CODA MAGAZINE

THE JAZZ MAGAZINE * ISSUE NUMBER 178 (1981) * TWO DOLLARS

DEXTER GORDON · JAMES CLAY · AL NEIL · RECORD REVIEWS · AROUND THE WORLD

photograph of Dexter Gordon by Bill Smith

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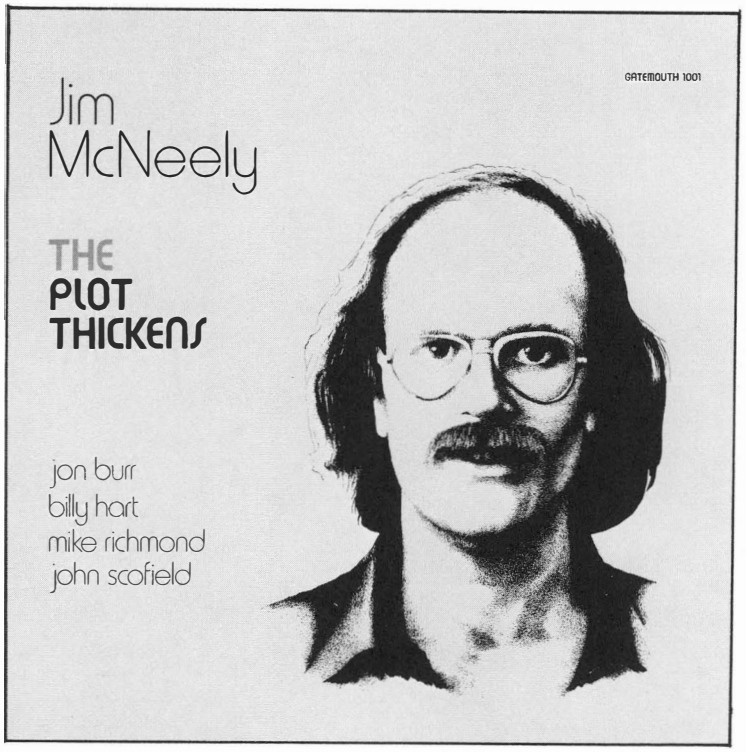

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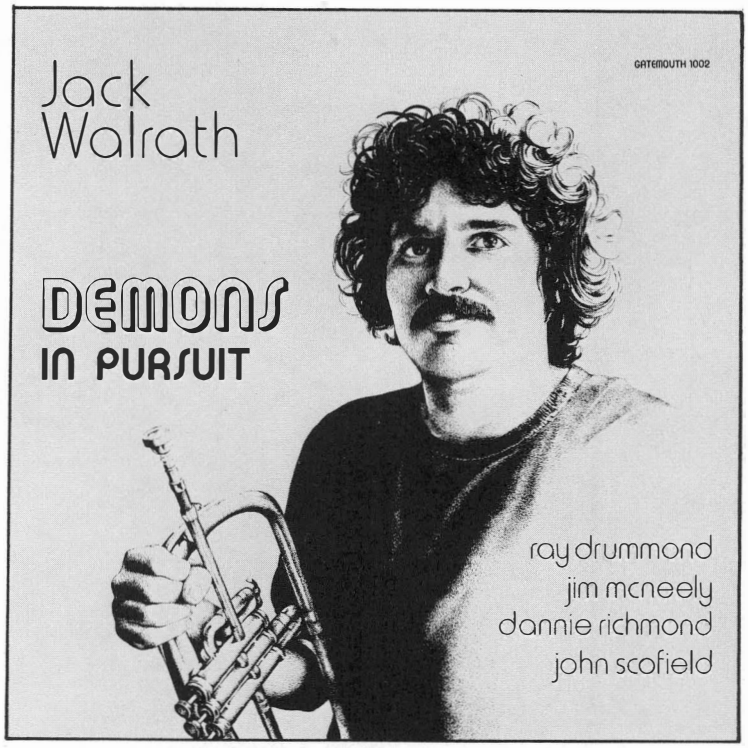

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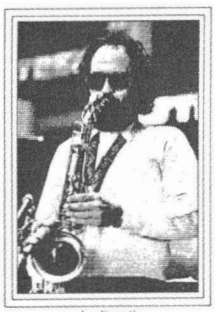

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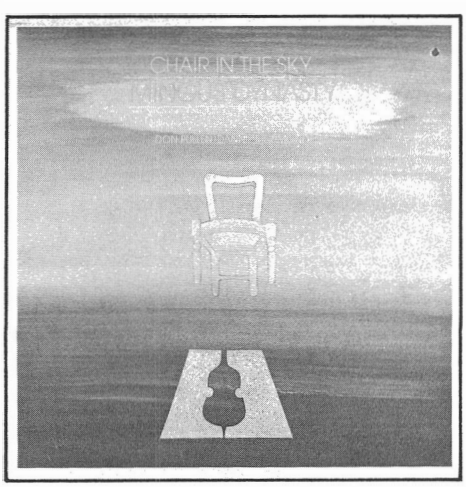

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JOHN PURCELL
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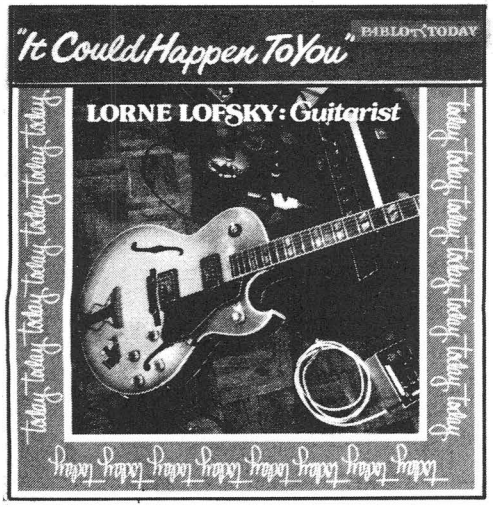
PABLO TODAY**



LORNE LOFSKY
It Could Happen to You

From time to time I have felt it a good idea to infuse into the giants of jazz that Pablo normally records, new people. An example, of course, was Paulinho Da Costa, and now there is another, Lorne Lofsky.

Oscar Peterson was so enthusiastic about Lofsky's work (Lofsky, like Peterson, is Canadian) that he agreed if Pablo would record Lofsky, he would produce it. Apart from a new, fresh, youthful approach, there is the added advantage in this album in that Lofsky plays guitar; of all instruments, it is one of the most popular and with a secure, loyal following. —Norman Granz

It Could Happen to You • Riffit Blues • Body and Soul • Giant Steps • The Boy Next Door • Stolen Moments • Blue in Green • Nancy with the Laughing Face

Stereo LP **2312 122**

PABLO

COPACABANA
Sarah Vaughan
Copacabana; The Smiling Hour (Abre Alas); To Say Goodbye (Pra Dizer Adeus); Dreamer (Vivo Sonhando); Gentle Rain; Tete; Dindi; Double Rainbow (Chovendo Na Roseira); Bonita
Album - 2312-125

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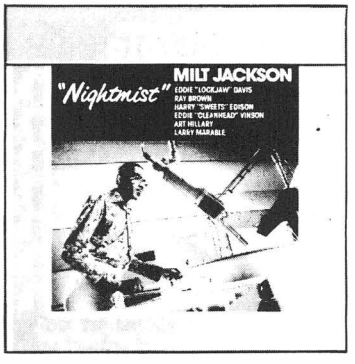

NIGHT MIST
Milt Jackson
Blues In My Heart; Double B; Blues For Clyde; A Matter Of Adjustment; Night Mist Blues; Other Bag Blues; D.B. Blues
Album - D2312-124

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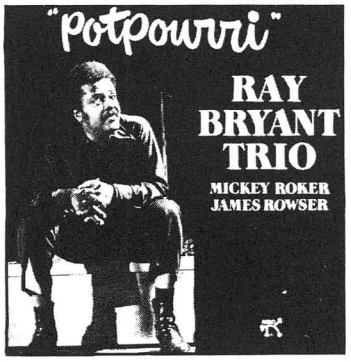

POTPOURRI
Ray Bryant Trio
D.B. Blues; One O'clock Jump; Milestones; Undecided; In Walked Bud; In A Mellow Tone; My One And Only Love; Night In Tunisia
Album - 2310-860

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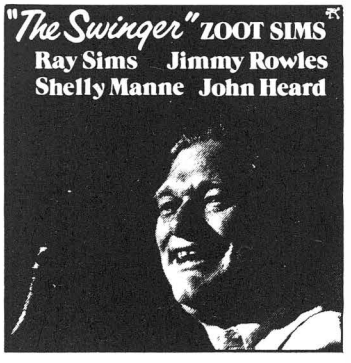


THE SWINGER
Zoot Sims
The Moon Is Low; Now I Lay Me Down To Dream Of You; On The Alamo; Danielle; Mr. J. R. Blues; Jeep Is Jumping; I Got A Woman Crazy For Me (She's Funny That Way); Dream Of You
Album - 2310-861

DEXTER GORDON

AN INTERVIEW BY PETER DANSON * PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SMITH

PETER DANSON: You became committed to jazz at a very early age. How did this occur?

DEXTER GORDON: It was very natural. I mean it was pre-ordained, I didn't have anything to do with it. I remember I loved music and particularly I was very touched by jazz music. I was exposed to it very early by my father, and about the time I was nine or ten I really started getting interested on my own. I listened to what was on the radio, and a couple of years later I started buying used records from juke box dealers around my neighbourhood who had a lot of used records in their storeroom or garage. At that time these were 78s, on Vocalion and Brunswick and Decca, which would sell retail for thirty-five cents. In these places I would get them for five, ten, fifteen cents, sometimes more, and spend my allowance money on them, and the money I got from having a paper route, and cutting lawns and so on. So gradually I built up some kind of collection. There were some big band things, Duke and Lunceford, whatever, but mostly it was small groups — Teddy Wilson, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Russell, Mildred Bailey.

I got my first instrument, clarinet, when I was thirteen. My father had played clarinet as a young man, so he told me to learn the clarinet as a basic instrument and go on from there to whatever I wanted. At that time I really didn't have a particular preference as to instruments — all of them were okay.

So about six months later I was in junior high school, and I was taking lessons from a teacher named John Sturdevant, who was a New Orleans clarinetist living in Los Angeles. He was my first teacher, then in a year and a half or so when I first went to high school I went to Manual Arts High School, which is a little further west in Los Angeles. At that time all the schools had very good music programs — harmony, theory, keyboard. I went to Manual Arts for two years so I had two years of harmony, theory and keyboard, then I transferred to Jefferson, because all of the cats were over there. A majority of them, strangely enough, became professionals — Melba Liston, Chico Hamilton, Ernie Royal, Charles Mingus, the Woodman brothers, Jerry McNeely and his older brother Bob McNeely, Vernon Slater, Vi Redd, Bruce Harrison, Jack Kelso - a very fine clarinetist, an L.A. drummer named Bill Douglass who's a teacher at Drum City....

Peter: What was Watts like at that time? The black population was growing at quite a rate at that time in L.A.?

Dexter: Yes, it was growing, but nothing spectacular. I guess coming out west was everybody's dream. Most of the people out there came from the Southwest: Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma.

While I was still in school I got involved with a band called the Harlem Collegians. Actually, they were based in Pasadena and there were other bands, local bands, but I wasn't quite ready for that, so I started to play with these guys. They played swing, stock tunes, Glenn Miller, Count Basie....

Just about the time I went to high school I became aware of Basie, and Lester Young, Herschel Evans, somehow that appealed to me, I identified with it. That whole band influenced me, Earl Warren, Buck Clayton, everybody, I loved that band.

When I was fifteen I got the alto saxophone, so with the Harlem Collegians I was playing alto. Just before I went to Jefferson I switched to tenor, and about a year later I got the call from Lionel Hampton. I was already a senior. I was going to finish school in December and graduate in February, so I just told my mother, "Bye".

Peter: Your father was close to Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington. When did you get to know Duke?

Dexter: I met him when I was a small boy. I was never close to him, other than when I'd meet him, he was always the Duke.

Peter: Did the early passing of your father make you a survivor? Was that a critical turning point in your life?

Dexter: Yes, I don't know if that made me a survivor, but certainly that was a critical period, when I was thirteen. I really don't know that if he had lived, my life would have been different, I really don't know. But I doubt it. It might have been a little more orderly, but like I say I think it's pretty well pre-ordained.

Peter: Lloyd Reese was a teacher to Mingus as well. Did he have a special approach to teaching the music?

Dexter: He was a very fine trumpet player. He played with Les Hite for many years, which was like the house band of the Cotton Club in Culver City. He was very special, he knew all the instruments: piano, bass, trumpet, trombone, saxophone, clarinet — and he was also a patient of my father, who was a doctor. When I got the alto saxophone I started studying with him, along with all the guys: Chico, Jimmy Maxwell (a very fine studio player, he played with Whit Bailey, all the bands, a great guy). Reese's approach was to treat us like we were going to be professional musicians. It wasn't just a matter of playing a lesson. Sometimes we would play a tune together so he could see how advanced I was. He helped me to know about Art Tatum, and to be aware of film scores, and point out to me the very good music and he opened up the spectrum of this "jazz", prolific music.

Peter: Hampton Hawes talked about how, when bebop music began to come West, it was very difficult to actually get hold of the records. Why was this?

Dexter: Well, jazz records have never been known to be widely distributed. In those days there was no American Airlines and it took six days on the train. The first bebop records were all made in New York, Savoy and so on, so it took a little time for the music to get across, but it happened slowly but surely, with different cats coming out with bands, so there was no really big discrepancy.

Peter: Who was Moose The Mooche?

Dexter: Where'd you get all this?

Peter: I can't remember. Possibly from Hampton Hawes' book ["Raise Up Off Me"]. Was he the person that you could get your bebop records from?

Dexter: Yes, he was a good friend of mine, we went to junior high school together and about the time I got my first clarinet he was hit with polio. He disappeared and nobody knew where he was — a few weeks later we found out he had polio. So I didn't see him for a few years, but he was one of those guys — a survivor, as you put it — so the next time I saw him, we were young men now, he was in a wheelchair all the time, but a jazz fan. When Bird came out to the coast, 1945, '46, he met Moose and they were hanging together and everything, so when Bird did this tune he named it ***Moose The Mooche***, and he put his name on it so he could get some royalties. And this guy is still around, still active, in Los Angeles.

Peter: When bebop music was growing, everyone from Louis Armstrong, John Hammond, Tommy Dorsey, just so many people criticized it. How did this hostility strike you? Did you ignore it?

Dexter: Yes. Because obviously they didn't understand it. It was too harmonically evolved for them, and I imagine later on their views changed. But originally many of them were negative, and a lot of the older guys couldn't play that way, because they weren't that well-schooled in harmony and so forth. Not that they weren't good musicians, but they just weren't schooled in any of that stuff — this created a void, a chasm.

Peter: Was there a lot of police harassment on Central Avenue? Of mixed couples, or of black people in general?

Dexter: In all black areas there's always a lot of police harassment because you're confined to an area, so whatever you're doing you have to do in that area. Whether it's numbers, prostitution, drugs. I don't remember any particular harassment of mixed couples; of course it was there, because naturally mixed couples would stand out more.

Peter: You mentioned Dick Wilson in Andy Kirk's Clouds Of Joy. What sort of sound did he have?

Dexter: His sound was something between Lester Young and Chu Berry. It wasn't like Hawkins or Ben. Very fluid, very melodic, he had a beautiful tone. It was really a pity he died so early. I recently heard some things reissued from the Andy Kirk band [on MCA]. You should get it. Mary Lou (Williams) was writing a lot. They had a lot of interesting tunes, on all the jukeboxes. It was a Kansas City band but it was more polished than Basie's band, and their book wasn't based on the blues like Basie's band was. Basie broadened out later, but Kirk had a singer, a tenor called Pha Terrell who was very popular, he sang a lot of ballads. Mary Lou was the first person I heard writing sax figures that used a tenor lead, with Dick that were beautiful. I think that Don Byas came in the band after Dick Wilson died, and after that he went with Basie. Around that time Kirk and all the other big bands broke up.

Peter: How did the ***Blue 'N' Boogie*** session with Dizzy Gillespie come about?

Dexter: Dizzy just asked me to do the date with him. I guess I was still with Eckstine at the time, 1945. But I was working on this street tender too, so it had to be after work, around four or five o'clock in the morning. That's a good time, you feel already warmed up, and loose.

Peter: It was said that a lot of young musicians figured that they could get close to Bird's spirit by taking drugs. Was that sort of feeling quite common?

Dexter: I guess there were some people like that, yes, but then again it was some kind of a social phenomenon. It became like the hip thing to do, and it was very available, and nobody knew the consequences.

Peter: Even if they were warned, it just didn't figure in peoples' calculations.

Dexter: No, they had no precedent to go on, because at that time they were saying all that shit about marijuana — that it was habit-forming, but I'd been smoking marijuana since I was fifteen or sixteen.... And as I say it became a way of life, a part of the scene, like now everybody's sniffing cocaine. Nobody knew or understood about it, because there hadn't been

that much literature or knowledge dispersed about it — so it was just something that happened, and obviously it affected thousands of peoples' lives — not just musicians. Because basically it was pimps and whores, hustlers, street people who were involved, and it still is, but the cats started to get involved and this is where the notoriety of it started to happen.

Peter: You recorded with Fats Navarro in 1947. What sort of a person was he?

Dexter: Very dedicated to the music and very well-schooled, a beautiful trumpet player.

Peter: Did he have a sense of his own musical importance?

Dexter: I don't know, when you're twenty-two or twenty-three, you're not thinking about your importance in the history of things, but he was aware of himself as a musician and as a trumpeter.

Peter: Is there any lasting memory of either Fats or Bird, or both, that sticks in your mind when you think of the two?

Dexter: Joy. They gave me much happiness.

Peter: Europe provided you and others with an opportunity to survive, to relax, to grow musically. What enabled you to do this, apart from the availability of work?

Dexter: The respect for you as an artist, also as a human being, it was a very important period.

Peter: Did you choose Copenhagen because it was the most comfortable — the working conditions were the best?

Dexter: Yes. I worked at the Montmartre for years. It was a regular jazz club. Very warm, intimate, l'ambience. Unpretentious. Almost everybody related to the music and that was my home base for years, I worked there five or six months out of the year. The rest of the time I'd be out travelling and so forth. But in Europe most of the cats found their thing in different cities — myself, Kenny Drew, a few others; Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke were in Paris.

Peter: Did you get to know Ben Webster in Copenhagen? Did you play together?

Dexter: Oh yes, we had some good times.... He worked at the club often and so did I, so sometimes I would sit in with him or vice versa. That's another thing about Copenhagen and Montmartre because it's always been so active. Copenhagen is like the gateway between Scandinavia and the rest of Europe, so to go to Scandinavia, you have to go through Copenhagen, so that all the groups and all the cats came through there, so I was always able to keep in touch with things and see and hear everybody.

Peter: Was it a help to be able to play with European musicians of the calibre of Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen and Tete Montoliu?

Dexter: When I first met Niels-Henning he was about fifteen, but already a very serious and dedicated musician, but at fifteen you have a lot of things to learn, so in helping them and in answering their questions and helping to develop them, this made me much stronger and caused me to rethink a lot of things, so it's a two-way street in that sense. Of course, there weren't very many competent musicians over there at that time — so having somebody to play with really helped a lot! Because so many of the musicians at that time were like jazz fans who could also play an instrument, semi-pro types: students or doctors, dentists, lawyers, architects, salesmen, all kinds of people. But in the early sixties, there was no real group of professional, jazz-oriented musicians.

Peter: So perhaps the stay there of you and other jazz musicians was a key factor in building that up.

Dexter: I would say so, yes.

Peter: Do you find that jazz fans today differ from those in the past?

Dexter: Well of course I was a jazz fan and still am — I was a jazz fan before I was a player. I think they differ now in one respect: they have little knowledge or background. Somehow they've been turned on to jazz, they dig the spirit, the freedom, l'ambience but they don't have any knowledge, so every day for them is some kind of revelation, learning new facts about the music — how it came about, different influences, it's all new to them, whereas in the past people had some grounding in it. But the kids today, it's all very new to them; their generation was brainwashed because all they heard was the Top 40; maybe once in a while they would hear something like James Brown which was pretty "out" for them, but basically they didn't know jazz existed; they might have heard some dixieland but that's about it, really, it was really a conspiracy. Jazz has always been so unorganized that nobody could ever do anything about it.

Peter: Sonny Stitt has referred to himself as carrying a heavy responsibility in terms of continuing the music's tradition.

Dexter: Yes that's true because otherwise, who are you going to turn to? If they don't listen to me or Stitt or Johnny Griffin, and there are only a few of us.

Peter: You go back quite some time with Johnny Griffin don't you, to the Lionel Hampton band.

Dexter: He came into the band after, I guess around the middle forties; that's when I met him, in Chicago.

Peter: When you play ballads you think of the lyrics, and sometimes you even sing the lyrics. Do you try to get the younger players in the band to think of the lyrics as well?

Dexter: Yes, because I always quote the lyrics in my introduction — that's for everybody — for my sake, for the band's sake, for the audience — it tells them what the song is about. It's something I learned from Lester (Young). Because all ballads are not alike, it's a different story for each one, so unless you understand what the story is about through the lyrics, I don't think you can really play it. Because ***Polka Dots And Moonbeams*** is not ***Body And Soul***. They're all ballads, but they're all different flavors — strawberry, pistachio — like ice cream.

Peter: You still take chances in your playing. I know when I've heard you in the recent past that's one of the things that's struck me — you keep pushing the music, you don't just ride the groove, you actually push it.

Dexter: Yes, you have to, to keep it moving. I mean, I don't want to play like I was playing thirty years ago — if I could do that, I doubt it! Certainly other things have happened and are happening — going to the moon, satellites, rocket ships. All this is reflected in your outlook, and your outlook is reflected in the music.

Peter: Are there any young players in the last ten years who have inspired you in a marked way?

Dexter: Yes, the guys in my band... and Woody Shaw, he's my first trumpet player — although he doesn't always make the gig!

Peter: Have you heard Art Blakey's new trumpet player, Wynton Marsalis?

Dexter: I heard about him, I haven't had the chance to hear him. Art is fantastic at discovering new talent. He prepares them and drills them and almost everybody comes out of his bands. When they come out of there they're mature, they know what they're doing.

Peter: Have you heard Archie Shepp lately, his last recording with Horace Parlan?

Dexter: Yes, I heard that, beautiful. And I've heard him in person. I've been hearing him for years, because he came to Copenhagen with the New York Contemporary Five with (Don) Cherry and John Tchicai. But he was just beginning then and it's very impressive, because he started out playing free and now he's playing bebop. I think that's lovely. The progress and development that he's accomplished. Of course, he plays bebop with a Shepp flair, he goes out

there – which is okay. That's what I love about jazz, it's a living music, and there are so many different avenues leading off from the square, you can go so many different places. Once you understand the basic precepts and have that foundation, then you can move around and find your particular direction. That's the most important thing I say to young students – I give clinics sometimes, I don't have time to teach privately – I always stress this point: to study, get the basic principles, build that foundation and then you can go in any direction you want. But if you don't have that foundation, it sounds pretty blah. You're just playing off the top, which you hear so many young cats doing. But it's a thing like, if somebody doesn't tell you, it's very possible you'll never know. It's kind of hard to do that sometimes, but you reach a point, and it does make a difference if you're trying to explain things to younger players. If you're going to play saxophone, you've got to listen to Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry and Lester Young and all these people. If you're going to play trumpet you've got to listen to Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge, Clifford Brown, Dizzy, Fats, you can't get that understanding just from listening to Woody – he does have that foundation and knowledge, but you've got to find out where ***he*** got it from in order to understand what he's doing. Or Trane, it's beautiful to listen to Trane, but where did he get it? There are a lot of kid players, in college bands and everything, with a lot of technique, who play all kinds of Trane runs, but then what? What are you saying, they might as well just be reading it off the paper or something. To be a writer you have to read Hemingway and Maugham, not to mention Shakespeare, DuMaupassant, whoever. You can't just read Harold Robbins and Mickey Spillane.

The colleges and universities work up to a point. But in those school bands they don't have anybody to learn from - I mean other than the teacher. Everybody in the band is more or less on the same level: same age, same background, it's all very one-dimensional. It's like playing college baseball. You come out of there, you've got to go to the minor leagues, where you're playing with guys who have been out there for years. A college band is just one concept, there are no broadening influences there.

Peter: Eddie Gladden's been with you for some time, and I get the feeling Kirk Lightsey's going to be with you for some time.

Dexter: Lightsey's been there about a year and a half, and the bass player, David Eubanks, just joined the band in September. I didn't know him but the guys had heard him and they liked him so he joined the band. When I met him I asked, "How old are you?" He says, "Twenty-two, but I'll be twenty-three on Saturday."

Peter: One last question: how do you see the future?

Dexter: Bright. Rosy. Our itinerary is very full, and broadening, we're going places we've never been before, all over the world. We're going to Australia next year, Japan. I've been to Japan once before, and I've been to Senegal, Guadaloupe, Martinique, Puerto Rico, Mexico... Lincoln, Nebraska... Billings, Iowa... Quebec City, all kinds of different places. Playing both club and concert dates. Club dates are more relaxed, concert dates are more formal, but it's a discipline that you have to learn, that's important.

Montreal, late 1980

DEXTER GORDON - A Selected Discography

'Homecoming' w. W. Shaw	Columbia	PG 34650
'Sophisticated Giant'	"	JC 34989
'Manhattan Symphonie'	"	PC 35608
'Great Encounters'	"	JC 35987
'Something Different'	SteepleChase	1136
'Move!'	Spotlite	SPJ 133
'The Chase'	"	" 130

(The Spotlite records reissue late '40s Dial recordings with Melba Liston, Fats Navarro, Wardell Gray, Teddy Edwards, and many others).

'Long Tall Dexter' Savoy SJL 2211
(1945-47 sessions with Sadik Hakim, Bud Powell, Max Roach, Barney Kessel, others).

with Wardell Gray

'The Hunt' (1947 recordings) Savoy SJL 2222
'The Chase and The Steeplechase' MCA 1336

with Al Cohn, Sam Noto, Blue Mitchell, Barry Harris, Sam Jones and Louis Hayes:

'True Blue'	Xanadu	136
'Silver Blue'	"	137

IMAGINE THE SOUND

Cameras ready?... *IMAGINE THE SOUND*, Take 17, action! Paul Bley saunters into a completely black space, casually puffing on his pipe. He bends over a lonely studio piano to pluck the inner strings. As shimmering resonances filter through the room, he slides onto the piano bench to begin a painting of pastel jazz improvisations.

