CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * ISSUE 197 * THREE DOLLARS

LEW TABACKIN * STEVE LACY * FRED ANDERSON * BEBOP ON RECORD * MILES DAVIS (2 New Books)
BLUES * NEW YORK CITY SCENES * RECORD REVIEWS * NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD & MORE!

cover photograph
DIZZY GILLESPIE
by Henry Kahanek

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BIG BAND JAZZ From the Beginnings to the Fifties - 80 Original Recordings (6-LP boxed set, booklet) Smithsonian 6-0610 (Smithsonian Recordings, PO Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336 USA)

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DENNY ZEITLIN—Tidal Wave Palo Alto 8044

KENNY BURRELL — Groovin High Muse 5281

EDDIE CLEANHEAD VINSON and the Muse All Stars Muse 5243

JOHN ABERCROMBIE and John Scofield Palo Alto 8031

RICHARD HOLLYDAY — Moments Notice Shiah SR114 (Jazzbeat Productions, Box 48, 645 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02215)

MARILYN CRISPELL — Live In Berlin Black Saint 0069

ANTHONY BRAXTON — 4 Compositions (Quartet) 1983 Black Saint 0066

BOBBY BRADFORD — Live in Los Angeles Soul Note 1068

BILL MAYS — Tha's Delight Trend TR 532

JOHN HEARD/Tom Rainer/Sherman Ferguson (In the Interest Productions, PO Box 2166, Van Nuys, CA 91404)

RED NORVO with the Bucky Pizzarelli Trio — Just Friends Stash 230

STAN GETZ — Stan the Man Verve 815 239-1

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GIJS HENDRIKS Construction Company — Samer Varajazz 4215 (Leitil Skip, Billitonkade t/o 48, 3531TM Utrecht, Netherlands)

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PEGGY KING — Oh What a Memory We Made Tonight Stash 238

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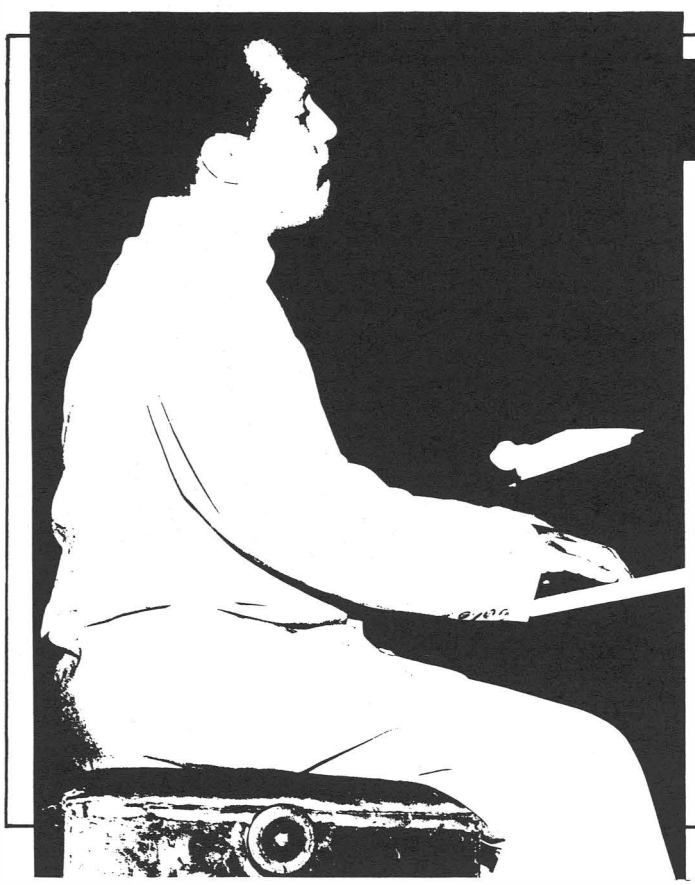


In The Next Issue

In ISSUE 198 we will feature the jazz world as the diverse musical kaleidoscope that it is.

The feature articles will cinlude a previously unpublished personal essay on BUD POWELL by BOB PERLONGO, who is the executive editor of TriQuarterly, an American literary magazine.

Editor BILL SMITH interviews the amazing bassist BARRE PHILLIPS, who now resides in France. His experiences range from dixieland music through the New York sixties revolution to his current endeavours on the ECM label.

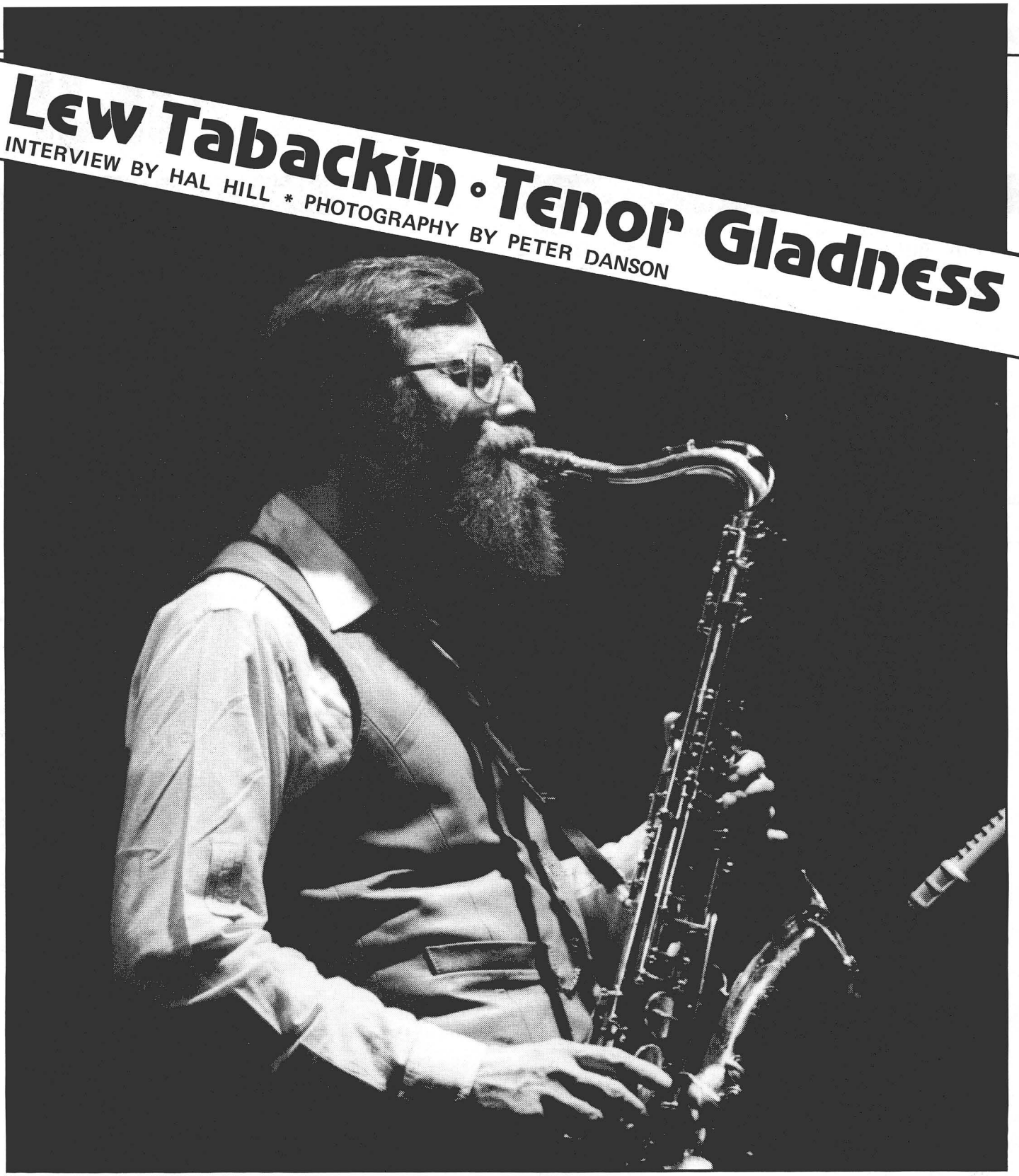
Xanadu recording artist, saxophonist BOB MOVER, talks about his experiences of America, Canada and Europe with Montreal writer MARC CHENARD.

The man who invented the soprano saxophone, SIDNEY BECHET, is our review/article spotlite. His legendary radio broadcasts from the Savoy Cafe in Boston (1945) with Bunk Johnson are analysied by English writer EDDIE LAMBERT.

Plus BLUES NEWS from DOUG LANGILLE, surprise short features, book reviews and news from around the world. Don't miss this wealth of information. Subscribe to CODA now!

Lew Tabackin • Tenor Gladness

INTERVIEW BY HAL HILL * PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER DANSON



HAL HILL: *Most artists who want to do things on their own try it out on a small independent label for a while.*

LEW TABACKIN: Well, I found two reasons for dealing with larger companies — their wide distribution made a record immediately available as the product was sent out to certain stores, and they're so big that the human element that tends to fool around with the books is missing. Their computer-kept records are much more honest to deal with — the figures aren't tampered with.

Where do you find your best market for records now?

Boy, it's hard to say. Japan has been consistently good — we've twelve or thirteen big band albums and quite a few small group records.

