trombone) to interacting effectively as a second "guitar" in closely-enmeshed counterpoint. Erik Niord Larsen's oboe and english horn are mood instruments rather than voices in their own right, stirring through the ensemble sound like Benny Maupin's "Bitches Brew" bass clarinet to infuse the proceedings with gentle bitterness. Although also unfeatured, electric bassist Sveinung Hovensjo is vital to the music because - when all's said - his basic bass is the only consistent form to these six titles, and his presence liberated Phillips to wander above. Jon Cjristensen, drummer par excellence and occasional organist, like Hovensjo keeps his lines simple, with spare elaboration but an excellent grasp of drum tuning and tonality. The form of the music is empathy. Without it, the lyrical lines would blur and lose definition, like familiar faces seen through a thick mist. The slowly-spaced, conversational interaction allows the music to take on not only intensity over and beyond rhythm, but a dry, romantic wit that too many men of Rypdal's generation forget.

The most moving performances in this album happen to be the shortest ones - Rypdal's Yearning and Phillips' Back Of J and Sejours - because they effectively redigest and condense the point of the music. Sejours, with Christensen on organ and Phillips playing "piccolo bass", has a rather different ambience from the other performances.

ECM's pressings have been uniformly good up to now, but for some reason my copy of this album didn't hold up to that standard. Surface noise, built-in rumble, and warping were all significant problems; yet this was a European pressing. Now that ECM has American marketing ("What Comes After" being one of the first six releases to be pressed on this side of the Atlantic), I shudder to think what might happen to production quality. In any case, you wouldn't buy this album for the pretty plastic disc or cover picture; rather, pay attention to the music spun into the black vinyl. The music will carve itself into the contours of your brain, too...if you let it.

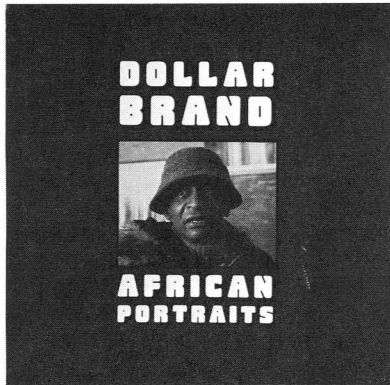
- Barry Tepperman

PHAROAH SANDERS

Elevation
Impulse! AS-9261

It's getting harder and harder to tell where one Pharoah Sanders recording ends and the next one begins. I say this out of the sincere belief - and regret - that Sanders has not grown musically in any way since recording "Karma", some four years ago. Not that his music is any less personal than it once was. Rather, Sanders has attained a spiritual equilibrium in his cosmic searches...and

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DOLLAR BRAND
AFRICAN PORTRAITS**

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

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



**SACKVILLE 2009
ROSCOE MITCHELL QUARTET**
Roscoe Mitchell (Bb soprano, alto and tenor saxophones), Muhal Richard Abrams (piano), George Lewis (trombone), Spencer Barefield (guitar).
Tnoona, Music For Trombone And Bb Soprano, Cards, Olobo
Recorded October 4 and 5, 1976.

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

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since peripatetic spirituality was a prime motivation in the development of his sound, the constancy of his level is reflected more and more by a deepening of his musical rut. Comfort and simplicity seem the key - a stable group instrumentation and rhythmic format through which he can distill and resimplify what was never a complex approach to music in the first place. Sanders has never been an intellectual among players; his essence has always been a visceral drive, and his present search for simplicity is accomplished more and more by abandoning what cerebrality his music once had.

This is reflected particularly in the form of his performances. Sanders himself now seems capable of only two levels of musical intensity - contemplative serenity or gut-wrenching catharsis - many quanta apart, with no ability to make any sort of gradual or logical transition between them. In effect, he simply does not bother to build his solos any more, although he can sustain energy at either extreme. He jumps irrelevantly and abruptly between them, relying totally on the anonymously competent band he travels with to sustain continuity and momentum, and where necessary to build energy for him so he can continue to ride their peaks. His squealing, squelching intensity is the same hallmark style that he has carried since his days with Coltrane; but it meant something then, when he was able to take it from nothing and grow it into his musical surroundings. It seems from this album that he achieved artistic maturity and senility almost simultaneously. His expression is still profoundly black, and he is still essentially the same artist who started his career with Coltrane in 1965; he just isn't as rewarding nine years after.

"Elevation" is, then, a disappointing album. Sanders has converted the original, germane expression of his saxophones into a group form that allows him to spend more time saying less. These group structures, lacking in complexity or demand on listeners, are attractive and essentially saleable - as one sees from the proliferation of Sanders' "live" recordings. (This one is from the "Ash Grove" in Los Angeles.) Sanders was once a major explorer of the piccolo; but he's long since abandoned that in favour of the much less demanding soprano saxophone, a horn with a well-recognized heritage he can draw from rather than one requiring independent instrumental searches of his own. There are any number of second-generation black or white saxophonists who emulate Coltrane's soprano sound equally successfully. And just as the overall musical viability of Sanders' own playing has been pared down to mesh with a group concept, so has the content of the group's own music been pared - so much so, in fact, that even with a packed and supposedly vital rhythm section (including such notables as Lawrence Killian and Jimmy Hopps) the band simply can't grasp the rhythmic subtleties and interplay of the Nigerian high-life performance attempted here (Eben-ezer Obe's Ore-Se-Rere).

Sanders' band is a highly sympathetic, closely-knit artistic family, but asserts little identity of its own. For all the technical excellence of the individuals involved, this is the most subservient and least considerable of all the accompanying groups Sanders has put together in his career. Perhaps facelessness is desirable in this case, though?

At one point, I had great faith in Pharoah Sanders' potential influence among saxophonists after Coltrane. The net effect of the band setting and individual path he chooses here is to propel him - and him exclusively - into the forefront of the musical experience at the times that he can least afford or sustain that posture. I have no illusions about him now. Simplicity is no gift for Pharoah Sanders. - Barry Tepperman

MARIO SCHIANO

Perdas De Fogu
Vista-RCA TPLI 1082

The album cover does not make clear whether Mario Schiano or Marcello Melis should be given credit as leader. Probably it belongs to Mario Schiano who is very popular at the moment in Italy, where this LP was produced and distributed (but quite soon it will also be available outside Italy). The recording was made in New York in June 1974 at the Blue Rock Studios and the recording engineer was very skillful in capturing the sound.

The important thing to point out is that everything about this album feels right. Melis, who composed all the pieces, wrote the lyrics and arranged most of them, has put all the elements in their proper place, covering an unusually wide range of colors and emotions. In addition, there is Melis' articulate, soaring bass work. Schiano isn't a saxophonist of great traditional instrumental technique, but a man with a strictly personal way of exposing his own feeling, which permits him to express himself in a clear manner, and most of all, in a manner full of humanity and simplicity.

Along with Schiano and Melis, Don Pullen, Bruce Johnson, Jerome Cooper and Ray Mantilla are in melodic and rhythmic tandem. These men might be constants in the mathematics of structure and stress, but this is music of energy, spirit and imagery that's open and moving; no fixed rules apply. Inside the group, everyone moves in an active and creative sense with an obligation which gives an acute professional lesson to many musicians. All the pieces move and coexist in perfect harmony with the sole object of creating a sound of density and exceptional brilliance.

A great deal of the personality of the album comes from Sheila Jordan. She is magnificent; her voice is intimate and forceful and her mood is rarely far from the basic source. She has captured the spirit and sense of these Italian folk-songs from Sardinia, demonstrating entirely her sensibility and her talent.

This record represents a meeting of excluded people: excluded are Italians from South, excluded are the black American, or friends like Sheila Jordan. A meeting of different cultures. The result is excellent, because the Americans understand the spirit of the Italian musical traditions perfectly. - Mario Luzzi (For information about this record, write to Enzo Micocci, IT Records, via Guida Banti 48, Rome, Italy.)

SEVDA

Live at Fregatten
Sonet SNTF 665

The music of Sevda has been well-documented in past issues of Coda. For this 1973 recording, taped live at the Stockholm Jazz Festival, the slightly-changed group line-up included Maffy Falay, trumpet and piano; Salih Baysal, violin; Bernt Rosengren, tenor saxophone and taragot; Tommy Koverhult, tenor and soprano saxophone; Bjorn Alke, bass; Okay Temiz, drums; and 10-year old Peter Smoliansky, darbuka.

The set begins with one of Baysal's unaccompanied violin solos, the intonation simply haunting as a series of folk themes and images are brought to life. The group enters with the slow splash of Temiz's cymbals, quickly building into a merrily dancing series of themes. The second side captures the last 20 minutes of the concert, with seven separate themes flowing into each other. What Sevda is all about is universal music - playing that recognizes no boundary lines. The contributions of all concerned are superb, special recognition going to Rosengren's fine handling of the difficult taragot, a wooden soprano saxophone, and to Temiz, who is perhaps the only drummer alive capable of creating something suitable to drive this collection of players.

Enough. Sevda is one of the very few musical experiences one honestly can't afford to miss. This is the group's third album. Get all three.

- Eugene Chadbourne

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Petite Flew
Pragmaphone PRG LP 10

From France come 2 cornets (3 on 4 tracks of PRG 10), trombone, 3 reeds, piano, banjo, guitar and sousaphone knitted into a clean, well-rehearsed ensemble that swings its way through tunes picked from old recordings in a broad selection of traditional jazz styles. Emphasis is on the music of larger dance and jazz bands of the twenties, embodied in skillful, idiomatic arrangements by leader-cornetist Jean-Pierre Morel, ranging from Coon-Sanders (Tennessee Lazy) and Goldkette (Blue River) to Henderson (The

Stampede, Variety Stomp), Moten (Rhumba Negro), and Celestin (Original Tuxedo Rag).

For variety, each Lp includes a track by a small contingent from the band, St. John's rag Cole Smoak (on PRG 4) getting a particularly strutting, biting ride from a six-piece combination. Perhaps to show that they don't take themselves too seriously, Sharkey & Co. also added a gag track to each recording, with Petite Fleur's mock-serious heroics (on PRG 10) especially hilarious even after several listenings.

Three of the musicians also show up as noteworthy soloists: Morel's muted, jabbing cornet spots are consistently hot and satisfying despite the limited handful of licks he employs. Altoist Daniel Huck has fluid, fertile ideas and a properly leathery, twenties saxophone sound. Clarinetist Alain Marquet effectively communicates a sense of commitment and passion within a style that owes a fair amount to the Dodds influence.

The band displays well-coordinated section work, a marvelous blend of spontaneity and organization in its stomping out-choruses, and a rolling, driving two-beat rhythm. And, as is typical of units working in the early big-band mode, their Lps have the additional attractiveness of a generally fresh, seldom-revived repertoire.

Weaknesses (the very few vocals are by thin-voiced musicians who should be working in lower keys, piano solos are technically adequate but self-consciously executed and lose momentum because the other rhythm instruments drop out) are not enough to detract seriously from the fine results overall. Plenty of skill - and joy - in evidence here. Nice work.

- Tex Wyndham

WOODY SHAW

The Moontrane
Muse MR 5058

In a recording career spanning twelve years to date, Woody Shaw has been compared to a lot of other trumpeters - usually Freddie Hubbard and Booker Little. It's not hard to understand why. Small minds aside, during that time Shaw has been a true professional - which means a lot of work where inspiration is neither necessary nor available, and surfaces adequate. When Shaw coasts, he shares Hubbard's surfaces. Even with this date, unless you're willing to listen in the depths of his art the impression may remain, and one is sorely tempted to mark this one down as merely akin to a hip Blue Note studio jam of the early 1960s; after all, people here do sound vaguely like Hubbard, and Wayne Shorter, and Herbie Hancock.

If that's all the hearing you're planning to do, forget it. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Shaw is a more profound artist than Hubbard - any more than I'd say it about Charles Tolliver, another occasional alter ego. What does strike me is that Shaw is far more completely

the summation of the Clifford Brown legacy, and more interesting a soloist and composer, than either other trumpeter. These impressions draw first from Shaw's harmonic acuity - sharp when he first appeared, and now honed to intricacies foreseen only by Booker Little; and for the abrupt, percussive, almost declamatory flow of his lines. One need only compare this version of The Moontrane with his first recording of that head, a decade ago ("Unity", Larry Young, Blue Note 4221), to see his progress.

The liner notes suggest that the ensemble heard on this album is the beginning of a working group under Shaw's leadership. If so, it should serve his expression well. The artistry involved is as close and empathetic as one could want, certainly more than the ever-present professionalism demands. Trombonist Steve Turre is closest to Shaw's own conception. He sounds promising, but his rough-and-ready Bill Harris tone is often a little out of control, and he has difficulty assembling his short bursts into longer phrases of critical mass. Azar Lawrence reminds me much of Wayne Shorter, both in the catholicism of the company with whom he's appeared lately, and in his concept of the tenor and soprano saxophones - Coltrane-directed, but with a darker tone and far more elastic motion to his lines. He shatters this mold in one solo - Tapscott's Blues, dedicated to erstwhile mentor Horace Tapscott, an intense exercise in dissonance for both Lawrence and Shaw.

The rhythm section is of equal quality, pianist Onaje Allen Gumbs, like Lawrence, is a newcomer whose abilities seem chameleon-like to match the surroundings into which he's thrust. Here, he is a gentle, incisive accompanist with a mild romanticism and the same harmonic insight as the horns. Bass chores

are divided between Buster Williams and Cecil McBee, both masters of whom little more need be said. Individual drummers are hard to specify. Together, Victor Lewis, Tony Waters, and Guilherme Franco mesh into a powerful unit of poly-rhythmic melody and drive.

The compositions, all originals by the band members, are varied, but consistently lyrical and closely performed. Onaje's Are They Only Dreams, a meticulously structured ballad, and the harmonic intricacies of The Moontrane are the best of an outstanding handful of pieces.

The Shaw band is already one of the more closely-knit units in its own area of feeling. If it comes off sounding vaguely like the Jazz Messengers, it's because collective identity, like individual originality, must be cultivated with time and care. This is a collection of outstanding third- and fourth-generation postbop journeymen curving toward individuality. I look forward to seeing them achieve it.

- Barry Tepperman

SUPPORT **live** MUSIC

ARCHIE SHEPP

Kwanza
Impulse AS-9262

This release has to be a mistake. All the tracks were recorded in 1969 except for a Leon Thomas vocal (2:38) from 1968, and they must have been rejected at the time. The list of musicians who should be embarrassed to find them in print now is long: Jimmy Owens, Robin Kenyatta, Grachan Moncur III, Cecil Payne, Walter Booker, and a lot of others, but most of all Archie Shepp. Among a lot of bad performances, Beaver Harris's dispirited drumming on New Africa and Cedar Walton's lurching piano on Slow Drag have to be mentioned. Spoo Pee Doo, a waltz composed by Shepp for Leon Thomas, would have been culled out of a musical comedy before it hit Broadway, I swear. The closest I can come to a redeeming comment is to point out that Woody Shaw on Slow Drag and Shepp on Bakai seem to be putting out. The rest is deadly.