This is one of the first scenes from a Canadian feature-length documentary co-produced by Ron Mann and Bill Smith, filmed in Toronto over four days in early February. Entitled *Imagine The Sound*, its subject is the music of the "October Revolution in Jazz" which occurred at the beginning of the 1960s in New York City.

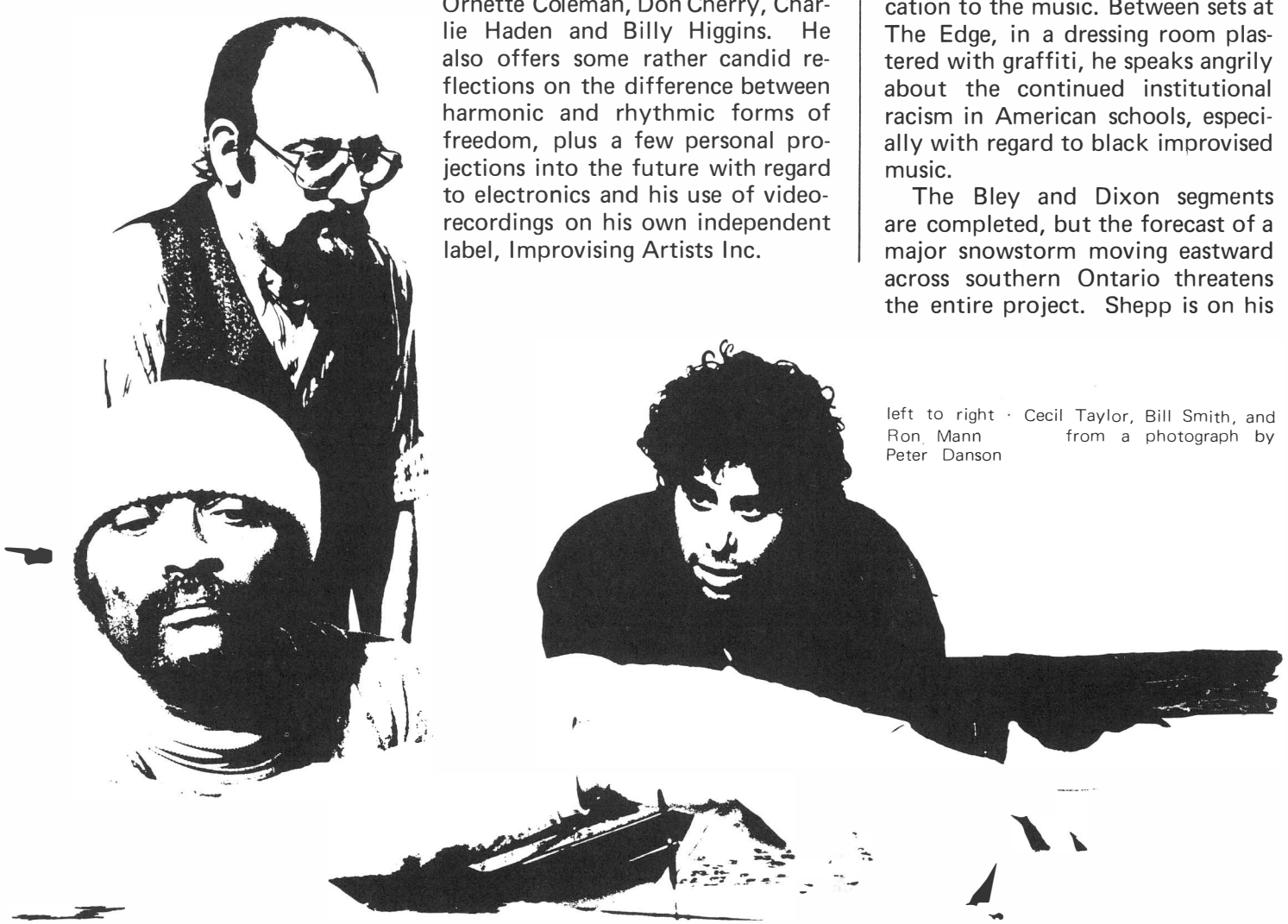
Twenty years after the emergence of bebop, a new generation of musicians pushed jazz beyond its established limits towards total freedom. The "October Revolution in Jazz" represented a militant aesthetic and political commitment to these changes. Montreal pianist Paul Bley was an active participant in the cause, along with Americans trumpeter Bill Dixon, tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp and pianist Cecil Taylor, the three other principal figures in *Imagine The Sound*.

In The Isaacs Gallery, surrounded by recent works of Canadian painter Gordon Rayner, Bley reminisces about his involvement in the new music, including the days in the late 1950s when he played at the Hillcrest Club in Los Angeles with Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins. He also offers some rather candid reflections on the difference between harmonic and rhythmic forms of freedom, plus a few personal projections into the future with regard to electronics and his use of videorecordings on his own independent label, Improvising Artists Inc.

The next sequence features Bill Dixon. Decked out in a leather stove-pipe hat and dark glasses, and accompanied by veteran bassist Art Davis and mercurial percussionist Freddie Waits, Dixon is center stage at The Edge, a Toronto new wave club. The place is steaming with sweat and cigarette smoke. Dixon's trio launches into a stirring improvisation of bent notes, infectious rhythms and razor-sharp percussion accents.

Dixon, founder of the Jazz Composers Guild, a cooperative offshoot of the "October Revolution", has had his public performances curtailed over the past twelve years by his role as a professor of Black Culture at Bennington College in Vermont, but he remains adamant in his dedication to the music. Between sets at The Edge, in a dressing room plastered with graffiti, he speaks angrily about the continued institutional racism in American schools, especially with regard to black improvised music.

The Bley and Dixon segments are completed, but the forecast of a major snowstorm moving eastward across southern Ontario threatens the entire project. Shepp is on his



left to right · Cecil Taylor, Bill Smith, and Ron Mann from a photograph by Peter Danson

way from Italy, and Taylor from New York City. The tight budget and schedule of this privately-financed endeavour could not weather any delays or cancellations. By a stroke of luck, both of them touch down at Malton International Airport just as the storm hits Toronto.

Shepp is immediately whisked off to McClear Place Recording Studios, where he and his group (Ken Werner - piano, Santi DeBriano - bass, and John Betsch - drums) are next on the agenda. Upon arrival at McClear Shepp nonchalantly ignores the commotion of camera crews, places himself at the piano, still dressed in a fur-lined overcoat, and unwinds to the gait of Harlem stride.

Some hours later it's showtime, and Shepp is ready to go, dressed in a suit and tie, while his group appears casually in their street clothes. The music is very much in a Coltrane vein. At the beginning Shepp has problems controlling his horn. By the second hour, though, the music jells. When Shepp delivers his poem, "Mama Rosa", smouldering with tortured beauty, a powerfully exhilarating spirit charges everyone.

Composer/musician, actor, playwright and teacher, Shepp has been in residence at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, since 1975. His remarks in an afternoon interview range from an extremely articulate discussion of the origins of Afro-American music to an assessment of civil rights and black power, as well as some highly laudatory statements concerning John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor.

That evening Shepp's quartet is booked for a Sackville recording session. The program includes Coltrane's *Giant Steps*, and Monk's *Round Midnight* and *Well, You Needn't*. As fate would have it, Shepp begins the first Monk tune at two minutes to midnight.

Meanwhile Cecil Taylor is somewhere in Toronto practising continuously on the grandest of grand pianos, a huge Viennese Bosendorfer. There are only two in the city, and Bosendorfer has donated the use of one of them to Taylor for the occasion, along with a personal tuner.

Taylor was not only one of the first leading lights of the jazz avant garde, he has remained, as Shepp points out, "resolutely uncompromising and thoroughly non-commercial". After twenty-five years of struggle, recognition, as an artist of the highest order, is finally upon him.

In an interview with Taylor in a suite at the Windsor Arms Hotel, one side of the room is a massive mirror which creates a novel focus for Taylor's public persona. While explaining the inexorable laws of modern corporatism, he slides out of the camera frame, and the mirror, only to return reading a poem dedicated to writer Audrey Lorde.

Six hours later the scene switches to the McClear studio where the Bosendorfer has been moved for the evening's performance. This time the set is stark white. The piano appears magnificently stunning suspended in pure-white space. The huge overhead lights are warming the room to temperatures in excess of ninety degrees, and the piano is gradually going out of tune. Dressed in a grey jogging suit lightly sequined on the shoulders and arms, and capped with his usual white wool hat, Taylor commences with a ceremonial free-form dance around the piano to the rhythm of another poem. Ending with a two-handed piano chord, he seats himself at the Bosendorfer and turns his energies to the keyboard of which he is a master.

A problem which threatened previous performances — the fact that the size of the film magazines restrict the cameras to shooting in ten-minute durations — does not present itself; Taylor restricts each piece to well within this boundary. Only later in the evening, after he has been building the intensity of his string of vignettes by playing continuously between takes, does he play for as long as sixteen minutes nonstop, the camera crew continuing undeterred while a steady stream of magazines snap in and out of cameras and angles are rearranged. By the end Taylor is without his thick-lensed glasses and is swaying back and forth, chanting to the pulse of his body and soul.

Everyone (including thirty invited guests) is left in a bath of sweat and physical exhaustion. An event which should have occurred twenty years ago is now over.

The following day is spent previewing some of the film footage and soundtrack. At their best, the results are incredible. Cinematographer Robert Fresco, artistic co-ordinator Clomin Onari and sound engineer Phil Sheridan have done an extraordinary job. *Imagine The Sound* will certainly rank with the handful of quality jazz films such as *Jammin' The Blues, Jazz On A Summer's Day* and *The Sound Of Jazz*.

Through the music of Messrs. Bley, Dixon, Shepp and Taylor, co-producers Ron Mann and Bill Smith have paid tribute to the most profound and original American art form. *Imagine The Sound* will show audiences throughout the world that the honour was mutual.

PETER DANSON

IMAGINE THE SOUND

A Jazz Film (running time 100 minutes approximately)

CAST

Paul Bley solo piano

Bill Dixon trio featuring Art Davis (bass) and Freddie Waits (drums).

Archie Shepp quartet featuring Ken Werner (piano), Santi DeBriano (bass) and John Betsch (drums).

Cecil Taylor solo piano

PRODUCTION STAFF

Bill Smith - Creative producer, interviewer, photographer

Ron Mann - Executive producer, director

Robert Fresco - Director of photography

Phil Sheridan - Recording engineer

Sonya Polonsky - Editor

Clomin Onari - Artistic co-ordinator

Salem Alaton - Production manager

David Joliat - Remote sound recording engineer

Jock Brandeis - Lighting

JAMES CLAY

INTERVIEW BY TIM SCHULLER

Recently tenor saxophonist James Clay took a leave of absence from his job in a Dallas record warehouse to play on a Billy Higgins date for Contemporary. He returned to find the insanity of the place marginally increased. He's good, though, at remaining aloof from the intricacies of his day gig. Like most jazz men, he's had many of them.

He began playing saxophone at Dallas' Lincoln High school, graduates of which include Cedar Walton, David Newman, Bobbi Humphrey, and Marchel Ivery. It was Walton who hipped Clay to bebop. It was John Hardee, known locally as the "Bad Man", who was his main sax influence. He and baritone saxophonist Leroy Cooper had a regular gig at the old Harmony Lounge on Commerce, and they hired the youthful Clay as a sideman. Clay also did early work with altoist Buster Smith, who was teacher to Charlie Parker and is something of a guru figure to many Dallas musicians.

Hardee, Cooper and Smith were tremendously capable players. Experience with them prepared Clay for his foray to Los Angeles in 1955. There, he participated in some good recordings.

He did "Tenorman" (Jazz West LP-8) with drummer Lawrence Marable, he did "Presenting Red Mitchell" (Contemporary C-3538) with bassist Mitchell and drummer Billy Higgins (he played frequently with Higgins and Don Cherry, and somewhat less frequently with Ornette Coleman). Then came a series of Riverside recordings, although the first was a New York date ("Sounds of the Wide Open Spaces", RLP-1178) that he did with David Newman under the auspices of Cannonball Adderley. Adderley had heard Clay in L.A. and was intrigued by the idea of teaming him with Newman, who (like Clay) was being proclaimed an heir to the alleged Texas tenor sound. It is a good album.

Back in Los Angeles, Clay joined Wes Montgomery on "Movin' Along" (RLP-9342) reissued on Milestone M-47040), to which Clay contributed both saxophone and flute. He also recorded his underrated "Double Dose of Soul" (RLP-9349) with Nat Adderley, Victor Feldman, Gene Harris, Sam Jones and Louis Hayes.

A return to Texas saw Clay at the nucleus of the Woodman Hall sessions in South Dallas. At Sunday jams there, Texas talent both renowned and obscure would show up to play, and the sessions loom large in local legend.

He was employed by Sanger Harris department store when he was invited to join Ray Charles' band. He played with Ray for several intervals (two were quite lengthy) and accompanied him on four ABC albums. In 1977 he left Ray, tired of the road and anxious to spend more time with his wife and son.

The record warehouse is, obviously, a small facet in the diverse life of musician James Clay. He plays at various Dallas/Fort Worth nighteries, may be in better musical shape than ever, and looks forward to the release of the Billy Higgins LP he played on. Clay is to do an LP of his own for Contemporary, it is said, and he is anxious to begin work on it.

The following is an excerpted conversation with Clay, recorded shortly after he and the writer concluded a day's work at the record warehouse.

JAMES CLAY: I started on piano and got my first saxophone when I went to high school. J.R. Miller and James White were my two instructors. I started playing flute in high school, I didn't have one but I started fooling with it. I always knew I wanted to play. I didn't have a record player at first and every once in a while they'd play attune on the radio... this was when the Jazz At The Philharmonic was going strong, and they used to play a tune called ***Blue Room*** that was one of the first things I learned. It was by Flip Phillips, an old Woody Herman alumnus. And sometimes they would play a ballad by Gene Ammons, ***My Foolish Heart***. That was when he recorded for Chess records. That would be about the only things I would hear then.

Then I started taking band and that's where I met Cedar (Walton). He was already a piano player and I wasn't aware of it. He was trying to learn to play clarinet. A trumpet player named Bobby Bradford and I went by Cedar's one day after band practice and this is where I got my head opened, because that's the first bebop I ever heard. He was playing it and I'd never heard shit like that before! I didn't know a saxophone could operate like that. That opened my mind and I started thinking for myself. Got into Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt, Wardell Gray, James Moody...

TIM SCHULLER: ***Were there local people in the clubs that you dug?***

There was a Fort Worth cat, a hell of a player named Red Connors. He's dead now but he was a bitch of a tenor player. I didn't know much about music but I knew ***he*** was good. Bobby and I started to go to clubs and we would just tell cats, "we ain't gonna drink, we just come here to hear the band". We'd get in a corner and stay out of the way so they'd let us in. Used to be a club on Washington called The Disc Jockey, and I used to go to the Rose Room. They'd let us in there, we'd go get a corner and squat and watch. That's the first place I heard Sonny Stitt. And by the time James Moody and all those people started to come there, I was old enough to get in (legally). I was playing in joints myself then. I started gigging about my junior year in high school.

A lot of Dallas jazz men... like Fathead Newman, Marchel Ivery... started out with bluesmen. Did you?

No. I started out with them ***bad*** motherfuckers. First regular gig I got was the Harmony Lounge. I worked there six nights a week with Lee Cooper and John Hardee, and I was going to high school. They were playing ***Cherokee*** and all this bop... no, I wasn't fuckin' with no blues. Went right into that bop thing. Those cats made me ***practice***, man! Because I was trying to keep up with them. I was lucky because I've always had the opportunity to play with people who could play better than I could. With good musicians, period. Buster Smith told me you can't learn anything from somebody who can't play as good as you!

Lee Cooper at the time was playing baritone. But he was doing so much of that, you ought to hear this cat. I never did see Ray Charles' band work, but I knew so many people in the band that I would always be working. Whenever they came through town, we'd hang out, because that's when Cooper and Hank Crawford and Marcus Belgrave and those cats were in the band, and they would always have fresh music from traveling around.

They had a stage band where I went to college, Sam Houston College in Austin. I left college before the band broke up down there. The army broke up the band, it took the trombone players! It took three trombone players, that broke up the band and there was nothing else happening. So I left there in about 1954 and worked at a lead plant in Dallas for a while and saved some money. Flipped a coin and L.A. won.

Was New York on the other side?

Yes. So I went out there in early '55 and stayed there a couple of years, and people started dying in my family and I had to come back here. I never changed my draft board when I went out there and I got my papers and had to come back here for my physical. I could have had it changed but I was going through a whole bunch of changes. I stayed out there a few years and came back here and was working around here, and went out with Ray in '62. But I did some other things. I'd go out for a week or a month or something with some of those blues bands. Lowell Fulsom, B.B. King....

Was this after Ray had split from Lowell?

Yes. Lowell put together a band here. Booker Ervin was in that band and we damn near drove Fulsom crazy. He said he never would hire no more bebop musicians as long as he lived. He was the first guy I left the state with. We played St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit... two tenors, bass, drums, and piano. And Lowell.

What was it like when you hit L.A.?

Well, it was weird... got to go around to sessions, there was a trumpet player there I knew, Curtis White... I didn't know him here in Dallas but he'd played in one of Buster Smith's bands. They told me to look him up when I reached Los Angeles. He took me to the Club LaCriss on Avalon, across from the old Wrigley Field, one Sunday afternoon. Frank Butler was there, so was Morris Lane, who was a tenor player with Duke Ellington for a long time. He had the band. Sunday was a jamming thing so I'd go through there. But L.A. is a funny place and they wouldn't let you play. But I got tired of that and I'd just walk up to a cat and say, "look here man, can I play?" and I'm in the process of getting my horn out and I'm damn near playing by then. I'd just break on up there.

Well, you weren't there long before you got work with (drummer) Lawrence Marable.

I ran into Lawrence Marable at the California Club. He hit on me about do I want a record date and I said yeh! what you mean, ***do*** I? I was working for the Board of Education as a janitor on the graveyard shift. I had to clean up a certain area, had the goddamn keys, had to lock everything up and split. I got three gigs in a row... a Friday, Saturday, and Sunday... and Lawrence said something about making an album and I quit! I ***quit***, Jack, things were looking up!

Did you work a lot with Marable?

We had some gigs. But about that time I'd run into Billy Higgins and Don Cherry, and we started playing. Cherry and I had a group together. This is how I met Miles and Trane and all those people, because we played intermissions at the Hague (in L.A.). Met Cannonball Adderley, all sorts of people.

Cherry was playing bebop. He hadn't met met Ornette Coleman then. He thought Ornette was crazy. Ornette came to the club one day. I was getting ready to go out and play some and I asked him to go with me. He muttered, mumbled, didn't want to go, I said man, let's go! He went out and played and the next thing I know he got them ***goin'***, Jack! He played and blew their brains out. And I'll tell you who could deal with him: there was a contingent from New Orleans. The Batiste brothers and Ellis Marsalis, and Ed Blackwell. All those cats were good players, believe me, and they began to look up to Ornette, and Blackwell still plays with Ornette. They understood him and were musically adept enough to adapt to it. I could play with him... the music was written wrong, but I could play with Ornette. He and I gigged on Wednesdays at a club called Armond's on Olympic. We'd get into it in there, man. He'd say, "you ought to come and go with me" and I'd say, "no, I can't play that shit. That ain't me, man."

But we had some club gigs and we played together a lot in the daytime. We did a whole bunch of playing that wasn't actually gigs, we played every day. Before Ornette came out there, me and Cherry were hitting it every day. We had tunes written from here to Lemmon Avenue, Jack! We had some gigs out of town. We'd go to San Diego... went to the Cellar which was the main jazz house in Vancouver and had a groovy time up there. Ornette went up there with us. I'd come back to Dallas by then but we all still wrote each other. Next thing I knew, Ornette had recorded for Contemporary. Red Mitchell got in on that date. Red wasn't hip to him and he came in the Hague one night. I told Ornette to come on and play and he said "nah, man". I said, "play, man" and the cat played ***Embraceable You***... he can play Charlie Parker note for note. Cherry and them, shortly after that, all went to New York with Ornette. By that time, I was back here.

Was Dallas a drag after L.A.?

It wasn't that bad because the scene was healthy here then. It was the period when the Woodman Auditorium sessions had just started. I got back here on a Saturday and the next day Bobby Bradford took me out to the Woodman. They hired me and I started working out there with (keyboardist-baritone saxophonist) Claude Johnson. It was, well, I just left one situation and came to another. It was alive: everyone was practising and tooting on those horns!

Did you know Fathead Newman from high school?

Yes. In '62, I was working on Ross Avenue at a place called the Chatterbox and playing after hours at the Green Parrot. I had a day job, too, at Sanger Harris (department store). Cooper called, I called him back, and they asked me if I wanted the gig. I left Dallas and went with them. Stayed until about '64. He moved to L.A., the whole base of his operation moved to L.A., but I wasn't going to move back to L.A. for any gig and I don't see why it was necessary for everybody to move out there. It didn't work; everybody thought if they went there they'd be constantly recording and it

wasn't like that.

I'd like to hear some comment on Ray.

Ahh, man, you don't have enough tape.

You hear so much....

He's just a different kind of person, period. You could write a lot about him. I don't know where he got his logic from. We got along all right. There wouldn't be arguments, I'd just tell him what I thought. He had some rules, man, you wouldn't believe. You can't do this, you can't do that. So many rules that, first thing when you come in the band, they give you a list! He'd gone into a high-powered corporate bag, Joe Adams became president of the corporation and so he brings the California bit into it. Uniforms. Got to wear the same kind of shoes, ties, and you buy all this from the corporation. You can't drink on the bus or the plane. Because Ray was playing Carnegie Hall and all, so he wanted a picture of total respectability. I don't know what kind of music he wanted but he got what he was looking for, I guess. He had some good bands out there.

Where you get the classic picture of Ray is if you could ever dig one of the band meetings. You could find everything you wanted to find about him. We were right outside Hyannisport once and the reservation was all fucked up at the hotel, we couldn't stay. Well, you could but it cost $45 a day and I said, what does he think I'm ***made*** of? They knew the band wasn't going to stay there so they got to hustling and scuffling to find us a place to stay. This takes all night. We finally go to some little town about 12 miles out of the city, it was really hip because we had cabins. Kitchen, living room... me, Cooper and Newman had one together. We had a good time. The first night, though, the band did sound shitty and Ray called a meeting. You have to see him to understand. (Clay rises, wraps his arms around himself in Ray Charles' stance, and imitates his voice). "First of all... I would like you fellows to know... that y'all sounded like ***shit***! YOU SOUNDED LIKE ***SHIT***!" He was acting and going off and going off... I was in the back of the room and I just laid down on the floor, I'd heard so many of these meetings I was just about conked out. But out of all this I hear (deep voice), "You're a lyin' sack of do-do". It was Blue Mitchell, with that deep voice of his. Oh man, it got ***quiet*** in there! Ray said, "Well, I guess you know you ***gone***!" Fired him, and that was ***cold***. You had to be at one of those meetings. I saw that cat do some hellified shit. We were all over in Ireland, and I still don't know what was behind this but he fired all the Raeletts. All of them! He had cats going off on that tour, they were wigging out! We'd been on a long tour, and we stayed in Ireland a month! We made a movie I've never seen, I'll tell you who was the director, Paul Henreid. We did the theme for the sound track and had some playing scenes and after that we were through. That was one week's work and all we had to do was rehearse Tuesday and Thursday. Cats couldn't handle it man, there were a whole bunch of cats strung out.... I was strung out myself but see, I'd go to London. Newman did too, but cats were quitting and going home a mile a minute, and Ray was out there finishing the movie. It was about a little blind boy, like I said I've never seen it. There were guys leaving from all points of the globe on that tour!

What's Ray like in the studio?

We went in the studio once at 7 P.M. and it was after 7 A.M. the next morning that we got out of there. That's a long time. See, Ray would have to have a girl up there telling him the words to the songs, and he'd be there, "Uh, sorry, fellows". We'd think, goddamn, man, that ain't helping!" Me and Cooper got drunk, sobered up, and got drunk ***again*** in there. But the money was long! You should have heard the violin section man, the string section wasn't used to ***this*** and they were getting ready to revolt! They wound up paying everybody triple session fees because, luckily, one of the string players was a union official. He said you have to pay everybody triple session fees and I thought, ***speak*** my man! He said, "It should be double-***double*** scale."

He did some funny-ass songs, you wouldn't believe some of the crap we did. ***The Man With The Weird Beard, Two Ton Tessie***... but he made that shit swing. That's one thing about playing with Ray, you were playing some of the best music. You were never off in a bag because he got music from Neal Hefti, Oliver Nelson, Johnny Parker, Quincy Jones, all the top writers. He got the best material and that was a challenge. Good music, highly diversified.

I'd be interested in hearing how that Riverside stuff sold.