Were they the first to be enthused about

Definitely. Our first record in '74 was called "Kogun." It was a huge success that resulted from the gesture of a tiny budget. They hadn't been too excited about it but it became a huge hit — sold over thirty thousand copies in Japan — and is still selling.

The first company we recorded for there is an affiliate of RCA. Some people tried to put

some pressure on American RCA to release the first couple of albums. We were all set to release "Kogun" when we got a phone call from Frank Driggs who was in charge and is usually more into reissue material. He said after listening to it they thought it was a little bit too far out. Toshiko had written some sound-effect kind of things which they asked us to eliminate. The composition was ***Memories***. I got mad and wrote a letter to Ken Glancey, the "jazz fan" president of RCA but it was intercepted and never reached him! Then they decided to release the second album "The Long Yellow Road" which was a bit more conservative. That was the beginning of a developing relationship.

But that wasn't the beginning of Lew Tabackin... you were pretty popular prior to that. You studied during your high school years 1955-58 in Philadelphia and moved to New York City in 1965 where you started working with people like Maynard Ferguson. And the other night you mentioned Cab Calloway. Cab Calloway in '65?

It was very strange. I had decided that to get anywhere I had to be on the scene. Since I am not very outgoing I had to force myself to go places and sit in. But I started to meet some people and got some gigs. A contractor, an older guy who played guitar, called and asked if I could do a couple of weeks with Cab Calloway who was going on tour and then into "The Riverboat."

Were they playing the old material at that time?

Some of it. When I joined the band in New Jersey, I walked into the dressing room and saw a bunch of all black guys — one, Eddy Barefield, was on the floor doing pushups. He was — and is a real physical fitness freak.

To be perfectly honest I found I was almost the only white guy on the job. Either it was an integration setup or it was on account of the myth that white guys read better. This was not true in my case because I wasn't very good at it. But it was one of the great experiences of my life because I got to sit next to one of my favourites, George Dorsey, one of the great lead alto players. He became a great friend, and Eddy Barefield was very helpful. Sam Taylor was the other tenor player and Garvin Bushell was on baritone.

It was great fun for me — not being a very good reader I would really tune in to the first alto, and developed a radar system with George. I learned an awful lot — they were very encouraging. Before that time, my initial experience with bands like Elgart — that style was not that enjoyable for me. But when I got into this band I felt I could now blow in a more natural way.

I didn't get a lot of opportunities to solo, because Sam Taylor was the featured guy. I took over his chair when he left — I got to play a lot those two weeks at "The Riverboat." Once in a while when there was nobody in the place, Cab would call out some of the old Buster Harding charts — which were superb — I looked forward to playing those because a lot of the other music wasn't that great.

I was 25 — the average age of the other guys was about sixty. There was Doc Cheatham, Beverly Peer and Money Johnson, who passed away a few years ago.

You went to work with Urbie Green and Clark Terry and Duke Pearson's big band and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra as well... Were all those experiences with those five orchestras the main inspiration for your getting together a big band yourself?

That sounds logical but I never was very much big band oriented. My main joy was to play in a small group situation. When I moved to New York I found myself playing in bands — mostly for musical reasons — but sometimes economical ones. I was fortunate to be in some very good ones — Phil Woods got me a gig with a Clark Terry group that turned out to be like an all star band — a real Who's Who. Clark Terry called it the "Big Baad Band."

And the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band was the same, eh?

That one came before Clark Terry. Actually, Zoot Sims was the tenor player and I used to hang around in this musicians' bar called Jim And Andy's. Sometimes Zoot couldn't make it and he'd suggest that I do the Clark Terry rehearsal. So I made sure I was there just in case, and eventually I got in. Phil Woods played lead alto and was also sort of like the musical director. That was how I got to sit between Phil Woods and Danny Bank, an old-guard baritone. I enjoyed this because I had so much respect for them. I tried hard to complement them in the section. That was valuable experience that you could hardly get nowadays.

I often wonder about the younger musicians coming in now. There's such a lack of good soloists — good lead alto, lead trumpet, lead trombone players — they just don't have the experience.

Yes, the philosophy is so different nowadays. The schools are producing all these musicians, but most of the people I admire, so many of the greats, didn't have formal schooling in their background. Yet they developed such beautiful playing — thoughtful and with so much integrity — and ***heart***. So I wonder about the value of these jazz education courses. Because these kids will never have the experience, the breed is dying. There's something wrong — everything is so immediate — they're not thinking about producing a warm sound.

What about the studios? Do you think that for a musician to spend a vast amount of time in the studios is a deterring factor for his jazz chops?

In a sense — a really busy studio guy can develop a certain skill including quick reading. There's a very clean way of playing — a money-way of playing which eliminates expression — they don't want expression. You learn right away that the more expressive you are — the worse it is. They're into functional music which means you play a note — but don't do anything with it.

With TV soundtracks there is some expression.

Occasionally. Roger Kellaway wrote a theme for a TV movie using Bob Brookmeyer and myself — strange rhythm stuff for a soap opera type movie that George Scott's wife appeared in. But 90% of it — especially in the jingle line — is not very artistic. Most studio work is very mundane and you can lose endurance because it is physically easy. A lot of guys can hardly get through a live performance because their chops just aren't strong enough. It's a whole different way of thinking. People do not appreciate what goes into a performance, how physically demanding it is.

I play every day. I have to — I practise more when I'm not working. Not technical practise — I'm still trying to perfect my sound — just working on the most elementary fundamentals.

Speaking of your sound, I seem to hear the inspiration of Sonny Rollins — and yet not a copy even though some people call you the white Sonny Rollins. I also hear Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, Don Byas, Chu Berry and John Coltrane. Am I right about that?

Yes — they are all there. But it would be much easier to copy Coltrane than Sonny Rollins. Coltrane is more symmetrical and in a sense less inspirational — in dealing with material you can recognise and analyse and develop, and come up with a method. But with Rollins you don't know what's going to happen.

Every major artist has something that stands out — Sonny has that ability both visually and aurally and I see you on stage quite frequently getting very physical with the music; like Rollins, holding the tenor saxophone way up from your body and at times holding it way down with the bell pointed to the floor.

There are two ways to play. One way is no wasted motion — just hold the horn up. You'll find that a lot of microphone players leave the horn in one place and let the fingers do everything. They stay on mike and everybody is happy. In a way I resent the microphone — it's not my friend. If it were up to me there'd be no microphones.

Another thing, when I play, the horn has to become an extension of my body — to be meaningful it has to become an appendage. That's why I just play tenor. With the horn in my mouth it's a part of me and whatever I have to do I don't think about. I'd be too inhibited if I did — I wouldn't be able to play.

Oh, I've heard it before — I just forget about it when I get up to play. I try to go another place in another dimension where I'm out of the conscious.

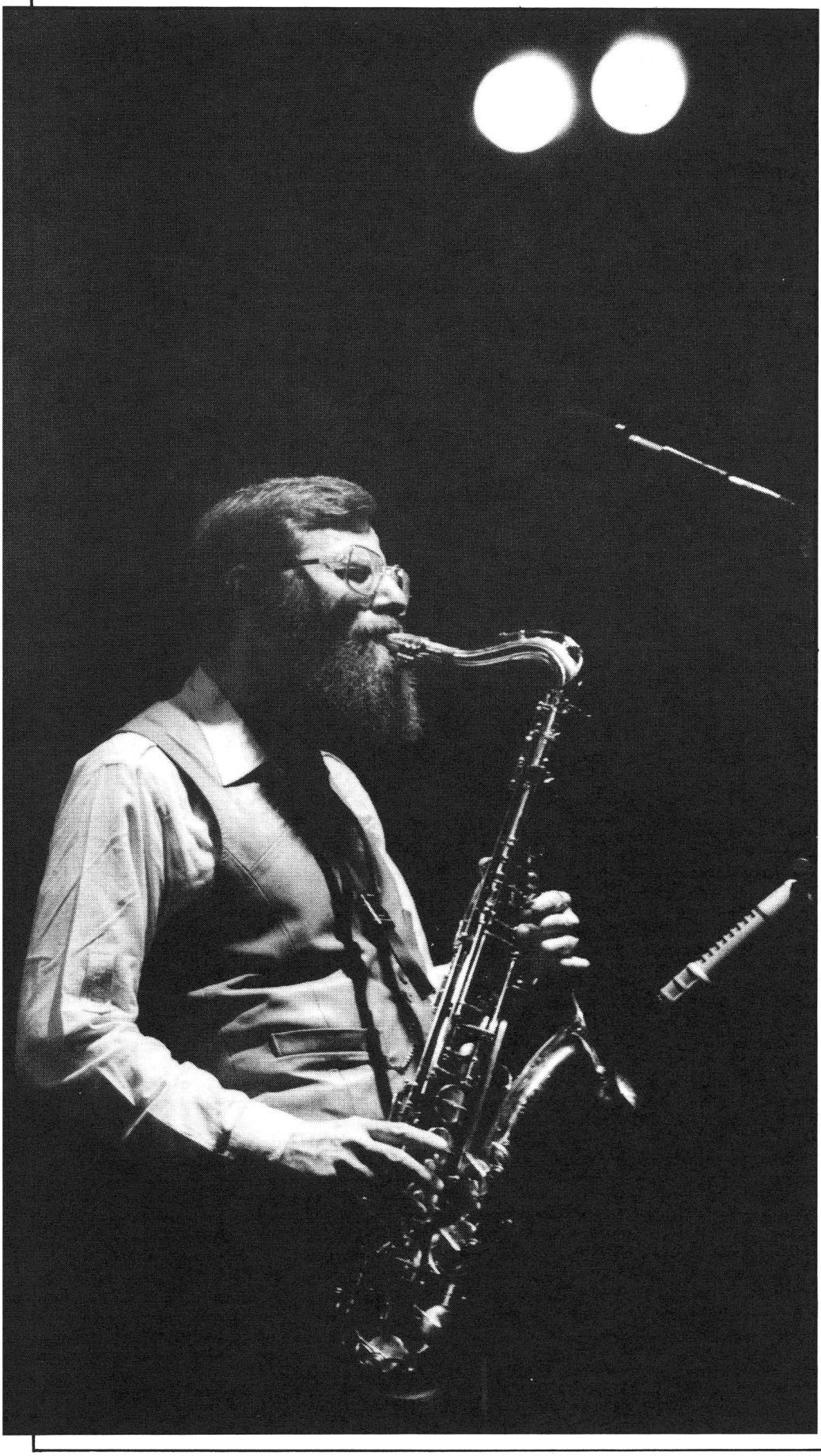
For many years people have said that jazz musicians are not a visually attractive item when they come out and stand dead still in front of the microphone. There's no emotion — period. But people like yourself and Phil Woods, and Sonny, throw that to the winds. You are* very *active physically.