- Jack Chambers

JOHNNY SHINES

Johnny Shines
Advent No. 2803

Advent is the small West Coast label of blues researcher and enthusiast Frank Scott. To date Frank has released four newly recorded sessions on his Advent label and three re-issue LP's on his Muskadine label. As is the case with other small enthusiast-run blues labels, such as Blue Goose/Yazoo, Arhoolie, Trix, Alligator, Delmark etc., the material issued on Advent/Muskadine reflects both in interest and quality, an interest in the music as a rich art form and not necessarily as a profit-potential commodity for mass production and mass sales.

This Johnny Shines release came as a very pleasant surprise. Johnny Shines has long been a well received, yet somewhat underground bluesman, equally at home in either a country or urban blues idiom. While making the transition in

the 1950's from the country blues of the Memphis/Delta region to the post-war electric ensemble blues of Chicago's South Side, Johnny has never lost touch with his traditional rural roots. His voice is strong enough for the post war powerhouse Chicago blues yet flexible enough to share with the listener the intense intimacy of his country blues.

It is therefore appropriate that this LP presents Johnny both as a solo country bluesman and as an urban bluesman. There is a mixture of six solo country blues and five urban blues with Johnny being backed by West Coast blues guitarist Phillip Walker and his blues band. All the material is either fully or partly written by Johnny with the composer borrowing from such varied sources as his Delta blues heritage, Willie Dixon, and Otis Redding.

Both Delta bottlenecking and more flexible finger picking are employed in Johnny Shines' soft and intimate brand of country blues. His guitar work is interwoven and at times one with his expressive lyrical themes. Although he does reflect a Robert Johnson influence, he is his own bluesman, extremely creative and forever working out new lyrical themes and original guitar runs. The solo country material includes Too Lazy, Moaning And Groaning, I Know The Winds Are Blowing, Skull And Crossbone Blues, Vallie Lee (with electric guitar) and Can't Get Along With You.

For the urban portion Walker's band provides a simple rock steady beat with either the electric guitar of Walker or Shines dominating the lead role. The band includes Walker on guitar, David Li on baritone sax, Nathaniel Dove on piano, Charles Jones on bass, and Downy Murl on drums. Here again, the flexibility of Shines' voice permits him to stand out above the full sound of the band. The urban titles include Give My Heart A Break, Just A Little Tenderness, Just Call Me, My Love Can't Hide and Have To Pay The Price.

The highlights of the set include Too Lazy, Vallie Lee, the interesting Just A Little Tenderness and of course, My Love Can't Hide which relies heavily upon, and comes across sounding like Otis Rush's

take of Dixon's classic I Can't Quit You Babe. On this particular cut the strength and quality of Johnny's voice is fully appreciated and the band, especially Li with his tolling baritone help to create a total setting and appropriate mood.

The variety of blues idioms, the intensity of expression, and the high quality stereo reproduction make this Johnny Shines set worthy of a serious consideration. If not available, drop Frank Scott a line at Advent Productions, Box 635, Manhattan Beach, California 90266 U.S.A.

- Doug Langille

WAYNE SHORTER

Native Dancer
Columbia PC33418

The sleeve of "Native Dancer" loudly proclaims, "featuring Milton Nascimento". Wayne Shorter's liner notes, expressing vehemently but briefly the virtues of this Brazilian singer-guitarist-composer, refuse to expand on the simple question of just who he is. Prior to this album I had no idea of the existence of such an artist - and now, having heard it, I'm not much the wiser. He is a driving vocalist whose own musical heritage is betrayed in the mournful lyricism of his lines and his command of falsetto technique. Beyond that - as to how he came to his present point of creativity, as to the significance of his songs, or as to his place in the hierarchies of musical individuality - I know nothing. The music of "Native Dancer" is subtle, rhythmically monotonous Gallic balladry whose outstanding impetus draws from Nascimento and his contingent. The mixed Brazilian-American band is outstandingly sympathetic, and frankly hearing him is the main reason for paying attention to "Native Dancer".

Wayne Shorter certainly does not deserve the major status on contemporary soprano saxophone some people claim for him. Compared to Joe Farrell (with "Return to Forever"), his lines are torpid, totally lacking in tension, naive, and aimless - all of which sums to a certain empty prettiness. But they are disappointing from a man whose main virtue, once upon a time when he played tenor exclusively, was not what he said but how he shaped it. He has yet to learn conceptual profundity. His tenor lines, though diluted, still retain some of the old inspiration and drive.

- Barry Tepperman

HORACE SILVER

Silver's Blue
Columbia JLA 16005

This fifties quintet album leaves me untouched I'm afraid. It seems to be a rather uninvolved, routine performance. The only signs of individuality are in Silver's scoring, and in his accompanying, which I feel has always been his strongest feature.



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shine Of My Life, Donegan's Blues,
Let's Hear Thee Voice And Sing, Dor-
othy Runs Away, Willow Weep For Me,
Minuet In G, If I Love You, Stop The
World
Recorded July 22, 1975.

MAHOGANY 558 102

the new SAMMY PRICE

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Shaw (bass), Panama Francis (drums).
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Whoopee, Keeping Out Of Mischieff
Now, Bass And Piano Talking, Please
Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone,
My Blue Heaven, Saint James Infirmary,
Boogie Woogie French Style, Baby Won't
You Please Come Home, Trouble In
Mind
Recorded July 22, 1975.

MAHOGANY 558 103

"JIVE AT FIVE"

Doc Cheatham (trumpet), Vic Dicken-
son (trombone and vocal), Buddy Tate
(tenor sax), Johnny Guarneri (piano),
George Duvivier (bass), Oliver Jackson
(drums) - Jive At Five, There Goes
My Heart, Somebody Loves Me, Sweet-
hearts On Parade, I Gotta Right To
Sing The Blues, Constantly, I Never
Knew
Recorded July 22, 1975.

MAHOGANY 558 104

EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis (tenor sax),
Michel Attenoux (alto sax), Patrick
Artero (trumpet), Claude Gousset
(trombone), Gabriel Garvanoff (piano),
Jean-Pierre Mulot (bass), Teddy Mar-
tin (drums) - Splanky, Moonlight In
Vermont, Gee Baby Ain't I Good To
You, Flying Home, What Am I Here
For?, What's New?, Midnite Blue, Lush
Life, Shiny Stockings
Recorded July 24, 1975.

MAHOGANY 558 105

VIC DICKENSON

Vic Dickenson (trombone and vocal),
Johnny Guarneri (piano), Bill Pembr-
ton (bass), Oliver Jackson (drums)
Too Marvelous For Words, Nice And
Easy Blues, Just Too Late, Shine,
SweetSue, Just You, Bye Bye Blackbird,
More Rain More Rest, S'posin'
Recorded July 25, 1975.

Available from Coda Publications,
Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario
M4J 4X8 Canada. \$7.50 each postpaid.

He is highly propulsive and encour-
aging behind the soloists, but Hank Mob-
ley doesn't respond much, and Donald
Byrd, unusually for him, was on poor
form technically, with weak intonation,
and several fluffed runs. The rhythm
section, Doug Watkins and Art Taylor, is
unspecial, though Kenny Clarke lifts the
two tracks on which he appears consider-
ably.

Perhaps this album will appeal more
to those who experienced the music of
this period at first hand. But I suspect
many will be disillusioned.

- Roger Dean

JOE SULLIVAN

Piano
Folkways FA 2851

We owe a great debt to Folkways for put-
ting out this album devoted to jazz piano
great Joe Sullivan (1906-1971). Although
Sullivan learned a lot from listening to
Fats Waller and Earl Hines, he was a
true original who played with great power
and conviction. As a sideman, Sullivan
appeared on a surprisingly large number
of records that have taken their place as
classics. I'll name just a few: China Boy
(McKenzie-Condon, 1927); I Found A New
Baby (Chicago Rhythm Kings, 1928); After
A While (Benny Goodman, 1929); Oh! Peter,
Rhythmakers, 1932 - four alternate takes
now available on Jazz Archives, each with
a great Sullivan chorus; and The Last
Time I Saw Chicago (The Three Deuces,
1941). In 1933 Sullivan made four piano
solos for Columbia, including his own
compositions Little Rock Getaway and
Gin Mill Blues, which have been much
admired ever since and established him
as one of the masters of jazz piano. But
though he made many records as a band
pianist, he recorded little solo piano,
especially in comparison to his peers.
For that reason, this new album is wel-
come indeed, since eight of the twelve
tracks are Joe Sullivan solos. Two of the
non-solo tracks find Sullivan in the com-
pany of Sidney Bechet, Pops Foster and
George Wettling (Sister Kate, and a Bechet
original, Got It And Gone.) On Rabbit
Foot Blues, Joe provides an admirable
accompaniment to singer Stella Brooks.
St. Louis Blues is a band side with Yank
Lawson. Among the solos are Fats'
Keepin' Out Of Mischieff Now, an inter-
esting Beguine The Beguine, a just re-
cently-discovered version of a Sullivan
original called Only A Dream, and a
blues (no one could drive home a blues
with any more passion than Joe Sullivan).
According to the notes by David Jasen, the
recordings in this album were originally
made by Moses Asch in the middle
forties, but have never been previously
released before, although alternative
takes of three of the selections did appear
on 78 RPM.

- Eugene Kramer

ILLINOIS STATE

Thurs Night Dues
SJC 81673

This was the band that performed, under
the direction of trombonist Phil Wilson,
at the Illinois State University Summer
Jazz Clinic in August 1973. The pre-
dominantly young and unknown players
benefit not only from Wilson's astute
musical direction but also from the pres-
ence of soloists Gary Burton (vibes) and
John La Porta (clarinet and tenor). Wilson
also solos, of course, and does a beautiful
job on Time And Time Again, his colla-
boration with Marion McPartland.

Wilson was also responsible for three
further adventurous charts, Three
Friends, Colonel Corn (a sly pastiche of
big band playing) and Buttercrunch.
The remaining three selections were
composed by the talented Rich Matteson;
Archie's Back, Surely We and I Got No
Bread show off his distinctive melodies
and arrangements and he is featured as a
soloist on both euphonium and valve trom-
bone. Matteson is this very professional
sounding band's leader.

An always interesting album because
of the unhackneyed material and attract-
ive solo work. The recording quality is
good, the playing time generous and the
LP can be obtained from Ken Kistner,
SJC Productions, 11611 S. Normandy,
Worth, Illinois 60482, U.S.A. For those
interested, copies of all seven arrange-
ments are also available. More power to
National Stage Band Camps, Inc., in ven-
tures of this quality and scope.

- Mark Gardner

TAMPA RED

The Guitar Wizard 1935-53
Blues Classics 25

Guitar Wizard
Bluebird AXM2-5501

It is a little hard to understand the wide-
spread neglect of Tampa Red's work.
Doubtless the fact that he played a
smoother, more relaxed style than the
great country blues artists has been part
of the problem. He doesn't usually con-
vey the deep anguish that runs through
the work of Son House, Robert Johnson,
or Elmore James. By comparison to the
latter's version, Red's original It Hurts
Me Too is a bit quiet. In fact, most of
his music has a downright happy quality
which is possibly not what some people
listen to blues for. By contrast Johnson
imparts a dark edge to even a jive tune
like They're Red Hot.

Actually the problem here is that it
isn't really accurate to call Red a blues
artist and leave it at that. It's true that
the classic 12-bar format was a basic
part of his output from the early days
with Georgia Tom Dorsey to his R&B ori-
ented dates of the 50's. But the end to
which he used the blues form was very
different from the cathartic release of
the artists already mentioned. In fact it
is probably more to the point to think of
Red as a popular artist who used a var-
iety of forms to suit his needs, like
Chuck Berry did later in the fifties, than
to call him a bluesman and ignore a large

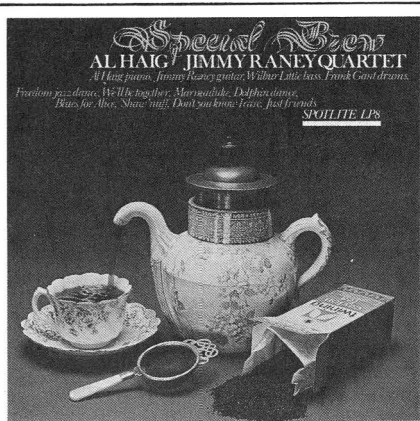
part of his output.

The Blues Classics release is an excellent survey of Tampa's blues-style songs from 1935 to 1953. His deep poetic gift is indicated here by tunes which were later made famous by others; Sweet Little Angel, Crying Won't Help You, and It Hurts Me Too. On the other hand there are jive tunes like She Wants To Sell My Monkey and Let Me Play With Your Poodle. On the whole Red maintained a remarkably high level of consistency; for each of the songs which have been reworked and remembered there are many more excellent ones, like the witty She's Love Crazy here, which have been forgotten.

The team-ups with pianist Big Maceo (who has his own Bluebird reissue featuring Tampa Red) are obvious high points. In fact I like the Maceo-Red combination better than the recordings with Georgia Tom. Maceo's strong, rumbling bass figures and the precise rhythmic accents in his right hand work add a great deal to four tracks on the BC LP and six on the Bluebird, two of which are duplications (the only ones on the two releases). The last three cuts on the BC are electrified 50's cuts which demonstrate how well Red was able to adjust to trends in the music. I fail to hear any fall-off at all in his often-decried later work. All in all, BC 25 is an excellent documentation of Tampa's approach to the blues.

Much of the Bluebird 2-record set is made up of similar material, but it also has room for a good number of swing-type tunes, some with bands including horns. It is these pieces, along with the R&B efforts, which blues fans have tended to dismiss, which is a shame since they rank with the best of Red's output. Vacation in Harlem, Jittery Jump, Rock It In Rhythm, and The Way To Get The Low-Down are superior popular songs every bit as creative as the blues numbers. His accompaniment on Jittery Jump reveals a harmonic sophistication beyond that of other blues guitarists, and the bright lyrics and infectious swing of these tunes makes them well-nigh irresistible. Red was at the height of his popularity when these pieces were recorded and while he was obviously very much in touch with what his audience wanted, the simplistic label of "commercial" which has sometimes been attached to these performances completely misses the point that Tampa obviously enjoyed and believed in the music he was playing. The problem of course is that some people regard some forms of music as basically evil and when a man adds saxophones to his band or plugs into an amplifier he evidently runs the risk of arousing such people's misconceptions, whether at the time or years later.