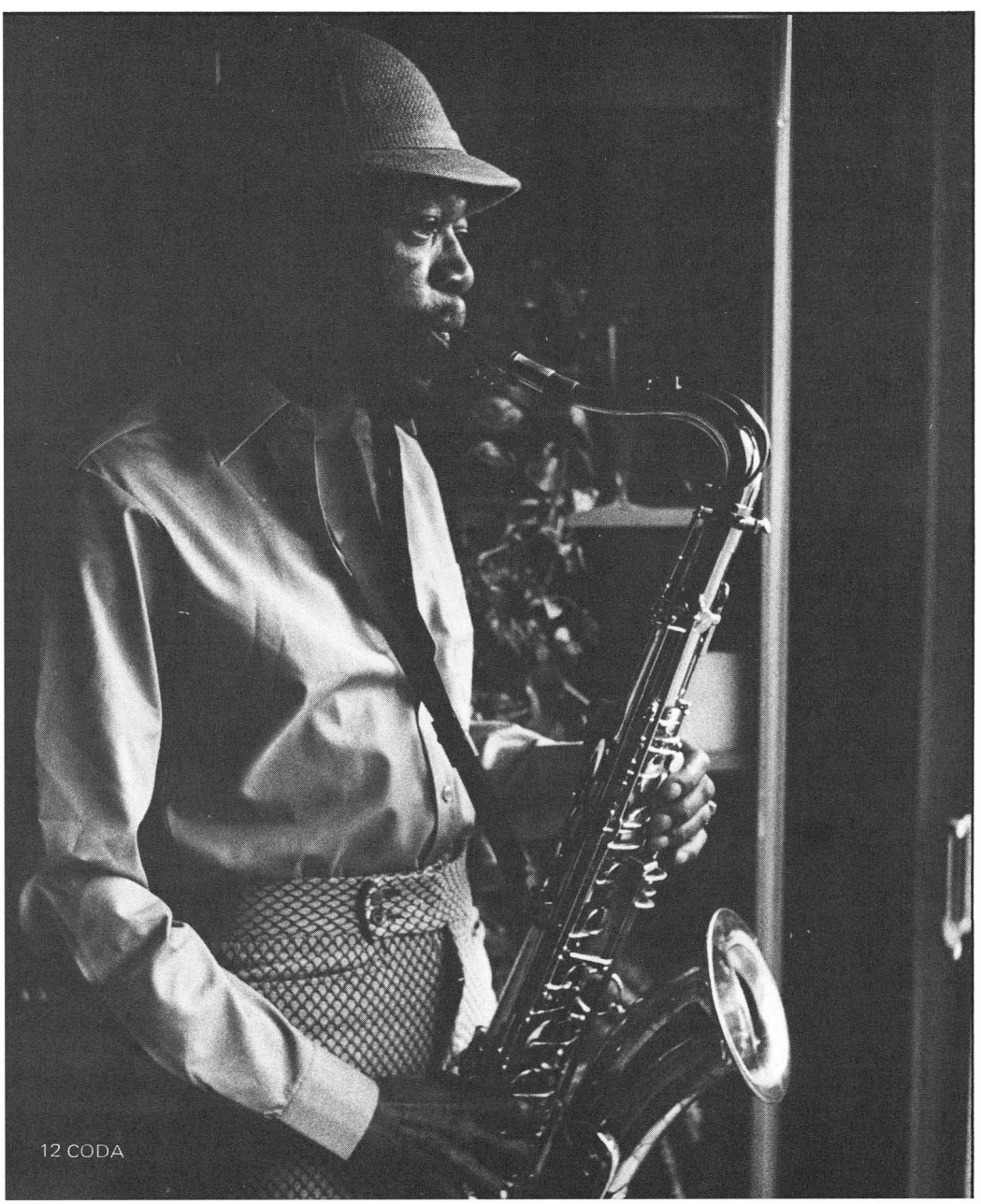
Well, "Double Dose of Soul" never did any thing. But the thing Newman and I did, "Wide Open Spaces", that sold. I didn't write any tunes on it, I think they paid double scale, something like that.

Do you think there's much of a jazz scene in Dallas now?

No. It wasn't long ago, cats were ***doing*** some things here, there were black clubs where you could play. Now there's no music in the black neighbourhoods and that's really bad.

If you could do the album you most wanted to do, what would it be like?

It would be a mixture. Some ballads, I like to play slow tunes. If I was to deal in a fusion sense, Cedar (Walton) has the most practical approach. Weather Report, I don't really understand where they're coming from. But Claude (Johnson) is off into fusion a bit and I play with Claude all the time. It can be cool. I just want to record some music because I think I have something to say. If things work out, I'd like to stay in Dallas and work out of here. I'm just waiting for John (Koenig, of Contemporary Records) to get back so I can see what's happening. I've been looking for this for a ***long*** time, Jack!



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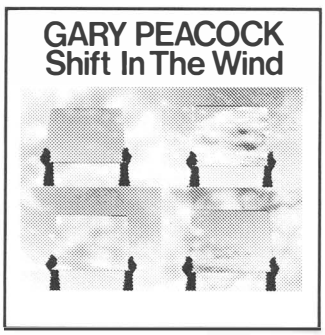

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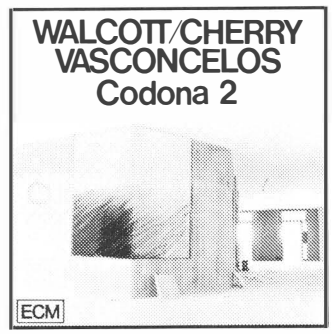

ECM-1-1177

Collin Walcott, sitar, tabla, sanza, timpani, voice.
Don Cherry, trumpet, melodica, doussn'Gouni, voice.
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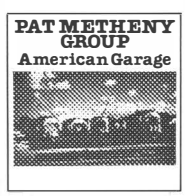

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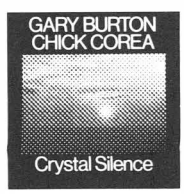

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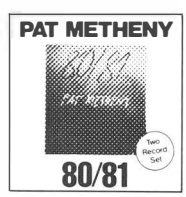

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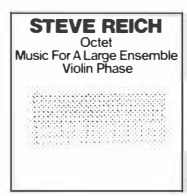

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OOPS - AN INTRODUCTION TO AN ENCORE - AL NEIL BY BILL SMITH

Canada has never been much use at perpetuating its own legends, so for the most part, unusual creative talent has passed unnoticed. Such is the case with Al Neil. He has remained, over the past thirty years, a character isolated in his own area of Vancouver. What to write about such a man presents a myriad of difficulties, for he is not simply a jazz musician, but what has become known in this period as a multi-disciplinary artist.

Twenty or more years ago, when he was forming his character, he not only performed his music in public, but brought forward as much as he could of the world around him. He introduced Vancouver to Ornette Coleman, made jazz and poetry recordings with the American poet Kenneth Patchen, prepared art visuals as part of his scenario, wrote poetry himself, and introduced electronic pre-prepared tapes into performance. In fact created an amazing world of his own invention, with no thought to fashion.

The following three products of Al Neil, a recording, a liner note, and a chapter from his book "Changes", give a wider spectrum of his personality than any review could hope to accomplish, and it is hoped that from his own words you would be able to perceive an image in truth, of what this unusual man is.

The following is a letter I recently received from Al, who has been my friend for more than a decade:

" Bill:

In the world of sound I live my life. But... remember this: Song of ear cortex enters brain and heart. So it should.

To get there: Collaborators:

Howard Broomfield, assistant to Murray Schafer for 4 years; with Al Neil for 3. Tapes, logistics, percussion, brains, etc. Carolyn Zonailo, renowned poet (4 books) and music by Al Neil. Much closer to realms of light than Patchen/Neil collaboration on Folkways (1958).

You here, what you will hear.

In concert pieces such as ***Stonehenge*** have costumes, slides, prerecorded tape, ambience.

Visuals by Carole Itter.

xxxxx

Al "

Al Neil is not someone to analyse, he must be considered an experience dealing with sound, theatre, and above all humour. The chance of him appearing in your neighbourhood bar, is remote. So here he is.....

AL NEIL
Boot And Fog
Music Gallery Editions 33

Al Neil, piano & vocals, prerecorded tapes; Howard Broomfield, percussion; includes an additional 7" EP of poet Carolyn Zonailo reciting her work, accompanied by Neil & Broomfield).

Ruby My Dear, Grease Lightning, Stonehenge, Prerecorded Tape & Piano; Over The Rainbow; Meditation.

THE MUSIC OF STONEHENGE

I haven't made an overt political statement at any of my performances since the late 60's. At that time we had one war to consume us. We all, of course, spoke as best we could against that. Now there are many wars raging, perhaps the same one in many fields. In the 60's I used to think that if the music had enough charge, energy, life-force, and if there were enough of us working toward getting that energy out, it might somehow link up with all the similar life energies around the planet and in some simple-minded psychic dream I thought we artists could counter the global death wish. And this was by no means an original idea of mine. All around the globe, people I was aware of thought this way. Nevertheless the war goes on. And what can we think when even the slayers of those persons seemingly innocent, confound the rational and they themselves speak in terms of mystical innocence.

For instance, when the Japanese Red Army terrorists committed their appalling massacre at Lod airport in 1972, only one of them survived, Kozo Okamoto. Here is Okamoto's summation at his subsequent trial:

> "The Arab world lacks spiritual fervor, so we felt that through this attempt we could stir up the Arab world. We three soldiers, after we die, want to become three stars of Orion. When we were young we were told that if we died we may become stars in the sky. I may not have fully believed it but I was ready to. I believe some of those we have slaughtered have become stars in the sky. The revolution will go on and there will be many more stars. But if we recognize that we go to Heaven, we can have peace."

Well, these days, in this art racket some of us sometime appear to be in, I don't believe it possible to make any political statement which doesn't resound with absurdity, when we are faced with the workings of the minds of men like Kozo Okamoto. But in music we too can at least attempt to see and be the stars, without the slaughter.

And that I take it is what the ancient race which constructed the gates of Stonehenge was doing. They were erecting a solar observatory to plot the solstices, the eclipses, precise points of the sun's dawning; and who knows what else — beyond the stars — came under their gaze?

But what noises were they making at Stonehenge? What singing? Here at last we come to the real point of this preamble.

Whatever sound there was at Stonehenge, unlike the very real ruins of the actual ring of stone, is gone forever. Now, we can either say how unfortunate it is we'll never hear it, or we can make it to our advantage and unleash our own Stonehenge response to the terror of being alive, absurd as the thought may be; even if the response seems as bizarre and incomprehensible as the last statement of Kozo Okamoto.

(the liner note to "Boot And Fog")

ADDENDA: after final episode

(This is chapter 22 of Al Neil's novel "Changes", written between 1958 and 1966 and published by Coach House Press).

The following essay by Seamus the Deflater is one of the prolix Seamus Finn writings on aural aliquot approximation (numbering 496 works according to one authority) that have been lauded by most history-conscious theorists of the Aristoxenean Theorem of musical freakout.

MUSIC IS NOT MUSIC

"Well," he said with equanimity, "you see in my opinion there is no point at all in talking about music. What reply then, was I to make to your very able and just remarks? You were perfectly right in all you said. But, you see, I am a musician, not a professor, and I don't believe that, as regards music, there is the least point in being right, or having good taste and all that."

"Indeed? Then what does it depend on?"

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(left to right) AL NEIL and DAVID LEE (photographs by Bill Smith)

"On making music, Herr Haller, on making music as well and as much as possible and with all the intensity of which one is capable."

Thus Pablo, the Jazz musician in Hermann Hesse's remarkable novel ***Steppenwolf***. This book was written in the middle twenties by a German exile in Switzerland, and as far as we know his acquaintance with jazz was limited to recordings or live performances of European musicians plus probably a few gigs by expatriate Americans sniffing cocaine and making the changes to ***Valencia*** or ***Yearing***, backed by a gypsy fiddle section. Nevertheless, the book is a jazz novel, not only because of a few hang-on or elliptical assumptions about music itself, but because Harry Haller's touching metaphysical wrestling reveals a view of life more revolutionary and valuable for a jazz musician (or anybody) than any number of recent "jazz novels". And it's certainly more valuable than reading the irrelevant facts ("I was born on the levee 1916") and paranoia-induced lies to be found in ***** magazine, America's and the world's most widely read outlet for jazz trivia.

Paranoia because these people, like all those in the music racket including music schools, publishers of music, music critics, music unions, symphony orchestras, virtuosos, etc., have all got their clammy little reasons for perpetuating and foisting on us the worn-out musical pap that pours out at us from all sources. I'm talking about the fact that there is vital music going on which no one is hearing about. Because the racketeers can not figure out how to peddle it. This includes the millionaires in the pop industry who know what's happening but keep silent. ***** can begin recently to devote a section to the new pop (which is groovy) but there are few discussions, none with any meat in them, of the new jazz and its problems and certainly no excitement at the startlingly original music being put down at a few cases like Slug's Saloon in New York City. These jazz media people (***** and your local jazz writer from daily newspapers everywhere) would very likely ignore it entirely but even they realize there is nothing in the world they can do now to contain the psychic power in the music of an Albert Ayler or a Cecil Taylor.

Jazz is a musical language and, like spoken and written languages, has syntax, sentence structure, paragraphs, etc. That is to say it is, primarily linear, the story comes out serially. It has the power, as does all music to express emotions, musical ideas, states of consciousness. Any music which is honest must reveal to us at least an idea, an emotion, in an authentic manner and with enough energy not to bore us. The fact is, the musical language can and will give expression to more and more subtle states of consciousness, configurations of microtonal patterns, non-linear, and believe me, it is happening. We are coming to realize what has been known in the East for centuries, that we are not one unified Self, but each of us is a bundle of countless selves formed by memory, conditioning, beliefs, these masks forming our Ego, the "I" we present to the world. If we could strip all this away we would find we are all related in a vast energy field which is the universe, that 'Mighty Something', as the Hopi Indian says, which contains everything that has been, is and will be, and which is beyond any illusion of flowing time implicit in the concept past, present, future. And music can express this.

No composer or improvising jazz musician can create original music out of his ego-memory mind. The new original music can only be discovered in the sense that Columbus discovered America. Well, America was already there.

Much beautiful music will be given to us if we cease to grasp for it with hungry egos. If that notion were accepted it would unhinge the poor fucked-up monomaniacal creeps who foist their shabby egos on us in the name of performing music. Because people would not listen to them. The same goes for all the arts. There is no more room for ego games. Those few persons who have gotten their heads together had better reveal this in their work and get the rest of us moving on, and they had better do it fast. If they know and are able to express something in music that will alleviate the total insanity around us they had better get it out to people in their work and not mess around with it in the market place. How this is to be done, I do not know. But if an artist gets sucked into that suffocatingly safe, pimp-controlled art racket, he blows in this copout his last chance to help keep us all moving on out into some beautiful place the human race might yet be bound for.

We want a music that will move our spirit, and we, as musicians should subject our music and that of others to the fiercest scrutiny. We have been led down too many blind alleys already.

Most jazz is not free and manifests a view of life varying only in its degree of banality. It is Establishment music, not revolutionary any longer. Because most jazz musicians, like everybody else, are oriented towards society, they desire that which everyone desires, i.e. homes, family, television, cars, supermarkets, the works. The hippies are the new revolutionaries, not the conformist jazz musicians, and of course the hippies and their music have long since conformed to the marketplace with rare exception, so there is not much hope for music there. Pop musicians and jazz musicians are certainly in no sense drop-outs, if we take this to be the uncorruptible alienation of Harry Haller in ***Steppenwolf***, Artaud, Burroughs, Billie Holiday or Charlie Parker.

Most jazz musicians play President Johnson music. And there is the test. Try to think of any musician or group that could not be accomodated in a concert at the White House. Those power people might not dig on groups of taste, might even become a little uncomfortable if someone like Miles Davis were to appear. But look, Ornette, Ayler, Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders and a few others would scare the shit out of them. And not because of any implicit violence in their music. The music is profoundly beautiful because, among other reasons, they are not lying.

And here we get to the nuts and bolts. In the midst of the total lie and insanity of the North American continent, no musician or any other artist is able to move us unless he can become integrated and honest in his own psychic motion and devise means to express whatever truth he knows, and he is able to do this with something approaching the psychic intensity of the Napalm Bomb. The energy in Albert Ayler and in the Bomb (metaphor for ALL violence) comes from the same field. But the one is a breathtakingly beautiful psychic phenomenon, the other is a terrible force which destroys humans and all sentient beings, every lovely thing that lives where the fire hits, and in so doing, it degrades all of us and edges all of our psyches back into the dark and prevents any light and life within us from reaching out in even the humblest manner toward more light and toward the more startling possibilities within us all.

Jazz forms in use until Ornette Coleman broke things wide open, consisted of tight, crimped boxes into which musicians foolishly attempted to force ever more complex ideas (Coltrane abandoned this method with ***Giant***

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Steps). The forms of pre-Coleman jazz, i.e. the 12 bar blues or 32 bar song form, utilizing harmony of a basically diatonic nature, melody direction imposed by such harmony, and a continuous unrelenting beat; these forms are exhausted.

The song form was once a natural receptacle for musical ideas because the form developed out of a need and that need was to set vital words (intoned or sung) to musical phrases. It was natural and pure. It still is with Bob Dylan's vital word intoning. It was natural and convenient in earlier jazz to use these forms because much jazz and especially blues was associated with vital words. Most jazz, perhaps all of it, is now abstract instrumental music. Words are left to the pop groups. (I don't share *****'s and ***Playboy***'s ideas of what is a jazz singer. They are all just singing for their supper). Because of this it is no longer convenient, natural or indeed necessary, to use these simple forms. What we need is to devise forms which will contain the emotions and states of consciousness we wish to express. Devise is not a very felicitous choice of words for I really mean that the form should rise naturally out of the content.

So-called swinging, that is, hip eighth and quarter note phrasing, is the ability to place notes with varying dynamics and slightly off center, that is, with a slight displacement fore and aft of the implied pulse, creating thereby an accumulation of pleasurable tension which the listener responds to by tapping his foot. Foot-tapping is no longer where it's at.

Rhythm is the articulation of time and that means, for all but the newest music and certain esoteric primitive musics, clock-time. We conceive time as being a continuous flow, based on our feeling for past, present, future, and we have divided the day into hours, minutes and seconds which supposedly flow in one-direction, from an ever-receding past to a distant future. Jazz rhythm has gone along with this copout. So we start with whole notes, quarters, eighths and bevies of semi- and demi-quavers. We have been conditioned like Pavlov's dogs to accept these divisions as natural when in fact they are perfectly arbitrary. So-called primitive peoples experienced time quite differently. Indians living near the sea will have a greater feeling for natural time as expressed by the ebb and flow of the tides, which differ each day in their height and movement, the constant is the fact of two outgoing and incoming tides each day. This is a more natural division of the day. Benjamin Whorf, in his pioneering studies of the Hopi Indian language, found that the Hopi conception of time was as profound and indeed similar to relativity and field theory since Einstein. There are no tenses to verbs in Hopi, time disappears and space is altered. Space to the Hopi does not exclude time. It is not a static space, a universe fixed once and for all, over against time, which is kinematic and proceeding at an equal rate from past to future.

Would not rhythm be less boring and infinitely more intense if we musicians could learn to express more natural rhythm which lie all around us, rhythm which will perhaps even hint, in their spatial qualities, at the expanding and contracting universe itself.

"Yeah, but will it swing?"

As I have already noted, swing is simply the pleasurable tension experienced (as in sexual foreplay) when notes are played with varying dynamics, a little off-center from the implied on-center pulse. That there are various kinds of swinging is simply because there are greater or lesser distances from on-center pulse, both fore and aft, that a player can place his notes. They are then, attached like rubber bands to the on-center pulse; therein lies the tension. What we need are less boring ways of creating this pleasurable tension.

The most obvious way to do this is by compounding natural rhythms, which will increase both the quality and the quantity of the tension. This is easy to do. Instead of subdividing clock-time, (which as I have said, is based on a centuries-old shuck by medieval monks, who needed the subdivisions to organize their communal life), into 5/4, 7/4, 6/5, 8/9 2/3, etc., which only gives you more shuck per bar, more inventive and natural rhythms will open up spontaneously if each musician in a group plays his own time, relating to what the other musicians in the group are doing ***emotionally***, instead of relating to the underlying clock-time pulse.

More illuminating melodies, harmony and beyond these some absolute potent electric panorama of intimate sine-noise configuration will appear if we wipe the old memory-cortex clean by abandoning the phony system of intonation which has been imposed on us since some sixteenth century mathematical non-musical nuts hacked up the Ptolemaic Sequence (7 tone Major scale in Just Intonation) into the arbitrary equal tone we've been stuck with since. At the present time this is impossible (you can fake microtonal spurs to the mean tone, a compromise) because it will call for new instruments, new skills and new methods of notating music (Partch and others are into this) and the musicians who blow meantone because it's where the bread's at, music teachers, publishers of music, etc., who profit from meantone-five-line-staffs indoctrination of each new generation with the same dreary shit that they were saddled with by their teachers would have to get off their asses and pick up on what's happening or learn to shuck on some other gig.

You can eat as thick or as thin a piece of the old intonation cake as you are capable of (there is, of course, much heavier shit than I'm delicately compressing for your ear here) but don't let it hang you up on the next set; for the present it would be enough if more musicians would pack in those already doomed twelve tones they hang their musical inertia on and zero in their hearing apparatus right into that spot on the cortex where all the beautiful sound comes in and out.

Another thing: Everybody know old Seamus 'flying fingers' Finn be master, major, and minor, L.P.T.B., A.T.C.M., L.R.A.M., B.O.P., etc. of technical wizardry and sheer intrinsic virtuosity of the 88, but these be only the tools, i.e. they are means to a diabolical end, the end being the expression of pure pretty music. When the tools become an end in themselves, as the man said, we get those measured, uncreative manipulations of the concert darlings of the bravo icon, studio-jazzeroony bands, maniacal vibrating artifice of the high note dialectic, why, this song and dance is exceedingly coarse and tasteless in my book of historical developments. "A function of music can be that it enter and enrich the being of the consciousness, just as food and air enter the body and become part of it". Well, what these virtuosi babies are laying on us is the aural equivalent of hot dogs.

Lesson. In jazz as in classical music we begin early to learn scales and arpeggios, which form the basis of melody. We are taught the CORRECT method of fingering. For instance, C scale, right hand, goes thumb on C, 2nd finger D, 3rd E, thumb F, 2nd G, 3rd A, 4th B and so to thumb C again for the next octave. The evidence shows that this essential rut the fingers get mired in early is accountable later on

NEIL • AL NEIL •

for the predictable boring melodies based on the limited number of fingerings drummed into the little pinkies over a period of years. If a player starts a phrase with his thumb he will follow this with the various limited responses the other fingers will make to this first move of the thumb. When a jazz musician has perfected his ability to fit these basic fingerings and their corresponding musical phrases into all the necessary chord changes, scales or modes, he is said to have developed STYLE. This is the beginning of the end of creativity. It might almost be said that Bird led a whole generation down the garden path because they copied his STYLE instead of the ESSENCE of his music. Bird at St. Nick's shows that his style would have changed radically if he had not been struck down. But all those hundreds of minibirds didn't hear this. The same thing Trane. Each of his successive styles arose naturally out of the expressive content and he led his imitators a wild chase. With Ornette people are finally getting hip to the style rut. Like Ornette opened things up for everybody but very few, if any, are copying his style. Instead, they marvelled at his beautiful freedom and are finding their own way into that, as they are able. To sum up here STYLE equals TOTAL CLICHE.

That's enough of that. I mean sostenuto chants becoming audible, for there is a magical realm waiting for us to enter and this is the time of quivering polyphonic icons of the sound range which will open doors in our mind to laughing, dark or absurd configurations already sounding. Every movement in the universe vibrates the air and gives rise to sound, though though it may as yet be beyond the range of our ears. We will learn how to tune in. Music of absurd dark humour and dread to joy flowing cycles around the edge of time stoned realms of sound.

Again. In Tibetan yoga are noted chakras situated at precise points in that complex network of fibres we call our central nervous system. There are mantras, meditative prayer words, seed mantras they say, for each of the centers. Pelvic center is YAM. Heart is YAM. The well known brow chakra OM, symbolizing universal oneness, time, the flowing together hallelujah of all things. The mantras are chanted or voiced silently as an aid to meditating and further, as a method of gathering the vital energy of the body in each of the seed chakras. Warm corporeal notion dreaming there. It's heavy shit. Is it not understandable that some of us wish to create a music that will stimulate a seed chakra higher than the left testicle? Great adumbration of the sun music moving up your spine seed euphoria. But wait. This is potentially dangerous maledictions moving in under the guise of hip. Caution. According to Taoism, all parts of the organism regulate themselves spontaneously, the attempt to gain control of a person's psyche from the outside with arcane music could lead to a sinister form of mind-fucking. So we have to keep this out of the hands of professional head-shrinkers and showbiz creeps.

Switcheroo into one more projection. Something needs to be said about a myth. Jazz is not America's unique contribution to the music racket. At least one critic, Peter Yates, has pointed out the equally original music of the American Experimental Tradition (I didn't call that.) beginning circa 1895 with Charles Ives and his old man using microtones, collage polyphony, noise and thru Cowell (fists and elbows into the 88 around 1915), Ruggles, Varese (concrete music) etc. on up to Partch (makes his own 7 foot high kitharas to play 43 tones to the octave 1930's) Cage of course and into what's happening now (electronic, theatre, etc.) All this happened in America only, and independently of the harmonic disintegration of Germanic-Russian polyglot intuitions leading to Stravinsky, the three serial masters from Vienna (Webern is now considered THE man for his anticipations) etc. I said this is European freak-out, and the Americans ignored it. From Ives on it was hymns, camp meetings, folk into avant garde percussive ovum, just like jazz and not at all influenced by European polyglot (maybe it cops a little look at Webern and of course the arch-dada Satie). What this could mean is this. In the music of Ornette, Taylor, Ayler, etc., and most of the New players, I hear, as well as rock bottom old time blues, the influence of European polyglot, Stravinsky, Shoenberg, Bartok. This is far out stuff but mostly linear syntax. But dig it. Ives to Cage is mucho multi-direction configurations. Just what we need in jazz and it's right there in America. I think Sun Ra hears this. It's a thought. And for the first time in sixty years it would bring us jazz fellows right up there with them classical freaks.

My final bit of advice to my fellow musicians is this:

1. Stop listening to music immediately, especially your own. Sit stock still in the lotus, breathe deeply from the old gut reactor and tune in on some hard-edge electron vibrations and other groovy pataphysical mutterings from the void.

2. Take off them diamond rings and Carnaby Street threads, pack all that crap in just once and stand there balls naked. Stop using music to groove up your stud prowess with the chicks. This includes using your axe as an extension of the old skinny-dipper.

3. Stop hiding behind them virtuoso cliche C 7ths motherfucker. More and more people know you are lying.

4. Okay, peace. You are ready to begin. Get out from behind those conditioned reflexes and remember this. Rock-bottom elements of sound. Pitch (any pitch, not just Equal Temperament), timbre (the same tone played by different instruments, the differences in timbre being the result of the energy giving partials and undertones quivering around the tone. This is KLANG). Duration of the sound, its morphology (dying away) dynamics. There is also silence, some say. That's all we need to know, isn't it?

5. You get all that together and then, by golly, you are now ready to put back on those diamond rings, climb into them Carnaby threads, remember your music lessons.

BECOME A VIRTUOSO.

Now dramatic personal addict calls me, Seamus Finn, master of Essence saddled for the flight of sound and mirth into the back cortex of your skull by way of the formation of basic music turning and returning to the LARGE SPACE OUT THERE, beginning with the awesome howling of the universal human spirit.