I think that goes back to when people spend so much time in the studio, whether commercial work or recordings. They develop great microphone technique — a certain proximity to the mike so the engineer's got a great shot, and it sounds great on the record all the time. So everybody is happy — time is money.

I sit at home and practise my sound and then all of a sudden I've got to play through a thirty dollar microphone, and when I hear it coming through the monitor, it sounds like somebody else. I find it annoying and sometimes I can hardly stand it — I just have to hope people can hear me.

When I'm playing in a hall, no matter how big it is, I always play some off microphone. It's important that people get to hear the real sound of an instrument. They're so used to the manufactured sound that we get on records and with the P.A. When they listen to a classical orchestra they get to hear the true sound — it should be the same with jazz.

Your flute playing has oriental influences?



I have an obvious affinity to the Japanese culture. I feel very comfortable in Japan. I feel rapport with the people. And having to deal with the stuff Toshiko has written for me, I've tried to absorb some attitudes and feelings. Technically I know very little about Japanese music. I just try to go into another space when I play – just go wherever my spirit takes me. I pick up the flute and all of a sudden I want it to be organic – want to put my whole body inside the instrument. I want to feel the instrument like a glove. I'm inspired by shakuhachi music, the idea of becoming one with nature. Like Zen.

A receptive audience matters too.

Yes, most people don't realise how important they are – how they either help or hurt a performance. A lot of people think it's a one way street. There was a myth created in the fifties – that BeBop players ignored their audience. But jazz music is a kind of response to the vibrations that exist, when you feel the energy being received from what you played. But when you're distracted...

Do you get frustrated by distracting audiences?

Yes – I get angry. It's so hard to achieve the necessary concentration to play. Maybe it's an ego thing on my part. Not only can I not play as well as I would like to, but also it deprives other people who aren't getting to hear the music at a level it could be.

When you're in a noisy club, can you pick out somebody in the audience and direct your playing to them?

Sometimes. Your first reaction is to just stop playing. But you think about it and remember you have an obligation to even the one person who wants to hear. So you just have to try to develop a standard even though conditions aren't ideal. Besides – you can't be really creative every minute of every night.

It's ironic, but it seems the night you don't feel that good, is the night the critics come to listen. Speaking of critics, I notice that most of the time they criticise the wrong things. A performer knows where he could have done better yet they never remark on the thing you know wasn't right. They are always looking for the dramatic – you can't blame them for manufacturing something that is titillating. This isn't a sophisticated thing to say, but I read critics as a learning experience. Usually they aren't any more sophisticated than the public, but I can still get insights of what the average person is hearing. ***You*** don't know, you're in your own little world, and you're not sure what the effect is out there. I learned very early that things that ***feel*** good don't necessarily sound good – so I have developed a sort of second party system where you send a part of you out to check yourself out to what's really happening.

What you have been doing at the club in the last couple of weeks has met with a vast amount of approval – both on tenor and flute. Toward the end of the first week you were playing all sorts of marvellous things such as could be expected only from a band that had been together a long time. To what do you attribute this?

When you play with people you get to learn about each other so that you develop a rapport. I don't play with musicians outside my own group that often. You start out playing the way you did the last time – but it doesn't work. It's frustrating at first but intellectually you know it

can't always be the same — and it shouldn't be the same. But you have discussions and get to trust, make a few suggestions to the rhythm guys who after all are already highly respected players. When we start to play I begin to hear things — spontaneous things happen. My shortcoming is that it takes me a little longer than it should, to adapt. But by the end of a week it's a whole different thing and we are able to play spontaneously — which is good because I don't like to formalise.

The idea of you being able to play originals is very appealing to the jazz fans. In most cases when an international star comes in to town to play with local musicians in most instances it becomes a jam session of standard tunes. But thankfully lately with people like yourself things have been different.

Well, I figure if I am getting paid to come here, I owe the people more than a jam session. My idea is to present tunes people don't hear all the time. I like to include in each set at least one thing that is organised though — this makes things more cohesive. Sometimes we transform a tune... I like to find some different songs — some tunes Sonny Rollins hasn't already recorded.

Do you still write?

Not prolifically. I never did write much — usually just when I've got an album to do.

Where did you meet Toshiko?

In New York, in 1967. The formation of the band didn't come about until after we moved to Los Angeles. We did some quartet sessions in 1972, and then the band in 1973. When we met she was looking for a tenor player for a Town Hall concert she was producing. She had been in the States for ten years and wanted to make some kind of a statement. She raised the money by going out on the road, playing Holiday Inns etc., saving the money for this concert. She hired a contractor and had certain soloists, like Joe Farrell on tenor. He was unable to make the concert because he had gone to California. The contractor told her he knew a guy in town just as good — so no problem — Lew Tabackin.

I was playing with Clark Terry at the Half Note. The regular pianist, Don Friedman, took off and Clark's manager asked Toshiko to take his place. The bandstand there was set up so that the rhythm section couldn't see the horns. There was a tenor solo in the first tune — Toshiko couldn't see but she knew it wasn't the other tenor player, George Coleman. She phoned the contractor Bill Berry and told him she had found the tenor player she wanted. As it turned out, I didn't do the concert either — I went to California. Eddie Daniels did the concert.

When I did a couple of quartet things with her she was a little down because she wasn't doing what she really wanted to do. I encouraged her to rehearse with a quartet some of the interesting music she had written. We played an occasional gig and moved to California where I worked with some rehearsal bands. I knew she had four or five big band charts from the Town Hall concert, so we got some guys together as a workshop. We didn't aspire to be big band leaders — who needs that?

So it was a marriage of musical ideas, as well as persons. You obviously share the responsibilities for the band at this stage.

It's more her band — they're there to play her music. A big band is basically a writer's medium. She writes the music and handles some of the business. My job besides featured soloist is working on personnel and organisation.

You seem to insure that there is always an abundance of good soloists — people like Bobby Shew, Steve Hufstetter and Peter Donald. Is that a very difficult task?

Yes, and it's very important. When I first moved to New York and had to play in a lot of bands I noticed that with the soloists sometimes there was more effect than substance — just something to fill in a space. It was nice playing but not really music. That's why the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band was such a significant force — the level of the solos was so high. We're very careful that when a soloist is playing, all of a sudden it's a quartet or a trio. It's important they have something to say because that is what separates a jazz band from a stage or dance band. You need individual colour.

How often do you get a chance to get out on the road with the band?

With the big band it's relatively limited — due to the realities of travel — yet it seems we're out three or four days at least every month. We go overseas quite a bit. Every two years we spend three weeks in Japan and we've visited festivals in Europe. I guess maybe 25 weeks maximum in a year — more like fifteen.

How many pieces? 22?

Sixteen pieces.

Does Toshiko go out on some trio jobs?

She goes to Japan ever so often and plays occasionally here but she mostly concentrates on writing.

Do you do any teaching?

Not much. I do an occasional clinic but I don't have a lot of time since we moved back to New York.

Why the sudden move back?

Well, I never really liked Los Angeles. It was the band that kept us there and that was the sad part about leaving. But I felt I had to get back to the source — New York. I had spent ten years creating my own energy...

And you didn't want to lose it?

Well, more like I wanted to absorb some energy by playing with different people. The first few days back I did a little concert with Al Cohn and "Fathead" Newman. It was a saxophone thing produced by New York University. In June I start doing some concerts with a group being put together by George Wein with Freddie Hubbard, Eddie Gomez, Roy Haynes and Joanne Brackeen.

For the festivals?

Yes — a bunch of concerts in the States and then we go to Europe. Sometimes these things just look good on paper — I hope it works out.

Those people you just mentioned, Joanne and Eddie — are all people who can readily adapt to any situation.