All this is not to say that Tampa Red wasn't at his best as a blues singer, guitarist, and songwriter. Such classics as Don't You Lie To Me, Mean Mistreater Blues, and Annie Lee on the Bluebird set bear this out. But I do think that the man's reputation has suffered from simplistic attempts to pigeonhole his talents. The music business in America is strange. We are often reminded of art-



SPOTLITE LP8
AL HAIG/JIMMY RANEY QUARTET
with Wilbur Little(b) & Frank Gant (d)
Available from Coda Publications,
Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario
M4J 4X8 Canada. \$6.98 postpaid.

ists - Thelonious Monk is probably the classic case - who spend their peak creative years in total obscurity until their audience catches up ten or fifteen years later. At least such men have time on their side. Tampa Red is an example of an artist who never had any trouble reaching an audience in his prime, for whom the years of neglect and poverty have come at the end of his life.

Both releases strongly recommended.

-Richard Baker

ART TATUM

Masterpieces
MCA Records 2-4019

Even if you have some or even all of Tatum's recordings from the late thirties and early forties, you may still want to get this two-for-the-price-of-one bargain reissue because of its excellent sound. Although the labels are imprinted with the dread description "simulated stereo", the transfers are actually both faithful and brilliant. Seldom have I heard MCA-Decca do as good a sound engineering job as they have here. If you have few or no Art Tatum discs in your collection, this is the perfect single album to buy: a cross-section of classic recordings made at his peak. The album has fifteen solo recordings, including some of his most famous performances (Humoresque, Tiger Rag, Tea For Two, Rosetta, and others). It has seven sides featuring Tatum in his familiar role as a trio pianist with Slam Stewart and Tiny Grimes (I Got Rhythm, Cocktails For Two, Moonglow and other standards). Finally, it has eight tracks - the entire output - by the blues-jump band that Tatum assembled in 1941 to back blues shouter Joe Turner, including the classic Wee Baby Blues. In sum, this album has brilliant solo piano, driving trios, and Wee Baby Blues and its companions. What more could you ask from MCA? Well, if you were a nit picker you might wish that perhaps a couple of the more familiar solos had been left out,

and in their place substituted some of the earlier, much-harder-to-find solos that Art made for Decca back in 1934. But since I'm not a nit picker - I won't mention this.

Leonard Feather has provided informative album notes in the form of an interview with Mrs. Geraldine Tatum, Art's widow, and his longtime pianist friend, Rozelle Gayle. The notes provide at least a partial answer to one of the most intriguing questions about Tatum: how come he apparently "composed" so few "originals", in contrast to most of the other piano greats like James P., Fats, Hines, Jelly Roll, Duke? From Mrs. Tatum we learn that Art mainly restricted himself to playing his own compositions at home, where he played constantly. It is a pity he did not choose to record or play in public more of his own compositions. Also, he really enjoyed "interpreting the great popular songs," as Mrs. Tatum puts it.

In a review in the May 1974 Coda John Norris noted that it took him "some time" to appreciate Art Tatum's genius. Me too. His outpourings of notes at unbelievable speed used to disturb me. But I kept listening, and then I began to understand a little better what he was all about. In Art Tatum's work we find the culmination of the New York stride piano style, plus a touch of Earl Hines. Tatum, applying his marvelous command of the instrument, took this style to its final form. Tatum has repeatedly been cited as a key influence on many bop musicians - which he no doubt was. But it was not really his basic style (harmonically, melodically, rhythmically speaking) that had so much impact; rather what probably most impressed jazzmen like Charlie Parker was Tatum's extraordinary quickness and nimbleness of mind and hand - his sheer musicianship. As pointed out by the University of Rochester's Ray Murphy, Tatum can be compared to Bach - whose music was the culmination of the Baroque style - rather than to a transitional figure such as Mozart. In the Coda review cited above, John Norris found the "harmonic layers" in Tatum's 1934 airshot of Stardust as pointing the direction taken by Cecil Taylor 25 years later. Yet, to me, Tatum's Stardust is even more remarkable as an illustration of the debt Tatum owed to the harmonic advances that had been made in American popular music during the twenties and early thirties. As far back as 1927 in his original band version of Stardust, Hoagy Carmichael played a full chorus on piano which already employed many "modern-sounding" chords. Tatum's use of chords was exceedingly varied, imaginative, and intricate, but even as late as the 1940 solos in this album he was still playing within a harmonic framework that had been well established in the twenties and thirties. Yet Tatum's work from the 1940s sounds just as "modern" today as when it was recorded. I suspect this is because of his uncanny musicianship - his remarkable ear, his wonderful touch, his lovely chord voicings. Such a musician never sounds dated. - Eugene Kramer

SUMMERTIME Jazz in Italy



Here we are again, like every year, to talk about the summer jazz events in Italy, which in 1976 were more interesting than ever.

We may safely say that after three or four years of steadily growing numbers of festivals and concerts and of audience attendance, Italy seems now to be on the way to a new boom in jazz. During this summer were scheduled more than a dozen festivals, starring some of the U.S.A.'s giants, who are welcomed in our country as in a promised land.

ROME

The "Popular Music and Jazz School" was born last November in the middle of one of the most ancient parts of old Rome, Testaccio, from the cooperation between musicians, cultural operators and "Comitato di quartiere" (the smallest unit in the pyramid of local administration). It surely represents the best new venture in the field of new musical structures of the season and its first year of activity was closed by the presentation of a series of concerts, seminars and public debates from June 22 to 28, intended as a summing up of achievements to date as well as a proposal for the reopening of the school scheduled for late September.

One may well say that the pioneer work of Testaccio School was met with

immediate and total success. Three hundred students flocked in from various social environments, but especially from the culture-hungry Roman periphery, and were welcomed and assigned to different levels of study according to their previous curricula by an excellent team of teachers formed from experienced professional Italian jazzmen (who incidentally do this job unpaid).

A special mention is deserved by Bruno Tommaso, a very well known bass player (who has been for years among the main contributors to Giorgio Gaslini Quartet's success), as he ranks number one in the propelling of this venture. We should also mention along with him pianists Martin Joseph and Enrico Pieranunzi, saxophonist Maurizio Giammarco and pay homage to them and to the other jazzmen for their dedication.

Now the hope is that public money and local authorities' support, which are a must for any such initiative, will soon be granted for the School to continue the programs now under way.

In the June concerts the trios led by pianist Enrico Pieranunzi and Nino De Rose were particularly appreciated.

MACERATA

The first jazz festival of the season took place at the "Arena Sferisterio" of

Macerata on July 3 and 4. This festival, now in its third year, was opened by a quartet led by Italo-Swiss trumpeter Franco Ambrosetti, with George Gruntz (piano), Henry Texier (bass), and Daniel Humair (drums). Excellent jazz, lacking however the commitment or the level of research that one might expect from the technical and expressive potential of this group. A most beautiful In Memory Of Eric, dedicated to Dolphy, was the best composition of their performance.

A "Tenor Summit" followed, starring Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin and Hugo Heredia, supported by a rhythm section including Horace Parlan (piano), Jimmy Woode (bass) and Tony Insalaco (drums). Here again, an impeccable, exciting performance, but that's all: something which won't leave a mark, but aims only to entertain and I must say that the audience really enjoyed it, with a lot of applause in particular for Johnny Griffin and Dexter Gordon in great shape as usual and for a fantastically exciting Night In Tunisia, played last.

The closing item of this first evening was a burning performance by the Cecil Taylor Quintet, with Jimmy Lyons (alto), David Ware (tenor), Ralph Malik (trumpet) and Mark Edwards (drums). Cecil played a very long (nearly two

hours) "suite" which apparently is his latest composition, in fact his sidemen were reading the music from the score and this seemed to me really to be a new thing for a so-called free group. The theme surged with unison parts played by tenor and trumpet, while Jimmy Lyons strained himself to what we may call a break-off counterpoint. Then followed everybody's solos. Cecil's playing created an exceptionally strong tension, his typically violent phrasing, harsh or most sweet, kept appearing and disappearing subsided by other ideas continuously bubbling from the leader's incredibly rich mind. With all this a part of the audience appeared obviously perplexed, possibly owing to superficial jazz education, so that this first impact from Cecil's musical hammering appeared to be almost dramatically unbearable in some cases. On the other hand those acquainted with Taylor's style did not fail to show all their admiration for the pianist.

The second night was opened by the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Big Band, with a thoroughly new orchestra and as usual very entertaining and swinging. However it lacks high class soloists, the only one left to keep up with past standards being saxophonist Jerry Dodgion. Among the young musicians I very much liked what we in Italian call "tough faced" pianist Harold Danko. As for the rest, plain routine. Among the tunes performed was an interesting Dodgion arrangement of Giant Steps. Next came saxophonist Hugo Heredia with the same rhythm section as for "Tenor Summit" the previous night: a correct performance, nothing more.

Last but not least, Don Cherry's Organic Music, with his wife Moki, drummer Aldo Romano and guitar player Giampiero Prammaggiore, who has been playing with Don steadily for nearly a now and has tuned in with Cherry's spirit and musicality. As has been the case lately, Don came out with something quite undefinable filled with folklore accents, oriental scents, short hints at free jazz, all of it sprinkled with his typical singing moments, less similar to a song than to a plaint. To all this must be added a certain "funky" character created by Cherry with the electric piano, which, while allowing his music to reach out to a wider audience, takes it farther and farther away from the jazz roots, increasingly so as time goes by.

On the whole, an interesting festival, which next year will be extended regarding both time and numbers of groups, as was announced by its manager, Paolo Piangiarelli.

ROME

In the Summer Season presented at Basilica di Massenzio, the temple of classical music a little space was allotted to jazz again this year.

Gerry Mulligan played on July 6 with a sextet including American vibes player Dave Samuels and the Italian jazzmen who always accompany Gerry in his Italian tours, Sergio Farina (guitar), Mario Rusca (piano), Dodo Goya (bass) and Tullio De Piscopo (drums). A very together group, who gave Mulligan the necessary

support to allow his first class solo playing and his gifts in creating the most pleasant atmospheres. His excellent composition dedicated to Billy Strayhorn, a ballad, was presented by Gerry as Song For Strayhorn. It was a real success and many West Coast Era fans were happy, who hadn't had a chance to listen to Mulligan "live" for more than 15 years in Rome.

Being at Umbria Jazz, I was unable to attend Cecil Taylor's concert at Basilica di Massenzio, so I asked Anna Erede to review it:

On July 20 a solo performance by Cecil Taylor (a stop on his solo tour which was to take him to Vercelli, Antibes, Florence, Ravenna etc.) enthralled the Roman fans not yet on vacation and jazz-hungry foreign tourists, who filled all the open-air seats in front of the Basilica's arch-shaped gigantic remnants of wall on one of those indescribable twilight-into-night Roman hours. The grand piano looked tiny on the stage, but not so did Cecil when rapidly entering the scene, immediately a fantastic presence of hyperconcentrated yet plain energy. He sat down and in the sudden total silence began to play. Perhaps the most sophisticated piano playing on the planet at all times, the music just flew as simple and clear as a mountain stream. A continuously inventive outpour of spiritual and musical energy developing into the typical yet always surprising innumerable shapes and forms of Cecil's music. We shall leave to musicologists the hassle of defining the what and the wherefrom: the thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative audience did not appear to have any problem, except to regret that the concert ended when it did, after two long one-piece performances. The first a one-breath Taylor composition, the second part announced as a series of three pieces by him, two by Shepp and one by Don Cherry, but surely and beautifully amalgamated and played as a continuum, bearing Cecil Taylor's unmistakable stamp. - Anna Erede

Another musician among the greats of the West Coast Era, Chet Baker, was in Rome all July, performing every night at the "Music Inn". Chet arrived with pianist Hal Galper and he used an Italian bass player, Roberto Della Grotta, and took such musicians from the local scene as Marcello Rosa (trombone), and Romano Liberatore (flute). Sure enough Baker hasn't regained that technical brilliance that abandoned him some years ago, but he seems to be well on the way. His effort is constant and I heard him play better and better as the days went by. Anyhow, his great feeling is always there!

PESCARA

Last year's problems, when the intervention of the police to cool down disorders created a certain climate of tension and fear, were absent from the latest edition of the Pescara Festival, the atmosphere was definitely relaxed and friendly. The very low prices no doubt helped keep the young quiet, although one has to admit that the immense crowds of

the previous year were not to be seen. From July 9 to 11, eight groups were presented: 4 American and 4 Italian.

Actually the festival was supposed to last longer and present more American groups (Noah Howard and Steve Lacy had been booked, among others) but budget problems obliged the organisers to keep only the U.S.A. "acknowledged Stars".

Before the festival's opening, on the night of the 8th, a free concert had taken place in the piazza Salotto, with the groups "Diapason" - a local band playing in a rock-jazz context - and "The Folk Magic Band" - 18 very young musicians partly inspired by Chris McGregor's "Brotherhood of Breath" - lacking however for the moment both valid soloists and an identity of their own.

The opening concert of the festival began with a quintet led by bass player Giorgio Azzolini, with Sergio Fanni (trumpet), Hugo Heredia (saxes), Sante Palumbo (piano) and Tullio De Piscopo (drums). Their music is a kind of hard-bop Italian fashion with excellent moments (like Spanish Portraits) but also disappointing ones for lack of stamina and new ideas. These shortcomings were even more noticeable once Art Blakey and His Jazz Messengers had stepped out on stage, the fantastic energy charge of the group made the triumph of the first evening. The Messengers' message is still the same as 20 years ago, yet not a whit older for that. Blakey's is a really great school, the men he gathers around him - and changing from year to year - even if very young, are always first class musicians, to begin with vehement trumpeter Bill Hardman, a Clifford Brown disciple, going on to splendid sax David Schittner, to pianist Mickey Tucker (with a very personal touch), who was the group's revelation, to bassist Cameron Brown, a white musician playing like a black one. What can we say of the leader? Surely, a man over 56, his presence on the scene is immense, his sticks commanding full handed his young sidemen, launching ideas, directions, suggestions all over the place. Surely a great master besides an excellent talent scout. The audience was still invoking Art Blakey's name when pianist Harold Mabern's trio came on stage, with Milt Hinton on bass and Alan Dawson on drums. Later Eddie Bert on trombone and Eddie Daniels on saxes joined in, but their music, to be appreciated for the piano and the sax, didn't raise much enthusiasm.