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SOURCES

Al Neil's records are available from *Coda*'s mail order service. "Boot And Fog" costs $6.98 plus postage and "The Al Neil Trio Retrospective: 1965-1968 (Lodestone) costs $8.98 plus postage (see ad on page 20 for mailing information) from Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8.

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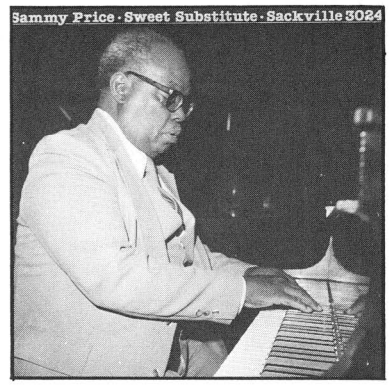

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From Metalanguage: EVAN PARKER LIVE AT THE FINGER PALACE

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METALANGUAGE

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from MELODY MAKER: "This record is a great achievement and vital listening for anyone with an inkling of interest in saxophone playing. Parker has developed his multiphonic techniques on the instrument and this record is an awesome display of the results.— Hannah Charlton

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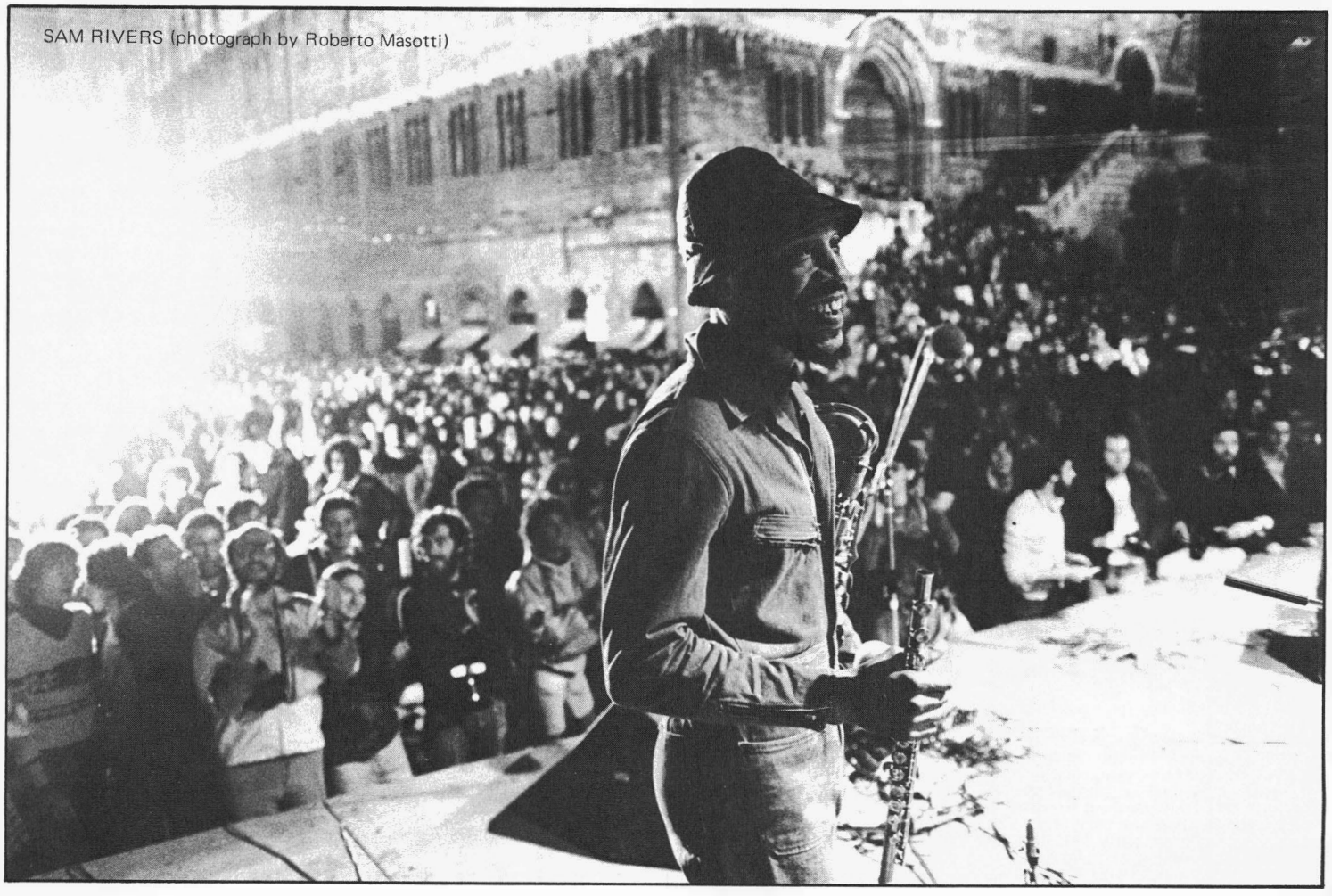
RECORD REVIEWS


SAM RIVERS (photograph by Roberto Masotti)

ECM RECORDS

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO
Full Force
ECM 1-1157

Lester Bowie - trumpet; Joseph Jarman - saxophones, clarinets, bassoon, piccolo, flutes, vibraharp, percussion; Roscoe Mitchell - saxophones, piccolo, flute, clarinet, glockenspiel, percussion; Malachi Favors Maghostus - bass, percussion, melodica, vocal; Famoudou Don Moye - sun percussion.

Magg Zelma; Care Free; Charlie M; Old Time Southside Street Dance; Full Force.

SAM RIVERS
Contrasts
ECM 1-1162

Sam Rivers - tenor and soprano saxophone, flute; George Lewis - trombone; Dave Holland - bass; Thurman Barker - drums, marimba.

Circles; Zip; Solace; Verve; Dazzle; Images; Lines.

The purpose of this review is not to enter the sometimes rancid debate over the merits, or lack thereof, inherent in a company such as Manfred Eicher's ECM. It is rather to laud some of the results of what is an unqualified feather in Mr. Eicher's well-plumed, if sometimes gauche, cap. It is his recent policy of recording artists plainly in the vanguard of activity in the post-Coltrane period, most notably the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Sam Rivers. Until we become privy to the inner recesses of Mr. Eicher's soul, or his balance ledgers, it is arguable — and, perhaps, it is to Mr. Eicher's detriment that the issue is arguable — that such recordings as "Full Force" and "Contrasts" were undertaken either to promote an image that has been the target for many "jazz journalists", or to be truly supportive of such artists as Rivers and the A.E.C., or to simply penetrate a new market. However, these recordings demand nothing less than our fullest attention, as they represent substantial additions to the already major discographies of the respective artists.

Neither of the two albums are departures from the musical identities both the A.E.C. and Rivers have shaped for themselves, though "Full Force" gravitates around Lester Bowie a tad more than usual and "Contrasts" offers compact readings of themes that are reminiscent of Rivers' later work for Blue Note. Instead, the albums represent a fine-tuning of sensibilities with the special attention paid to the retaining of a fresh, improvised ambience in the face of high technology: the one bone I have with ECM concerning these albums are the mixes — they insist on flattening the drums, removing the overtones from the cymbals, and uncharacteristically, muddying such a resonant bass sound as Dave Holland's. The fabric of both albums are well conceived: a disc that flows effortlessly, "Full Force" avoids the episodic impact of "Nice Guys" and "Contrasts" retains an emotional continuity while adhering to its appositional design. In both cases, the artists ruminate upon familiar materials without engendering them with redundancy, which is the most reasonably stringent standard the listener can place upon such fully matured artists.

A few aromas to lure one into the kitchen:

"Contrasts": The substitution of Joe Daley's tubas with George Lewis' trombone raises the registral core of the music and provides a more traditional front-line counterpart for Rivers. Their volleys alternately float and ricochet with high velocity, and each player matches the other for brains and brawn. Despite the mix problems, Holland and Thurman Barker take every opportunity to knead form and momentum into the music. A typically no-frills menu that is anything but spartan to the palette.

"Full Force": This program could easily have been recorded as a continuous performance without any of the respective compositions losing their integrity. As such, it is a close

approximation of their current state as a performance unit. As always, Moye and Favors percolate colors as well as pulse, Mitchell and Jarman continue to provide a vital study in stylistic contrasts, and Bowie bastes and garnishes with his inimitable mix of science and folly. What sauces!

What remains to be seen is if Mr. Eicher will pursue the recording of these artists in an ever-changing environment as vigorously as he has with his most widely-marketed artists. A Rivers big band date is long overdue and the sub-units and spin-offs from the A.E.C. are too numerous to list, so the responsibility lies squarely on Mr. Eicher's shoulders. In such a pursuit, Mr. Eicher will substantiate the claim of altruism he periodically uses as a response to his detractors. The ball is now in Mr. Eicher's court and only he can return the service. In the meantime, such offerings as "Full Force" and "Contrasts" should pacify even the most blood-thirsty of Mr. Eicher's critics.

— *Bill Shoemaker*

RICKY FORD

RONNIE MATHEWS
Legacy
Bee Hive 7011

RICKY FORD
Flying Colors
Muse MR 5227

The thread that ties these two records together is composed of Ricky Ford on tenor saxophone, Walter Booker on bass and Jimmy Cobb on drums. While listening to Ricky Ford I began to think about another young tenor player, Scott Hamilton. I enjoy Hamilton's Hawkins-Webster-Byas approach to the tenor saxophone, especially since few if any young players are coming along today with those influences holding sway. However, if it comes to judging which young tenor player is the most interesting to listen to, my vote would go to Ricky Ford. With so many of today's young tenor players sounding like clones of John Coltrane, it is particularly nice to find Ford showing a very modest Trane influence. It is obvious that he has listened to a variety of musicians in the process of developing his own personal style.

Not surprisingly, on Ford's quartet album we get to hear him at greater length. There is also the bonus of four original tunes by Ford; he shows a flair for composition. A word about his background would seem in order; he hails from Boston where he studied at the New England Conservatory of Music. Leaving Boston, he spent two years with Mercer Ellington and two years with Charles Mingus. Not a bad apprenticeship.

The pianist on the quartet date is John Hicks who has played with the likes of Art Blakey and Woody Herman to name just two. His Tyneresque piano work is sparkling on Ford's original ***Jordanian Walk***, where the leader also shines.

The Bee Hive record under Ronnie Mathews' leadership boasts the marvelous trumpet playing of Bill Hardman. I was first enthralled with his playing back in the mid-nineteen fifties when he and Jackie McLean comprised the front line in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. To my mind he is one of the better jazz trumpeters of the past twenty-five years. He remains underrated to this day.

Pianist Mathews is also influenced by McCoy Tyner. However, over the past few years I have found Mathews' playing far more interesting than Tyner's. On both these records bassist Booker and drummer Cobb take care of business in a delightfully swinging manner. After all those years as a sideman with Sarah Vaughan it is especially nice to have Jimmy Cobb's tasty drums back cooking behind some horn players.

Both of these albums are worth hearing. They underscore the solid modern mainstream of jazz that makes its future a hopeful one. Keep your ears open for Ricky Ford who will soon be a force to be reckoned with.

— *Peter S. Friedman*

TOMMY FLANAGAN

Trinity
Inner City IC 1084

This recording was produced by Teo Macero and originally issued on the Japanese CBS/Sony label as "Positive Intensity." I own a copy of the original and was always a bit annoyed with the mix. The drums were a bit too overpowering. The Inner City release seems to have corrected that problem. One bit of confusion does however remain. The Japanese release gives the recording dates as October and November 1976 while the Inner City issue states the same months, but the year as 1975.

Musically this record is a joy. Tommy Flanagan is one of the masters of modern jazz piano, along with Barry Harris and one or two others. On this album Flanagan is joined by the stellar bass of Ron Carter and the crisp decisive drum work of Roy Haynes.

Flanagan's sensitive delicate touch and relaxed yet swinging lines are much in evidence on this recording. The listener will also be exposed to the marvelous way Flanagan melds together lyrical melodies and rich harmonies with rhythmic verve and enough good taste for the most demanding jazz lovers.

The nine tunes include works by Monk, Tadd Dameron, Gershwin, J. J. Johnson, Ron Carter, Macero and Flanagan himself. While this record probably won't be considered Flanagan's best trio outing, it is certainly well worth owning.

— *Peter S. Friedman*

GUITAR

RANDY HUTTON / PETER MOLLER
Ringside Maisie
Onari 005

Hutton, Martin acoustic guitar; Moller, percussion, drums, coughs.

Trivia/Set Fire To The A & R Man/We're Gonna Do What?/The Kid/Shine On/Wish I Could Shimmer Like My Sister Kate/For More Information, Call 265-2150/Sports Report.

LOREN MAZZACANE
Solo Acoustic Guitar Volume 7
Daggett Records

Mazzacane, guitar, vocals.

Part One/Part Two.

ONE
(Title in Japanese)
Japanese EMI Etp-80125

Yosuke Yamashita, piano; Toshinori Kondo, trumpet, small toys, etc.; Tamio Kawabata, bass; Maki Asakawa, vocal (first four titles); Asakawa, Kondo, and Tetsu Yamauchi, electric guitar (fifth title).

Afternoon/That Man Played The Piano/The Time Rain Falls In A City/For M (Malachi Favors)/Pignose And A Letter.

The ***only*** thing these three (two and a half, actually, since guitarist Yamauchi doesn't appear on side one of the Japanese album) records have in common is the use of a guitar; ***how*** the guitar is used, and in fact the total music fabric in which it is used varies widely in each case. Three possibilities, then, for the guitar in new music contexts.

Randy Hutton approaches his guitar as a percussive instrument with additional lyrical potential. For the most part he creates fragmented, disjointed riffs, clusters, and pointillistic lines; in ***Trivia*** he suggests Derek Bailey or perhaps Eugene Chadbourne even more so in his timbral modification and splintered attack, though there are also vague echoes of Greek bouzouki music or Russian balalaikas here and there (or is it my imagination?). Elsewhere he adopts some techniques I seem to have encountered previously in the guitar music of Peter Cusack and Roger Smith, especially in the low dynamics and sparse articulation which grow into the crescendoed blues/flamenco parody of ***Set Fire To The A & R Man***. (By the way, I mention these names not to suggest that Hutton is derivative of them; though there may be some influence, I'm only trying to suggest some aural parallels with guitarists you may be familiar with).

As a duet, Hutton/Moller's music seems vertical (with random events to hold our focus) rather than horizontal (the consistent flow of activity of, say, John Zorn's ***Lacrosse***). In general they enjoy reacting to each other's invention — listen to the brisk brush fills between Hutton's statements on ***Trivia*** — though on ***Sports Report***, the album's longest cut at thirteen minutes, they achieve a close instrumental rapport following a tentative start and a by-now perfunctory radio introduction. Overall, their music creates a spaciousness which does not feel pretentious or over-aggressive, and they're rather witty (just look at those titles; "Ringside Maisie," by the way, is taken from an Ann Southern movie of the 1940s).

The work of Loren Mazzacane has received both ends of the critical spectrum — reviewers either love it or loathe it. If you don't mind, I'll straddle the fence. To over-simplify what Mazzacane does, imagine a guitarist sliding his finger up and down the instrument's neck, one string at a time, and moaning in unison. For forty minutes, nonstop. I've seen Mazzacane's music referred to as an avant-garde updating of Mississippi bluesman Son House, and while it's true his slide work does draw on Delta sources, to my ears there are also equal parts of Slam Stewart, Hawaiian guitar shimmies, and the Japanese koto. Like many Oriental musics, the ultimate effect of these sounds lies in the cumulative impact of the total experience, rather than minute particulars of instrumental detail. There is little rhythmic, textural, or timbral diversity here, though some melodic invention (themes, recurring intervals, and even

occasionally recognizable standard blues licks) is audible. Personally, I feel that Mazzacane's groaning and sighing in the background — whether a conscious coloristic addition or a spontaneous heartfelt response to a trance-like state of emotional creation — detracts from the one-dimensional purity of the intriguing, minimal guitar sonority.

Tetsu Yamauchi's guitar playing, on the other hand, is all color, rhythm, texture. ***Pignose And A Letter*** is, I believe, named after his amplifier and some correspondence which vocalist Asakawa reads halfway through the piece (I'm guessing here, after all, I don't speak Japanese). Anyway, his use of the electric model leads to squawks, feedback buzzes, reverberating chords, and echo effects, which aggressively interrupts the tonal, folkish melodies which Asakawa sings. Trumpeter Kondo (whose work you've probably experienced elsewhere) adds a variety of colors and timbral effects (including some sort of electronic vocalese through his trumpet pickup) of no discerning relationship to the other two, resulting in a not-unengaging but often rambling Sturm-und-Drang environment. Side one of this beautifully engineered album consists of four cocktail lounge songs, with Asakawa doing a passable Astrud Gilberto imitation. Yamashita's piano accompaniment is, as they used to say, tasty, and Kondo supplies trumpet obbligatos ranging from muted Milesian ardor to bizarre smears and Bronx cheers. *— Art Lange*

ERWIN HELFER and Friends

On The Sunny Side Of The Street
Flying Fish FF 210

This music is so likeable and unpretentiously good-natured that one feels guilt pangs at quibbling about any deficiencies its makers may have. Indeed, the music's directness and sincerity defies any attempt at critical evaluations, particularly if such an evaluation should appear in any way negative. For these musicians are hardly major talents — not that they would claim to be — and the music they make is workmanlike and functional in its intent. So if you approach it in the right frame of mind, not looking for the earth-shaking or the god-like, you can find instead the human and the warm.

Howard Mandel's production is probably everything Helfer could want, as it presents him in an excellent variety of contexts: solo piano; piano with drums; piano with bass and drums; piano with bass, drums and soprano; and trio accompaniments to Jeanne Carroll's singing. S. P. Leary and Odie Payne Jr. are the drummers, while the variously featured bassists are Truck Parham, Eddie Calhoun and Betty Dupree, all of whom support Helfer appropriately and solidly, though Dupree has some problems on the title track. Clark Dean's soprano recalls Bechet, inevitably perhaps, but does so in a masterful way, Dean lending an air of spirited professionalism to his three features. It is perhaps Dean more than anybody who keeps this from becoming just another blues record, as he broadens the music's scope towards jazz areas. Dean deserves to have his own record.

Helfer himself has in recent years gained something of an underground reputation for his authentic blues piano, having had no less an instructor than Little Brother Montgomery, and no less a collaborator than Mama Yancey (and why, oh why doesn't he make a record with her?). In any case, Helfer is undoubtedly one of the blues piano's foremost students. As a practitioner he is probably less accomplished than as a student, that is, he probably knows more than he can play, his style being a rather uneasy synthesis of various blues and barrelhouse pianists of the late twenties-early thirties period with perhaps a dash of the post-war Chicago thrown in. That he never quite reaches the flashes of idiosyncratic genius of his influences is less important than the fact that Helfer is out there ***doing*** it, keeping the music alive, and keeping it alive without simply copying it. And Helfer has a few of his own tricks, like for instance, his continually changing left hand on ***Chicken Shack*** that sounds like no other blues piano record that ***I*** have ever heard. Elsewhere, on ***You Don't Know My Mind***, he accompanies Jeanne Carroll's fine vocal with an Otis Spann-like right hand while his left plays things that Spann would never have used — and it works perfectly well. Helfer is at his best when he gets out from under his influences and uses his own ideas while remaining within his chosen idiom. In the moments that he does that, and there are a good number of them here, the music becomes something more than just amiable and functional. It becomes alive, with its own raison d'etre and maybe even with its own potential for a future. *— Julian Yarrow*

ANDREW HILL

From California With Love
Artists House AH 9

This is an impressive record. Artists House is an organisation devoted to giving proper exposure to the music of jazz artists; and it brings us Andrew Hill at the Yamaha Concert Grand recorded with imposing richness and clarity by Rudy Van Gelder — a far cry from the days when Bud Powell pumped out classics like "The Scene Changes" (Blue Note) on the Birdland piano.

Hill first made his mark on such forgotten classics of the early sixties as Walt Dickerson's "To My Queen" (Prestige) and Jimmy Woods's "Conflict" (Contemporary). His playing combined the lyrical fluency of bebop with the astringency and angularity of Thelonious Monk. This combination of qualities is still present in his playing. Brilliant, fragmented, percussive phrases lead into or are intermingled with lyrical passages with a singing intonation that can remind one of Bill Evans. Like many contemporary pianists, Hill utilises the full classical potentialities of the piano, developing, in a density of chording, sonorities that seldom emerged in the swing and bebop styles.

The album consists of two solo performances, each occupying one side of the record: ***From California With Love*** and ***Reverend Du Bop***. Both are evidently explorations of preconceived thematic material (as opposed to "free" performances). The rather ambitious folder tucked into the album sleeve reproduces passages scored by Hill under these titles. I wish I could say more. While, after some listening, the themes are recognisable, exactly what approach Hill takes to them in these eighteen or nineteen minute performances is not clear. One would have expected an eight page folder accompanying two extended pieces to give some sense of their structure and

orientation, especially as these works seem to have been long meditated.

The folder includes an interview with Hill by Chuck Berg, who evidently found Hill reluctant to talk: at one point he even refused to confirm the date of his birth. The interview tells us something about Hill, but little about the record. The centre fold of the album has a message from Hill: "At the zenith of my Blue Note recordings, I found that fame and fortune were not my reward, but fame and poverty. This was hard to believe, for I had seen artists like Miles Davis..." Hill's "Black Fire" had been one of the albums of the year in 1964; and Hill's disappointment at what followed seems to have coloured his attitude to the music scene. One can sympathise with this; yet, to judge from the full discography included in the notes, he recorded steadily throughout the sixties, so that his music was at least heard. This contrasts with the fate of the previously mentioned Walt Dickerson and Jimmy Woods: Dickerson's music was not recorded for many years; while Woods (so Harold Land told me) left music for real estate.

Those who have followed the music of this outstanding pianist in his earlier Blue Note recordings and in his more recent recordings for SteepleChase and Arista will certainly want to explore this record for themselves. It is a pity that the artist did not give them some guide to this ambitious work. — ***Trevor Tolley***

HELEN HUMES

Songs I Like to Sing
Contemporary S 7582

Helen Humes came to prominence with Count Basie in the nineteen-thirties. New records by her — on Muse and Classic Jazz — are still appearing; while, some years ago, we were given a sample of her early best in the Jerry Newman recordings of Don Byas (Onyx 208), where she and Byas give us one of the greatest versions of ***Stardust*** on record. This album comes somewhere in between — from 1960, when her career had just taken a new lease on life. Contemporary have reissued this record in its original jacket, with a sticker saying: "Helen Humes at her very best, featuring Ben Webster and Art Pepper."

That about sums it up — particularly for the up-tempo numbers such as ***You're Driving Me Crazy***. She sings with wonderful bounce and poise and with perfect clarity of diction. The slow tunes include some beautiful classics — ***If I Could Be With You*** and ***My Old Flame***, though they didn't kill me emotionally. Her renderings are relaxed, luxurious and tender, and she has a lot in common with Ella Fitzgerald, who sings everything (except the blues) superbly, but never makes you want to cry. At the other extreme was Billie Holiday, who realised the emotional dimensions of a song even when she couldn't sing.

For four of the tunes, Helen Humes is supported by Ben Webster with a rhythm section and a string quartet. The strings are effective and unobtrusive; while Webster obtrudes in a number of more than effective solos. However, it is the big band that accompanies her on the remaining tracks that sells the record for me. Once again, we hear Webster; while the other important solo voice is Art Pepper at his fresh, incisive best. The rhythm section throughout the record is all-star: Andre Previn, Barney Kessel, Leroy Vinnegar and Shelly Manne. But it is the brass section that takes the prize, with Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Stu Williamson, and Jack Sheldon on trumpets. They lift the record with a startling attack and a relaxed crispness and agility. It makes you realise what the difference is when some of the mainstreamers are trotted out again on records for the Rotarian market: they're a lot older.

A very nice record that, after twenty years, sounds fresher than most albums made today.

— ***Trevor Tolley***

ITALIAN PIANISTS

FRANCO D'ANDREA
Dialogues With Super-Ego
Red VPA 157

ANTONELLO SALIS
Orange Juice/Nice Food
Hat Hut Ten (1R10)

OPEN FORM TRIO
Bapriza
Red VPA 152

Giving fresh slants to tried-and-true approaches of piano improvisation, the solos of Franco D'Andrea and Antonello Salis and the work of Piero Bassini with Open Form Trio reveal an avid assimilation by the three pianists of a quirky mix of influences. While there are many moments on each album that are readily traceable to any one of the major stylists of the last thirty years, D'Andrea, Salis and Bassini energize their work with a fine sense of design and sterling articulation, avoiding any tedious rehashing of the past.

Of the three, Franco D'Andrea is the pianist most concerned with the baroque explorations purveyed by such descendants of Bill Evans and Paul Bley as Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, and Richard Beirach. While D'Andrea's style is full of flourishes and tangents, he keeps his mind on his work and is never carried away by fits of ecstasy. Ranging from the meditative ***Nadir*** to the jaunty ***Via Libera***, D'Andrea handles his program with care, sparing his audience from any cheap thrills. D'Andrea is an excellent technician — both hands are agile and their attack is precisely calibrated throughout — and he paces his ideas well: his classical training is most evident on ***Sorapis***, where snaking unison lines are inserted between passages where D'andrea's spinning right hand interacts cogently with his jabbing left hand. However — and hence the irony of the album's title — this is not a dynamic album, as the mode of improvisation D'Andrea is involved with does not spawn the sense of urgency that blues-derived idioms convey. The intellectual ambience may not suit some, but it is presented in an unexcessive manner and is devoid of stylistic sophistries.

Antonello Salis represents the other side of the coin, as "Orange Juice/Nice Food" threads together the various, and sometimes disparate, emotions that populate the jazz piano tradition. Slapstick stride passages segue into sensuous balladic statements and piercing, dissonant tone clusters and interior effects give way to frantic, virtuosic etudes based on hambone cadences and gospel-tinged dervishes that jangle ebulliently. For Salis, technique is subservient to a rich, often madcap expressionism that can touch the heart as well as tickle the funnybone,

though it is his formidable technique that facilitates his imaginative leaps. In a way, Salis is a much-needed breath of fresh air, for he is unafraid to entertain and, yet, he artfully removes the pomposity from the solo piano idiom. Within the format of the extended improvisation — the album is a single thirty-three minute solo — Salis can scramble the difference between reverence and satire beyond distinction. The results are beguiling — if this is just the beginning of what Salis has to say then we will be paying him increasing attention.