I've always thought it was important to be able to adapt. You owe it to the music to try to complement — and you grow in that way trying to absorb vibrations from others around you. Unfortunately, a lot of situations you get thrown into become an ego number with everybody showing off. This I find annoying. Hopefully this time it will be mature and rewarding.

You are constantly growing.

I feel that by the time I'm seventy, I should be O.K.

BEBOP ON RECORD

PHILLY JOE JONES / DAMERONIA

Look Stop Listen
Uptown 27.15

CONTINUUM

Mad About Tadd
Palo Alto 8029

SPHERE

Flight Path
Elektra Musician 60313-1

FRANK WESS / JOHNNY COLES

Two At The Top
Uptown 27.14

THE JAZZTET

Moment To Moment
Soul Note SN1066

ART BLAKEY

And The All Star Jazz Messengers
RCA PL45365

ART FARMER

Modern Art
Pausa 9025

GIGI GRYCE

The Rat Race Blues
Prestige OJC081

JACKIE McLEAN

4, 5 And 6
Prestige OJC056

THE QUINTET

Jazz At Massey Hall
Prestige OJC044

ART BLAKEY

Ugetsu
Riverside OJC090

HAYWOOD HENRY

The Gentle Monster
Uptown 27.13

BARNEY KESSEL

To Swing Or Not To Swing
Contemporary 3513

BEBOP ON RECORD

DIZZY GILLESPIE

BEBOP ON RECORD

Company addresses — Uptown Records, 276 Pearl St., Kingston, NY 12401; Palo Alto Records, 755 Page Mill Rd., Palo Alto, CA 94304; Fantasy Records (Prestige/Riverside), Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710; Contemporary Records, PO Box 2628, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

Jazz evolved too quickly for its own good. Much of the music's originality was overlooked in everyone's haste to find something different. It shattered careers when they had barely started, stunted the growth of others and prevented artists from enjoying the fruits of their efforts. It created schizophrenic personalities unable to function properly. It also left a handful of each generation to carry the flame until enough time had elapsed for a particular style to become a familiar enough part of everyone's vocabulary.

Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey and Milt Jackson kept the flame burning for the generation who rewrote the music's dialect in the forties while others withered away. Now, in the eighties, it seems as though enough time has elapsed to bring about a revival of their music. In a strange kind of way it would seem that Thelonious Monk's death triggered a subliminal time clock. His music is now being played extensively and the same is true of his contemporaries.

Dameronia is the band fronted by Philly Joe Jones which concentrates on the performance of Tadd Dameron's arrangements and compositions. Trumpeter Don Sickler is the band's organiser (he restored the charts) but Jones is the spark which makes the music live. He (along with Blakey, Clarke and Roach) is the quintessential drummer for this music. His phrasing, tonality and pulse fit the lines of the compositions perfectly. It is the key difference between this repertory orchestra and those who have been reviving other earlier styles. Another factor is that all the musicians are steeped in the tradition, understand first hand the nuances of Dameron's lines and interpret them with individuality. This second LP by the band is not only better than their first — it is one of the most satisfying recent examples of this idiom; The key factors are the band's greater cohesiveness (not only rehearsed but confident through performance), the addition of Johnny Griffin (a major soloist) on four of the eight selections and the clarity of Rudy Van Gelder's recording.

It is often overlooked that Van Gelder set the standard for the sound of jazz recordings in the fifties. His many sessions for Blue Note and Prestige were part of the music's creativity. Happily, for this session, he has done it again. The recorded sound is clean, natural and free of electronic intrusions.

Dameronia has brought back to life some of the scores of one of the key arranger/composers. Dameron's concepts made it possible for Benny Golson and Quincy Jones to find their direction. Such soloists as Frank Wess, Benny Powell, Charles Davis, Cecil Payne and Walter Davis add grace notes within the overall framework of the music which is all conceived by Tadd Dameron himself (except for Benny Golson's ***Killer Joe*** — written originally for the drummer-leader in the fifties).

Continuum's look at Tadd Dameron's music is different. They have taken some of his tunes as the basis for their own interpretations rather than restructuring Dameron's own charts. Both Slide Hampton and Jimmy Heath are fully versed in the rhythmic/melodic flow of Dameron's tunes and their sketches remain true to Dameron's time while their solo work on trombone and tenor saxophone captures the spirit of the small groups Dameron led in the forties. Both horn players are fluent performers, experienced improvisers and comfortable within the boundaries of the music they grew up with. All this enhances the overall warmth, authenticity and conviction of the performances (which seem a little restrained) of ***Sid's Delight***, ***If You Could See Me Now***, ***The Scene Is Clean***, ***Lady Bird***, ***Nearness*** and ***Squirrel***. Drummer Art Taylor is another important stylist who is a veteran of these times. His phrasing is an essential part of the music's structure. Kenny Barron and Ron Carter are relative youngsters but their schooling was such that they perform comfortably in this setting. Carter, of course, is probably the best known of these musicians today but here he restricts his role to being the harmonic/rhythmic underpinning of the band. Kenny Barron has blossomed into one of the outstanding soloists of our time. Perhaps it is just that he is being given the right opportunities. Whatever the reason, his solos here are a model of understatement. His articulation is flawless while his rhythmic grace is always attractive.

Kenny Barron is also a key member of Sphere, the cooperative quartet which began life reinterpreting Monk's repertoire. Their philosophy was understandable. Charlie Rouse was with Monk for more than a decade and was one of the few saxophonists to completely transfer Monk's moods to another instrument. Ben Riley was Monk's drummer for several years. Buster WIlliams, like Barron, grew up when musicians were looking to Monk and his contemporaries for inspiration. The maturity and individuality of Sphere as a musical entity is reinforced by "Flight Path," their second recording. Only one Monk tune is performed (***Played Twice***), there is a standard (***If I Should Lose You***) and four tunes by members of the quartet. The internal balance, lyrical improvisations and clarity of articulation make every selection a delightful listening experience. Only the muddiness of Buster Williams's bass amplifier interferes with the crisp clarity of the music. Van Gelder, once again, does a superb job but even he, it seems, can't override that particular situation which is one of the burdens thrust upon today's listeners. This should not detract too much from enjoying some marvelous music by one of the few cohesive working bands of today. Rouse, in particular, has even more fluidity than when he was with Monk. His pinched, high-end tenor sound is one of the distinctive sounds in a music which needs to be reminded of the importance of individuality. Sphere is like a breath of fresh spring air — and it swings!

Kenny Barron is back again for another Van Gelder recorded session. This time the spotlight is focused on trumpeter Johnny Coles, whose affinity to Kenny Dorham goes beyond similarities of approach. Neither achieved the recognition their talents deserved. Perhaps their subdued understated approach is not assertive enough for the jazz life. Gil Evans, of course, has always valued the tonal individuality of Johnny Coles (check out the World Pacific albums, Impulse's "Out Of The Cool" and Verve's "The Individualism Of Gil Evans") and a reminder of the trumpeter's rare Epic LP surfaced recently in a Columbia collection of odds and ends from various sessions which included a previously unissued ***Babe's Blues***.

Flugelhorn is Coles's choice of instrument for this session. It has a softer, flabbier sound than the trumpet and yet many musicians now prefer it. Art Farmer, for one, plays it exclusively. This music really needs the extra edge of a trumpet but in Coles's case he does articulate the intricate ensemble lines with an ease that almost makes you forget you are listening to a flugelhorn. Don Sickler, Uptown's house arranger, has a real grasp for the idiom and his charts of Kenny Dorham's ***Whistle Stop*** and ***An Oscar For Oscar***, Bud Powell's ***Celia***, Gigi Gryce's ***Nica's Tempo*** and ***Minority***, and Benny Golson's ***Stablemates*** are outstanding. ***Morning Star*** and ***Ill Wind*** are lyrical ballad features. The music was recorded over a two day period and gave the musicians time to establish some familiarity with the material. It still isn't the same as performing them on the bandstand but that's a luxury few jazz players have these days. It is a credit to the innate ability and experience of these musicians that they can make this music breathe with vitality on such short notice. Both Coles and Wess have a breathy lyricism which gives them a warm ensemble sound as well as drawing attention to the beauty of the tunes they are playing. This is an engaging collection by musicians who do more than play the changes. It is also a joy to hear the positive propulsion of a rhythm section which never overplays the situation. Bassist Reggie Johnson and drummer Kenny Washington join Kenny Barron in a rhythm team of the highest order. These musicians capture not only the notes but the expressive intangibles which give life to the session. Listen especially to the two Gigi Gryce compositions, the orchestral transcription of Bud Powell's ***Celia*** and the Kenny Dorham tunes. These are the highlights in an

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imaginatively programmed and well-executed set by two distinguished, yet underrated, musicians who are part of the very fibre of the music they perform.

So too are Benny Golson and Art Farmer, who got together again after a twenty-year break. In their cases, though, the years have brought changes. Farmer, as noted above, only plays flugelhorn while Golson has adopted a new musical personality. There are still similarities to some aspects of his phrasing but he has a totally different sound on the saxophone. While he originally reflected some aspects of Lucky Thompson's sound in a style which was instantly recognisable he now has developed an approach which seems to owe something to Archie Shepp (but without the deep guttural tone) as well as such California-based "pop" musicians as David Sanborn, Tom Scott and John Klemmer.