The second evening opened with Sun Ra's Arkestra, whose success was enormous in the wake of about two hours of non-stop playing. Sun Ra's music does not leave one in doubt; you either adore it or hate it. Personally I love and hate it at the same time. I like the suggestive and very personal fashion in which Sun Ra presents his galactic music, I like his soloists (particularly John Gilmore and Marshall Allen), but I don't admire too much his music as such. Also in his concert could be heard pieces that were linked up with the most genuine jazz tradition: Basie, Henderson, Ellington and a King Porter Stomp revisited and



modified to his own way of "feeling" the music: made fun of, ironised, almost grotesque, with a little almost dance music rhythm, rock-and-roll-like, much to the point, significant and most pleasant. At 65, Sun Ra, still playing what he has been playing for over 20 years, has succeeded in having his astral music accepted also in Italy, even though a good portion of the public (and the critics) hasn't yet caught the meaning of it.

The Eraldo Volonte Quintet followed, with Volonte on saxes and pianist Guido Manusardi. A good modern group, with its leader in excellent shape, presented the audience with the music from his last album, "Safari".

The second evening was closed by Maurizio Giammarco's Quartet, including Tommaso Vittorini. Both Roman saxophone players have good quality, but are not yet ripe.

For the closing night the festival moved to Penne, a little village 20 miles from Pescara, beginning with "Unita Musicale", a group comprised of three of the most representative musicians of New Musical tendencies: Mario Schiano, alto

sax; Guido Mazzon, trumpet and Gaetano Liguori, piano; helped by Roberto Bellattalla, bass and Lino Liguori, drums. Their music includes the best of a certain type of Italian avant-garde. The group identifies itself with certain socio-political positions addressed to a different audience: a refusal of bourgeois standards, but popular music. Their success can be described as almost complete.

The closing set was reserved for Sam Rivers' new trio. There could not have been a happier ending, as Rivers is at the present time no doubt the most interesting musician around, but we'll talk about him and his music later on, along with other events of this hot jazz Summer-time in Italy.

ROME

Approximately 10,000 young people were present at a rock-jazz type of concert presented at Palsport on July 14 and 15. The names on the program were of those that fill stadiums and besides it was their first appearance in Rome: Billy Cobham and the George Duke group, Weather Report, Shakti Mahavishnu John

McLaughlin, and the Italian "Perigeo", "Napoli Centrale", and Tony Esposito's group. The latter, certainly the least looked forward to, was to me the real discovery. The young Neapolitan percussionist's music is linked to the Pharoah Sanders of the "Tauhid" and "Karma" period, mixed with riffs much to the point, with a rhythm charged with excellent colours and that particular taste that comes from Naples. Weather Report too had their expected success; very together, with a very inspired and inspiring Joe Zawinul and an incredible cohesion presenting live their compositions from their last LP, "Black Market". Most disappointing on the other hand was the group of Cobham and Duke, with an "entertainment" type program, which did not satisfy even the uneducated and easily contented public (which was in the majority). The same can be said about McLaughlin, who has by now completely gone over into Indian music (his sidemen are from India) and his music does not produce even the slightest swing or the rock marks that have previously characterized his recordings. "Perigeo" and "Napoli Centrale" presented their programs with professional honesty, but unimpressively.

UMBRIA

Unanimously looked upon as the most important Italian jazz event (but perhaps I should say European), Umbria Jazz deserves a privileged space in our summertime jazz survey. Now in its 4th year Umbria Jazz is unprecedented with regard to both strictly musical and entertainment management: the public, as well as the musicians move about on tour, to fascinating and historically important little towns of this region in central Italy. The concerts are given in centuries-old piazzas or in parks (and it is fantastic to realize how beautifully in tune is the music with the magnificent medieval-renaissance architecture, and with nature!), no entrance fee is requested, bus transportation is available at nominal prices, there are well distributed camping and sanitary facilities, cheap food-stands, and above all a feast-like, friendship and freedom atmosphere unlike any other festival in Europe or elsewhere.

ORVIETO, July 20

In the presence of about 7,000 people Cedar Walton's Quartet opened the first night. The stability, the cohesion and the good taste of the arrangements are immediately perceptible; the omnipresent Sam Jones draws harmonic and rhythmic patterns of high value; Billy Higgins is at his most brilliant, a thick drumming, full of colour; George Coleman, more coltranian than other times, is magnificent in the performance of one of his idol's masterpieces, Naima, played at medium tempo; Walton, very incisive, precise and extremely agile, has very good points during Blue Monk. An extremely pleasant group.

The Horace Silver Quintet presents two old acquaintances: Hubbard-like trumpeter Tom Harrell and tenor sax Bob Berg, both very efficient. Horace's pianism is always masterly charged,

swinging, directional. The other two rhythm players, on the other hand, didn't carry me away with enthusiasm, on the contrary I was rather disappointed. Among the tunes performed are remembered Song For My Father and Barbara, which received much applause from a very attentive audience. The evening was closed by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, of whom we have already spoken.

CITTA DI CASTELLO, July 22

A splendid piazza, excellent acoustics, overwhelming audience: 15,000! On the spot where last year Archie Shepp had a monstrous success, the most applauded evening of the whole festival happened. The task of warming up the public fell to a quartet led by tenor saxophonist Gianni Basso, whose state of grace was unseen before. The public, who had come to applaud the "names", Gillespie and Blakey, demanded two encores of the Italian quartet. We thought particularly interesting the pieces Alex and La Valle Dell'amore". Together with the leader, pianist Renato Sellani, bassist Dodo Goya and drummer Tullio De Piscopo played beautifully.

Dizzy Gillespie followed with his overwhelming musical drive and that pinch of histrionism that from a personage like him one accepts with no problems. With Dizzy, who besides trumpet also played tumbadora and sang, came young guitar player Rodney Jones, bass player Ben Brown and Mickey Roker, with hammering rhythmic interventions of great quality and precision. Olinga, a new composition by Dizzy, is bound to become a big success, both for its captivating melody and its precise and incisive arrangement.

It was a splendid evening, one of those evenings when on all the musicians, without exception, a kind of magic veil descends made of feeling and a kind of state of grace, and when the interaction between musicians and audience brings the utmost communication.

CASTGLIONE DEL LAGO, July 23

On a meadow by the lake took place the fourth evening of Umbria Jazz '76, beginning with the quartet co-led by alto and soprano saxophonist Massimo Urbani and bass player Roberto Della Grotta, two of our avant garde musicians, who have already two solo albums on the prestigious "Jazz A Confronto" series, supported by black American drummer Marvin "Boogaloo" Smith and excellent pianist Antonello Salis. Dizzy Gillespie followed in less brilliant form than in the preceding concert, but always pleasing.

Don Pullen appeared all alone in front of an audience estimated at 10,000, and literally left them all breathless! I don't see who, right now, could have done more than he did: to appear alone, to face such an immense audience and to be unable to leave the stage at the end of his set because of the applause which accompanied him even during the long performance, all this is in itself an extraordinary achievement. And such an achievement appears even more gigantic, when you think that Pullen's pianism is certainly not for any public, not so easy to under-

stand. His constant shifting from melodic to extremely violent situations is filled with an uncommon creativity, and the audience was enthralled by the fascination vibing out from his music. Dedicated to Richard Abrams, from his solo album on Sackville, and Kadji Mae were the most remarkable pieces out of a set we shall not forget so easily. This is music that leaves a mark!

TERNI-VILLALAGO, July 24

The last but one of the festival took place in a park by Lake Trasimeno. A young Italian pianist, making his debut before a large audience, opened the evening: Piero Bassini, 24, from a worker's family out of a little town in the north, Cologno. His music obviously refers to the solo work of Keith Jarrett, who received on the spot the (then) deserved acknowledgement. Bassini did not only refer to Jarrett musically, but also used (or exploited) that corporal and facial movement of Jarrett, however we can note his interesting playing in the left hand.

Enrico Rava presented the music of his latest LP "The Pilgrim and the Stars" (ECM) as well as some unrecorded pieces. His group was composed of the same musicians as on the LP: John Abercrombie (electric guitar), splendid bass player Palle Danielson and John Christensen (drums). The music has a strong rhythmic factor and moments of extreme lyricism; all this kept attentively silent the (about) 8,000 people present. If we must find a fault in Rava's performance it is that of presenting all his tunes in one long uninterrupted sequence, without stop or pauses, but all the compositions were beautiful and stimulating. A clearly European free-jazz origin is apparent, though influenced by Rava's experiences in the States, where he has been living for a long time. The music was performed with what in Italy we call (see above) "tough-face", very efficiently and with a very deserving musical control.

Again Don Pullen, with as masterly a performance as that of the previous night, to which was added an excellent Traceys Of Daniel, from an album recorded in Italy last summer for "Jazz A Confronto" on the Horo label, with his peculiar way of playing the piano strings to produce slightly more metallic sounds than on the keyboard, yet stronger and mellower, with out-of-this-world effects on the listener's ear and psyche.

As a closing set came the new Sam Rivers Trio: Joe Daley (tuba and euphonium) and Syd Smart (drums and percussion). While keeping intact the characteristics we have learned to expect from it, Rivers' music is now bent towards more traditional patterns; the tuba or the euphonium have the task of carrying out the dialogue with Rivers in a way similar to the one that was carried out by Dave Holland's bass, with the addition of a pinch of "crudeness", making one wonder at a possible musical involution, and a return to a music aesthetically less appealing, less sophisticated, but soundwise more spontaneous, more direct. About Smart's drumming we can say that we don't see

any precedents or anything like it around, visually disagreeable, loose, uncoherent (I was standing just behind him, and believe me, that was really incredibly bad-looking drumming), it is essentially to the point and complementary to Rivers' musical content, which is more and more shifting towards Africa and/or to the present day black American vital reality. One may also feel perplexed in listening to this music, but no doubt it carries such real message and its creativity is beyond discussion. For the chronicle, I will say that during one of the most vehement moments of the trio, Don Pullen, who was sitting next to me, suddenly got up, went to the piano and began his dialogue with the performing musicians: he had not been able to resist the calling of that music!

PERUGIA, July 25

The last evening started very softly with the Stan Getz Quartet before an audience of 15,000. The very efficient rhythm section was composed of Joanne Brackeen on piano (a sort of young woman version of McCoy Tyner), powerful Clint Huston on bass and drummer Billy Hart, especially powerful on tempo. We found Getz somewhat low, not too eager to play. The best among the tunes performed were Times Lie and La Fiesta, both by Chick Corea. Surely, with such a rhythm section, Getz could have done much better. The audience deserved it!

To bring the music back to a higher level on came Sam Rivers again, pouring out a jazz full of human warmth which was applauded even more than the night before.

To close this beautiful festival Herbie Hancock's group was expected, but at the very last minute he informed the organizers that he did not intend to perform for a non-paying public. If this is what "star" Hancock thinks today, it's just as well that he didn't come, he would have messed up this too beautiful, too sincere, too free feast!

When the announcement was made by one of the organizers from the stage, the young audience burst into indignant whistling and shouting. Sam Rivers and his men were still around, to the enthusiasm of the public they resumed playing for almost another hour. There could not have been a more congenial conclusion for this festival: at Sam Rivers' voice/music, some voices were heard from the crowds filling the piazza and half the main Perugia street, timidly yet hopefully breaking out from the traditional role of the public simply watching the artist as from another world. Seen from the stage, at the very end, all those young people, suddenly standing, were clapping their hands, stamping their feet and shaking their heads in time, more voices singing in with more courage. A new hope for tomorrow?

At the end of this Summertime Jazz Italy report, I must say thanks to Anna Erede, who helped myself in the translation.

REVIEW BY MARIO LUZZI

Around The World Around The World Around The

CANADA

TORONTO - traditionally the summer months in Toronto are somewhat barren of creative musics in almost all forms, but this summer, depending on your leanings, there has been a large amount of concerts and clubbookings that has played host to American visiting musicians. For me they had only a peripheral interest but big band fans were treated, on a weekly basis, to music at Ontario Place. The likes of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich and Maynard Ferguson being some of them. Bourbon Street and Basin Street have continued to present high class music and among the musicians that I personally heard were Milt Jackson, Don Menza and Bill Evans. Phil Nimmons is back at Basin Street with his orchestra for two weeks, I understand that he did some of the best business the club had ever experienced. Perhaps the clubs should check out more Canadian musicians. The more specialized music centres such as The Music Gallery and MotherNecessity have continued to flourish, the Music Gallery in particular has adopted an interesting policy. On Tuesdays and Fridays the regular "house band", the CCMC, perform, but on weekends a most varied assortment of artists have played concerts. The policy appears to have moved away from the simple description of jazz, and has widened to include performers such as David Rosenboom, The Canadian Electronic Ensemble and in November there will even be a workshop by the British composer Peter Maxwell Davies. If you are interested in the unexpected then you should check The Music Gallery's agenda. Some concerts have happened at A Space, the only one that I heard being Maury Coles with Casey Sokol, Peter Anson, Al Mattes and Larry Dubin. Coles played an interesting solo alto piece, presenting some techniques that I had not heard local players produce before.

The A Space winter series is past the planning stage and two concerts have already been confirmed. New Delta Ahkri with Leo Smith, Oliver Lake, Anthony Davis, Wes Brown and Paul Maddox will take place on October 23 and a George Lewis solo trombone concert on November 20. George Lewis has recently been performing with Anthony Braxton in duet and quintet concerts in Europe and the United States. He is also to be heard on the new Sackville record of the Roscoe Mitchell quartet, produced live at an A Space concert last season. A new gallery recently opened called CEAC, and for its debut performance the music was supplied by the duo of Mike Snow and Larry Dubin. A very good combination of players. The short set that I heard was on a very high energy level and produced a most enthusiastic response from the audience, who were I think for the most part not jazz fans. The theatre that preceded their performance was not to my liking

and I am glad that the week's activities were entitled cannibalism. Indeed.