With the somewhat misnamed Open Form Trio, Piero Bassini occupies an interesting mid-ground between D'Andrea and Salis. Combining Salis's stylistic diversity with D'Andrea's classical polish, Bassini sails through an eclectic program that shows him to be a versatile, and usually, satisfying jazz pianist. More than D'Andrea and Salis, Bassini is indebted to the bop tradition and the transfiguration it received from McCoy Tyner. As on ***Ligabue***, Bassini shows a command in the apposition of chromatic runs and modal chords. ***Deepness*** is a cross between a fugal complex a la Tristano and the rhapsodic swirls of the early Cecil Taylor. The rest of the program finds Bassini pushing the changes of the tunes, fired by the earnest support of bassist Attilio Zanchi and drummer Giampiero Prina. A tight, competent unit that risks little, Open Form Trio leaves Bassini in a slightly murky light, as he occasionally suggests throughout ***Bapriza*** that he is champing at the bit.

— Bill Shoemaker

K2B2

KRYSTALL KLEAR & THE BUELLS
Ready For The 90's
K2B2 2069

Marty Krystall, tenor saxophone; Buell Neidlinger, bass; Warren Gale, trumpet; Billy Higgins, drums.

I Gor's Blues; Like, Latin/Synapse; Modern Gizz, Cecil.

(on ***P.O.*** only) Buell Neidlinger, bass; Cecil Taylor, piano; Dennis Charles, drums.

We seem to be entering the '80s with, at long last, a flowering of what can be called "post-Ornette jazz"; pianoless bands playing in what can still be called the jazz idiom, operating in areas all the way from total freedom to the song form that was so central to the music's earlier history. As proof of this one can point to the relative popularity, or at least visibility, of such bands as the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition and Old And New Dreams, and the recorded evidence offered by the recent releases of such modern, broadly-based groups such as Andrew Cyrille, Johnny Dyani, Jemeel Moondoc, Keshavan Maslak, Barry Altschul, Sam Rivers and others.

To add to these ranks as a unit of the highest calibre is the quartet on this record. Marty Krystall and Buell Neidlinger are both players who have spent time in the classical and jazz fields. The range of influences in their music is wide; ***I Go'rs Blues*** is based on themes by Stravinsky, ***Like, Latin/Synapse*** goes from latinate to ballad to blues, ***Modern Gizz*** is based on the changes of ***A Night In Tunisia*** and ***Cecil*** is, in the realm of subtle distinctions, "dedicated to (Cecil) Taylor but named after Buell's four year old son."

The music this quartet makes is superb; their evident mastery of their instruments alone does not account for the tight interface between composed and improvised passages, the great sensitivity of the musicians for each other, the high quality of the group improvisations and, above all, the wonderful feeling of buoyancy and excitement this music imparts to the listener.

This record contains an added bonus which almost seems like an afterthought in light of the terrific music on the rest of the disc: a seven and a half minute track of Neidlinger in 1961 with Cecil Taylor and Dennis Charles, playing Neidlinger's blues ***P.O.*** This period of Cecil Taylor was interesting but perhaps not wholly satisfactory musically. The marvelous tension of his late '50s music, rooted in jazz time, was on the verge of blossoming into the freer forms we can hear on "Nefertiti..." and his work later in the 1960s. Here the pianist's fantastic harmonic extrapolations of the blues seem politely supported rather than equally entered into by Neidlinger and Charles; to me this version is not greatly different from that entitled ***O.P.***, by this same trio except with Higgins on drums, issued on "New York City R&B" (Barnaby KZ 31035). But even for its historical value alone we are fortunate that this track has appeared on record, and the obvious pitfall - that the inclusion of a single track featuring an artist of Taylor's stature will draw attention away from the work of Krystall, Neidlinger, Higgins and Gale - does not occur, due to the high level of the quartet's performance. In fact, one's immediate desire is to hear more of Krystall Klear And The Buells' music. Word has it that the next record will include a pianist instead of Gale, a different drummer, and possibly guest artist Vinko Globokar, the Yugoslav avant garde trombonist who, according to Krystall, "can really smoke on the blues". Regardless of personnel, if Krystall/Neidlinger intend to continue into the '80s with music of such quality, the question of whether or not they are "ready for the '90s" need not immediately concern us.

— David Lee

("Ready For The 90's" is available from ***Coda***, or directly from K2B2; see the advertisement on this page).

JAZZ-O-MATIC FOUR

I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover
Cat LP-39

Listening to this European quartet bounce off into the title and initial tune, complete with naughty sophomoric parody vocal, you might think you're in for forty or so minutes of unadulterated vo-do-de-o. Don't go away, though, as this outgoing, foottapping disc sneaks up on you and your appreciation of the crisply-executed interludes, well-knit polyphony and arranger/bass saxophonist Ronald Jansen Heijtmajer's impressive abilities turns out to have more staying power than you realized.

Format is simple. Stomping two-beat ensemble (with Heijtmajer not only handling the bass lines but also the fills at phrase-end — giving the band a feeling of being bigger than it it), unison cornet/sax passage, usually a verse with Heijtmajer often on lead, three solos and maybe a soft group vocal, full or part-chorus out and prearranged tag. The soloists have

rather different styles, making for an interesting blend. Cornetist Hein Denekamp overcomes somewhat unadventurous ideas with a lovely tone and smoothly-flowing lines that show some Beiderbecke/Nichols influence. Pianist Hans de Bruijn sports a two-fisted heavily-ragtime-tinged approach that nicely fills out the combo's sound and provides a suitably rough edge vs. Denekamp's horn. Heijtmajer is exceptionally good, handling his unwieldy contraption with the round sonority and fleet articulation associated with smaller saxophones, emitting apt, creative melodies that can be frantic (***Chicago***), leathery (***I'll Build A Stairway To Paradise***), slurred (***Varsity Drag***), joyous (***Broadway Melody***), or whatever else the occasion requires. Drummer Peter den Boer mostly sticks to providing the steady base around which all else revolves, be it languid brushwork (***Rose Room***) or pounding back-beat cymbal (***Varsity Drag***).

Some of this is on the ephemeral side, to be sure, particularly ***Sioux City Sue***, a lightweight selection apparently included mostly for laughs. Moreover, I could have done with a little less hyperactivity, given that the Jazz-O-Matics generally manage to bite deeper into the tune on the four instances where they turn the pressure down a bit (***Ain't Misbehavin,' I'll Build A Stairway To Paradise, Rose Room, Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries***).

Overall, though, it's an accessible session, easy to enjoy, with a fair amount worth coming back to. Available from Stichting Cat Jazz Records, P.O. Box 4209, 2003EE Haarlem, Holland. *— Tex Wyndham*

INNER CITY

TOMMY FLANAGAN
Plays The Music of Harold Arlen
Inner City 1071

ROLAND HANNA
Plays The Music of Alec Wilder
Inner City 1072

AL HAIG
Plays The Music of Jerome Kern
Inner City 1073

I was excited at receiving these records: Al Haig and Tommy Flanagan are among my favourite pianists. In addition, I am a believer that a good tune helps to make a good record. All the tunes on these records are good - some superb. The same may be said of the piano playing and the recording. Yet I ended in disappointment: each of these albums is beautiful but unadventurous. Indeed, I was left asking whether this didn't correspond to some element of policy for this set of sessions, produced by Helen Merrill. She sings on the final track of each album — whispy, hauntingly nostalgic, but nothing to do with jazz.

What prompts the question can be heard in Al Haig's version of ***The Song Is You*** — a tune given classical status in the bop idiom by Charlie Parker's quartet version. There is no question of its congeniality to Haig, and he romps through it with great aplomb. Yet he seldom gets away from the tune, which he embellishes rather than restates. The same is true of the ballads, such as ***Yesterdays*** and ***The Folks Who Live On The Hill***: both are played with a richness of chording and a delicacy of single note phrasing that is superficially very attractive; yet the result is purely decorative in the manner of the cocktail pianist. Only on ***The Way You Look Tonight*** and ***Dearly Beloved*** does he begin to dig into the tunes, and then in comparatively brief passages of single note improvisation. It is sad, because this is an album of superb piano playing: the relaxation and facility are breathtaking; runs are executed with effortless fluency, and the rhythmic accent is never dictated by problems of phrasing.

Tommy Flanagan, always an immaculate pianist, sounds technically simplistic beside Haig. However, the combination is right on this album: Flanagan is assisted by George Mraz on bass and Connie Kay on drums. It is certainly a well-matched group, and they sound lovely together. There is no doubt about this being an album for the jazz listener, and they get down to business right away with a loose, easy version of ***Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea***. There follow engaging versions of ***Sleeping Bee, Ill Wind*** and ***Out Of This World***. There are no weak tracks; but there are no memorable ones. The atmosphere is altogether too much one of relaxed congeniality, and there is none of the rhythmic tightness that is the mark of a first rate performance. Nothing surprising is done on any of the tunes, and this remains merely a very pleasant record by three compatible musicians.

According to the album notes of "Roland Hanna Plays The Music of Alec Wilder," "Alec Wilder really liked it when he heard it." Leonard Feather, who wrote the notes, also seemed to like the music; and so, presumably, did Roland Hanna, who played it. I liked it: but in this case I find myself quite unable to recommend it as jazz. What we have are Alec Wilder's tunes beautifully played in the jazz idiom on a good piano whose sound is superbly captured. Of the thirteen tunes, nine are approximately three and a half minutes long or less, and four last less than three minutes. The basic routine is one playing of the tune, with embellishments before and after. There is little improvisation in the classic sense of the word. This is charming and impeccable, but there is not much jazz.

In all, if my description of the records makes them sound the sort of music you would like, you will not be disappointed. What is done is done beautifully; but, apart from the Flanagan record, there does not seem to be much for the jazz listener here. *— Trevor Tolley*

BARRY KIENER

Introducing The Barry Kiener Trio
Phoenix Jazz 1002

It is always a special joy to find a young musician who shows an awareness of the jazz tradition. Pianist Barry Kiener is 24 years old but plays with a maturity far greater than his years. Perhaps it comes from his experience in the Buddy Rich band. Another strong possibility is his serious hobby of record collecting. He has listened carefully to a broad range of jazz masters over the years, and shares with this reviewer a special dedication to the Blue Note record label and their great output from the fifties and sixties.

Barry plays rags, stride, swing, bop and post bop tunes all with a relaxed, comfortable, yet enthusiastic approach. I hear a number of influences in his playing; on ***Milenburg Joys*** I was reminded in places of Dave McKenna. A combination of Wynton Kelly and Red Garland comes through on ***Our Delight***.

Bill Evans's harmonies and conception are much in evidence on a number of tunes as is the soulful, earthy flavor of the late Sonny Clark, who is a favorite of Kiener's. None of these influences dominate, however; Barry is basically his own man, and his future is bright.

Bassist Tom Warrington was in the Buddy Rich band with Barry and they have a good rapport that comes from playing together often. Dan D'Imperio has been Woody Herman's drummer and has also worked frequently with Barry.

An excellent first album — recommended.
— Peter S. Friedman

DONALD LAMBERT

Classics in Stride
Pumpkin 110

This is the third LP release of Donald Lambert material to come out in the last four years, the first two being "Meet the Lamb," IAJRC 23 and "Harlem Stride Classics," Pumpkin 104. All are drawn from private recordings made under less than perfect conditions — sometimes terrible conditions, and all date from the last two years of his life. The three things that sometimes severely mar these records are (i) the abominable piano on ***some*** of the tracks, (ii) Lambert's insistence on drinking while playing in a style that demands absolute precision, and (iii) the further deleterious effects of a stroke, also only on ***some*** of the tracks. On this new collection the terrible piano is in evidence on as few as three tracks, which, I suspect are also the ones recorded after his stroke. Elsewhere, his drinking virtually never affects his precision significantly, and so, with the obstacles removed Lambert, for the most part, was playing at his best when this was recorded. But what really makes this the best of the three records is the inclusion of four tracks probably taken from Lambert's appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1960 (not 1961 as Dick Wellstood's otherwise excellent liner notes say). Lambert, on a good piano, before an appreciative audience, and with the added stimulus of Willie the Lion's and Eubie Blake's presence, produces some of the finest stride piano that has ever been played. His Newport version of ***Anitra's Dance*** is perhaps even more of an 'impossible' marvel of stride technique than was his 1941 Bluebird recording of it. And the momentum he gets on ***Liza***, also from Newport, is absolutely breath-taking, comparable to the effect of both James P. Johnson's and Tatum's stride treatments of the number.

On his up tempo stride showpieces, Lambert was among the best, the ***very*** best. His muscular, driving, totally extroverted stride remains tremendously exciting, and a lot of this LP, taken with various tracks from the two previous releases, and the four Bluebird tracks, represents a pianist who is deserving of much wider recognition. Lambert does, and should, remain much lesser in import than a James P. Johnson, but he ought to at least be considered an equal of a Cliff Jackson. Like Jackson, he could stride with the best of them, and also like Jackson he couldn't, or at least didn't, improvise with anything like the imagination that Johnson would bring to a slow or medium tempo tune. With Lambert, the brilliance tended to decrease when the tempo decreased, and on a slow tempo tune he would tend to play it

straight and to embellish rather than improvise. While it is true that this is characteristic of the stride school in general, the greatest exponents, Johnson and Waller in particular, were either improvising more (at slower tempos especially) or were such masters of embellishment that they could produce the impression of improvisation. While Lambert is less capable of sustaining interest at slower tempos, he is nevertheless a uniquely gifted and masterful musician who could play presumably what he ***wanted*** to play. He always played solidly and voiced his chords fully.

There is, incidentally, more to this record than just the Newport material. Equally superb is a version of his arrangement of the Sextet from ***Lucia***, as well as an ***I Know That You Know*** that demonstrates Lambert's rhythmic virtuosity in the way he plays one hand off against the other, and an extended version of ***Hallelujah*** that rolls on for nine choruses.

Stride enthusiasts will want this record without a moment's hesitation. Those who ***are*** hesitant should do themselves a favour — and get it anyway. — ***Julian Yarrow***

HAROLD LAND

Take Aim
Blue Note LT-1057

THE CURTIS COUNCE GROUP
Volume 1: Landslide
Contemporary S-7526

The Forgotten Giant Syndrome can be extended to Harold Land, an accomplished tenor saxist whose works over the last three decades have been largely sidestepped by the bigger labels.

Now Harold Land is enjoying some belated and much deserved record exposure on releases such as these of material dating from the artist's earlier career, to bolster his newer material.

The Curtis Counce Group recording, in fact, goes back to the mid-50s, when the group was playing some first rate basic swing using largely original material to showcase Land's beefy Texas tenor. Led by bassist Counce (who recorded with Lester Young in 1946), the group also featured Jack Sheldon, trumpet (a member of Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All Stars), pianist Carl Perkins (he played with Miles Davis, Max Roach), and drummer Frank Butler.

Land displays his earlier Hawkins-Lucky Thompson influences on ***Time After Time*** and later Rollins-Coltrane inflections on the original ***Landslide, Sonar*** and ***Mia***. The whole album is 50s swing at its perky best, with pungent contributions by Sheldon (on his own ***Sarah***), Counce and others on ***A Fifth For Frank.***

Blue Note's release, recorded nearly a decade later, shows Land's further development into a commanding figure. Recorded by Leonard Feather, it has been released for the first time only now (with liner notes by Feather). The tracks are uniformly good without being outstanding, which was why, perhaps, the album was shelved in favor of Blue Note's "star" names, such as Stanley Turrentine, Hank Mobley, and Wayne Shorter.

Actually, it would do more justice to Harold Land to listen to his more recent releases, which display the tenor man's fully rounded, uniquely rhythmic style. In a phalanx of Texas talents that includes Arnett Cobb, Wayne Henderson, Hubert Laws and others, Land is still going places...and harking back to these 1950s and 1960s recordings is taking a step back in time. A look at the future is what's needed.

— ***Al Van Starrex***

GEORGE LEWIS

Homage to Charles Parker
Black Saint BSR 0029

Anthony Davis, piano; Douglas Ewart, bass clarinet, alto sax, cymbals; George Lewis, tenor trombone, electronics; Richard Teitelbaum, Polymoog, Multimoog and Micromoog synthesizers.

Blues/Homage to Charles Parker

Beneath the austere intellectual visage of George Lewis — now director of New York's music center, the Kitchen — lies a love for the essential spirits of his black musical heritage.

This is what "Homage to Charles Parker" ultimately conveys, echoing as it does with the ghosts of a strong musical memory. Yet for his obvious high regard for both, ***Parker*** and ***Blues*** emerge not as inviolable guides but motivating inspirations for Lewis's own creative improvisations.

The results are beauties that Parker may not have anticipated. But as surely as Bird loved many musics — especially his heightening interest in European music at the time of his death — he would have heard the peculiar qualities of Lewis's homage.

Lewis appropriates each side of this album as a complete musical canvas, each work is a completely distinctive whole.

Side one takes shape from fragments of languid blues playing. Lewis, Davis and Ewart pave a knotty road fraught with sudden interjections. They will take momentary directions then be shunted into a new alley, all of it in the shadow of the blues. The form is self-determined, not blues, but the space is used with discretion rather than merely filled.

Suddenly midway through, the weave dissolves and tiny signals ping from the top of Davis's keyboard. This cues the formation of a strange tonal bubble of B flat, floating slowly forward. The acoustic instruments smear long textural swatches of that key for Teitelbaum to join with his discrete electronics. Indeed, Lewis's trombone and Ewart's bass clarinet quiver and hum every bit as magically as Teitelbaum.

Opening this segment is the leader's remarkable trombone. Notes swivel deftly when they would lurch for another trombonist. — an unctuous fluidity even a valve trombonist could not duplicate. Lewis's playing remains slightly unhuman in its uncanny flexibility while being one of the most vocalized sounds imaginable. That it is both intensely human and something seemingly beyond parallels his whole musical conception. Lewis deals directly here with matters of primary human concern — blues expression, the person of Charlie Parker — and simultaneously reaches beyond these with his expansive forms to idealized wholes, to which both pieces aspire.

In fact few works of the new music have glowed with such unabashed lyrical beauty as the ***Homage***. As Lewis's liner note indicates, this is an evocation of memories and feelings of

a past lifetime that affects the music's participants profoundly to this day.

A wash of synthesizer and distant cymbals summons a feeling of unearthly removal. The piece develops like an awakening blossom. The first real movement is Ewart's alto lifting slowly in a plaintive cry of solemn lyricism. It is reminiscent of the pastoral resignation of John Coltrane's last recorded hours. Moving gently now over a harmonic sequence, Davis enters with both delicacy and romantic urgency. His left hand balances the emotive sway, posing ascending questions of curt irony to the rhapsodic right.

Lewis's full, fruity tone carries the trail of songfulness to a rightful ending. A uniquely nostalgic memory, it sounds nothing like bebop. Rather it invokes Lewis's conception of Bird's spirit, a conception both respectful and forward-looking.

Some may see Lewis's recent music moving through the ascetic hallways of, say, Morton Feldman. Be that the case, we can thank him for carrying along black music's heritage to light the way with unmistakeable life.

— *Kevin Lynch*

GEORGE LEWIS

In Concert
Storyville SLP 4022

This septet, headed by Bunk Johnson in the 1940s and taken over after Johnson's death by clarinetist George Lewis, is the archetype of the rough, straight-from-the-shoulder uptown New Orleans jazz bands, now best known through the Preservation Hall Jazz Band's periodic tours. At the time of this 1954 Springfield, California concert, originally issued as Storyville SLP 106, the band was at the height of its powers, made up of seasoned, mature musicians (from pianist Alton Purnell at 43 to bassist Alcide "Slow Drag" Pavageau at 66), delivering the cleanly-executed routines you'd expect from a steadily-employed combo, and roaring along on a thundering four-beat that carries everything before it (including a slightly eccentric recording balance making the front-line solos, in which one horn would assume a certain prominence vs. the other two, sound like ensembles).

The seven tunes make up a well-balanced program, giving each sideman a bit of the spotlight. Trumpeter Avery "Kid" Howard rasps the energetic, half-choked vocals on ***Lord, Lord, Lord, You've Sure Been Good To Me*** and ***When The Saints Come Marching In***. Banjoist Lawrence Marrero gets a chugging stop-chorus in ***The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*** and returns for a trilled single-string passage nicely supported by Lewis's gentle clarinet on ***Tin Roof Blues***. Howard and trombonist Jim Robinson drop out for ***Burgundy Street Blues***, leaving Lewis and the rhythm to render this lovely, wistful, carefully-constructed clarinet set-piece.

But it is the full team, thumping down ***Panama*** via Joe Watkins's echoing bass drum, or rattling out boogieish riffs over Purnell's shuffle beat on ***Caledonia***, that generates the robust, unrelenting, raw-edged vitality that is a chief attraction of this brand of jazz. Their music is accessible and entertaining, along with being convincing and uncompromising. This edition of George Lewis and his Ragtime Band made a valid statement about the roots of jazz; anyone who cares about those roots should have something by this unit in his collection, and Storyville SLP 4022 is about as good a candidate for that slot as any other.

For the discographically-minded, "New Orleans: The Revival" by Tom Stagg and Charlie Crump attributes this session to the second of two concerts on May 28, 1954, the first of which appears on Blue Note BLP 1208. Stagg and Crump also credit Purnell with the vocals on ***Caledonia*** and ***The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise***, which sounds to me like a better call than Watkins, who is listed on the album jacket. Storyville LPs are distributed in Canada by the Moss Music Group (Canada) Inc., 510 Coronation Drive, West Hill, Ontario M1E 4X6 and stateside by the Moss Music Group, Inc., 48 W. 38th Street, New York, NY 10018.

— *Tex Wyndham*

JOE McPHEE

Old Eyes
Hat Hut One (1R01)

Readers of ***Coda*** should already have some familiarity with the growing oeuvre of Joe McPhee's recorded work (see Art Lange's Hat Hut roundup in issue no. 171). For this latest installment the saxophonist is joined by Andre Jaume, tenor sax and bass clarinet; Jean-Charles Capon, cello; Raymond Boni, acoustic and electric guitars; Steve Gnitka, electric guitars; Pierre-Yves Sorin, bass; and Milo Fine, piano and drums, in studio performance of five McPhee originals plus one standard (***Django***) recorded May, 1979.

This group represents the largest configuration of players with whom McPhee (a multi-instrumentalist with four ***solo*** albums to his name) has recorded to date. Nevertheless, the special musical strategies employed here call for investigation of ***varying*** instrumental linkages that make for an appetizing "earmeal" of seven-course textural and harmonic densities. Strictly notated thematic material (***Eroc Tinu***, ***Old Eyes***, ***Django***) occupies a place on the menu as does "free" improvisation (***Land Dance***, ***No Line***, ***Strings***).

Starting at the top I consider ***Land Dance*** and ***Django*** as best standing for McPhee's open-ended improvisational conception and the "musical chairs" ordering of this group. ***Land Dance*** collects four free episodes of about three minutes apiece, each highlighting a different combination of improvisers. A string trio is followed by assorted duets including the provocative coupling of Jaume's and McPhee's barking tenors.

Joe McPhee's reading of ***Django***, understated and uncluttered, deepens with every hearing. John Lewis's timeless tribute to the gypsy guitarist is here regarded through new eyes indeed. A sparely scored theme statement is given over to McPhee and Capon's cello rising in singing arcs, punctuated by Sorin's pizzicato bass and Jaume's resonant bass clarinet. Theme concluded and — voila! Django is whisked from temperate Italianate climes into a drafty Arctic of pulsating cellular structures. Another "adagio" is in prospect built from microtonal sighs and dying sounds...until Lewis's theme makes a reappearance.

The remainder of the set contains much that is compelling. ***Eroc Tinu***, with a jumpy repetitive head a la recent Steve Lacy, presents heated collective blowing befitting its namesake, Cecil Taylor's Unit Core. ***Old Eyes***, a very appealing folksong-like composition by McPhee, is dedicated to Ornette. Like Coleman's ***Sadness***, this outing features dirgelike arco work underlining the leader's horn, as the bass of Pierre-Yves Sorin bays long sliding lines that strikingly contrast with the stabbing, agitated attack of Raymond Boni's cello. ***Strings*** shapes up as a forum for cello and guitars engaged in spontaneous conversation with Milo Fine's percussive piano. ***No Line***, a brief Webernesque tapestry of interlaced colors, finds McPhee directing that each musician "play one 'sound' at a time at any volume, pitch or duration of his choice." At over fifty minutes playing time is liberal. In sum, "Old Eyes" derives value not so much through exposure of McPhee the soloist (he lays out for ***Strings*** and most of ***Land Dance***) as from the glimpse that it affords into his tactics as composer and architect of group sound. Hats off to all concerned for "allowing the music", in McPhee's words, "to sing with a shared joy."

— *Peter Kostakis*

REISSUES

This column is designed to guide the listener through the maze of LP reissues. Repackaging plays an important role in the schemes of record companies both large and small, and the international ramifications of parallel reissue programs in different countries is often confusing. This column also covers notable sessions from the past which are only now being issued for the first time. All reviews by John Norris.

COMMODORE

ALBERT AMMONS
Boogie Woogie And The Blues
Commodore XFL 15357

Blues In The Groove, The Breaks, Jammin' The Boogie and ***Bottom Blues*** are exquisite examples of small band blues playing. Hot Lips Page, Vic Dickenson and Don Byas are all masters at this idiom and they continually weave in and around Albert Ammons's powerhouse piano. Ammons's rolling left hand figurations were the foundation for his intensely personal working of the Pinetop Smith idiom. Albert Ammons was the most complex and rewarding of the three boogie giants to gain fame in the late 1930s and his solo style was never duplicated. Side two of this definitive reissue focuses on his solo work — three selections of which are issued here for the first time (***Blues On My Mind, Bugle Boogie*** - two takes, ***Reveille Boogie***) along with ***Albert's Special Boogie*** and ***The Boogie Rocks*** which made it as far as a Commodore 78.

The original takes of the four band selections on side one were last issued in England on London 5015 (alternates are included of all but ***Jammin' The Boogie***) and ***Albert's Special Boogie/The Boogie Rocks*** were briefly issued on another European LP of rare Ammons material. Sound quality of this issue is all that it should be.

DE PARIS BROTHERS/EDMOND HALL
Jimmy Ryan's and the Cafe Society Uptown
Commodore XFL 15356

Edmond Hall is the common denominator linking these two sessions from 1943 and 1944. Stylistically both are quite similar but the

rhythmic focus reflects the attitudes of the two leaders. Hall's 1943 date with Emmett Berry, Vic Dickenson, Eddie Heywood, Al Casey, Billy Taylor and Sid Catlett has tight swing arrangements of ***The Man I Love*** and ***Coquette*** and two versions of the blues (***Downtown Cafe Blues*** and ***Uptown Cafe Blues***). Heywood's subtle piano touch has the elegance of Teddy Wilson as well as a flavouring of barrelhouse.