The revived Jazztet came to the studio in Milan while on tour and the cohesiveness of the band is evident. All but one of the tunes is a Golson composition and the music is a representative document of the band's music. ***Moment To Moment***, an open chart with lots of solos, ***Yesterday's Thoughts*** (a ballad feature for Farmer) and ***Easy Away Walk*** are newer pieces. ***Fair Weather*** and ***Along Came Betty*** are from the old days while ***Farmer's Market*** is Art's bebop line which is articulated well by everyone at a brisk tempo. Despite the stellar reputations of the musicians there is little flair to the music. It is a workmanlike outing by good jazz players but the solo work is not memorable, there seems to be little inner energy, and the recorded sound gives the bass amplifier too much prominence and the drums have a disco sound.

Art Blakey's alumni assembled in New York in April 1982 for the all star date which is now on French RCA following its original Japanese release. Freddie Hubbard, Benny Golson, Curtis Fuller, Cedar Walton and Buster Williams join their mentor in another look at some of the tunes they used to perform nightly. ***Moanin'***, ***Blues March***, ***Night In Tunisia*** and ***I Remember Clifford*** are from the fifties and by now are redundant vehicles in the same way that there is no need for bands to play ***Royal Garden Blues*** or ***In A Mellotone***. Everyone seems more interested in ***City Bound*** and ***Briellsamba*** but this music is very predictable. Both Golson and Fuller execute better here than on the Jazztet session while Blakey and Walton give the music some semblance of sparkle.

Pausa have quietly been restoring to the catalog some worthwhile recordings from the United Artists, Pacific Jazz and Capitol archives. The unattractiveness of the packaging should not deter you from obtaining the wonderful John Lewis/Bill Perkins collaboration ("2 Degrees East 3 Degrees West") or "Modern Art." Perhaps it is unfair to listen to this classic session from September 1958 so soon after the recent efforts of Golson and Farmer but it does confirm that something has disappeared with the years. These two musicians were at a creative peak at this time – a situation which had already changed by the time they formed the Jazztet two years later. In particular both this session and Golson's Contemporary LP "The New York Scene" have an openness, a looseness, a striving for expression which has since faded. Just compare this version of ***Fair Weather*** with the recent one and you'll understand. Listen as well to the extraordinary contributions of Bill Evans. This recording, like other band dates ("Kind Of Blue," "New York, N.Y.," "Interplay"), show the fullness of his harmonic touch as well as the brightness of his solo voice. All in all this is still an outstanding session which has stood the test of time. It just deserves better packaging and a pressing free of clicks and pops. The recorded sound is good but equalisation has taken some of the edge off the original.

So much of this music is defined by the original recordings from the fifties. The Blue Note catalog is slowly re-emerging from France and Japan but the biggest bonanza has been Fantasy's decision to reissue in facsimile editions an increasing number of recordings from their Prestige and Riverside catalogs. Many of the recordings were already repackaged in the twofer program but this new series, with its budget price designed for the times, seems to have reached beyond the collectors in finding a new generation hungry to hear the originators of so much music being played today.

Gigi Gryce was a lesser light of the jazz world but he wrote and arranged tunes which are still being performed as well as being a forthright alto saxophonist. "The Rat Race Blues" is the last of three attractive quintet sessions he organised for Prestige in 1960 which also featured trumpeter Richard Williams, pianist Richard Wyands, drummer Mickey Roker and bassist Julian Euell (on the last two dates, with Reggie Workman on the first). The blues is the basis for most of the music and is performed with conviction. The melodies are attractive, everyone plays well and displays a good feeling for the music as well as being internally balanced. Gigi Gryce is one of the music's unsung heroes. His feel for the music can be heard in every note of this outstanding record.

Jackie McLean is not only better known than Gigi Gryce, he is also a jazz saxophonist of greater depth. However, this 1956 session with Mal Waldron, Doug Watkins and Art Taylor (***Sentimental Journey***, ***Why Was I Born***, ***When I Fall In Love***) plus the addition of Donald Byrd (***Abstraction***) and Byrd and Hank Mobley (***Confirmation***) only hints at the sessions to come on Blue Note. There is nothing special to this music, unlike Gigi Gryce's "Rat Race Blues" or "Modern Art." All the music on this LP was previously released as part of Prestige 24076 (Jackie McLean, "Contour") and was reviewed in ***Coda*** 162 (June 1978).

Needless to say "Jazz At Massey Hall" is a classic. The 1953 concert reunited Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus and Max Roach and has assumed classic status through the years. It's not hard to figure out the reasons Bird and Diz are at the top of their form, it is one of the few occasions where Parker stretches out, was recorded and the fidelity of the sound is acceptable. Little more needs to be said. Bird, Diz and Bud Powell originated the vocabulary which sustained lesser musicians for decades. Now the mechanics of it are taught by schools but the spirit, the creativity of it all can only be experienced through recordings such as this.

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers have been a dynamic force for thirty years. "Ugetsu" is from a 1963 live date at Birdland with Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Curtis Fuller, Cedar Walton and Reggie Workman. This band recorded at least one more LP for Riverside as well as dates for Blue Note and, best of all, the United Artists "Three Blind Mice" LP from The Renaissance Club in Los Angeles. "Ugetsu," though, is an invaluable part of this band's documentation. It includes two of Wayne Shorter's better compositions (***Ping Pong***, ***On The Ginza***) as well as some explosive solo work from the saxophonist – the band's most individual soloist. Hubbard is controlled, yet forceful, but lacks Lee Morgan's lyricism and Cedar Walton was, at that time, a fluent but undistinguished soloist. Blakey stokes the fires and Reggie Workman had the necessary power to hold his own in such company. Blakey's records from this period have all but disappeared as this might well be the only possible introduction available now to this particular band's music. Some selections from this LP were part of a Milestone twofer called "Thermo."

Both Haywood Henry and Joe Newman are survivors of an earlier generation, and yet they have links with the music already discussed. Neither have ever sounded much better than this on record and in the case of the leader/baritonist he has rarely been heard ***at all*** as a soloist. Newman recorded prolifically in the fifties (some of which are being reissued by RCA and MCA) but the few glimpses of the trumpeter recently have shown little of the taste and control displayed here. The music fits into the mold established by Keynote and Savoy in the mid-forties. Don Sickler's arrangements give shape to a repertoire which is delightfully fresh. Only ***Stuffy***, Coleman Hawkins's classic line, is anything close to being a standard and both horn players rip through the ensembles as well as soloing vigourously. Henry's clarinet, like that of other big band veterans (he was a key member of the Erskine Hawkins band) is spiky in tone but full of expression in ***Blue Sunrise***. Hank Jones, George

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Duvivier and Ben Riley are a compact, ever-present rhythm section who continually complement the work of the hornmen. Henry's baritone work has surprising flexibility and his big sound and fluent style sometimes led to him substituting for Harry Carney in the Ellington band. But there is more than a touch of Leo Parker in his playing without it detracting from his individuality. The tight arrangements and restricted solo space add to the impact of both Henry's and Newman's solos. Neither of them have the improvisational flair of the music's major voices nor, indeed, do they have as much ability in this direction as Hank Jones. The music is delightful and the only blemish is a shade too much echo in the mix by Van Gelder.

Barney Kessel, a Charlie Christian disciple, incorporated harmonic ideas developed in the forties into his vocabulary but never abandoned the essentials of *his* mentors. All this is evident in the recent return to circulation of one of his early LPs on the Contemporary label. Apart from the acclaimed Poll Winner series, Kessel recorded many LPs during this period. They remain among his best and this particular collection could be characterised by one of Kessel's tunes "Happy Feeling." Set in a Basie mold, it features Harry Edison as himself, Bill Perkins as Lester Young, Jimmie Rowles as Basie and the leader as Christian. The music is splendid throughout the March and July 1955 dates. Kessel and Edison are most prominent of the soloists (Edison's solo on ***Louisiana*** is one of his definitive statements) but don't overlook Rowles's work. He is a master at the difficult role of band pianist. He sets up the soloists. Four of the selections (***Midnight Sun***, ***Don't Blame Me***, ***Embraceable You***, ***Begin The Blues***) are solo showcases for the guitarist plus rhythm section but the outstanding moments are with the horn players. Contemporary was one of the few companies who were concerned about sound quality and the fidelity of this music is as impressive as Van Gelder's work in New York during the same period. Lester Koenig was a perfectionist and his engineers (John Palladino on this occasion) helped him set the standard for the presentation of the music.