If there has been an impatient wait for the winter's music to arrive, the month of October will suffice for anyone for the month looks like a musical orgy. Sun Ra will be at Burton Auditorium on October 7, Massey Hall has Maynard Ferguson and Phil Nimmons in a Canadian big band spectacular on October 9, Stephane Grappelli with the Diz Dizley trio October 16 and Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass and Ella Fitzgerald October 20. Jazz at the Phil lives on (?). Ali Akbar Khan plays the New Yorker cinema in the second concert of another music series that is developing. The annual ragtime bash takes place at the Cara Inn October 23. El Mocambo booked Jack DeJohnette with John Abercrombie and Alex Foster for October 11 through 13. The Colonial Tavern is almost out of the jazz circuit with Roland Kirk being the only player of interest in recent times. Dixieland and mainstream music fans should investigate DJs in the Hydro Building as some of the recent guests have included Kenny Davern, Jimmy McPartland with Marion sitting in, Herb Hall and Vic Dickenson. The Dutch Swing College Band sold out every performance in spite of a \$10.00 cover charge. That sounds almost like enough music to insist that Toronto is a music capital. Several Canadian recordings have either appeared or are in preparation including a Boss Brass record on Attic and two records from the CCMC which will soon be available. Sackville have two recordings about to be released, an Oliver Lake/Joseph Bowie record live at A Space and a duet recording of Karl Berger and David Holland. Plans for the future include Buddy Tate/Jay McShann, George Lewis solo and a Roscoe Mitchell/

Anthony Braxton duet record. It will be some time before these latter three become reality. - Bill Smith

VANCOUVER - The Western Front, 303 E. 8th Avenue, is a huge wooden frame building with enough space inside for a dance hall, a separate concert hall (with two grand pianos, a Steinway and a Bechstein) with attached recording studio, videotape facilities and an art gallery. The Front's various inhabitants are into a number of activities, including devoting their time and space to music. In the past they have presented Braxton, Leo Smith, and Steve Lacy, as well as the CCMC's Larry Dubin, Bill Smith and Mike Snow, and in November Al Mattes, Casey Sokol, Peter Anson and Dubin again.

When a benefit was to be held for a local Monday night jazz series, the Front was surely the ideal space for it. The concert hall was packed and, if one didn't like the music of the moment, informal groupings of musicians were playing downstairs. I was more interested in just hanging around and listening than in reviewing, with the result that I can do justice to only a few of the musicians there. At any rate it seemed like the spirit of the event excited the best efforts of everyone there. For example, there was a trombonist, himself not an exceptional soloist, who nonetheless was a guiding and cohesive force to a set that included two superb tenor players, the very exciting Patience Higgins and another man who played in a lush Ben Websterish sort of way, for a delightful set of swing standards. Then there was Gavin Walker, the one player there whom I had heard of in Toronto. Very fiery and imaginative on alto saxophone, with the sparse accompaniment of drums, congas and a raw but imaginative bassist, using tunes such as For Harry Carney to launch lengthy improvisations. And to end the evening, a fine big-band led by bassist Wyatt Ruther and pianist Linton Garner, two expatriate Americans who were active forces behind both the benefit and the "Jazz Monday" programs it seeks to support. Other participants were Dave Quarin, Carse Sneddon, Peter Trill, Bob McAvoy, "The Fred Stride Bandwagon", Ron Johnston, Kenny Moore, Stew Barnett, Oliver Gannon, Sharman King, Bob Hales, Ron Burke, George Ursan, Bill Trussell, Al Johnson, Ed Cowan, Torbin Oxbal, Blaine Tringham, Jack Stafford, Fraser MacPherson, Adolphus Alsbrook, Dave Robbins, Jack Fulton, Buff Allan, Al Wold, Bob Doyle, Mike Guild, Brian Fairholm and Albert St. Albert. As Garner remarked towards the end of the evening, the event proved that Vancouver's best musicians are second to none. It also proved its other basic premise: that "Live Music is Best". Congratulations are in order for Western Front for providing such felicitous surroundings for such an occasion, and here's hoping it can continue to do so indefinitely. - David Lee

AMERICA

LOS ANGELES - after visiting family and friends in the San Francisco Bay Area, and a performance there, Frank Lowe was persuaded to venture to L.A. by Rhino Records' Lee Kaplan for a performance at the Century City Playhouse on July 2 bringing only cornetist Butch Morris (who was also seen on violin and small vibes). Drawing from Los Angeles' artists he acquired percussionist Tylon Barea and bassist Roberto Miranda, who were joined the second set by James Newton on flute. The viewer sensed a discernment by Frank concerning certain aspects of the music that otherwise would have went unnoticed. At any rate detriment did not take place. When considering the one-rehearsal-rapport and the full house attendance all was a success for Frank Lowe's initial debut in Los Angeles.

Outdoors on July 18 the Harold Land-Blue Mitchell Quintet played at Burbank's Starlight Bowl. During the last week in July it was heard that the Charles Moffett Family came down from their Oakland home to give a few unadvertised concerts around town.

On August 7 the James Newton Quartet brought forth a recital of retrospective music no modern player can deny when considering the perimeters of one's own expression. Drawing from Ellington, Dolphy, Coltrane and his own compositions dedicated to Albert Ayler and the shakuhachi (flute) masters of Japan, James was found on flutes, bass clarinet and tenor saxophone. Tylon Barea on percussion, Ed Brookshire on bass and Les Coulter on guitar. In attendance was Los Angeles' avant garde paterfamilias John Carter who accompanied them on clarinet for one number during the second set.

The club scene: 7/18 saw Milt Jackson at Donte's, 7/22-24 the Teddy Wilson Trio at Donte's, 7/20-25 Art Farmer performed at the Lighthouse, 7/23&24 Barney Kessel played at McCabes in Santa Monica (not really a club but a guitar shop), 7/26 the Duke Ellington Orchestra at Concerts by the Sea and Donte's on 7/28, Concerts by the Sea found Earl "Fatha" Hines in attendance, Jerome Richardson at the Baked Potato in Hollywood, Hampton Hawes 8/3-5 at Donte's and Horace Silver at Concerts by the Sea on 8/10-15. Alex Cline and Jamil Shabaka performed an evening of duo improvisations on 9/3 at the Century City Playhouse, percussion and reeds respectively.

And finally a permanent home base for Los Angeles' Black American music in the vanguard, taking shape in the form of Bobby Bradford's "The Little Big Horn" in Pasadena at 34 N. Mentor. So far concerts will be every Sunday at 4:00 with a projected Wednesday night function. The concerts are \$2 and will usually consist of sets by the John Carter Ensemble and the Bobby Bradford Sextet. The first Sunday was kicked off with several compositions from John Carter's "Echoes from Rudolph's Suite" performed by the com-

poser's Ensemble, William Jeffrey (drums), Stanley Carter (bass), John Carter (clarinet) and young (9 years old) Chris Carter sneaking in on bongos (it was intended that he play finger cymbals) making memorable something Sunny Murray said of such experiences, "...like children who haven't had time yet to develop a wall against it, they love the new music, they go crazy over it like they go crazy over James Brown. Look how lucky they are - the kind of conditioning they're getting. This opens up their whole life." Next, Bobby Bradford brought out his new sextet (sans Glenn Ferris on trombone who arrived later) who besides himself on cornet, James Newton (flute), Don Goldsmith (drums), Clovis Bordeaux (electric piano), and Henry "Skipper" Franklin (bass) gave a spirited show, exuding well in the gutsy and intelligent fashion that this music personifies with the union of intellect, intuition and physicality; breathing health for mind and body in the realm of "...the magical point of contact and of participation, of man with nature."

Keith Jarrett played a solo piano recital september 9 at Arlington Center for the Performing Arts in Santa Barbara. The monthly Eagle Rock Jazz concert, at Eagle Rock High on September 12 guested Blue Mitchell. The El Monte Art Quartet with Buell Neidlinger and Don Preston at the Century City Playhouse on Sept. 18. And Henry Franklin at the Pilgrimage Theatre on Sept. 26. September 17, 18 and 19 at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre will be a jazz festival of sorts, showcasing bluesmen "Sunnyland" Slim, "Little Brother" Montgomery, and Lowell Fullson, veteran jazz-men Joe Venuti, Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Arvell Shaw, Teddy Buckner and Cozy Cole.

- Mark Weber

* from "Sunny Murray: The Continuous Cracking of Glass" by Robert Levin. April/May '69 The Black Giants (The World Publishing Co.) edited by Pauline Rivelli and Robert Levin.

** from "notes (8 pieces) source a new world music: creative music" by Leo Smith (published by the author).

SAN FRANCISCO - so much good music was happening in the Bay Area in the past few months it's hard to know where to begin. April brought Sam Rivers, playing with one of the area's truly great musicians, Eddie Marshall, on drums and Chris Amberger on bass (both of whom have played with Rivers at previous Keystone gigs). On the same bill was the magnificent Oliver Lake, fronting a quartet consisting of Michael Jackson on electric guitar, the very fine local bassist James Leary, and a beautiful drummer whose name I've unfortunately forgotten. Much inspiring music was generated by everyone, though attendance was extremely disappointing for such giants as these, particularly after the overflow crowds that had come out for Charles Mingus earlier in the month. On the last act of the gig both groups combined for a wailing jam that still rings in my ears. Truly a memorable experience.

An exceptionally successful Berkeley Jazz Festival extended over three days late in May. In absolute peak form were McCoy Tyner and the fantastic Betty Carter. Other participants adding to the general glow were, once again, Mingus, the triumphant return of Rahsaan Roland Kirk (who followed this appearance with a gig at Keystone), Nat Adderley, Jon Hendricks, George Benson, Ramsey Lewis, Julian Priester with his group Marine Intrusion, Ronnie Laws and Pressure, and Inner Force. All in all, a remarkably well balanced and exciting event.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago was in the area for over a month, but, unbelievably, could find very little work. They were originally scheduled for a gig in early June at the Great American Music Hall, but cancelled over a financial disagreement with that club's management. Later in the month they played one night each at the Keystone and at Berkeley's Rainbow Sign. Then in July they replaced John Handy and Ali Akbar Khan on a moment's notice for a week's engagement at Keystone. I caught the opening night; even with virtually no advertising whatsoever the club was packed, and after so much inactivity, they were ready to play. They offered truly inspired performances of Fanfare For The Warriors, Barnyard Scuffle Shuffle, and one piece I hadn't heard before. Having seen a lackadaisical performance at Great American some months before, I was deeply gratified to see the Art Ensemble finally at their overwhelming best.

Another fine artist who could find disappointingly little work while visiting the area was the very fine saxophonist Frank Lowe. He played one night at the South Berkeley Community Church, and later was a high point of a free concert in Berkeley's Provo Park. Playing with local musicians who had little familiarity with his music, Lowe's versatility and historicism were nonetheless most impressive to the relative few who got to hear him.

San Francisco's rough equivalent to New York's loft scene, the Blue Dolphin,



was forced to close by the whims of the land-grabbers, but luckily for the new music, a new and better spot, Pangaea, opened up in June. Many of the musicians who had been regulars at the Blue Dolphin were also featured at Pangaea, and it's beginning to look like a stable, growing scene. Such excellent young groups and performers as Ubu, Continuum, the Sound Clinic, John Grunfest, and many others would have a much harder time sustaining themselves, let alone develop, were it not for this unique, essential space.

On July 11, one of the largest crowds ever to attend a concert in San Francisco (over 20,000 people) turned up in Sigmund Stern Grove to hear those eternally youthful superstars, The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. They had also played five concerts at Stanford University in Palo Alto, but the free concert in the grove had to be one of their most memorable ever. Usually these concerts present operatic or chamber ensembles, but the considerably larger turnout for PHJB might encourage those-in-charge to schedule more such artists.

The Eighth Annual Concord Summer Festival was held over two weekends July 23 through August 1 at the futuristic Concord Pavilion, about 30 miles northeast of San Francisco. This unabashedly "mainstream" festival sustained a generally high level through each concert, due in part to the position of the great Ray Brown as musical director.

Artists performing at the festival included Remo Palmier and Herb Ellis, Tony Bennett, the Joe Venuti-George Barnes Quintet, Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern's Soprano Summit, the George Shearing Trio, the Plas Johnson Sextet, the LA Four (Ray Brown, Laurindo Almeida, Shelley Manne, and Bud Shank), a Tal Farlow group including Brown, Red Norvo and Hank Jones, The Great Guitars (Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis and Charlie Byrd), and Mary Ann McCall with Jake Hanna's Kansas City Express (which included Richie Kamuca and Nat Pierce). The great Louis Bellson appeared fronting both his regular big band and a smaller ensemble featuring Blue Mitchell. Mitchell was also featured in what (to me)

was one of the real surprises of the festival, the Bill Berry Big Band, which closed things up til next year on Sunday, August 1.

Trumpeter Berry has assembled an outstanding group of musicians from the LA area, including such big band greats as Cat Anderson and Count Basie's long-time sax section leader Marshall Royal. The trombone section is particularly strong, with four powerhouse soloists in Britt Woodman, Jimmy Cleveland, Tricky Lofton and Benny Powell. Noted humorist/trumpeter Jack Sheldon was a special guest. Their material was divided between originals and some beautiful, seldom used Ellingtonia (even two of the originals were dedicated to Harry Carney and Paul Gonsalves). It's a very tight, spirited band, and is scheduled to perform an Ellington commemorative concert at the Monterey Festival in September.

However, the real high point of the entire festival came, strangely enough, on opening night. I mean, when you have Milt Jackson, Ray Brown and Bill Evans as a warm-up set, you can believe something memorable is in the wings. And it certainly was.

That "something memorable" was Mercer Ellington and the Ellington Orchestra in, first, over an hour of old and new Ellington, followed by a monumental "Sacred Concert". This was not only one of the greatest concerts I've ever seen; it was one of the greatest concerts in the Bay Area's musical history, and I am sure no one who was there will ever forget it.

Also at the Keystone Korner in the past few months were Yusef Lateef with the excellent pianist Kenneth Barron, Michal Urbaniak and Urszula Dudziak, Bobby Hutcherson, Dave Liebman, Roland Hanna with George Mraz, and John Handy with the master sarod player Ali Akbar Khan (a fairly frequent team in the Bay Area for several years now). El Matador hosted Earl Hines, Mose Allison, and Cal Tjader. Great American Music Hall brought in Ray Charles, Phil Woods and Zoot Sims, Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McCrae, Max Morath, Norman Connors with

Jean Carn, and Albert King. Conte Candoli played a gig at Reunion, as did Blue Mitchell with Harold Land. The great Aretha made a rare Bay Area appearance at the Circle Star Theatre in San Carlos. At the Paramount Theatre in Oakland, Keith Jarrett performed his compositions from the new ECM album "Arbour Zena" with Charlie Haden, Dewey Redman, and the Oakland Symphony strings. Ed Howard's place in Oakland hosted Bobby Bland, as well as Eddie Harris.

Herbie Hancock premiered his new group at an unpublicized gig at the West Dakota in Berkeley. Also at West Dakota were Terry Garthwaite, Jimmy Reed, Joe Henderson, and a new group, Night Flyte (including musicians formerly with Julian Priester). Big Mama Thornton blew down the walls of the Longbranch, while the Bay Area's resident Zydeco band, Queen Ida and Her Bon Ton Zydeco Band, did the same for the Savoy. Martha Young had a steady gig at Solomon Grundy's, and also played a concert with James Leary at 1750 Arch Street. Also at 1750 Arch, reed artist Roland Young played a well-received solo concert. Turk Murphy's Jazz Band was still packing them in at Earthquake McGoon's, and the fine young blues singer and pianist Dave Alexander could be seen at a number of clubs throughout the area.