The DeParis session is almost as good. Both ***Black and Blue*** and ***Change Of Key Boogie*** are highlighted by the relaxed rhythmic flow and the solo work of Hall, Sidney DeParis and pianist Clyde Hart (Ray Bryant uses Hart's opening chorus on ***Change Of Key*** as the basis for his ***Liebestraum Boogie***). ***I've Found A New Baby*** and ***Sheik Of Araby*** are less successful but still enjoyable. The longer playing time allocated for similar sessions by Blue Note for their twelve-inch 78s provided more space for the soloists. Specs Powell's drumming is less suited to this material than Sid Catlett's and the rhythmic punch is not always where it should be.

The originals of the DeParis session were most recently on London 5015 and the Edmond Hall titles were on the Ace of Hearts (180) repackage of Commodore 30012. Some of the titles were also on various Mainstream LPs of the sixties. Previously unissued alternates of all selections (except for ***Coquette***) are also included. Solo variations are most notable in the playing of Sidney DeParis and Edmond Hall but the overall presentation of the material is similar from version to version.

GEORGE BRUNIS/WILD BILL DAVISON
Tin Roof Blues
Commodore XFL 15354

This is a second volume of definitive New York Dixieland of the 1940s featuring the rough and tough horns of Wild Bill Davison and George Brunis. The November 29, 1943 session with Pee Wee Russell on clarinet is presented in its entirety (***Royal Garden Blues, Ugly Child, Tin Roof Blues, That Da Da Strain***). There is an unissued alternate for each selection included here and the playing maintains the high standards previously on view on Commodore 14939.

Side two dates from January 4, 1946 with Albert Nicholas's fluid clarinet fitting neatly between the blasts of the two brass men. Dave Tough's drumming, like George Wettling's on the earlier session, is crisply propulsive as they interpret ***High Society, Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams, I'm Comin' Virginia*** and ***Wabash Blues.*** Once again there are unissued alternates of all selections.

The originally released versions of this material were most recently available in Europe on London 5011 (side one) and London 5013 (side two).

CHU BERRY
A Giant of the Tenor Sax
Commodore XFL 15353

Chu Berry's recorded legacy was minute for such a gifted musician. Although there were similarities between his approach and that of Coleman Hawkins each musician had his own sound. Chu's lighter and, in some ways, more flowing lines were never showcased to greater effect than in the two Commodore sessions which comprise this reissue. He shares the spotlight with Roy Eldridge on ***Sittin' In, Stardust, Body and Soul*** and ***Forty Six West Fifty Two*** while Hot Lips Page is the trumpeter on ***Blowin' Up a Breeze, On the Sunny Side of the Street, Monday at Mintons*** and ***Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You***. In the brighter numbers his sinuous tone and rhythmic flexibility ideally complements the fleet trumpet work of Eldridge while on such ballads as ***Body and Soul, Stardust*** and ***Sunny Side of the Street*** the fullness of his saxophone sound gives these numbers a richness beyond that envisioned by the composers.

The Clyde Hart rhythm section, despite Sid Catlett's presence on the 1938 session, is locked into a four-square approach which doesn't provide too much momentum. The looser flow of the Kansas City musicians was still being absorbed by New Yorkers at this time and gives the music a 'period' sound not noticeable, for instance, in the Lester Young recordings from the same period.

Despite this observation, these are classic sides which were last available on Atlantic 2-307. Additional takes (previously unissued) of ***Sittin' In, Forty Six West Fifty Two, Blowin' Up a Breeze, On the Sunny Side of the Street, Monday at Mintons*** and ***Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You*** are included for the edification of the listener.

JESS STACY
and Friends
Commodore XFL 15358

Despite Stacy's excellent credentials as pianist with Goodman and Bob Crosby he rarely got an opportunity to demonstrate his exceptional talents as an improvising solo performer. Unlike Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson, upon whom so much of his style is based, his career never rejuvenated at the end of the big band era. Instead he slipped into obscurity in California before giving up entirely on music as a career. Despite a brief return in the mid 1970s this situation has not altered much.

Instead we are left with his few recordings. And there can be no doubt that these Commodore sessions captured him at his best. Side one contains seven solo recordings from 1938/39 which were originally issued on Commodore 78s. ***Ramblin', Candlelights, Complainin', Ain't Going Nowhere, She's Funny That Way*** (duet with Bud Freeman), ***You're Drivin' Me Crazy, The Sell Out*** and ***Ec-Stacy*** are excellent examples of the art of solo jazz piano and demonstrate the remarkable inventiveness of Stacy's playing. The subtle shifts in phrasing and his ability to develop a unified solo through several choruses gives a freshness to the music which has remained through the years.

The duets on side two with drummer Specs Powell (***After You've Gone, Old Fashioned Love, I Ain't Got Nobody, Blue Fives, Ridin' Easy, Song of the Wanderer***) were not issued originally and it is hard to understand why they lay dormant for so long. Stacy's playing on these sides is more formal in its approach and his debt to the elegant decoration of the Harlem pianists (James P. Johnson and Fats Waller) is more obvious in this setting. They are wonderful, relaxed examples of Stacy's playing.

Almost as an afterthought, there are the two extended collaborations with Muggsy Spanier and Lee Wiley in ***Down to Steamboat Tennessee*** and ***Sugar***. More than any other recordings, these two performances capture the full range of Lee Wiley's expression. They are both remarkable, atmospheric recordings that are unique. They have a haunting quality which remains long after the music has stopped.

Both the Wiley selections were once on Mainstream 56009 and ***After You've Gone*** appeared on Mainstream 56008. There are no alternates and this is a genuinely new reissue. More importantly, the music is also of the highest calibre and should serve as a timely reminder to Jess Stacy's talent. (A more detailed study of Jess Stacy's work is to be found in Johnny Simmen's appraisal in ***Coda*** No. 166).

SAVOY

CHARLIE PARKER
One Night In Chicago
Savoy 1132

Parker completists will need this "off the wall" location recording from Chicago's Pershing Ballroom in the fall of 1950. ***There's A Small Hotel, These Foolish Things, Keen And Peachy*** and ***Hot House*** were on Savoy 12152 but are presented here in their original format without overdubbed applause and tape splices. ***Bird, Bass And Out*** and ***Goodbye*** are newly issued. Sound quality is abysmal but that doesn't deter the Bird lore collectors — and Parker does play well with his pickup Chicago group of Claude McLin (tenor sax), Chris Anderson (piano), George Freeman (guitar), Leroy Jackson (bass) and Bruz Freeman (drums). Definitely a package for the collector.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Trombone Album
Savoy 2253

J.J. Johnson, Curtis Fuller, Frank Rosolino, Bill Harris, Jimmy Cleveland, Henry Coker, Bill Hughes and Benny Powell are the "bone" men featured in this package.

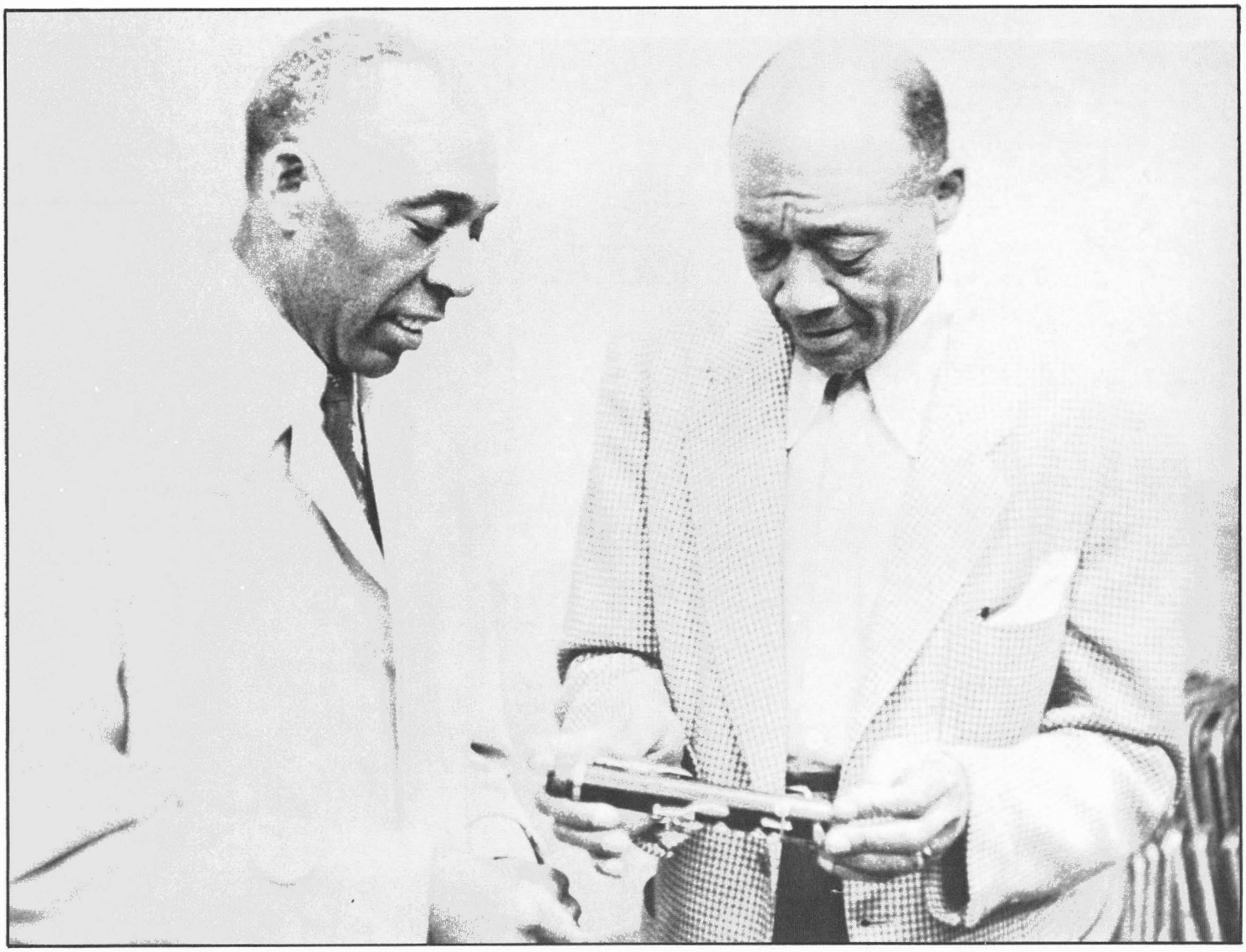
Harris emerges from the shadows of Billy Ver Planck's big band charts with some characteristically robust solos in ***Walkin,' Jan Cee Brown*** and two versions of ***Playgirl Stroll***. Phil Woods and trumpeter Phil Sunkel are also featured. The first two titles were on Savoy 12123 while the master take of ***Playgirl*** was on Savoy 12121.

Lo-Fi, Wanting You and ***You'll Do*** were recorded under Frank Wess's leadership and were part of Savoy 12086. There are solos from all the trombonists with Cleveland showing his allegiance to J.J. while Hughes, Coker and Powell cling to the same roots as Bill Harris.

The master of the new trombone concept of the 1940s was J.J. Johnson and his forthright style is well displayed in ***Boneology, Down Vernon's Alley*** and ***Riffette*** (all alternates from the December 24, 1947 session which was reissued on Savoy 2232).

Frank Rosolino, like J.J., was a lightning fast trombonist but he was also an expressive improviser and his concept was already together in 1949 when he recorded ***Rubberneck, Mean To Me, Sweet And Lovely*** and ***Take Me Out To The Ball Game*** with Barry Harris on piano. These Dee Gee titles were later issued on Savoy 12062.

Curtis Fuller, another Johnson disciple who became an individualist, is heard here in the comfortable surroundings of Lee Morgan, Yusef Lateef and McCoy Tyner. Milt Hinton and Bobby Donaldson (both capable session men) complete the personnel on ***Accident, Darryl's Minor*** and ***Judiful***. This material was originally part of Savoy 12164.



None of these performances are definitive examples by these trombonists but all of them are polished statements from musicians who create stimulating music.

LESTER YOUNG
Master Takes
Savoy 1133

All of Pres's Savoy material has already been collated on Savoy 2202. What we have here, for the first time on LP, are all the 78 versions of the material from the April 18, 1944 big band and septet session as well as the four quintet sides with Basie from May 1, 1944 and the four 1949 sextet performances with Jesse Drakes and Jerry Elliott.

This LP will please those who enjoy Lester Young without the repetition of numerous takes of the same music.

SAHIB SHIHAB
All Star Sextets
Savoy 2245

All of the music on this 2-LP reissue was recorded at three sessions in 1957 and all but two selections (***Lo-Ba*** and ***BA-DUT-DU-DAT***) were issued on Savoy 12112, 12123 and 12124. Like much of the music recorded for Savoy during this period, these sessions attracted little attention originally. Savoy's distribution was virtually non-existent and the sheer weight of activity by Blue Note, Prestige and Riverside dominated the scene. None of these Savoy sessions, in retrospect, were stupendous but there was a lot of worthwhile music being performed. These Sahib Shihab sessions are a case in point. Only the most dedicated jazz enthusiasts would have been familiar with the baritone saxophonist then (1957) and even now, in 1981, the situation is probably not much better.

For these sessions he surrounded himself with sympathetic associates. John Jenkins and Clifford Jordan were the other horns for the first date and were then replaced with the superior talents of Phil Woods and Benny Golson. Both Woods and Golson have plenty of space to showcase their special skills as well as adding considerably to the ensemble textures. Shihab's rumbling baritone is vigorous and direct.

Bill Evans and Hank Jones split the piano chores, Oscar Pettiford, Paul Chambers and Addison Farmer are the bassists and Art Taylor is the drummer on the second and third session while Dannie Richmond holds down that chair on the first date.

Sahib Shihab recordings are a rarity – that alone makes this reissue significant. The bonus is the playing of Phil Woods and the sinuously woven lines of Benny Golson.

JOHNNY OTIS
The Original Johnny Otis Show Volume 2
Savoy 2252

This is the second collection of idiomatic West Coast blues recordings by Johnny Otis to be reissued by Savoy. Just about every title is new to LP so this reissue will definitely appeal to anyone interested in the idiom. The recordings reflect the various musical styles vying for supremacy at that time. The small combos are full of jazz licks but the vocals range from down home blues to close harmony R&B quartets. Only Little Esther and Linda Hopkins, of the vocalists featured here, went on to wider success but, overall, it would be fair to say that there are more distinctive examples of this style of music. Perhaps the most pleasing moments are to be found in the sureness of touch displayed by pianist Devonia Williams. Johnny Otis's success is largely due to his ability to recognise and then utilise the various musical ideas achieving popularity in the community.

HERBERT AND EDMOND HALL (photograph by Jack Bradley)

BOYD RAEBURN
Jewels
Savoy 2250

All of the Jewel 78s as well as the 1947 Atlantic titles (four) are included in this overblown collection of 1940s big band dance music. It is enhanced by the occasional solo but this doesn't compensate for the pretentious charts and the tedious vocals by David Allyn and Ginnie Powell which occupy too much of this set. It is appropriate that this band's supporters regard it as "avant garde" and "the most" innovational band of any era. Such descriptions usually imply an artificiality which fails to stand the test of time. In Boyd Raeburn's case this is true. His music is little more than a footnote in the history of the music. A curiosity that fails miserably alongside such contemporary orchestras as Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie and Woody Herman.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Giants of Traditional Jazz
Savoy 2251

This hodge podge contains gems as well as curios. The first ten selections are the gems — the entire output from two Century sessions by Mutt Carey's New Yorkers. These were later issued on LP on Savoy 12038 and 12050. The major difference here is that Part One of ***Slow Drivin'*** is now on LP for the first time and an unissued alternate take (at a brighter tempo) of ***Ostrich Walk*** has been used in place of the original version. These sessions rank with the Ory Crescents and Bunk Johnson American Musics as outstanding examples of early jazz as performed by veteran players in the 1940s. The ensemble balance is excellent (despite the technical limitations of the original records) and trumpeter Carey and trombonist Jimmy Archey provide the solid lead and harmony parts to offset the brilliance of clarinetists Albert Nicholas and Edmond Hall. The success of these redordings is enhanced by the pulsation of the New Orleans rhythm section of Danny Barker, Pops Foster and Baby Dodds augmented by New York pianists Hank Duncan or Cliff Jackson.

In 1949 Sidney Bechet visited London and recorded with the embryonic Humphrey Lyttelton band. These curios resurface here and show the master of the soprano dictating all of the directions being taken by the musicians. These titles are also on Musidisc 952 and were on Regent 6079. Their original issue in England was on Melodisc.

The four Joe Marsala titles (***Clarinet Marmalade, Joe's Blues, Village Blues, Tiger Rag***) were made in 1944 and feature Bobby Hackett's trumpet as well as the leader's fluid clarinet. These are Condon style performances but are lesser examples of the genre. The rhythm section pounds rather than swings on the uptempo numbers but the blues tunes have their moments.

Mighty Lak A Rose features Jack Teagarden with the Ben Pollack band (and was on Savoy 12090). While ***Memphis Blues*** and ***Squeeze Me*** come from Wild Bill Davison's 1951 Boston recordings and completes the reissue of these performances (the remainder are on Savoy 2229).

Finally there is a marvelously relaxed remote recording from Boston's Savoy Cafe by Edmond Hall's Sextet. Apart from the leader's tremendous clarinet there is the warm expressiveness of trombonist Vic Dickenson and the youthful lyricism of trumpeter Ruby Braff. The rhythm section of Kenny Kersey, John Field and Jimmy Crawford is smooth and idiomatically synchronised with the horn players. Originally released as a 10" LP (Savoy 15028) it later became part of Regent 6076 with the addition of ***My Ideal***.

There's more Edmond Hall in Savoy's vaults with Ralph Sutton and Punch Miller (originally part of 12038 and 12050). Hopefully, Arista will ***not*** cancel this series and Bob Porter will find a suitable package for additional performances by Edmond Hall.

FRANK FOSTER/FRANK WESS
2 Franks Please
Savoy 2249

This reissue includes all of the material from the Foster (12078) and Wess (12072) sessions recorded in March 1956. The two reeds are joined by the trombones of Henry Coker and Benny Powell for twelve performances which reflect the swinging groove of Count Basie without being subservient to that philosophy. The stars of the pre-war Basie band made small band recordings which demonstrated their individuality and the same is true of the prominent sidemen from the 1950s. All four hornmen shine in these lightly scored compositions which give them plenty of solo space over the buoyant rhythms of Kenny Burrell, Eddie Jones and Kenny Clarke.

Completing this package are three selections from October 3, 1957 — two of which (***La Jolie, South Side***) are previously unissued. Donald Byrd, Foster, Coker, Ronnel Bright, Jones and Gus Johnson are the performers. ***M.C.*** was originally part of Savoy 12123 (Jazz Is Busting Out All Over).

Neither Foster nor Wess made many recordings during this period and some of their best playing is to be found here. Solo opportunities rarely came to Coker and Powell — they make the most of them.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Modern Jazz Piano Album
Savoy 2247

While this is definitely not ***the*** modern jazz piano album it does contain some interesting music. The most impressive performances come from George Wallington, who, like Dodo Marmarosa, no longer performs publicly. Bud Powell and Horace Silver are heard within a small combo context while Lennie Tristano and Herbie Nichols are represented by some lesser recordings.

Bud Powell is part of the Bebop Boys — in company with Kenny Dorham, Sonny Stitt, Al Hall and Kenny Clarke (or Wallace Bishop). ***Bebop In Pastel, Seven Up*** and ***Blues In Bebop*** are alternates to those reissued on Savoy 2225 and offer further glimpses at the pianist's virtuosity.

The Tristano sides date from 1947 and were originally on Royale before appearing on Savoy 12043. Billy Bauer and a very pedestrian John Levy on bass join Tristano on ***Supersonic*** (there's an unissued alternate offered here for the first time), ***On A Planet, Air Pocket*** and ***Celestia.***

Nichols and Dimes and ***Who's Blues*** are the better offerings from Herbie Nichols's HiLo session (1952) included here. ***'S Wonderful*** is less interesting while ***My Lady Gingersnap*** is a vocal curiosity (a la Nat Cole) from bassist Chocolate Williams. The three instrumentals were on Savoy 12100.

Dodo Marmarosa, like Herbie Nichols, made few records but the four tunes recorded for Savoy in July 1950 are too rhapsodic. ***The Night Is Young*** and ***Blue Room*** were never issued while ***Why Was I Born*** and ***My Foolish Heart*** were only issued on 78. Annotator Mark Gardner notes the Garner touches in Marmarosa's performances.

With George Wallington we come to the only outstanding music of this set. His elegant, slightly embroidered, bop lines are beautifully displayed in this trio setting with Curley Russell and Max Roach. The music was originally recorded for Progressive and was issued by Savoy as part of 12081. It is the earliest examples we have of Wallington's trio conceptions and reveals a musician who, in conception and execution, had fully absorbed the lessons of Bud Powell's approach. Each piece of music is well organised and concise. It has retained its freshness through the years.

Budo, I Married An Angel and ***The Jazz Message*** come from a Kenny Clarke Quintet date of January 30, 1956 and were originally on part of Savoy 12064. Horace Silver is the featured pianist (hence their inclusion here). Donald Byrd is on trumpet and John LaPorta is the alto saxophonist but all the musical honours belong to Silver. He blows everyone else away.

MARIAN McPARTLAND
at the Hickory House
Savoy 2248

These are among the earliest examples of Ms. McPartland's work on record and are drawn from five different Savoy LPs (12004, 12005, 12016, 12043 and 12097) recorded in 1952/53. One title, ***Love You Madly***, seems to be an unissued performance. It is not shown in Jepsen or the recently published Savoy Discography by Michael Ruppli.

They show a pianist with clean articulation, good lines, precise improvisations, some indications of her classical background and the beginnings of the harmonic flair which has made her more mature work of recent years so interesting.

Half of the material comes from sessions at The Hickory House — the base from which Marian has built her career. Many embryonic jazz fans discovered the music in this bistro and the elegant boundaries of this music contained the sophistication and clarity to please the college crowd of the day.

It's nice to see this material available again.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Black Swing Tradition
Savoy 2246

All of the material in this set is taken from various Eli Oberstein sessions — most of which were originally released on Varsity 78s.

The earliest titles go back to 1931: four selections by the Fletcher Henderson band (***Sugar Foot Stomp, You Rascal You, Blue Rhythm, Low Down On The Bayou***) in its prime with solos by Bobby Stark and Coleman Hawkins. These were previously reissued on Jazz Panorama 4.

"Six Men and a Girl" was the bizarre titling of the Mary Lou Williams couplings on Varsity. ***Mary Lou Williams Blues*** and ***Scratching The Gravel*** are the outstanding performances with good tenor from Dick Wilson. ***Tea For Two***

and ***Zonky*** are the remaining titles.

Side two is devoted to the humour, swing and exuberance of Stuff Smith's small group. Stuff's novelty vocals helped sell the music originally but today it is his remarkable ***jazz*** violin and the hot trumpet of Jonah Jones which still holds our attention. Stuff's talents are particularly well displayed in the thoughtful version of ***My Thoughts*** and the mellow groove of ***My Blue Heaven***. Other titles are ***Sam The Vegetable Man, When Pa Was Courting Ma, It's Up To You, I've Got You Under My Skin, Crescendo In Drums*** and ***Joshua***.

All eight of the Buster Bailey selections on side three were previously available on Rarities 17 and are, in fact, examples of the John Kirby band under Bailey's nominal leadership. The music is so polite it scarcely holds our attention today and the solo work is often mannered — but executed with polished professionalism. Benny Carter plays alto on the second date (June 1940) and the best music is to be found on ***Pinetops Boogie Woogie*** and ***Eccentric Rag***.

On the last side there are five selections under Hot Lips Page's leadership which also feature the outstanding tenor sax of Don Byas. All selections (***Uncle Sam's Blues, Pagin' Mr. Page, I Keep Rolling On, Good For Stomping, Blooey***) are alternates to those issued on Savoy 2208. The same is true of the Buck Ram titles (***Twilight In Teheran, Swing Street, Ram Session***) which are eminently worth hearing again in these versions. Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Don Byas, Slam Stewart, Earl Bostic, Shad Collins and Frankie Newton all have worthwhile solo spots with Bostic and Newton being especially outstanding. These eight titles epitomise the qualities of the Black Swing Tradition and are well worth the price of admission.