— John Norris

CARMELL JONES

Returns
Revelation 44

Jones, trumpet; Roland Burns, alto saxophone (side 2); Frank Sullivan, piano; Scott Walton, bass; Billy Bowker, drums (October 5, 1982)

SHORTY ROGERS and BUD SHANK

Yesterday, Today And Forever
Concord CJ223

Rogers, flugelhorn, trumpet; Shank, flute, alto saxophone; Red Rodney, flugelhorn, trumpet; George Cables, piano; Bob Magnusson, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums (1983)

CHARLES "BOBO" SHAW/LESTER BOWIE

Bugle Boy Bop
Muse MR 5268

Shaw, drums; Bowie, trumpet. (Feb. 5, 1977)

IRA SULLIVAN

Does It All
Muse MR 5242

Sullivan, flugelhorn, soprano and alto saxophone; Red Rodney, flugelhorn, trumpet; Garry Dial, piano; Jay Anderson, bass; Steve Bagby, drums; Mike Rabinowitz, bassoon (side 2), (September 14, 1981)

JACK WALRATH

Quintet In Europe
SteepleChase SCS 1172

Walrath, trumpet; Glenn Ferris, trombone; Michael Cochran, piano; Jimmy Madison, drums (July 22, 1982)

A Plea For Sanity
Stash ST 223

Walrath, trumpet and flugelhorn; Michael Cochrane, piano; Anthony Cox, bass (Sept. 1982)

Although the horn is not as dominant now as it was in the days of Satchmo and Bix, some very fine jazz continues to come out of it, as these six records indicate. With the exception of the Bowie-Shaw contribution all the musicians involved are solidly rooted bebop players (yes, West Coast jazz is unthinkable without Gillespie, Parker, et al) and the music in these sessions is largely organised by the conventions of the bop tradition. This does not mean that the resulting music is dull, repetitive, or that you've heard it all before. On the contrary there is a lot of good music here, a lot of variety of individual and group styles, and enough diversity in overall sound to suggest that bebop is alive, well, and a rich source of ideas for musicians who know and love it. Even within the bebop tradition there is a great variety of horn styles represented here. Bowie is the least indebted

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PHILLY JOE JONES (photograph by Bill Smith)

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to bop, although sounding a lot like Don Cherry — tentative, fragmented and minimalist, with a small dynamic range and extensive use of silence. Walrath plays clear, large-toned, lyrical and tough, often reminiscent of Booker Little. Jones is the sweetest toned and most lyrical player of all, with a bell-like clarity to his notes and an ability to produce a light, featherlike burr characteristic of the flugelhorn. Sullivan and Rodney both sound as if they looked to Fats Navarro as their model but put their own brand of fire and humour into their playing. Rogers also seems to have inherited the clean facility of Navarro but cooled it down even further.

The most successful records are the sessions led by Carmell Jones and Shorty Rogers. They are also the most traditional in terms of the arrangements and individual styles. Jones is in superb shape throughout, ably supported by his fellows, and his record is the best in the bunch. The tracks range from ballads like ***Stella By Starlight*** and ***What's New*** which are handled romantically but without any cloying sentimentality, to bebop classics like Parker's ***Billie's Bounce*** and Rollins's ***Pent Up House***, the former taken at a fast and furious pace and featuring a very nice alto solo by Burns. On the slower ballads Jones gets a soft sound almost like a flugelhorn out of his trumpet, while on the faster pieces his horn takes on a sharper, more cutting tone. Whatever the pace and mood he is masterful. It's hard to pick out high points on this album because the quality of playing is superb throughout and while it is definitely the leader's showcase he gives his sidemen plenty of room to show their paces.

The Rogers-Shank record is another fine session, although the horn man is overshadowed by Shank on alto and flute. The session includes two fine bop compositions — Bud Powell's ***Budo*** and Tiny Kahn's ***TNT***. On the first the rhythm section really powerhouses along and Shank contributes a fine alto solo. On the second Shank leads off with lots of confidence, sliding and growling more like a hard bop tenor player than an altoist. On both tracks Rogers plays a technically nice solo coming more from the head than the heart. Shank's capacities as an interpreter of ballads is well presented in Billy Strayhorn's composition ***Blood Count***. Rogers contributes three tuneful compositions and shows himself to be an intelligent and deft arranger. On two tracks Shank plays flute and here he is truly outstanding. ***Lotus Bud*** and ***Have You Hugged A Martian Today*** are both Rogers compositions. The first is a gorgeous, airy ballad in which Shank plays with ethereal beauty, while the second is a catchy minor riff which has Shank starting out playfully and then soaring into an impassioned, earthy solo over a driving rhythm section. The contrast between the two pieces, in mood and technique, demonstrates Shank's mastery of the flute. In all this is really Shank's record, for while Rogers's solos are technically fluent and even elegant, they don't have the energy, exhilaration and sheer gut-grabbing excitement of Shank's solos. Rogers's compositions and arrangements do add a lot to the music, though.

The Walrath and Sullivan albums are a bit less traditional but also more uneven in quality. The "In Europe" session captures a bit of the atmosphere, but as often happens with this sort of session there's a lot of meandering between the highlights. The longest track, ***Duesin' In Dusseldorf*** is a prime example. It opens with a Bobby Timmons-style soul riff which goes on so long that what begins as a very catchy hook ends up as a limp noodle. Cochrane's "soulo" is too busy paying homage to Horace Silver that it never develops beyond a montage of quotes and cliches; Walrath starts out with some intensity and then seems to lose his sense of direction. There was so much stretching out that the potential impact of a genuinely funky head was totally wasted. After the tight, economical statements of the Jones and Rogers-Shank sessions, this performance seemed sloppy, lacking in focus and energy. This is a pity since every man showed real talent in patches and fragments. Walrath was particularly moving on a ballad ***Where Have I Been Here Before*** and really wailed on the blues ***Reverend Red*** on which Cochrane also played very well. But the trio session is much tighter and more impressive. The drumless trio concept was inspired by Chet Baker's SteepleChase sessions. However, Walrath's group is putting out a much firier type of music and, to my ears, doing away with drums is an affectation which reduces the overall impact somewhat, and I kept listening for drum licks which just weren't there. Once I got used to it, though, I found the music really swung along. Six compositions by the leader and two by Cochrane are all very melodic vehicles for some high spirited soloing by all concerned. The overall mood is similar to the Clifford Brown-Max Roach groups with an emphasis on tuneful, songlike compositions, and bright, zesty and humour-filled soloing. The lack of drums in such upbeat musical surroundings places a heavy burden on the bass player and Anthony Cox is a tower of strength who really holds it together.

Ira Sullivan's record is similar to Walrath's in energy and tunefulness, and is also full of interesting orchestration, with a great array of diverse textures and sound colours emerging especially from the sextet side. ***Sovereign Court*** is a fast boppish piece with involved changes where everyone gets in a few licks and then it is over, leaving you a bit breathless — a great attention-getting opener! On ***The More I See You*** Sullivan opens on soprano sax played so deep that both I and the cover writer mistook it for alto. He plays over a churning, stop-timing rhythm section soaring and swooping through some Coltraneish "sheets of sound" runs. ***Prelude To A Kiss*** has Sullivan on flugelhorn accompanied by Dial in a gentle, ruminating mood. ***Together*** features Rodney on flugelhorn trading phrases with Sullivan now sounding distinctly Bird-like on alto. This track also features a fast, clean bass solo from Anderson. ***Amazing Grace*** involves Sullivan's soprano played over bowed cello and dubbed multiple soprano tracks all in unsion. It calls to mind Monk's ***Abide With Me*** because Sullivan plays it straight and builds it up to the point where you're expecting him to break out into a fierce wailing solo, but it stops and leaves you hanging. Coltrane's ***Central Park West*** features Sullivan on soprano sounding a lot sweeter and less intense than 'Trane; Rodney performs a glorious, mellow, dancing solo with the entire group chasing around and under it; Sullivan returns on alto, gently melodic; Dial keeps up the intensity with an excellent piano solo. Rabinowitz's bassoon could really puzzle someone in a blindfold test, since it has a unique sound. The last piece for the sextet is Herbie Hancock's ***Dolphin Dance*** featuring Sullivan on alto making fast, liquid runs and glissandos, with Rodney pitching in with a fine easy-swinging, looselimbed solo. Rabinowitz, who had been rather featureless in the Coltrane piece, makes his mark on this track, coaxing his instrument in a stately, not-to-be-hurried exploration of the changes — his sound and style here is reminiscent of Jerome Richardson's baritone sax work. Dial contributes another fine solo and all the while the bass and drums swirl and eddy like an irresistible tide. This track is truly the high point of an altogether fine album, full of nice solos and interesting orchestration.

The Shaw-Bowie session was recorded in concert at Sam Rivers's Studio Rivbea. Michael Cuscuna's liner notes characterises one of the tracks as "essentially a drum solo with Bowie's comments in the form of sputters and widely spaced notes." Unfortunately this just about sums up the entire record for me! To my ears all the dynamism of this session comes from Shaw's drumming. Bowie's horn sounds like fragments of Miles Davis served up in random order. On a track entitled ***Cootie's Caravan Fan*** there is scarcely anything which is evocative of the great Ellington trumpeter; no growling, no fat vibratos, no swoops and roars, no pyrotechnics. I find this music puzzling since the players profess to be interested in funk, boogie woogie, older forms of jazz and R&B, but the music they make seems to be the antithesis of all they say they admire. It comes across as minimalist, introverted and as a form of extremely abstract avant garde chamber music. However, if you liked Bowie and Phillip Wilson's trumpet and drums duet album you will probably like this one. Shaw really knows his drums though and I would love to hear him in the company of some more straight ahead musicians.