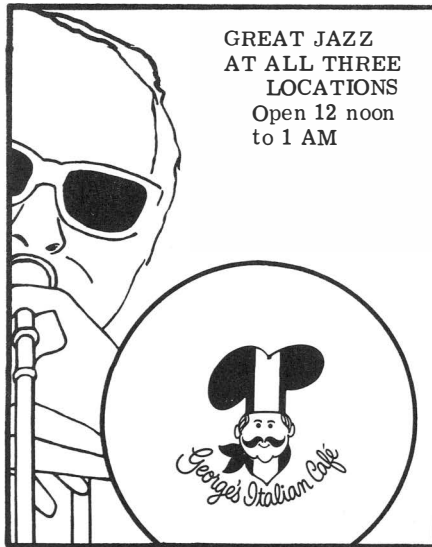
An important film event was the premiere of Les Blank's newest film, Chulas Fronteras, produced by Chris Strachwitz of Arhoolie Records. Well-known for his classic films on Lightnin' Hopkins, Mance Lipscomb, and Clifton Chenier, Blank's new one is a fascinating look at "Norteno" music and culture, a vivid hybrid sprung from German, Mexican, and Texan traditions in the border regions of South Texas. A powerful, foot-stomping, sensitive, and enlightening film from one of America's finest poets of the camera.

- J.N. Thomas

PISA JAZZ FESTIVAL

Pisa, Italy
July 16-18, August 28-30, 1976

It was an unlucky festival for several reasons. Riots between the police and some people who wanted to get in free (the price was less than two dollars per night, so that's a different problem we are facing) interrupted the first concert and had the other ones cancelled. The August part was not luckier, some concerts had to be indoors (S. Zeno Abbazia) and a storm prevented the Art Ensemble of Chicago from performing in a large square, the concert was repeated two days later in a gym with no amplification at all (because of a car breakdown). Even the debates set up in order to let the musicians talk about the music went on with many misunderstandings, though experiences like this should be continued. Anyhow the tapes of the two days' discussions are being written down and should be available soon (the musicians who participated were Max Roach with all his group, some of the Art Ensemble,



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Leo Smith, and the Sea Ensemble). Besides this, the festival was a success in the sense that though only about one thousand people each night showed up, they proved that people like Leo Smith and the Sea Ensemble are healthy people in an insane society, carrying along with them always more and more searching souls. And now the music.

On July 16 the Rassegna took off with a solo piano concert by Martin Joseph, an English expatriate now living in Italy. Martin played original compositions of his with plenty of intelligent, controlled improvisation. Archie Shepp's concert was also fine, his group a very strong one: Charles Greenlee on trombone, Horace Parlan on piano (his only bluesy solo was a gem), Rafael Garrett on bass and John Betch (very good) on drums. Archie, always on tenor, played half hour long versions of Things Have Got To Change and Lush Life, and some straight bebop tunes supported mostly by Greenlee's classic trombone. But if Archie Shepp's music has roots (and is) in the past, the duets that Rafael Garrett and his wife Zusaan Fasteau played before each set were an outlook of the future. Shepp understood this and he let them play, the contrast worked. Zusaan drew quicksilver sounds out of her flute, blending also her voice with Rafael's big toned singing bass. Some truly magic minutes.

July 17 was the night of the riots,

Sam Rivers (with Joe Daley on tuba and Sidney Smart on drums) could not play at all. Not even Steve Lacy's group could play on the third day, but they really wanted to, so it happened. An acoustic concert was set up in a hurry in a small room with about thirty (lucky) people, and the miracle occurred. It was our "Estil-hacos"; in Steve Potts' words a concert like that happens once or twice a year. Potts on alto and Kent Carter on bass rivalled the leader's mastery, though Irene Aebi (cello, voice) and drummer Kenneth Tyler were impressive too.

The second part of the Rassegna started on August 28 with the Italian group Collettivo Musicale Diaframma (Enrico Ghelardi saxophones, Eugenio Sanna guitar, Andrea Di Sacco bass and Stefano Bambini drums). As usually happens some people have deaf ears for musicians of their own country (or race), some people also have no respect so there was tension in the air and the group suffered for it. Too bad because the music was good, though influences were clear (the sixties). Max Roach's quartet was, as ever, perfect for the things they are doing (hard bop). All the musicians were at their best (Billy Harper, Cecil Bridgewater, Reggie Workman) and Max as great as he's always been.

August 29 was THE NIGHT. In the old church of S. Zenò, Leo Smith gave (at last!) his first European solo concert.

He started on piccolo trumpet, then moved to percussion, flugel, bamboo flutes and last to muted trumpet when called back for an inevitable encore. The warmth of Leo's music conquered also the sceptics, and though his set should be taken altogether, I can't help being haunted by his lyrical improvising on flute on an African folk song and by the moving encore on muted trumpet, a theme from the New Delta Ahkri record, Song of Humanity.

The Sea Ensemble is the duo of Rafael Garrett and Zusaan Fasteau; up to now they are the only members of the group, and I can't think of a more perfect setting. Rafael was part of Coltrane's group in the late period, Zusaan's background is the study of Eastern musics mostly. The fusion of their musical and human personalities gives shape to something which I don't think words have the power to define. They made music in the most natural way, improvising on their instruments, looking for different combinations of sounds (piano-clarinet, piano-bass, flute-bass, cello-percussion, voice-bass, piano-voice-clarinet, etc.), communicating with each other through their inner creativity. One can't really review an improvisation (to quote from Leo Smith's book: "how can you bring outside something that is inside? for inside=soul"), so I can only say that even though some landmarks were there - themes or melodies - they were just part of a whole, traces for the musicians and the listeners, beauty tonight manifested through improvisation. The Sea Ensemble's only record (ESP 3018) does not give a full idea of their greatness. Here in Pisa we've got our little tape recorders, but what of the rest of the world?

August 30 - before the storm that prevented the Art Ensemble from performing, the Italian group Music Circo played with a sonorous impact which amazed and delighted even the Art Ensemble's musicians. This group is the real musical power of the Italian scene, bassist Roberto Bellatalla is the prime force, Edoardo Ricci is the saxophonist who always surprises; so quiet onstage, so intense and incredible in performance. If Ghelardi has some problems catching up with the ironic mood of most members, Stefano Bambini is there just for it, his drumming keeps things together.

At last, in a gym, the Art Ensemble. They started with Roscoe Mitchell's Eel-two and ended with a shuffle riff. In between there was constant group interplay (frightening in its perfection), a fiery tenor solo by Jarman, a mournful

bass solo by Favors, lots of Bowie's biting trumpet and Roscoe's sax inventions. The music was always there, true to itself.

The coda of the festival were two more concerts by Leo Smith (Festival dell'Unita di Pontasserchio) and by the Sea Ensemble (Piombino). It was very important that this music also reached people who wouldn't go to it simply because nobody told them that this music exists.

- Roberto Terlizzi

FRANKFURT FESTIVAL

The 15th German Jazz Festival in Frankfurt presented an impressive survey of that which this festival has been documenting since 1951: the German jazz scene.

This year the festival celebrated a multiple jubilee: thirty-five years ago, in the middle of the war in 1941, a couple of young people - chided by the Nazi regime as "Swing Dopes" - founded the Jazz Club Frankfurt. They were not actually offering resistance. Nowadays, we'd say they were dropping out. And yet, a couple of them landed at the secret police, the Gestapo; or in jail. And yet, they were the founders of what was to make Frankfurt the capital of German jazz. And further, 25 years ago the first German Jazz Festival took place in Frankfurt; in other words, we're talking about the oldest regularly occurring jazz festival in the world.



Tradition is being carried on otherwise, too. German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, who once again was the dominating figure of the festival, said: "More and more I'm feeling a strong tendency toward tradition. During the last few years you'd occasionally get the feeling you had left the jazz trail. But there are certain things in jazz, the elements of jazz, that must be kept alive. It is important to me to be, and to be considered to be, a jazz musician. To me, jazz is rhythmical music. There are quite a few people who neglected that for a while."

That's why no recent Mangelsdorff album and hardly a Mangelsdorff solo concert is without a piece by Duke Ellington. Albert: "I'm doing that quite consciously. It is a program." And he does it beautifully - playing the multi-voiced Ellington sounds on unaccompan-

ied trombone, and by clever manipulation of the overtones, producing several voices: "Do Your Own Thing." That's the title of what must be the most impressive solo number Mangelsdorff has composed in recent times - actually composed, because all are wisely and deliberately conceived pieces.

Tradition lies also in the fact that many of the well-known names in German jazz stood at the center of attention. For instance, Hans Koller and Wolfgang Dauner, in his piece Yin, proved to be a master arranger in his treatment of massive brass sounds: with breathtaking transitions from arranged brass brilliance in the great Swing big-band style to sudden, free collective breaks.

"Brass" was big otherwise, too. Frankfurt-based trumpeter Michael Sell also formed a brass group; a classical and primarily romantic horn-wind blew, howled, and occasionally even tore through the soundscape they produced. Wagnerian Lohengrin sounds and, on occasion, also simply the good old promenade orchestra were deliciously mocked here, making the modern jazz consciousness feel itself proudly reaffirmed.

The only prominent German brass player still missing here is trumpeter Manfred Schoof, who, as a guest of the Gunter Hampel group together with his former band leader (with whom in 1965 he recorded the first album of new European free jazz!), was responsible for one of the many exciting duos of this festival.

There were enrapturing duos at every corner. The most interesting one came from Albert Mangelsdorff and Peter Brotzmann, where Peter, in his pert and ironic manner, amicably butted into the beautifully aestheticized lines that Albert celebrated, masterly as ever.

Before that, both had been featured as soloists without rhythm section. It is a well-known fact how sure-footed Albert Mangelsdorff is as an unaccompanied player. And he's getting better with time. But I had no idea how good Brotzmann is at it - on clarinet, alto, tenor, and bass sax: a roaring pitman from the mining district, presenting himself as such with the very first note, but then also again and again "retreating" to sounds - new for Brotzmann, old in reality - of an almost Lee Konitz-like clarity and beauty. On clarinet, he vacillated between an amiably swinging children's song and insanely "exploding" clarinet clusters, after which the "relapse" into the children's song sounded that much funnier. In any case - Brotzmann as a humorist: he should keep developing that vein.

Brotzmann accomplished all that in the manner of an immensely likeable primordial beast. On tenor saxophone, he gave a political confession in his selection of socialist song material. The only problem is that a good many of those people with whom he professed solidarity certainly would leave no room for that much individualistic libertinage.

Part of the tradition of the "German Jazz Fair," as I like to call the Frankfurt

Festival, are the "fusions" and "meetings". Five clarinetists were teamed up, for example, in an attempt to give the clarinet, which has been somewhat neglected in jazz for ten or fifteen years now, a friendly boost. I have to admit the clarinet does not get more likeable when appearing en masse. What with the intensity and the high registers typical to modern jazz, the first thing that leaps into the ear - and I really mean "leap", in a painful manner - is a cutting, hurting, "squealing" that made the humane, Eric Dolphy-inspired sounds that Michael Pilz produced on the bass clarinet a definite blessing. Another blessing were the Dixieland reminiscences in the clarinet playing of American musician Perry Robinson.

And then - and that, too, is part of the tradition of the German scene where already so many encounters of jazz with exotic sounds have taken place - there was "Bali Meets Rock" by Eberhard Schoener: 25 Balinese with their horizontally positioned kendang drums, their gong boards of the reong and trompong, their sarong metallophones and the lead drum of the genger player; and in addition to that, dancers and wayang shadow players - as well as a rock group formed around musicians like drummer Pete York, guitarist Siegfried Schwab, and with synthesizer-controlled electronics by Schoener and Dieter Schonbach. The task of having brought together all this - with the Balinese who can't eat our food so that special meal preparation is necessary, who have more problems in the Western world than most other Asiatic people - that alone is an impressive accomplishment. Impressive also is the show which presents all this, that amazes and enraptures and often is simply stupefying. With Schoener as the head show Maestro.

But the music of Bali is, like hardly any other music, a music of love, softness and tenderness, of religiousness and faith. None of that remained. At one point, when once again the rock drummers came in with full power, the Balinese dancer fell to the ground in terror. It was supposed to be a humorous effect, but it was not without a deeper meaning: Bali succumbed in other ways, too.

When, finally, the most famous dance of Bali, the so-called Ketjak, was quoted, my neighbour remembered that this same Ketjak had been used in the high-class pornographic movie, "Emmanuela", as a sexual stimulant. And a stimulant - and only that - is what it remained here, too. To appreciate all this you have to know what the Ketjak really is: a holy dance about the Ramayana epic, one of the great books of Hindu mythology.

One of the reasons that the Balinese, who otherwise definitely have their own will and who have been keeping themselves and their culture unpolluted as no other people in the Indonesian region, went along with all this may have been that they belong to Prince Agung Raka of Saba and Pinda. They really "belong" to him. The High Prince Raka is one of the last absolute rulers in Bali. Only a few years ago, he sent heads rolling by

the dozen. The discipline resulting from this is impressive. As we said, Schoener created a show that enraptured and moved the audience, who had no idea of what stands behind the music and what it really means, to enthusiastic ovations.

I have mentioned many well-known names from German jazz. They dominate the scene. Klaus Doldinger is one of them, with his brilliant jazz-rock group which he enlarged by two black brothers from Curacao. Kurt Cress really is a drummer of international status - with a definiteness that is rare in Europe. The free-jazz musicians Alexander von Schlippenbach and Gunter Hampel also belong among these well-known German players: Schlippenbach, with a new singing celloist, carried on to new heights that "hectic state of sensitivity", in which he is conversant like no other player in German jazz. Gunter Hampel with that confusing, delicate "vinework" of light, high musical lines reminds you of the literal plant meaning of that word: everything growing as organically as a hedge or an ivy trellis. And you can feel it: Jeanne Lee's voice is a comfort for those plants wanting to grow there.

And it goes without saying that Volker Kriegel belongs to these dominating figures with his "Mild Maniacs", that he enlarged by three first-class guests: Albert Mangelsdorff, British tenorist Alan Skidmore and trumpeter Kenny Wheeler. The latter's ballad solo was perhaps the most beautiful and moving solo of the whole event. And then, add to that Albert Mangelsdorff's soloing!