RECENT RELEASES

MUSIC REVELATION ENSEMBLE
"No Wave" Moers Music 01072
RAY ANDERSON
"Harrisburg Half Life" " " 01074
ETHNIC HERITAGE ENSEMBLE
"Three Gentlemen from Chicago" " 01076
PER BORTHEN & KARIN KROG
'Swingin' Arrival' Talent TLS 4041
PHIL WOODS QUARTET
'Volume One' Clean Cuts 702
BOB STROUP TRIO
'Live in Jazz City' CCL 33-154
(available from Foresee Productions, c/o Cretney Comgolio Design Consultants, 2nd Flr., 10018 102 St., Edmonton, Alta. T5J 0V6).
'Entre Amis' Suite 1002
(Suite Records, 6844 - 76th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta)
RUSSELL GARCIA
'I Lead A Charmed Life' Discovery 814
MIKE WOFFORD QUARTET
'Plays Jerome Kern' (Vol. 2) DS-816
CARL BURNETT QUINTET
Plays music of Richard Rodgers' DS-819
MEREDITH
'Lost In His Arms' Spring SPR 1980
ALLEN GINSBERG
'Gate' Loft 1001
(zweitausendeins, 6000 Frankfurt/M, P.O. Box 710249, West Germany).
BOB OSTERTAG w. Fred Frith, C. Noyes...
"Getting A Head" Rift 2
(2705 Alexander Ct., Ft. Collins, CO 80521)
LLOYD McNEILL
'Elegia' Baobab BRC-3
IB LUND NIELSEN
'Basrelief' Backbone 002
ALVIN QUEEN
'In Europe' Nilva 3401
TONY DAGRADI
'Oasis' Gramavision 8001
(Gramavision Records, Box 2772, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10163 USA).
ANDREW HILL trio w. Silva, Waits.
'Strange Serenade' Soul Note 1013
GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET
'Electronic Sonata... 1980' " " 1009
BOB MOSES
'Bittersuite in the Ozone' Mozown
BOB MOSES
'Family' Sutra 1003
(Sutra Records, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019 USA).
LARS SJOSTEN
'Select Notes' Caprice 1216
AHMAD JAMAL
'Genetic Walk' 20th Century Fox T-600
PAUL LOVENS / PAUL LYTTON
(Percussion duets) Po Torch PTR/JWD 5
JOHANSSON/SCHLIPPENBACH
'Idylle und Katastrophen' " " " 6
VICTOR ASSIS BRASIL
'Victor Assis Brasil Quintet' Inner City 1093
SUSANNAH McCORKLE
'The Songs of Johnny Mercer' " 1101
ARNI EGILSSON
'Bassus Erectus' " " 1103
DAN SIEGEL
'The Hot Shot' " " 1111
TERUMASA HINO
'City Connection' " " 6068
GEORGE SHEARING with Brian Torff
'On A Clear Day' Concord CJ-132
AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS
'Salutes Bessie Smith' Leo LR 103
'Poems For Piano' - the piano music of Marion Brown Sweet Earth 1005
JULIUS HEMPHILL QUARTET
'Flat-Out Jump Suite' Black Saint 0040
MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS
'Mama And Daddy' " " 0041
EJE THELIN
'Bits & Pieces' Phono Suecia PS 9
ROGER DEAN'S LYSIS PLUS
'Lysis with Ken Wheeler' Mosaic GCM 791
DAVID FRIESEN
'Paths Beyond Tracing' SteepleChase 1138
ANDY STATMAN
'Flatbush Waltz' Rounder 0116
CHICO FREEMAN Contemporary 14005
'Peaceful Heart, Gentle Spirit'
RON ALLEN
'Leftovers' Black Silk ACR 8045
(Black Silk Records, 3317 Rhonda Valley, Mississauga, Ont. L5A 3G2 Canada).
AL HOOD QUARTET
'Not Quiet Rite' Au Roar 001
(New jazz from Seattle: Au Roar Productions, 252 Fulton Street, Seattle, WA 98109 USA).
WILD BILL DAVISON w. Condon's All Stars
'Live! Miami Beach 1955' Pumpkin 111
MICHAEL KLENIEC
'Live at the Soho in Toronto' Berandol 9097
BOULOU & ELIOS FERRE
'Gypsy Dreams' SteepleChase 1140
VARIOUS ARTISTS
'MPS Variation '81' MPS 0022
PAUL ROBERTSON
'The Song Is You' Palo Alto Jazz 8002
FULL FAITH & CREDIT BIG BAND
'Debut' " " " 8001
(Palo Alto Jazz Records, Benham Mgemnt. Corp, 755 Page Mill Rd, Palo Alto, CA 94304 USA)
BAIRD HERSEY SOLO
'Odo OP8 FX' Bent 3
(Bent Records, P.O. Box 512, Canal Street Stn., New York, N.Y. 10013 USA).
GARY WOFSEY & Contemp. Jazz Orch.
'Kef's Pool' Ambi MG-1521
(Ambi Records, Box 2122, Darien, CT 06820)
DAVID MURRAY
'Solo Live Volume 1' Cecma 1001
'Solo Live Volume 2' " 1002
(Francesco Maino, Via Ricasoli 27 - 50122 Florence, Italy).
PEPPER ADAMS
'The Master...' Muse 5213
RICHIE COLE with Phil Woods
'Side By Side' " 5237
STEVE SWALLOW
'Home' ECM 1-1160
LANDE/PEACOCK/ZIGMUND
'Shift in the Wind' " 1-1165
GARBAREK/HADEN/GISMONTI
'Folk Songs' " 1-1170
RALPH TOWNER
'Solo Concert' " 1-1173
CHERRY/WALCOTT/VASCONCELOS
'Codona 2' " 1-1177
PAT METHENY w. DeJohnette, Haden, etc.
'80/81' " 2-1180
MIROSLAV VITOUS Group w. John Surman
" 1-1185
EBERHARD WEBER
'Little Movements' " 1-1186
ERNST-LUDWIG PETROWSKY Quartett
'SelbViert' FMP 0760
GUNTER HAMPEL
'Wellen/Waves' " 0770
AHMAD JAMAL
'Intervals' 20th Century Fox T-622
LOUIS BELLSON
'Side Track' Concord CJ-141
BOB JAMES
'All Around The Town Live' Columbia C2X 36786
STREETDANCER
'Steps' Street 1001
(A 10" EP: Street Records, PO Box 187, West Hurley, N.Y. 12491/or from Philly Jazz).
SALOME BEY
'In Montreux' Intercan IC-1014
RUSSELL/KONDO/TURNER
'Artless Sky' CAW 001
(Caw Records, 3 Brookfield Rd., Ashford, Kent, England).
MICHAEL MOSS/FOUR RIVERS
'Live at Acia' 4th Stream ERG 031
PAM PURVIS/BOB ACKERMAN
(Progressive Winds, 5127 W. Amherst, Dallas, TX 75209 USA).
VIKTOR KONCEPT
'5/26/79' Random Radar 009
(Random Radar Records, P.O. Box 6007, Silver Spring, MD 20906 USA).
RENE BOTTLANG
'Piano Solo' OWL 022
ELLIOTT SHARP
'Rhythms and Blues' Zoar 3
Eddie Green + Al Johnson + Sherman Ferguson + Odean Pope
'Catalyst' Muse 5170
DAVE SCHNITTER
'Glowing' " 5222
JUHANI AALTONEN
'Springbird' Leo (Finland) 005
LESLIE DALABA
'Trumpet Songs & Dances' Parachute 10
(Parachute Records, 17 W. 71st St., Apt. 8C, New York, N.Y. 10023 USA).
EDWARD VESALA
'Heavy Life' Leo (Finland) 009

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA

In Toronto, Jim Galloway and Jane Fair combined successfully for a two-week stint at Lytes in the Royal York Hotel. Their skillfully arranged interaction was an outstanding example of what this city has to offer the perceptive jazz listener.... Zoot Sims was in bristling form at Bourbon Street and he received excellent support from Don Thompson, Steve Wallace and Jerry Fuller.... Earlier in February the very talented Tal Farlow made a rare Toronto appearance at Bourbon Street with Don Thompson and Terry Clarke giving him the interaction he needed to emphasise his subtle talents.... Biggest disappointment of the year, so far, has been the Mingus Dynasty band's appearance at El Mocambo. The highly touted, world-famous musicians sounded at odds with one another and the spirit and drive of Mingus was noticeably absent. Sir Roland Hanna, Randy Brecker, Clifford Jordan, Mike Richmond and Billy Hart were the musicians on stage.... Guitarist Peter Leitch, sitting in with Richie Cole at Bourbon Street, saved the evening from complete disaster. Cole has to be the most overblown manipulator of Parker's heritage to date.... Leitch also played a Saturday matinee with Jim Galloway at the Copper Lounge of the Inn On The Park with Don Thompson and Terry Clarke rounding out the group.... Sonny Greenwich gave concerts at The Edge on Feb. 22 and the Ontario Science Centre (for CJRT) Feb. 23. Don Thompson (piano), Dave Young and Claude Ranger worked with Sonny, who sounded good; the band really needs a couple of weeks in a club to remove all the cobwebs but there were some stimulating moments. The CJRT concert was recorded and broadcast digitally (by the McClear Place remote unit) — a first in Canada for that kind of thing. ...Fred Duligal came out of the shadows, dusted off some old charts and reminded listeners of the way jazz used to be in the 1950s at Artsake on March 6. He was a member of Jim Warburton's Boptet, with Mike Malone, Terry Lukiwski, Bobby Brough, Paul Wiggins, Dave Trevis and Chuck Loriot.... Winnipeg saxophonist Glen Hall now lives in Toronto and has played at several locations, accompanied by just bass and drums. ...an excellent solo flute concert by Robert Dick was heard at The Music Gallery February 1.... Pat LaBarbera's quintet played at York University February 24.

The Toronto music community was saddened to learn of the death of Gordon Delamont on January 16. Although not well known publicly, Gordon played an influential role in the development of many Toronto musicians. His skills as a teacher were legendary and he helped expand and develop the consciousness of many of the best musicians now active locally. He had struggled with ill health for nearly a decade while pursuing avidly his passion for music. He will be missed.

The 10th annual Canadian Collectors Congress takes place April 25 at The Sherway Inn in Islington. Further details are obtainable from Gene Miller, 90 Prince George Drive, Islington, Ontario M9B 2X8 (416-231-4055).... At The Edge May 3 is the Roscoe Mitchell Quintet with Spencer Barefield and Hugh Ragin.

— *John Norris*

The following paragraph appeared on page 30 of the last issue of Coda, issue 177. We are reprinting it here in order to explain the controversy that has arisen as a result.

The rapidly changing attitude towards Canadian jazz musicians is reflected in the number of recordings taking place. This is something which would not have been possible five years ago. Much of the credit for this new interest in Canadian musicians can be attributed to Jazz Radio Canada, the CBC radio show which was heard coast to coast for several years and served as an important catalyst in the spread of interest in Canadian music. For the past year this focus has disappeared as the CBC has wasted the taxpayers' money in the presentation of a nightly Variety show, which devotes most of its time to capsule glimpses of non-Canadian entertainers and commentary by non-Canadians. "Jazzland" is the only current CBC jazz show which regularly broadcasts tapes of sessions produced in Canada (on its Saturday afternoon FM timeslot — and snippets of this music are sometimes heard on the nightly Variety show) but, as often as not, they are American musicians playing in Canada. The recorded music segment is an unrelated grouping of discs. Rarely do they play records of Canadian musicians, which is a complete reversal of the policy established by Jazz Radio Canada. The CBC has an excellent late night outlet for jazz records of all styles and nationalities on "That Midnight Jazz" — it's time that Jazzland got its act together or else gave its production back to people who know what they are doing.

Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

Dear Mr. Norris,

Thank you for sending along a copy of issue number 177 of ***Coda*** magazine, and especially your comments in the article "Around The World - Canada - Toronto". I had just returned from an 18-day trip across the country visiting producers throughout Canada and setting up systems for regional input when your letter arrived along with your comments on "Variety Tonight".

It might interest you to know that 2 out of every 5 concerts run on this programme (we run a concert a night) has been jazz... and that more than 50% of that material has been Canadian. You might be interested to know that in the past year we have covered The Edmonton Jazz Festival, the Whitehorse Jazz Festival (didn't see it in your magazine) and are now heavily involved in next year's Edmonton, Montreal and Stratford, Ontario Jazz Festivals. In addition we covered and played material performed at Toronto's Harbourfront Jazz Festival. We have recorded jazz from St. John's to Victoria, including Banff, Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Vancouver and other places which are not CBC production centers.

Besides supporting the Edmonton, Whitehorse, Montreal and Stratford jazz festivals, we helped National Public Radio (NPR) record the Boston Globe Festival, we are trading jazz with BBC, the European Broadcast Union (with 20 active and 30 passive nations with broadcast serivces) and are now negotiating to include Canadian jazz artists in Jazz Festivals in Japan and other places around the world.

A Moe Koffman album, "Live at Bracknell Jazz Festival" will shortly be released. "Variety Tonight" funded the project, as two other albums by Pat LaBarbera and Art Ellefson, soon to be released. None of these, as you know, qualify for Juno awards.

Alex Barris is constantly doing disc sets with jazz artists touring Canada.

While you identified a problem with the previous format of the show, you've missed the mark when you accuse us of not doing anything for jazz. We do so much that our listeners complain.

Your comments angered me for two reasons. First, they're inaccurate. Secondly, I don't remember discussing this programme with you. Nor can I locate anyone on staff who gave you your information. Because of that, I feel at liberty to circulate your article and my reply since I doubt you will do it for me. Thus, I am sending copies of both your article and my reply to our mutual friends in the business. Somehow, this practice of mud-slinging has got to end.

Finally, we have yet, regretfully, not done features on either of the Non-Canadians who adorn your front and back covers of issue # 177. However, we're lining up Milt Jackson and will do a Django disc set, now that you've shown us the light. Don't know if you notice, but only one photograph in your current issue is of a Canadian.

So, sir, in the best tradition of friendly co-operation, I close by asking you what's really bugging you. If you were out to get my attention, you've got it. Now lets get to the point. I await some straight talk. I hope it's altruistic.

Sincerely yours, Bruce Steele
Executive Producer, Variety Tonight

We are publishing Executive Producer Bruce Steele's letter in its entirety so that our readers can gain a broader perspective of something which concerns us all: the availability and focus of jazz on radio in Canada. It is not our intention or desire to provoke or develop a feud with the CBC. After all, without their efforts there would be very little music recorded specifically for broadcast in this country.

The purpose of this debate is to give the CBC some positive information about what the listeners and musicians who make up the jazz community really feel about the programs offered to them on Canada's national radio network. You can write directly to Bruce Steele, Executive Producer, Variety Tonight, CBC, Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1E6 or to us at ***Coda*** and we will forward the letters.

I have had my say — now it is your turn!

— *John Norris*

SPECIAL EDITION

The Rising Sun, Montreal
February 14, 1981

Jack DeJohnette, drums and piano; Julius Hemphill, John Purcell, reeds; Peter Warren, bass.

On this Saturday night the opener was ***One For Eric***; played much slower and dirge-like than when I first heard it in Edmonton last August, but John Purcell's alto solo was beautifully swift and agile. The following tune, ***Pastel Rhapsody***, was an Ellington-inspired piece which DeJohnette said would be on his forthcoming ECM release, "Tin Can Alley". The introductory and closing themes featured a charming chamber triad with Purcell's ethereal flute, Hemphill's eerie soprano and Warren's classical arco. The middle section showcased DeJohnette's piano playing where he revealed tremendous deference to the Duke, Ahmad Jamal and McCoy Tyner.

The second set began with ***Zoot Suite***, without a doubt a landmark in current jazz composition. Fired by Hemphill's R&B and dedicated to Duke Ellington, it did justice to everyone concerned. Purcell and Hemphill roared through their joyful ensemble riffs and respective floor-stomping tenor solos. DeJohnette unleashed a deluge of rhythms in accompaniment. Right from the start Warren's pulse was rock solid. During the solemn second and next-to-last movements, he bowed a tear-jerker of a solo, while the deep boom of his pizzicato evoked ominous, yet calm, suspense.

The evening was brought to an end with a piano and baritone (Purcell) duet on ***Sophisticated Lady*** and a full quartet rendition of Coltrane's ***Central Park West***.

DeJohnette commented that he wanted to avoid overexposure, and did not intend to do a lot of touring and public performances, in order to retain the magic of his music. I drove 340 miles to catch it, and it was well worth it. Don't miss Special Edition before it goes in another direction. ***— Peter Danson***

SUPPORT LIVE MUSIC

AMERICA

JIM GALLOWAY (photograph by Walt Gower)

ANN ARBOR — Cold economic winds are whistling through Michigan this New Year, and the only question is how deeply the local jazz scene will be frostbitten. Nationally the new Administration hopes to take a large meat cleaver to public funding for the arts. The jazz community had only recently tapped into these funds, and here (as elsewhere) I suspect that in the allocation of sharply reduced grant money the last to tap will be the first zapped. Similar reductions are underway in the state's support of its indigenous artists, caused by the moribund Michigan economy rather than political philosophy.

High unemployment has also affected the private side of the scene. The post-New Year's concert schedule has been particularly sparse, and with reason — a February Ford Auditorium concert by Billy Taylor, for example, started with an audience numbering in the teens. Clarence Baker, of the venerable Baker's Keyboard Lounge, also reports a definite fall-off of business. Baker, who usually books touring national groups for a week at a time, is squeezed between slack business and rising talent prices, and he notes that the groups are themselves being squeezed by the escalating cost of being on the road.

Good jazz is still to be heard, however. Baker's had Betty Carter and Ahmad Jamal in recent weeks. Mark Murphy will sing there April 17-26; Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan (in a rare appearance) April 28-May 3, and Joe Pass May 5-10.

Eclipse's winter season changed drastically after we went to press last time. Billy Harper cancelled when other dates in the region fell through, and Sam Rivers' concert dissolved for reasons which are still unclear. In the meantime, on January 30, Eclipse offered Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, with saxophonists Chico Freeman and John Purcell and bassist Peter Warren. The band had been off for several months, but an afternoon's rehearsal was evidently enough to re-establish close communication, to judge by their excellent first set.

Eclipse was to follow on March 21 with a Chick Corea quartet (Mike Brecker, Eddie Gomez, Steve Gadd) — potentially interesting — and Pat Metheny in April. In Detroit the Soup Kitchen has become a blues-fan's delight, with weekends there offering Albert Collins, Charlie Musselwhite and J.B. Hutto (March), Willie Dixon and Luther Allison (April) and Son Seals (May) among other talents. The organic Dummy George's has Bill Doggett in residence for most of April and May, followed by Jimmy Smith; Kamau Kenyatta's Quintet now holds down both the Monday and Tuesday jam session spots. ***— David Wild***

LOS ANGELES — About 95% of the jazz community here is in the union, Bobby Bradford is not, John Carter is, "the Vinny Golia mob" (Rafi Zabor's term) is not and neither are some of the more beat cats of Watts. It depends. In San Francisco the percentage seems to be around 50/50. I suppose the studio scene here attracts many memberships. Local 47 seems to be a nice thing, from an outsider's point of view, at least I have a nice time there wandering around from rehearsal to rehearsal checking out the groups. There is always something interesting going on and much conversation to be had. The union trust fund sponsorships are always visible, from the summer free Bonaventure Hotel noon concerts for the business people downtown to the fall/winter free KKGO live broadcast concerts at Kinsey Auditorium, Exposition Park. And these are annual affairs, already in existence several years. The KKGO broadcasts are hosted by long-time Los Angeles disc jockey Chuck Niles and are programmed by him, so they present a solid look at who's happening in L.A. right now. At the time (Dec. 28) of the Harry Edison Quintet I had been reading Arnold Shaw's "52nd Street" so

Sweets' amalgamation of swingsters and boppers struck me as a particularly exemplary Swing Street group with Dolo Coker on piano, Bob Cooper on tenor sax, Bruno Carr on drums and Harvey Newmark on bass.... Dave Pike made a believer out of me with a very vibrant performance January 11 with the same group as Muse album "Let The Minstrels Play On". A couple of blocks away over at The Trojan Bowl that same night we ran into Russell Jacquet at pianist Rose Gales'(Larry's wife) Sunday jam session. He recently returned from the Belfast Festival performing Nov. 17 & 18 there with Illinois Jacquet.

At the Kinsey Auditorium, Larry Gales' group East/West Connection blasted off Feb. 22 with hard bopping Rashid Ali tenor sax, Phil Wright piano, Thurman Green trombone, Sherman Ferguson drums, Al Aarons trumpet, and Larry laying down some pretty stern stuff on the bass.... Red Holloway's group performance there January 25 was notable for Phillip Upchurch's reminder that he can really play jazz-blues. Also with Red were regulars Bruno Carr and Art Hillary, and new to me Richard Reed on bass and LaVell Austin on drums. To me all of the concerts were fine, with the audience always about 400 strong hooting and razzing the groups on, like the time one big dude loudly announced, "I'll have some more of that!" The "live on the air" ambience makes for a livelier audience than usual. Great fun. At any rate whoever has been taping them will have a nice document of early '80s Los Angeles jazz. The groups of Bobby Shew, Joe Farrell and James Walker's Free Flight also performed admirably.

From Hittin Heavy Records, 25321 Woodward Avenue, Lomita, California 90717 comes a new 45rpm of George "Harmonica" Smith doing ***Teenage Girl*** b/w ***Teardrops Fallin'*** with support from William Clarke and the Night Owls.

Seems like every time I turn around I'm hearing some juicy news about some new big band. Saxophonist David Ii has one, with participants like trumpeter Martin Banks who recently arrived in L.A. from Disney World, Florida and who also participates in the Henry Grant Big Band. Martin was active here during the '50s in a group that included Charles Lloyd and Bobby Hutcherson, and can be heard to great advantage on the 1960 Blue Note Harold Land date "Take Aim". Henry Grant was the owner of the fabled Grant's Music Store on Venice Boulevard, where many of the '50s and '60s South Central L.A. groups practiced, such as Horace Tapscott and Sonny Criss. Another band sharing a lot of the same personnel is the Leslie Drayton Orchestra who have a great album out available from Esoteric Records, 1106 South Stanley Ave., L.A. 90019, featuring the likes of Curtis Peagler, Jackie Kelso, George Bohannon, Jerome Richardson, Jimmie Smith (the drummer), Snooky Young and more. The Drayton Orchestra has been active for the last year with recent appearances at The Maiden Voyage. The Henry Grant (and sometimes the Henry Grant-Gil Askie) Big Band plays the old Tiki at 3743 S. Western Ave. The David Ii group has been rehearsing for several months now with probably their debut performance underway by the time you read this.

In one session January 27 composer/arranger Robert Crowley's orchestra recorded five very hot and involved readings of Crowley originals for Nimbus Records. In the comparison department, it has the Mingus "Blues And Roots" feel. Recently released on Nimbus is Adele Sebastian's "Desert Fairy Princess", you know her from her flute work with the Pan Afrikan People's Arkestra, with whom she has been associated for the past ten years.

The Vinny Golia Chamber Trio gave several recitals during February, the concert we caught on a double bill with the Nels Cline/Eric Von Essen duo featured Vinny on woodwinds, John Rapson on trombone and Wayne Peet on piano. Vinny was also active that same month participating in a few of the concerts with Lee Kaplan (synthesizers) and George Lewis (trombone and electronics) on their west coast tour... Tim Berne came to town Feb. 17 at the Cathay de Grande in Hollywood with the Cline brothers and Roberto Miranda, Nels Cline on his new Stratocaster and Alex Cline continually making you aware of his brilliance (there are a few test pressings around of the Julius Hemphill Trio circa 1977 with Alex and Baikida Carroll!). Alex and Roberto recently performed with Charles Lloyd, who I hear is coming out of retirement, he lives in Big Sur. Mr. Berne is certainly an assured man — his music moves forward at an incredible rate yet he is unhurried and dispenses with each and every note only when he is done with it, powerfully holding notes, transfixing us with repeated filigrees and then exploding with the surge and punch of this excellent unit. The Clines have also been active with their Quartet Music group and will be cutting a record for Nine Winds in this format. Alex also before the year is out will record his double solo traps and percussion album for Nine Winds.

— *Mark Weber*

NEW YORK — Two players who belong to the more progressive school in the music are Henry Threadgill and Billy Bang. Both have performed in New York City in recent months.

Henry Threadgill played two nights a week during late December and January at one of the newest and best lofts, located at 450 West 31st. Street. Each member of his sextet is overloaded with ideas and the means to present them: Threadgill on flutes and saxophones, Olu Dara on cornet, Craig Harris on trombone or Vincent Chancey on French horn, Muneer Abdul Fattah, cello, Fred Hopkins, bass and Pheeroan Aklaff on drums. By any definition, this band is an ensemble of the first rank, offering up great quantities of sound, almost all of it intriguing. Chords are swung, reshuffled and dealt out with Latin changes, are gathered in again and put out with the blues. Threadgill's music has wisdom and heart and muscle. It pauses to honor bop and then charges ahead on its own.

In another part of town, Billy Bang played his violin on Thursday evenings in February. His quintet included Charles Tyler, saxophones, Michelle Rosewoman, piano, Wilber Morris, bass, Dennis Charles, drums. Like Threadgill, Bang understands the line that connects the past with the future. He is more than willing and able to branch out from that line, to make his lyricism tough, to swing into the abstract. His opening tune one night, ***Rainbow Gladiator***, was crammed with lush lines and open spaces. Bang is good at taking a phrase and turning it over and over and making it thoughtful each time. His playing is so strong and rich sometimes as to need no accompaniment at all. Other times, he seems to need the focus that a Tyler or Morris can provide.

Bang plays frequently in New York these days: March 7 at the Third Street Music School with a quartet including Joseph Hailes, violin, Jay Oliver, bass and Wilber Morris, bass; and March 22, in duet with Charles Tyler. Two Bang albums have come out recently, as well: "Eye On You" (on the About Time label) with Ronald Shannon Jackson, and "Area Code 212", with the String Trio of New York.

You don't have to look very hard for jazz in New York these days. Jemeel Moondoc played at the Third Street Music School with Roy Campbell, trumpet, William Parker, bass and Rashid Bakr, drums.... Four saxophone legends, each worth listening to, rolled into Sweet Basil in February: Arnett Cobb, Buddy Tate, David "Fathead" Newman and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson.... McCoy Tyner did two nights at The Bottom Line with his quintet.

Dizzy Gillespie's 19-piece "Dream Band" overwhelmed Lincoln Center one Monday evening in February. It included Max Roach, Grady Tate, Pepper Adams, John Lewis, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Heath, Milt Jackson, Jon Faddis and Gerry Mulligan. Performances were taped by P.B.S. to be aired in the fall as part of its "Jazz America" series.

Sonny Sharrock has been playing at Soundscape; Thiago de Mello at Jazzmania Society, drummer John Lewis at Syncopation. More next time....

— ***Stephen DeGange***

JOHN LINDBERG QUINTET

Cami Hall, New York City
February 27, 1981

John Lindberg, bass and compositions; Billy Bang, violin; Thurman Barker, drums and percussion; Marty Ehrlich, reeds, flute; Hugh Ragin, trumpet.

Although some improvisers have said that their composing has little, if any, relationship to the instrument they have chosen to play, it is an accepted fact that one's main instrument (i.e. "main instrument" in the sense that one feels the most comfortable with it in terms of proficiency and overall "situational" functionality) has a direct bearing on the general design and total impact of the music produced. From this, we may go further and deduce that compositional and improvisational perspectives vary greatly from — let us say — brass players, reedists, bassists and percussionists. These varying perspectives influence the whole of the music — the notated portions as well as the improvised.