— Al Lewis

BEBOP ON RECORD

STEVE LACY

PETER DANSON: *Presumably Sidney Bechet was an important figure early in your career. Yet you don't sound like him. How did you develop your own sound?*

STEVE LACY: Well, I think the sound you always have, I think you have that from the beginning. But it takes quite a few years to develop it. And in the development you go towards somebody and away from them. You go through their music until you get to the bottom of it and then you go past it. And well this is a process in time really. That's the way the stuff gets developed...by business like that.

Your first professional gigs were with elder statesmen, people like Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell, Vic Dickenson...any special memories?

Jesus, all those guys were fantastic. And the ones that are still alive are still fantastic. These are dangerous players. These are the guys that made me want to play in the first place. And it was a thrill to have the privilege of being allowed to play with them at the time because I was just a kid and they were living legends. So that was part of my luck, of being in the right place at the right time with the right sound. Each one of those guys left me with indelible souvenirs. But they're things you can't speak about. It's just...I hope they are in the music I do. It has to do with the sounds mostly, their sound, their manner of playing.

Did you have to struggle to keep up with them?

Well, no. When you're a kid you don't know what you're doing, really. You're having fun and you're doing it. And you don't worry like you do later on.

You once said that when you were with Cecil Taylor you were working on certain material which Cecil eventually left but you retained and continued to work on.

Yes, his scraps were really my vittles. He was a model for me too as a person, as a bandleader, as a composer, as an instrumentalist. The experiments with form that he was doing in those days, his compositional methods in those days, which have subsequently changed a lot, were a model for me and my future endeavours...you have to go at it your own way and find your own models. There's no textbook for this stuff...or there was none in my day. There are quite a few now. So you have to have help and people stronger than yourself in composition.

What was it about his compositions?

They held water. That's the main thing about a composition. It works. It sounds good. It's interesting to play. And if you have an appetite like I do, It's gotta be challenging and problematic and a little bit independent. It's just my appetites go in that direction. And they were largely formed by my association with Cecil who really opened my eyes and ears to what was going on in New York at that time. He took me by the hand to hear Charlie Parker and Fats Navarro and Bud Powell and Igor Stravinsky and Bartok and dance and baseball and everything. And I didn't know anything. I was just all ears and all eyes really. And that again was a lucky association for me.

In that sense he was similar to Monk. Once you got into it, you were pulled right through, and you worked your way through certain things, and there was a challenge there. It wasn't something you could take lightly.

No, and you can't do it in one day. You can't do it in one week. And some of that stuff takes many years of going through it you know. You have to return to it and do it again and again. Well, music is about that kind of repetition.

Was it through Cecil that you got turned on to Monk?

Of course, of course. He took me by the other hand to hear Monk. And I was grateful for that. But the important thing about Cecil was that I saw how he built his thing. That showed me about building something. And it wasn't so much that I latched on to his way... but I saw how one could make things like that and how to go about it. What was very important to me was the model part really. It wasn't the exact nature of what he was doing, but it was the fact that that could be done at all. And the main thing I learned form him was how to assume the political clout you need to maintain a body of work as independent and as wild as that. The struggle, how to struggle with the powers that be to maintain your own thing. And that was the main lesson I got from Cecil. And I didn't get it while I was with him. I thought about it quite a few years later. Well, you know in those days, in the fifties, he was surrounded by hostility really. And he maintained his cool and kept on and on and on until it turned around.

In the late fifties you had an opportunity to work with Gil Evans and were featured quite prominently. Do you have any observations about Gil's approach to arranging and blending sounds?

He's a master colourist really as everybody knows. It's all been said. What could I possibly add to it. I mean really he's the greatest. I saw a concert recently in London with all British musicians and it was magic. What he got out of that orchestra. It was a small group, about ten pieces or so. It was just amazing. I think he is a magician. I think that is what I would really say about it. A sorcerer, a master.

You have said you have come across obscure or even secondary musicians who have given you something, sometimes something very important.

To me these people are major. They may not be famous or they may be forgotten, but I haven't forgotten them. Oh, I could think of quite a few. Emmett Berry, Joe Thomas, Sandy Williams, J. C. Higginbotham. I mean I could think of hundreds of names like that. They all left me with an impression, a sound that I will never forget. And all these sounds are, well, I have them in my mind's ear. And they fashion what I do. They inform it. And I don't want to get away from that ever. Number one is sound, let's face it.

Were you part of the Five Spot crowd? [a famous club in New York's lower East Side]

I sure was, I lived around the corner. We (Cecil's group) started the joint. Sawdust serenade. I can't remember how many weeks that job was, but of course it was very important. It wasn't exactly a turning point... more like a burning point. It really heated up the downtown area of New York. That was like a transformation gig. The lines were more defined after that particular job...it was Monk who really turned the tide of course. He put the place on the map really. We drew the initial diagram and then Monk really opened it up. Monk and Trane.

You also worked with Jimmy Giuffre there.

Yeah, for a couple of weeks maybe. That was important too because that's where Trane got his idea from about the soprano during that gig. And that's where Monk came in to check me out. But it didn't work. The music wasn't happening for me. I was unhappy and I cut out. And as soon as I cut out, I got the job with Monk.

You are quoted as saying you weren't entirely relaxed with him at that point.

That was a time of musical struggle and it was a kind of turbulent period. I really didn't know what I was doing too well. I was trying too hard. I was overdoing it. I was bearing down too hard. It couldn't go on like that.

I presume you caught Ornette Coleman at the Five Spot.

Oh sure. I didn't miss a note.

Did your association with Don Cherry date from that period?

He gave me some brotherly help, really. A total point of view, like opening a window for me, like he's done for so many other people too. That's Cherry's thing, you know.

How did you come to work with Roswell Rudd? Was it that you found someone you could work through the Monk repertoire with?

Well, I met him in a Dixieland band. We played a couple of Dixieland gigs together and we hit it off pretty good right from the beginning sound-wise. I liked playing with him. And it turned out he was into Monk's music also and that he knew some of the tunes I didn't know. He corrected some of the mistakes I had in the ones I thought I knew and vice versa. We needed each other. I think

that music was too inaccessible for one person.

Now with Monk dead everyone is recording his tunes.

Yeah, sure. Well you can buy it in a book now. You can go out to a store and there it is. And so that's the difference. And you can even get a machine that'll play it back without you even having to intervene. Monk once told me one thing, "You have to dig to dig it, you dig it?" And that's it. So there's nothing to be said because you have to dig it. And you have to dig into it. And if you just play the surface of it or if you don't get to the bottom of it... well to me it sounds sad. Maybe it sounds good to you because those tunes are so interestingly built that they sound good even when they're played bad to someone who doesn't know any better. That was one of the dangers. That's why, as I said, Roswell would check me out and I would check him out. There were scores, but even when I worked with Monk he would never show us the scores, never. He preferred we would ***dig it***. He would play it over and over for us until we dug it.

Do you have any favourite Monk tunes? Are there any that are particularly endearing?

Hey no. I like too many of them. The list would be too long and it might as well include all of them really. The thing about Monk is that any and all of his tunes, it's the consistency that knocked me out from the beginning. It was the high level of all of them and the fact that there's no bunk in his stuff really. It's all first-rate stuff. I mean he was a genius. Plus there are a couple of tunes he lost that are his tunes really...credited to other people, but they're Monk tunes really. And when you hear them they got it too.

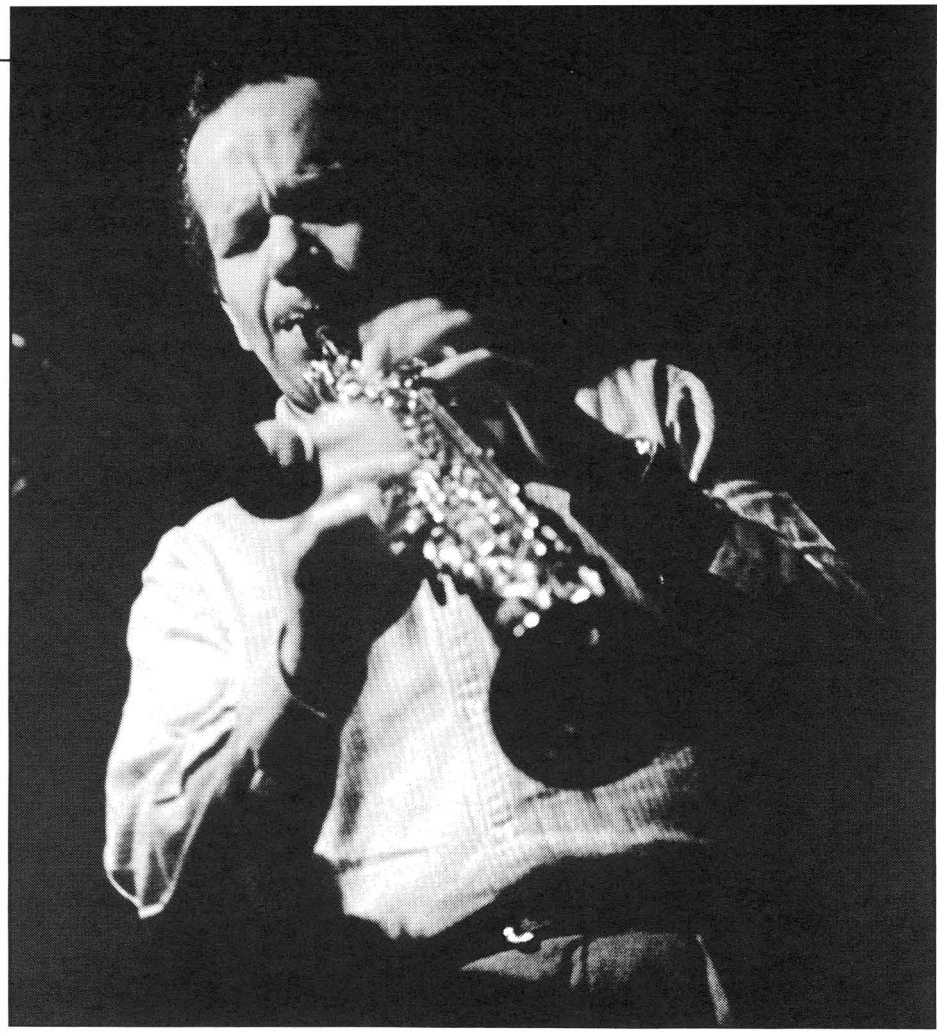
The one supposedly co-written with Cootie Williams, 'Round Midnight, is probably played the most.