But there was also a Newcomer Concert, a tradition at this festival ever since 1954. I have witnessed them all, and this was among the most interesting ones. There was, for example, "Doppeldecker" from Hannover - a high school teacher and a student majoring in German literature, both guitarists with highly complex themes by John McLaughlin, Chick Corea and Gary Burton. And then there was free jazz by the Van Bebber-Schmidt-Thelosen-Kombination, who not only worked with their instruments, but also with a pile of additional sound sources: crackling sheet metal and sound snakes, the saxophone used as a rattle - who accomplished, in other words, what should be accomplished nowadays: musicalizing of noise per se. Without protest, ironical, funny, charming - tossing balloons into the audience at the beginning of their performance. A brand-new free-jazz group in the mid-seventies! Free jazz has not disappeared, even so some people would like it that way!

Obviously, the whole German scene is larger than a festival could possibly document - and yet, you regret that some of its facets were missing: trumpeter Uli Beckerhoff's new quartet, for example, or the electronic music of Toto Blanke's "Electric Circus" with his guitar and synthesizers, the solid and still exciting sounds of the new Manfred Schoof group, the Frederic Rabold Crew with their amazing singer Lauren Newton, and various others. But I believe nevertheless that one thing has become clear: the

German jazz scene 1976 is full of activity!
- Joachim Berendt
(Translated by Barbara and Helmut Bredigkeit)

FRANK WRIGHT



Ali's Alley, New York
August, 1976

The music of Frank Wright separates the men from the boys. His tenor playing is hard, heavy and out. Recently expatriated from the U.S. scene and now residing in Paris, Frank made one of his all too rare appearances at the newly reopened Ali's Alley on Greene Street in the heart of Soho. Owner-drummer Rashied Ali provided the propulsive thrust of this quartet; with his powerful hands, he was the driving force of this musical vehicle. The supporting rhythm of Boston bassist Benny Wilson and guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer were dynamic. Wilson with his Jimmy Garrison-styled bass playing provided solid bottom for this musical express to take-off. "Blood" Ulmer's guitaring was the extra special event of the group. With all the fast and flashy axe handlers around, "Blood" stands out as an original. His thumb style playing spread sparks all over the room. His piano-like comping left no space unplayed, while his solos were exuberantly electric.

The main man though, was Frank Wright, who likes to refer to himself as the "Reverend", and when you hear him play you will never forget it - provided you get the message. Aside from tenor, Frank also played soprano sax and bass clarinet. His tenor sound is large and sexual, and he can bend notes in the upper register with ease. His music surges and grows to musical climaxes built on simple riffs much in the manner of Albert Ayler.

Frank has been struggling on the music scene now for some 20 years and in his own words, "has played it all". He says he prefers Europe to the U.S. because he can get steady work. He would

like to return home, but the prospects for work are not promising. The Five-Spot is now a used-rag joint and the more commercial clubs only want you if your name can draw crowds.

Original music must find its own home and audience and that's why places like Ali's Alley and Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea are important. Frank is not disillusioned about his music. He's finally got it together by producing his own records on the Sun label in France. Rashied Ali as well has put together the ultimate alternative by operating his own club and producing his own records on the Survival label. I urge all people with ears to hear and support creative music and musicians.

Ali's Alley is a fine club with a \$3 door charge and a \$3 minimum at the tables. The soul food is good and Millers are a buck a bottle.
- Jim Eigo

DUTCH SWING COLLEGE

DJ's Tavern, Toronto
September 9, 1976

For more than thirty years the Dutch Swing College Band has been performing its own personalised variant of "classic" jazz. Reedman/leader Peter Schilperoord has been there from the start and many of the arrangements he created years ago are still part of the repertoire. The remaining personnel has changed with the years but there is still a consistency to its participants - they all tend to stay for a long time.

The band's positive qualities are easily discernible. Their repertoire is rich with interesting jazz tunes from the 1920s where multi-theme compositions were quite common and the musicians perform the arrangements of these tunes with an easy familiarity. Unlike many European bands, the Dutch Swing College has always preferred a light, steady rhythmic pulse which gives their music an identifiable flow. Even though they prefer the banjo to the guitar and omit the piano there is little of the music hall heritage so common in European jazz groups.

When heard opposite the Climax Jazz Band, as they were at DJ's, the attributes of the band are more sharply drawn into focus. They play tunes which have strong melodic content and usually follow the dictums of Jelly Roll Morton in their execution - there are breaks, stop time passages and shifting from two-four to four-four time. Solos are usually short and serve as interludes in the arrangements rather than being the most prominent part of the performance. Even though they perform material which is harmonically as simple as those played by the Climax Jazz Band, they have a preference for songs which have greater melodic content/complexity. In one set, for instance, they ran through Melancholy and followed it in quick succession with The Chant and Mississippi Mud. All three numbers remained close to the classic recordings but the interpretations varied enough in

detail to be of interest.

The individuals are subservient to the overall concept of the Dutch Swing College. It is the sound of the band which remains in your mind - not the solo contributions of the hornmen. Cornetist Bert de Kort seemed to have the most to say while trombonist Dick Kaart displayed a nice tone and firm resolve in solos and ensembles. Clarinetist Bob Kaper and leader Schilperoort shared the reed work with a fluidity that seemed to disguise a reservoir of few original ideas.

World class bands in this idiom are few today and undoubtedly the Dutch Swing College Band is one of the best. They have also succeeded, like Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli, in giving the music a slightly different flavor - a cool, refined version of the explosive creativity of the 1920s known as jazz.

- John Norris

ODDS & _ _ _

The third Canadian Jazz Festival was held in Minden on August 7 with Maxine Sullivan, Billy Butterfield and Vic Dickenson the headliners. They were supported by Hank Monis, Bob Price and Howie Reay. York University's Performing Arts series this year features the Sun Ra Arkestra (October 7) and the McCoy Tyner Sextet January 13. The Eric Stach Quartet makes October appearances at Mother Necessity and A Space in Toronto and the Kitchener Public Library (24th). New host of Stereo 96's late night jazz program in London, Ontario is Janice Zolf whose programming reflects a commitment to the more creative core of the music. The CTV network featured the headliners of last spring's Canadian Stage Band competition on September 18.

Clarinetist Bruce Bakewell has left the Climax Jazz Band to form his own group - The Paramount Jazz Band. He's organised a series of events at the Palais Royale with the Silverleaf Jazz Band sharing the stage on November 2. On November 16 Bakewell presents the Preservation Hall Jazz Band at the same venue. He is also opening a new club next January at Anthony's Villa (Davenport & Dupont). Contact The Toronto Dixieland Jazz Society, 1359 Sedgewick Crescent, Oakville, Ontario L6L 1X9 for more information. The Climax Band continues at DJ's with guests lined up to the end of the year including Don Ewell, Herb Hall and The World's Greatest Jazz Band.

There's to be a series of Saturday jazz matinees at the Inn on the Park this fall and both the Music Gallery and A Space have a number of interesting concerts scheduled.

Vancouver's Hot Jazz Society presented the Oregon Jazz Band on October 15/16 as well as continuing its regular sessions on a nightly basis.

There's to be a Creative Percussion Workshop in Brantford, Ontario the weekend of November 26/28 at the Glenhyrst "Open Studio". Instructors will be percussionist John Mars and saxophonist Bill Smith.

There is always much musical activity in New York. Steve Tintweiss has been organizing concerts for the New York Free Music Committee since 1969. This summer he debuted with his new band "Space Light" at a concert at Forest Park Music Grove July 17. The Brook, 40 West 17th St. hosted a series of events with groups under the direction of David Eyges, Frank Ferrucci, Charles Tyler, Arthur Blythe and Julius Hemphill. Hemphill's suite "Water Music for Woodwinds" was performed July 17 at Environ, 476 Broadway. The same club played host to Muntu - Jemeel Moondoc, William Parker, Rashid Bakr, Arthur Williams, Mark Hennen - on August 27. Ambrose Jackson brought in a big band for a program of music based on African and American rhythms on September 19 and Charles Tyler has scheduled an evening of large ensemble music for October 30 at Wollman Auditorium, Columbia University with a performance by his New Music Orchestra. Oliver Lake performed solo at the East Third Bilingual Workshop on September 14 and shared a concert (Sept. 29) with Air at Carnegie Recital Hall. Jemeel Moondoc and Muntu were at Ali's Alley October 5 through 7. The Art Of Jazz and Company presented a benefit concert September 3 at the Shore Casino, Atlantic Highlands, N.J. with the Tal Farlow Quartet and the George Coleman Octet.

In October/November the first ECM concert tour will take place in North America. Performing artists will be the Gary Burton Quartet, Eberhard Weber's "Colours", the Terje Rypdal Trio, the Enrico Rava Quartet, the Steve Kuhn Trio, Jack DeJohnette's "Directions", and the Art Lande Group. Further information may be obtained from Polydor/New York, 810 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019, att: Bob Hurwitz or from Ted Kurland, 46 Ashford Street, Boston, Mass. 02134 USA.

Philadelphia - the collective featuring Bill Meeks on piano, Steve Bashan on lead guitar, Steve Gildonia on acoustic guitar and Darrell Brown on drums headed the bill at Trey's August 17 & 18. Vernon Park hosted Sun Ra on August 25 for the first time since his recent European tour. Also on that bill was the group "Reverie" featuring Omar Hakiem on tenor and Jeff McMullen on lead guitar. Betty Carter was at Gino's Foxhole Cafe and sang to a sell-out crowd both nights she was in town. Roy Ayers also illuminated the bandstand of Bijous.

Dartmouth College played host to McCoy Tyner's group on October 1. A serious effort to get jazz going again in Indianapolis has been spearheaded by Fernie King II. The Indianapolis Jazz Society (P.O. Box 1072, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206) has already presented McCoy Tyner, Charles Mingus, Philly Joe Jones with local musicians and the Joe Henderson Quartet. They need more support for their ventures.

Clarinetist Herb Hall was one of the stars of Norway's Molde Festival this

summer. Jim Taylor of the Detroit Hot Jazz Society organised a successful North American tour for Australia's Bob Barnard band (there's also a record on Jim Taylor Presents). Johnny Guarnieri, with Will Austin and J.C. Heard, was in Detroit for a concert September 5. Skip Parsons' Riverboat Jazz Band celebrated 20 years with a reunion event the weekend of September 11/12. Don Ewell, prior to a week at Toronto's DJ's Tavern, performed October 10 for the Classic Jazz Society of Southwestern Ohio at Maggie's Opera House, Cincinnati. Also on the same bill was vocalist Claire Austin.

Denmark's Jazz Exchange has organized a tour for Paul Quinichette and the Howard McGhee/Teddy Edwards Quintet in Denmark during October and November respectively. Karl Berger and Ed Blackwell take part in Metmusik Festival in Berlin this October.

Bandleader/author Graham Collier is releasing an lp "New Conditions" by his 12 piece orchestra as well as embarking on a British tour. He has also written a biography of Johnny Dankworth and Cleo Laine appropriately titled "Cleo and John".

Set to be filmed in the New Year is Paul Maurer's version of Babs Gonzales' book "I Paid My Dues" with the singer/writer as the headliner.

Sammy Price recently recorded an album, "Copenhagen Boogie" with Fessors Big City Band. It is to be released on Storyville. Timeless Records is a new label produced by Wim Wigt in Holland. Already released are "Eastern Rebellion" (SJP 101) with Cedar Walton, George Coleman, Sam Jones and Billy Higgins; "Tchi-ban" (SJP 102) with Louis Hayes, Junior Cook, Woody Shaw, Ronnie Matthews, Stafford James and Guilherme Franco. Third release will be duets by Joanne Brackeen and Clint Houston "New True Illusion" (SJP 103). In a recent letter from Matthias Winkleman of Enja he lists his next three releases as 2080 "Banslikana" (Yosuke Tamashita solo piano), 2082 Benny Bailey/Eberhard Weber Quartet, and the surprise of the year, 2084 - the Cecil Taylor Unit recorded in Europe in June of this year.

Recent American recordings include Son Seals' second lp for Alligator; two from Famous Door (just try and buy them though) - Phil Wilson with Al Cohn and John Bunch (109) and "Las Vegas 3 A.M." by the Lloyd Ellis Quintet with Carl Fontana (110). Write Harry Lim Productions, 40-08 155 St., Flushing, N.Y. 11354. Banjoist Pat Cloud has recorded a bebop record for Renaissance records entitled "Contemporary Patterns for the Banjo". Vanguard has brought together Oregon and Elvin Jones (79377), released a first record by guitarist Roland Prince "Colour Visions" (79371) and repackaged the blues highlights of various Newport Folk Festivals (VSD 77/78). Inner City Records (Music Minus One) has signed a contract to release in the U.S. the complete SteepleChase catalog. They have also put out the French Owl recording of Randy Weston and half of Anthony Braxton's "Saxophone Improvisations Series F"

from America Records. Fat Cat 157 features the Red Onion Jazz Band with Natalie Lamb. Sitting in on piano as well as writing the liner is Coda reviewer Tex Wyndham.

Nat Adderley, Onaje Allan Gumbs, Dexter Gordon and Duke Jordan have all recorded recently for SteepleChase. Gordon will be touring in the U.S. and Canada in November and it is expected an lp will result from this trip.

NIA Music, 184 Main Street, Northampton, Mass. 01060 has published "Structured Improvisations For Piano" by saxophonist Marion Brown. Jazz Magazine is a new quarterly magazine. It is available from Box 212, Northport, N.Y. 11768. The Grackle is a magazine devoted to improvised music in transition. It is edited by Roger Riggins, James Stewart and Ron Welburn. Single copies are \$1.35 from Box 244, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210 U.S.A.

Canada's David R. Lee continues to compose and publish ragtime. Rag-A-Ma-Tango, The Swinger (pretty tough to play) and Lullaby Rag are his latest, the latter two of special merit, all available separately at \$1.00 each from Dun-Val Music Publishers, 4 Dundas Avenue, Dundas, Ontario, Canada L9H 4E6.

Tundra Promotion, 20 Martha Street, Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675, is now representing the Elvin Jones Jazz Machine.

The photograph of Julius Hemphill in the last issue of Coda was by Jacki Ochs and we thank her for its use.