This all brings us to bassist/composer John Lindberg's concert at Cami Hall presented in late February. Bassist Lindberg has been steadily moving upward since the time I first heard him, during the mid-'70s, as a member of one of drummer Charles "Bobo" Shaw's brightest editions of his Human Arts Ensemble. Since that time he's worked and recorded to good advantage with the String Trio of New York and the Anthony Braxton Quartet. The bassist has apparently learned many lessons from these associations, probably lessons that have more to do with compositional perspective and organization than with a conscious idea as to how he might want the improvised segments of the music to go. This is important, for it implies that latter-day improvisors/composers are developing in a wholly "organic" all-inclusive way; that their development is beginning to mirror a finely tuned conceptual/perceptual

reality that influences the whole of the music. Yet, in the case of John Lindberg this relationship to composing perspective and positioning gets rather involved, for several reasons. First of all, Lindberg has been heavily influenced — as has composer Vinny Golia and his West Coast contingent — by mainly three composers/instrumentalists: Anthony Braxton, Dave Holland and — to a rather shaded degree — Roscoe Mitchell. Thus we have to consider, when assessing his music, that his composing methods are somewhat "borrowed" — yet the overall design of his pieces, in the organic sense, are often quite unique. It is here that we may say, without reservation, that the general shape and contour of his music — especially from an improvisatory perspective — is carefully monitored by how he plays his instrument.

Lindberg and company played five compositions for their presentation at Cami Hall. All five pieces bore a more than casual relationship to the composing style of Braxton but there was one piece that was a somewhat different "hue" than the others, which emphatically emphasized the impressive composing talents of the leader. ***Eleven Thrice*** was a texturally isolated responsive piece, with Marty Ehrlich on flute. It began with a short descending motif played successively, with varying degrees of timbrality, by each member of the ensemble. This was done repeatedly. (three times, I believe) until the "echoed" weight of this sub-harmonic theme was allowed to penetrate the overall textural aura of this carefully calculated musical environment. Ehrlich and violinist Billy Bang were simply flawless on this piece (Bang, incidentally, played "ridiculously" good music throughout the evening). While Ehrlich's alto playing, which was exhibited at length on the opening piece, ***Flight***, was rather "wanting" tonally, I found his flute playing carefully directed and fully integrated into the compositional fabric of this music (maybe it was the fact, too, that I liked the compositional scheme of this work better than the others — but then, it's always a delicate balance between "materials" employed and perspectives intended). He and Bang set up a constantly rotating exchange of grounded assertions (Bang) and airy, weightless pronouncements (Ehrlich) which acted as a foil between the music produced by bassist/composer Lindberg and percussionist Thurman Barker. Hugh Ragin, a new name to me, was cast in a sort of receding position in this piece — a position which I felt could have been his proper placement throughout the proceedings. It should be said that Ragin's pitch sense and intuition are on solid ground, although he does need time (and a bit of study, too) to mature in order to better meet the ideational demands of this highly exacting music. The trumpeter seemed somewhat of a cross between Leo Smith and Lester Bowie on the energetic swiftly moving ***Flight*** and the otherworldly ***Dimension 5*** — while on ***Eleven Thrice*** shimmers of the "real" unobtrusive Ragin were suspectfully felt by this writer.

Lindberg and company are dead serious with their music and should be investigated for exactly that reason. This concert was recorded for the London-based Leo record label and should be available by late summer so, fortunately, a document of this fine event will be available for one and all. Lastly, I should say that although bassist/composer John Lindberg isn't really covering any new ground so to speak (and, who in your mind after first-generation AACM members Stateside really is, or has), he does present a clear, lucid music that pinpoints the importance and essentiality of the bass violin in improvisatory explorations. He also happens to be an exceptional player and a better-than-average organizer of improvisatory substance. — ***Roger Riggins***

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE — The start of 1981 has seen Australia again the host to a dazzling array of international talent, with three different festivals drawing large audiences in Sydney.

The "Qantas International Jazz Festival", organised by Horst Liepolt, featured Anita O'Day, who was in sad form; Joachim Kuhn, whose solo piano improvisations were varied and developed in an earnestly forceful manner; and Lester Bowie, whose ensemble "From The Root To The Source" (Hamiet Bluiett, baritone sax; Amina Claudine Myers, piano, organ and vocals; Reggie Workman, bass; Phillip Wilson, drums; Martha Bass and David Peaston, vocals; Johnny Barker, piano) delivered some exhilarating music, embracing free-form improvisations, hard-bop grooves, earthy blues, rousing gospel and deeply moving spirituals. In all, a memorable experience. Local bands to appear at this Festival included most of Sydney's more advanced players, such as Serge Ermoll, Bruce Cale, Keys and Bernie McGann.

The "Peter Stuyvesant International Music Festival" featured Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin with an all-star big band, Dizzy Gillespie, Chuck Mangione, Milt Jackson, Eberhard Weber, Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee: all did good business. The 1980 Festival was filmed, and the resultant movie is "Southern Crossings", featuring Dave Brubeck, Les McCann, Herbie Mann, Judy Bailey, Ricky May, Galapagos Duck and the Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band — the last group provides the only memorable music in what is an attractively presented movie.

In Melbourne this year, we heard Terry and McGhee, who were predictably pleasant; Mangione, whose boring fare was well-received; a disinterested Dizzy, leading a clumsy band and playing too little; and Akiyoshi and Tabackin, who played some splendid jazz in a quartet with Warren Daly and Ed Gaston.

The Australian Jazz Foundation once again ran successful clinics in Sydney and Melbourne, with Jamey Aebersold, David Baker and Jerry Coker heading a faculty of over twenty American teachers. Most performed to full houses in Sydney and Melbourne, with the Woody Shaw Quintet also reaching Adelaide and Brisbane. Some recollections: guitarist John Scofield led a good trio with Adam Nussbaum on drums and Steve Swallow on bass guitar: the music had a fresh sound, and there was interesting interplay between Scofield's thoughtful energy, Swallow's tergiversations between elegance and earthiness, and Nussbaum's unflagging vigor. Vibist Dave Samuels also had an appealing, open sound to his music when he performed with Pat LaBarbera, Rufus Reid and Ed Soph. Samuels' playing was quite impressive, and he elicited some superior soprano sax from LaBarbera. There was no less talent involved when Soph, Reid and LaBarbera performed with Randy Brecker and pianist Hal Galper, but the music was unfortunately uninspiring. They played the same old '50s standards ("the new trad" as a friend remarked), with each player soloing at length on every number. Brecker was the hottest soloist, with LaBarbera here lapsing into pallid third-hand Coltraneisms.

Without a doubt, the best performances came from the Woody Shaw Quintet, a solid band playing a hot extension of the '50s hard bop style. The rhythm section included two younger players in pianist Mulgrew Miller and drummer Tony Reedus; both did their jobs well, but so they should with the wonderful bassist

JOHN LINDBERG (photograph by Bill Smith)

Stafford James doing everything better-than-right to keep the band cooking. Trombonist Steve Turre was an excellent front-line partner for Shaw. He displayed impressive control and imagination, and played every solo for keeps (watch out for his work on didjeridoo and conch shells, too!). And what can one say about Woody Shaw? He is a marvelous trumpeter in the Brown, Morgan, etc. mold — consistently, absolutely brilliant — and leader of a band whose jazz is invariably straight-ahead, communicative and committed.

Of the others to reach Melbourne: Milt Jackson, who played with the Bob Sedergreen Trio, was thoroughly superb; Eberhard Weber played music that did little for me, especially in the solo department, but delighted ECM fans. — *Adrian Jackson*

FRANCE

PARIS — On December 29, Francis Paudras and Chan Parker threw a gala champagne party lasting until dawn at the Cardinal Paf to celebrate the publication of their huge photo-documentary art-book, "To Bird With Love". Throughout the evening they were signing books, while videotapes of vintage jazz films, including the only footage of Bird, played on televisions in several of the rooms, followed by a continuous jam session which featured Kenny Clarke, Rene Urtreger, Alby Cullaz, Richard Raux, Kim Parker, Roger Guerin, Christian Escoude and others.

The book itself is very impressive. Though perhaps expensive, its value as a document is beyond measure. Paudras' superb technical work in reproducing sometimes even small snapshots of Bird and company, is truly the product of a determined and devoted vision. Chan's sparse text hints at the human story behind many of the full-page photos while not being obscured by its often inside connotations. An important tribute.

Less than two nights later, Kim Parker sang for two nights at the Dreher, performing a fine selection of standards, in addition to songs by others she has worked with, Phil Woods and Larry Gelb. Although backed by a pickup band that was not always sufficiently animated (with the exception of Richard Raux's attentive tenor), Parker's voice showed a greater confidence and richness than in her previous appearance here. Sweet and swinging, it promises greater joy as it develops even further.

At the American Center, January 16-17, a concert-spectacle called "Noh Baby", billed as a fusion of jazz and noh, featured Steve Lacy, Steve Potts, Irene Aebi and dancer Shiro Daimon. After the floor was sprinkled with white chalk lines by the dancer's two white-faced black-robed assistants, the musicians walked on from different corners chanting the now-classic "No, baby" (or, here perhaps, "Noh Baby"). As they launched into Lacy's tune, gradually improvising at great length, Daimon slowly struggled from a bright-red placenta-like sack suspended from the ceiling, a red balloon attached to a straw in his mouth. Slipping free, descending head-first by a rope, his involuted landing on the floor gave way to a series of struggles to get on his feet in this world, coupled with a fierce breathing by way of the balloon. His naked body caked in white powder, Daimon followed the birth and infancy sequence through fine details of gesture.

The musicians then chanting "Kabuki Woogie, Kabuki Woogie", a black-dressed long-haired Daimon was carried out on the back of his assistant. Supported by a stick, he was soon swinging it at the large haunting red balloons that came successively wafting down from the balcony, until he managed to break each in its turn. After a final frenzied effort to conquer these balloons for good, the old and defeated figure, bent and tired, is heard to wail a long, low, foreign-sounding "No baby. No baby", as yet another balloon floats down. Daimon, trained in both kabuki and noh, and Lacy and the others, offered a fine mutual improvisation that worked.

In early February, Steve Potts played several nights at the Dreher with the group TOK (Takashi Kako on piano, Oliver Johnson drums, Kent Carter bass). Interesting as it might be to hear "the Lacy group without Lacy", it was in effect a different group. TOK has developed a sound of its own. Of course, there were some of the familiar Potts solos: lovely, soaring, deeply night-blooming. No doubt they are all strong musicians, as Lacy himself has long since recognized; the music was often more lax than in the Lacy strictures, and without his determined limits around it, the solos tended sometimes not to be as startling. But the musicians are also determining their own fine limits; just to hear them play is enough.

Recently, Mike Zwerin had yet another quartet at the Petit Forum des Halles, with the same horn player, Jean Cohen (in form) that he had last spring. I had never seen or heard of the drummer, Merzac Mouthana, before, who was clearly digging what he was playing. Zwerin was digging it and so was the audience, and the band was a unit, after little rehearsal. After, Zwerin was beaming, and he said, "That drummer, man!" — *Jason Weiss*

ODDS & SODS

New York: 250 friends and neighbours were on hand at Brooklyn's Borough Hall Feburary 6 to celebrate Eubie Blake's 98th birthday. The composer-pianist is still active and was a special guest January 20 at Carnegie Hall. Jon Hendricks is writing lyrics for some of Eubie's more recent music and the Amherst Saxophone Quartet has recorded an album of Blake's music for release on the Musical Heritage Society label.... Melba Liston and company began Monday night appearances at Sweet Basil on January 12 under sponsorship of the Universal Jazz Coalition.... Warren Vache (April 7-12) and Joanne Brackeen (April 14-19) are upcoming at Bechet's and the club plans a Bechet festival in May.... Soundscape continues its interesting lineup of music including Jimmy Lyons solo (April 9), The Bill Smith Ensemble (April 10), Milo Fine (April 11), Milford Graves/John Tchicai (April 18) and Roy Haynes (May 1). Complete listings are available from Soundscape, 500 West 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 USA.... Byard Lancaster gave a concert at Harlem's State Office Building January 22.... Saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom was featured at Tomi Theatre on February 24.... Elvin Jones and his Jazz Machine were at the Village Vanguard March 17-22.

Marion Brown and Hilton Ruiz perform at Jazz Celebrations, 15 Newbury Street, Boston on April 9.... April 26-May 3 is Boston Jazz Week.... John Lewis was featured in concert at the New England Conservatory on February 23.... Rosetta Reitz is presenting a workshop/lecture at Studio Red Top, 367 Boylston Street, Boston in late April.... The Michelle Rosewoman Quintet appeared in concert March 4 at Amherst College, Mass.... WCUW-FM's sixth concert season continues with concert/broadcasts on April 13 (Byard Lancaster), May 25 (Milford Graves) and June 15 (Bill Dixon).

In Detroit, the music of Roscoe Mitchell will be heard May 2 at the Institute of Arts Recital Hall.... Jim Taylor has long been the catalyst for traditional jazz activity in Detroit; The Detroit Hot Jazz Society is primarily his creation. The weight of all the work is making his shoulders sag — to the point where he is preparing to quit unless he gets some support. Jazz organizations only survive if people work, and often the only reward for such crusaders is the knowledge that a lot of good music has taken place. We hope that assistance is on the way for Jim. He has contributed a lot to the music, and can be contacted at 12311 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, MI 48205.

Milo Fine and his cohorts have organised an ongoing series of creative music concerts at Minneapolis' Olympia Arts Centre, 200 North 3rd Street beginning May 4 and lasting until mid-August. The city of Atlanta has sponsored a "World Music" concert series. Upcoming are concerts by Dollar Brand (April 18) and Leroy Jenkins (May 16).... The New England Ragtime Ensemble will be appearing at Buffalo's ArtPark August 23 and the jazz festival will once again round out the season's activities over Labor Day weekend.... This year's New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is set for May 1-10. Festival headquarters will be the Fairmont Hotel where two evening concerts will take place in the Imperial Ballroom. During the festival week there will be many other associated events taking place, including the

first New Orleans Jazz Reunion sponsored by Tulane University's Jazz Archive. It will take place May 7 in the New Orleans Municipal Auditorium and is a tribute to the local jazz heritage and to the musicians who made possible the classic jazz period. More information is available from Tulane Jazz Archive, Howard Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane, New Orleans, LA 70118.

"Jazz-America" is a new series being produced in Los Angeles by KCET for broadcast over PBS and NPR. Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach and Gerry Mulligan headlined the initial concert taping from New York's Avery Fisher Hall and were also filmed in various club locations. Historic film footage and interview material will be interspersed with the music segments and the intent is to build a comprehensive library of jazz programs.

The 1981 Moers New Jazz Festival takes place in the small German town the last weekend in May. This year's event will only run three days. For information contact Moers Music, Postbox 1612, 4130 Moers 1, West Germany.... Believe it or not 600 musicians are supposed to be performing at the Northsea Jazz Festival July 10-12 at the Congress Centre of the Hague in Holland.... The Copenhagen Jazz Festival will run from July 3 to 12 in various locations throughout the city. ...Euromusic Switzerland, 4106 Therwil-Basel, Blumenstrasse 24 are representing the George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band. In the planning stage is an extensive tour by the orchestra.... Jazz Unite is the name of a newly-established jazz centre in Paris under the direction of Gerard Terrones. There is a concert hall, record bar, exhibition room, restaurant, a rehearsal hall and other facilities for musicians and enthusiasts. The centre is located at 92 Puteaux and is sponsored by Culture Animation.... Ran Blake and Jaki Byard will be performing in concert in Verona, Italy on May 23 and will then record together for Soul Note Records.

The deadline for entries for this year's competition for vocal jazz compositions is June 30. Full details from Vocal Jazz Inc., 60 West 84th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

Art Lange has joined the staff of ***Down Beat*** as associate editor after being a regular contributor to ***Coda*** and other magazines for several years.

Richard Sears' discography and history of V-Discs has now been published by Greenwood Press.... Jack Millar's Billie Holiday discography is now available and Denmark's Jazzmedia anticipate their two-volume publication of "Jazz Records - The Specialist Labels" to be ready soon. They also hope to begin publishing the new Jepsen by the end of 1981.... Lawrence Fried is assembling an annotated bibliography of Duke Ellington, and would appreciate hearing from authors and/or collectors who have information about Ellington material in print. All contributors will be acknowledged; contact Lawrence Fried, 2050 East 18 Street, Apt. F9, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11229.... The poster of "spectators, musicians, critics and residents" of Willisau, mentioned in ***Coda*** 176 (Willisau Festival - page 37) is available from Christof Hirtler, Sonnhaldenstrasse 10, CH-6052 Hergiswil, Switzerland. No price is given.... Dr. Klaus Stratemann has compiled an exploratory Film-Discography of "Negro Bands on Film Volume 1: Big Bands from 1928 to 1950". It costs DM 35 from Dr. Klaus Stratemann, Hallenstr. 8, D-4994 Preuss. Oldendorf, West Germany.... The Greenwood Press has published an annotated bibliography and discography of Marian Anderson.... The Institute of Jazz Studies is continuing its Jazz Oral History project under the direction of Dan Morganstern, Ron Welburn and Phil Schaap.... A comprehensive festival of jazz on film was presented in January in Vienna by Z-Club Alternativ.... British film directors John Jeremy and Angus Trowbridge, whose latest production is "To The Count Of Basie", have an extensive catalog of jazz films available for rental through TCB Releasing Ltd., Stone House, Rudge, Frome, Somerset, England.

Columbia Records is enjoying success in the U.S. with its new mid-price reissue series. The second batch include albums by Carmen McRae, Freddie Hubbard, and Duke Ellington. "Directions" is the title of yet another Miles Davis lp culled from unissued masters.... New from Moers Music are albums by Anthony Braxton, Michael Jullich, Gunter Christmann, James Blood Ulmer, Ray Anderson and the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble.... Theresa Records latest release "Kabsha" (TR 110) is under the name of drummer Idris Muhammad. Bassist Ray Drummond and saxophonists George Coleman and Pharoah Sanders complete the band. Also due out is Rufus Reid's "Perpetual Stroll" (TR 111) with Kirk Lightsey and Eddie Gladden.... India Navigations' new releases are Anthony Davis' "Lady Of The Mirrors" and James Newton's "The Mystery School". Upcoming is a Chico Freeman lp with Cecil McBee and Jack DeJohnette and a concert performance of Amiri Baraka backed by David Murray and Steve McCall.... Saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom has a second lp on Outline 138, "Second Wind", ...Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings have a new lp on Red Onion Records, "Doin' The New Lowdown", available by mail for $7.95 from Red Onion Records, Box 366, Dayton, Ohio 45401.... French RCA's newest releases include a second two lp set by McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers live in Paris, volume 2 of Harlan Leonard (with some George James titles completing the program), and volume two of both Art Tatum and Eubie Blake from 20th Century Fox.... Look for a Muse lp collaboration between Abbey Lincoln and Cedar Walton. The duo will also be touring in May.... England's JSP Records has four new blues lps by Hound Dog Taylor (JSP 1020), Candy Green (JSP 1022), Johnny Mars (JSP 1023) and Buddy and Philip Guy (JSP 1024).... Mike Peters and Charles Wizen (25 - 38 76th. Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11370) have issued a 45 rpm single of violin/guitar duets on Jazz a Cordes. Titles are ***Honeysuckle Rose*** and ***Deuce Ambience***.... Audio Fidelity has purchased the complete catalog of Charlie Parker Records and the first releases are scheduled for May. The company has also begun issuing broadcast material on their Jazz Bird and Phoenix 10 labels. Much of the material was previously available on such labels as Alto, Session, Ozone, etc.

RealTime Records continues its digital recording activity. "The John Dentz Reunion Band: December 5 & 6" features Chick Corea, Ernie Watts and Andy Simpkins with leader Dentz on drums. Upcoming is a Freddie Hubbard lp with Richie Cole, George Cables, Andy Simpkins and Dentz. "Back To Birdland" is the title of this look at Hubbard's earlier days with such bebop standards as ***Shaw Nuff, Star Eyes*** and ***Lover Man***.... Art Pepper's newest Galaxy lp is called "Winter Moon" and finds the alto saxophonist joined with strings for the first time. Also upcoming from Galaxy are lps by Johnny Griffin and Red Garland. There will also be at least three lps of unissued Bill Evans material — the first of these is titled "Re: Person I Knew" and comes from 1974 Village Vanguard sessions.... Ambi Records (Box 2122, Darien, Ct. 06820) has released an lp by Gary Wofsey and the Contemporary Jazz Orchestra titled "Kef's Pool". Phil Woods, Ronnie Cuber, Dick Oatts and Mike Abene are the featured soloists.... Cecil Taylor's solo MPS record is to be called "Fly-Fly-Fly-Fly-Fly-Fly" and the Anthony Davis-Jay Hoggard collaboration will be known as "Under The Double Moon".... Edward Vesala operates Leo Records (Box 193, 00101 Helsinki 10, Finland) and his two most recent releases are Juhani Aaltonen's "Springbird" (005) and his own "Heavy Life" (009).... A completely different record company in England also goes by the name of Leo Records (130, Twyford Rd., West Harrow, Middlesex) and they have released Amina Claudine Myers' salute to Bessie Smith (LR 103) and East Germany's Ganelin/Tarasov/Chekasin collaboration "Live in East Germany" (LR 102). Upcoming are lps by John Lindberg and Keshavan Maslak.

Russell Procope died January 22 in New York of a heart attack; Cozy Cole died January 29 in Columbus, Ohio from cancer; vocalist Joe Carroll died of a heart attack February 1 in New York; bassist Ike Isaacs died February 27 in Atlanta of emphysema.... ***Jazz Journal*** founder Sinclair Traill died January 9 in Brighton from a heart attack.... the British jazz community also lost two of its most distinctive musicians with the recent deaths of Keith Christy and Lennie Felix. ***— compiled by John Norris***

RUSSELL PROCOPE (photograph by Cecco Maino)

SMALL ADS

This section is for individuals and organizations to advertise non-display items. Cost is 40¢ per word ($8.00 minimum), *payment to be made when copy submitted.* Boxed ads $1.00 extra per insertion. There is a 10% discount on ads purchased for 10 consecutive issues.

ARTISTS CONTACT

CODA is initiating an "Artists Contact" column, based on the idea that creative music can only benefit from its audience — including listeners, concert promoters, producers, club owners, et cetera — knowing how to readily contact the musicians. "Artists Contact" ads will appear in the format seen below, and are limited to the essential information as to the musician's services and whereabouts. Our regular advertising rates still apply to the music community in general, but "Artists Contact" ads can be purchased for a flat fee of $8.00 per insertion (maximum 40 words). As an extension of this special offer, we offer a single free insertion in the "Artists Contact" column to musicians who purchase a new Coda subscription.

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And the Waterland Ensemble with Leo van Oostrom, Gerd Dudek, Mark Miller and Martin van Duynhoven will be touring North America in late October/early November 1981. Contact Loek Dikker, Hoogte Kadijk 155, 1018 BJ Amsterdam, Holland (ph. 020-223221)

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Bill Smith (reeds), David Lee (bass & cello), David Prentice (violin) can be contacted via Onari Productions, 191 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 3B7 Canada.

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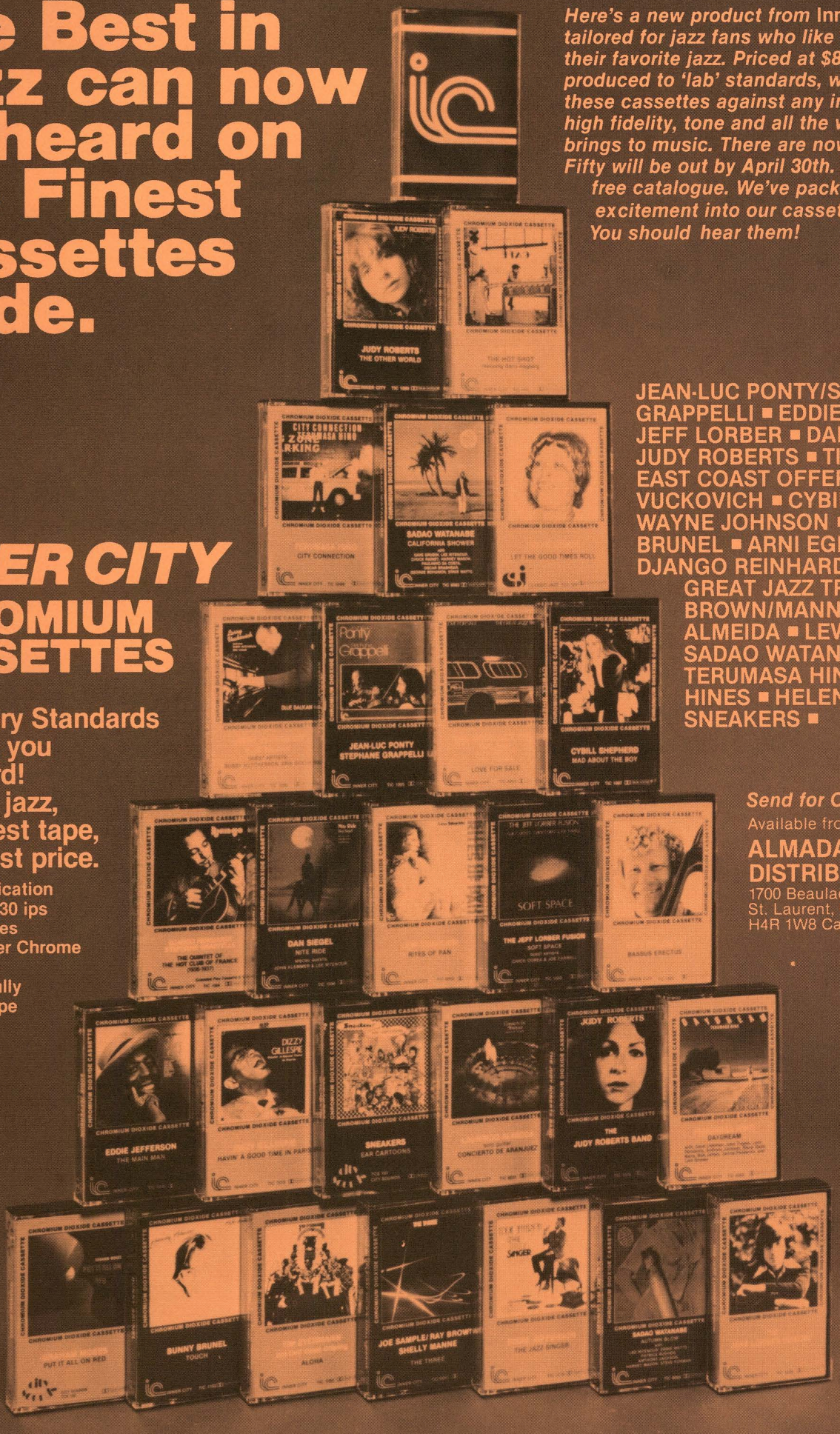

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