- compiled by John Norris

TORONTO MUSIC SCENE

A SPACE - 85 St. Nicholas Street
Oct 23 - New Delta Ahkri - Leo Smith, Oliver Lake, Anthony Davis, Wes Brown, Paul Maddox

Nov 20 - George Lewis (solo trombone)
BOURBON STREET - 180 Queen Street West
... see advertisement on page 30

CHEZ MOI - 30 Hayden Street
Silverleaf Jazzmen - Saturday afternoons
DJ'S BAR - Hydro Building, University & College

Climax Jazz Band - six nights a week with
Nov 8-13 - Doc Cheatham

22-28 - Trump Davidson and Jimmy McPartland

Dec 6-11 - Herb Hall
FRIDAY NIGHT JAZZ

355 College Street - 3rd floor - Friday
nights from 10:30 to 3 a.m.

GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE
290 Dundas Street East
... see advertisement on page 30

INN ON THE PARK - 1100 Eglinton Ave. E.
Every Saturday 2:30 to 5:30

Oct 30 - Eugene DiNovi
Nov 6 - Ed Bickert

13 - Steve Garrick
20 - Jim Galloway

MALLONEY'S - 85 Grenville Street
EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina Avenue

Nov 1-3 - Michal Urbaniak
MOTHER NECESSITY JAZZ WORKSHOP

Nov 2-3 - Firebird
2 4-6 - Fred Stone Sextet

7 - Humber Big Band

- 9-10 - Bruce Cassidy Quartet
- 11-13 - Pat Labarbara Quartet
- 14 - Mother Necessity Big Band
- 16-17 - Mike Malone Quintet
- 18-20 - Wray Downes/Dave Young
- 21 - Mother Necessity Big Band
- 23-24 - Lorne Lofsky Quartet
- 25-27 - Ted Moses
- 28 - Mother Necessity Big Band
- Nov 30-Dec 1 - Jim Dorsey Unit
- Dec 2-4 - Ron Small & Bobbi Sherron in "Experience", a jazz production.

THE MUSIC GALLERY - 30 St. Patrick St
CCMC concerts every Tuesday and Friday, special concerts every Saturday.
Phone 368-5975 for further information.

- November 7 - Workshop: Bertoncini & Jolles - 3 pm
- 13 - David Rosenboom - Solo electric - 9 pm
- 14 - Maple Sugar - 3 pm.
- 21 - Workshop - Maxwell Davies - 3 pm
- 27 - Interspecies Music - 9 pm

PALAIS ROYALE BALLROOM
1601 Lakeshore Blvd. W.
Nov 16 - The Preservation Hall Jazz Band

A LETTER

I only just purchased the James P. Johnson on Folkways FJ2850 and I find, unlike reviewer Richard Baker and others, that all the titles on side two are in the right order. Presumably Folkways have corrected the jacket and label in the meantime (though they still don't own up to two items being by Cliff Jackson). Only one track on this album was previously issued (on Xtra 1024), namely Liza - all the other pieces with the same titles are alternates while only Keep Movin' on 2850 and Rag on 1024 disguise the same piece with different titles, though they are different versions. Whilst searching around, I also noticed that Theme and Blues Moods (both on 1024) are alternate versions of the same tune. And to complicate matters further, the solo versions of Euphonic Sounds on Stinson SLP21 and Xtra 1024 are different to each other as well, of course, to the quintet version on Folkways FJ2850. One further point is that the two tracks called Impressions on Stinson SLP29 and Xtra 1024 are different tunes.

- Martin Davidson

ERRATUM

There were major typographical errors on page 5 of the Will Bradley article in the last issue.

The paragraph ending on line 11, column 1 ("...so Peanuts came back again."(1)) should be followed by the paragraph which starts on line 7, column 2 of the same page ("During the spring of 1941...").

The section beginning "Virginia, nicknamed me 'the Virginia Flash'" and ending with "was replaced by Tommy Di Carlo and Bunny..." follows the last line of page 5 ("very funny man and knowing I was from...") and is then followed by the

remainder of the paragraph - which was erroneously omitted: "...Snyder took over Lipkins' first trumpet chair. A further change occurred in the trumpet section in Chicago, as Art Rollini recalled: 'The band seemed to be at its peak for that date. Pete Candoli had just joined and seemed to be an inspiration to the rest of the band, although he was only 18 years old.' (1) According to Bradley, 'I was most fortunate with the trumpet section as most brass men considered my book very difficult. Steve Lipkins handled the lead book most ably and he was followed by Bunny...".

ITALIAN RECORDS

Giorgio Gaslini, the very well known piano player and composer, has now his own record company: I Dischi Della Quercia. The first two efforts are "Murales", played by himself with Gianni Bedori (saxes), Bruno Tommaso (bass) and Andrea Centazzo (drums); and "Crescent City: New Orleans Suite", with the pianist and Julius Farmer (bass) and John Vidacovich (drums), respectively 28001 and 28002.

Black Saint newcomers are: The 360 Degrees Music Experience "In:Sanity" including Keith Marks (flute), Azar Lawrence (tenor and flute), Hamiett Bluiett (baritone sax, flute and clarinet), Dave Burrell (piano, celeste and organ), Cecil McBee (bass), Sunil Garg (sitar), Beaver Harris (drums), Francis Haynes (steel drums), Tito Somba (conga and percussion), BSR 0006/7, a double album.

Oliver Lake - "Holding Together" with Oliver Lake (alto and soprano sax, flute, percussion), Michael Gregory Jackson (guitar and flute), Fred Hopkins (bass), and Paul Maddox (drums and percussion), BSR 0008.

Steve Lacy - "Trickles", featuring Lacy on soprano sax, Roswell Rudd (trombone and bells), Kent Carter (bass), Beaver Harris (drums) - BSR 0009. All three records were recorded in 1976.

Mario Schiano has a new album out. On "Progretto Per Un Inno: Now's The Time", are included some of Schiano's prime source from 1958 to 1965 and some new materials. The record, produced by IT company, is printed and distributed by RCA Italy.

A newcomer label Edizioni di Cultura Popolare, devoted to the New Italian Musical Tendency, has issued five albums featuring a group led by Claudio Lo Cascio, Mario Schiano, Guido Mazzon, Partizia Scascitelli, and a solo piano album by Piero Bassini. Also a new line from the same unit, called Red Records has already issued the latest Sam Rivers recording, "The Quest" (RR 106), featuring Dave Holland and Barry Altschul.

The Folk Magic Band has recorded its first album simply called "Folk Magic Band". The label is Folkstudios Records, a label devoted mainly to folk music.

Marcello Melis, a bass player from our country who now lives in New York, has recorded a new album, "The New Village on the Left", featuring Roswell

Rudd (trombone), Enrico Rava (trumpet) and Don Moye (drums); also included are the Rubano Group, a singing group from Sardinia, Italy. - Mario Luzzi

MAGAZINES

THE RECORD FINDER is the best way to buy and sell any type of rare recording - especially if it is 78 RPM. Write to Don Brown, Jazzman Record Shop, 3323 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, California 90405 USA.

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

CADENCE, a great new monthly Jazz and Blues magazine. Interviews and oral stories of the known and unknown. Also, thorough coverage of the small and large record companies. Jazz, blues, news, reviews, interviews. Fantastic. \$1.00 per issue, \$8 per year. P.O. Box 5, Oxbow, N.Y. 13671 U.S.A.

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

BACK ISSUES OF CODA still available - \$1.50 each postpaid or 10 for \$11.00: MAY 1967 (Albert Ayler, Earl Warren); AUG. 1973 (Louis Armstrong - 15th Anniversary Special); FEB. 1974 (Dollar Brand, Lee Wiley, Maxine Sullivan); MAR. 1974 (Kenny Hollon, Larry Coryell); JULY 1974 (Mary Lou Williams, Jimmy Rogers, Morris Jennings); SEPT. 1974 (Rashed Ali-Andrew Cyrille - Milford Graves, Johnny Hartman, Swing); OCT. 1974 (Karl Berger, Jazz Crossword, Johnny Shines); NOV. 1974 (Delaunay reminiscences part I, Howard King, Rex Stewart); DEC. 1974 (Julian Priestner, Steve McCall, Muggsy Spanier Big Band); JAN. 1975 (Strata-East Records, J. R. Monterose, Louis Armstrong Filmography); MAR. 1975 (Cecil Taylor, Joe Albany); APRIL 1975 (Cross Cultures, Mose Allison, Ralph Sutton, Nathan Davis), MAY 1975 (NHOP, Nessa, Junior Wells, Graeme Bell); JUNE/JULY 1975 (Sun Ra, John Gilmore); AUG. 1975 (AACM, James Black - Freddie Kohlman, Ken Colyer); SEPT 1975 (Roscoe Mitchell, Bunky Green, Montreux '75); OCT. 1975 (Claude Thornhill, Brew Moore); NOV. 1975 (Leo Smith); FEB. 1976 (Art Farmer, Woody Shaw, Red Rodney); MARCH 1976 (Ben Webster discography, Betty Carter, Marc Levin, Pat Martino); APRIL 1976 (Charles Delaunay part II, Noah Howard, Leroy Cooper); MAY 1976 (Oliver Lake, Miles Davis); JUNE 1976 (Harold Vick, Jimmy Heath); JULY 1976 (Marion Brown, Ray Nance, Studio Rivbea, Gene Rodgers); SEPT. 1976 (Milford Graves, Will Bradley, Julius Hemphill).

"BELLS" #20 reviews Ornette Coleman, trombonist Gunter Christmann, others. Single copy 40¢. Subscriptions \$3.00 from Henry Kuntz Jr., 1921 Walnut, #1, Berkeley, California 94704 U.S.A.

Der JAZZFREUND brings jazz news from East and West. Articles, discographical dates, record reviews and others. Free sample copy from: Gerhard Conrad, 575 Menden (Saurlande), Schlesienstr. 11, Germany.

VINTAGE JAZZ MART is the leading record trading magazine in the world. Whether you wish to buy or sell rare 78's this is the magazine for you. Trevor Benwell, 4 Hillcrest Gardens, Dollis Hill, London N.W. 2, England.

SMALL ADS

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

RARE out of print Jazz/Pop LP's sold by auctions. Free lists. Leon Leavitt, 824 1/4 North Las Palmas, Los Angeles, Ca. 90038 U.S.A.

EXCITEMENT IN JAZZ from OLB: Clarence Williams: Lord, \$20.00; CW on Microgroove: Bakker (PB) \$2.75; HMV Studio House Bands: Rust \$2.50; Evensmo's solographies 1 to 4 each \$4.50; Bird Lives: Hard Cover, Russell \$9.95; Jack Teagarden: Smith/Guttridge, American Jazz Music: Hobson, \$13.95; The Heart Of Jazz: Grossman/Farrell, Sometimes I Wonder: Carmichael, \$16.50. All postpaid in U.S. All others please add \$.50 per hard cover and \$.25 per paperback. Oak Lawn Books, Box 2663, Providence, R.I. 02907 USA.

OUT of print - rare lps; Free price and auction lists. Wm. Carraro, 25 Aberdeen St., Malverne, N.Y. 11565 USA.

JAZZ lps - out of print, cutouts, current specials, low prices, free lists. T.S. Jazz, Box 547, Rifton, N.Y. 12471 USA.

NEW ORLEANS, Dixieland, Ragtime, Blues, Mainstream LP's. Current in print. Many discontinued items. William Dodge, 124 Honeyoye S.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan 49508 U.S.A.

COMING SOON. Reissues of all those terrific RIVERSIDES. Watch for them and order from us and save. New! Jazz is, Hentoff, \$8.95. Bird Lives (hard cover) \$9.95. Clarence Williams, Lord, \$20.00. CW on Microgroove, Bakker, \$2.75. Modern Jazz, \$6.75. History Of Music Machines, \$11.75. New York Notes, \$8.25. Evensmo's Solographies, Volumes 1 to 4, \$4.75 each. All postpaid in U.S. All others please add \$.50 per hard cover and \$.25 per paperback. Plus \$.60 per order for insurance. Oak Lawn Books Box 2663, Providence, R.I. 02907 U.S.A.

Onari Productions is a musicians' cooperative organization founded with the intent of finding employment for creative performers. At present the musicians include Anthony Braxton, Don Pullen, David Holland, Karl Berger, Oliver Lake, Joseph Bowie, Leo Smith and Roscoe Mitchell. It will also attempt to locate other performers who play creative improvised music. If you have access in your community for these players to perform in concert, club, or workshop situations, please contact Onari Productions, 191 Howland Avenue, Toronto M5R 3B7, Ontario, Canada.

HARD TO FIND Jazz Lps, 78s, 45s, cassettes for sale by auction. Free lists. Buy collections. Bob's Jazz Disk Auction (Robert F. Michaud), P.O. Box 16318, San Francisco, California 94116 USA.

ELMO HOPE - Wanted: private tapes, live recordings, unissued material, details of the unissued trio date recorded for the Dautless label. Also require articles, recollections, reminiscences, the interview Elmo gave Downbeat published in the Jan 5th '61 edition. In fact anything at all concerning this great artist. All letters answered. Maggs, 50 Prospect Place, Pembroke Dock, Pembs, Wales, U.K.

JAZZ Record Auction - over 1000 rare, out of print and collectable LPs. Free list. Gary Alderman, P.O. Box 9164, Madison, Wi. 53715 USA.

AL HAIG, pianist of original Parker-Gillespie quintet released new album solo piano recorded in 2/76. Available from Nitto Trading 3110 West Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90018 USA for \$6.00 in USA, others add \$1.00.

JAZZ IMPORTS. FMP, SAJ, Horo-\$6.00 LP, postage included. Outside US, add \$1.00 per order. Dealers ask for wholesale prices. Order now or send for catalog. Innovative Records, P.O. Box 518, Hempstead, N.Y. 11550 USA.

LITTLE SAXOLOGY by Henri Bok. The saxophonists' dictionary. A must for all saxophonists. Poster free! Send \$6 to: Henri Bok, P.O. Box 6444, Rotterdam, Holland.

MATRIX, a jazz record research magazine. Articles, discographies, plus details of all kinds and reviews of recent records and literature. Subscriptions 1 pound (U.K.) or \$2.50 (foreign) from J.B. Pottow, 12 Halkingcroft, Slough, Bucks, England. Editorial/Ads/Reviews: G.W.G. Hulme, 30 Hughes Road, Hayes, Middlesex UB3 3AW, England.

EUROPEAN JAZZ FEDERATION - subscriptions to Jazz Forum and Swinging Newsletter, Jazzman's Reference Book, festival calendar, club guide, member's addresses, other publications. Membership fee \$20 yearly. EJJ, Secretariat General, A-1011 Vienna, Box 671, Austria

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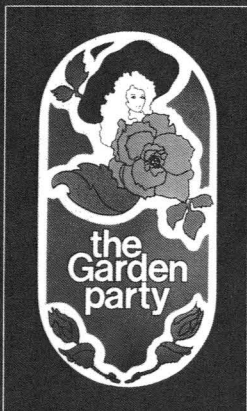


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