Well, he wrote that one when he was eighteen years old, so think about that. And that took many years before it surfaced... It didn't really start to move until '55 or so.

Insofar as Monk's music has remained undeveloped to the extent that so few people have investigated it in the depth that is required or given the rich possibilities in orchestrating his music...

Well, I am afraid right now that that is going to be done to death. When it was alive, it was the most beautiful. When nobody was touching it, it was really pristine. The more people who touch it and do it and work it over, they are going to bring it down. And that's normal. And then it's going to go out and that'll be it. In the meantime other things are coming in. So for me, personally, I've been through this music and I can't worry about it like that. It's not for anybody to worry about it. While you're worrying about that music, there's a musician right now who's in the same place that Monk was in. In other words, with a pristine thing that's fantastic and that nobody is paying attention to. To me music is a living thing. It's a living commodity.

You have "School Days," then "Trickles" and now "Regeneration." There's a certain continuity in those associations, and to my ears and others' those recordings are classics. But as with Monk the same poeple are going to dig it and the same people are going to ignore it. I don't want to be pessimistic, but every five, ten or whatever years we get reminded by folks like you of this beautiful tradition and nothing gets changed around. There's still that resistance. Seemingly there's no progress.



I don't know what you want to change. I mean progress you know, when Monk couldn't get a job, he would walk by Birdland and he would hear people playing his tunes inside. And he wasn't allowed to work for quite a few years. He was held back for a long time. And then he came in and people started to discover him. And everybody got excited. They thought he was a genius. He went up and in and on and then he went out, right?

When I played that music in the fifties it was very, very difficult. Johnny Griffin used to ask me, "Why do you play such hard tunes all the time?" And then he played with Monk and he saw that they weren't that hard. I mean they are hard and all that, but what was extremely difficult becomes more easy with time. And that happened with Beethoven and everything, you know...when it starts out, it seems incomprehensible. It's impossible and all that. And with time it becomes possible and clear.

So it isn't progress. I don't know what it is. It's foolish to call it progress because life just goes on. There's no progress in life. What goes up, there's another thing going down. I mean it's Braque who said that for every progress in art, and he is only talking about art, there's a corresponding loss. And that's the law of compensation. And I agree with that really. So people come and go, styles come in and out, but we remember what we heard, those of us who make it our business to dwell in this music. You can't ask for more than that really. It exists because we do it and you dig it. And that's the thing that's together. The people that dig it and the people that do it are like a partnership. So long as that exists, it will go on. When one party of that cuts out, then it becomes difficult. So let's see what happens.

You went to Argentina with Johnny Dyani and Louis Moholo in the mid-sixties. What was your South American experience like?

Well, "The Forest And The Zoo," the record that came out of that experience, pretty well documents the music that we were doing at that time But what was going on in the daytime was more like hell. And I wouldn't want to go back again. That was like an inferno...of course certain things remain from that that are very, very positive and very important... The tango will be with me forever, and that's no joke.

In the late sixties you had an opportunity to go to Paris for a festival where you met some of the newer musicians. What were your first impressions?

Shock, delighted shock and instant recognition as they say. It was a real flash for me. And that's where I met our piano player Bobby Few. I latched on to him immediately. Plus Braxton was there, that was another one. And Leo Smith and Steve McCall... That was a very important meeting. And that was what made me decide to come to Paris...because there were musicians there and I needed them. In Rome we were working with amateurs which was

STEVE LACY (photograph by Brock May)

interesting up to a point, but frustrating.

What about Bobby Few? What's his history?

Cleveland, various groups. You'd have to ask him exactly which ones. Certain singers he worked with, Prysock...Frank Wright, long experience with Frank Wright, Albert Ayler, Alan Silva...well he's like one of Cecil's progeny... To me it's the Earl Hines school. I think Earl Hines is largely underrated as a champion and forebearer of many of these styles, including Cecil's own in a way. And maybe even Cecil would say he didn't get much out of Earl Hines. But I think Earl Hines was behind a lot of what is happening right now. That kind of freedom was initiated by Earl Hines. He may have been the first free jazz musician in a certain sense. The first splasher, you know.

There was some unusual mixing going on in Paris...Philly Joe Jones was playing with Archie Shepp...all sorts of combinations you wouldn't have thought of given the way recordings go...

And gangsters were there too. And that was very important because they were the ones who were running the show. And still BYG Records is a gangster operation. This is criminal, all this, and they call it Affinity now and it crops up. I've seen these records all over the world. And they keep coming out in new editions and all that. And it's really distressing. But I wouldn't know what to do about them except put it on record like I am doing right now that these people are gangsters and nobody should buy their records...but people do. In fact they're very well distributed. It's a joke, you know. Sometimes I go into a record store and that's all I've seen. It's a bad joke, but it's a joke. But anyway at that time that was the end of the jazz boom in France. And the boom was busted by the gangsters who were cleaning up for a while. And when they saw they wouldn't clean up any more, they sold out and ran out. And they're still cleaning up with the same old crumbs from that time. It's amazing.

It seems of all the new musicians it was Braxton who was the most misunderstood. But then when you start thinking about it, there's Leo Smith...so many of their generation rejected by the jazz community. There was a real fear that people like Braxton were just too European.

Well all of us are too something until it's too late. Let's see what happens, see if it goes on and see what it turns out to have been. It becomes clear at a certain point what that was. After it's over, it's very clear what it was. While it's going on, it's problematic. It always comes back to that again. You dig it or you don't.

You have referred to free improvisation as an opportunity to discover things.

A place to do research.

Is that what you did during the Company week in London?

Musical discovery. When you play with a musician like Derek Bailey for the first time, he trips you off into fields that you hadn't seen before. Well, that's wondrous and can be very stimulating.

But in listening to the recorded documents from Company week, the thing that struck me was that however open it was, you could follow it. It was obvious. It was not chaotic.

No, we don't want chaos. We want clarity. We have to go about it in a seemingly chaotic way sometimes, but we're really after clarity.

There were three very new and exciting moments in the seventies for a listener like myself. We've talked about the Chicago/Saint Louis crowd, and Company people. Then there's Globe Unity. What was your association with them?

I did a few things with them and various other players in there. We used to go to Berlin a lot. There were many experiences there. The main thing I did with them was the Far East tour and the record "Compositions" because my interest with them was really in, well... I learned many things from playing with them... great musicians there.

The "Compositions" recording you referred to defies the completely free improvisation one associates with Globe Unity.

Yeah, well you see there's where I cut out. There's where they left me or there's where I left them. And also because I was very busy with my own group really. It represented a side activity. But when great musicians like that, like Albert Mangelsdorff is one of my heroes, the opportunity to work with anything which he is associated with is wonderful. They're all first-class musicians. Alexander von Schlippenbach is a dynamite piano player...

If you really want to play, you have got to go where the action is. You can't stay home and moan about how it's not happening because you're wasting time. You have to go and get up and move. Go somewhere. And if it's not happening here, it's happening on the next block or in the next town or in the next country or on the next planet.

When you think about it, some of the most interesting musicians in this period are making their living in Europe through gigs and recording contracts...do you think the center of this music has shifted to Europe?

The scene has widened so that you cannot ignore Europe any more. And Japan. As far as the center of it goes, I would say it still...no, I would say the center is everywhere really. The center is in your house if your activity is intense enough in your house. That's where the center is really for you and your world. And some day all the world will come through there. All the jazz world will come. That will be like the jazz corner of the world in your house. And that can be anywhere in the planet really or off the planet... It's not about modern technology. It's about intensive endeavours and a long period of time. It can't happen overnight, but it could happen in twenty years. And it takes about twenty years to build something really.

You've recorded a lot. Some people say too much.

I wish I hadn't done those BYG records, I'll tell you that. Yeah, I've over-recorded in that sense. There are a few records I wish I hadn't made really. But some periods are under-recorded. Others, it's not the periods that are over-recorded, it's just certain records are distressing for me. But they happen to be records that many people like. So it's never quite the same. Anyway most of them are out of print. And that is one reason why I made a lot of records because they kept going out of print. So it's no help to be out of print... But in general I don't think I am over-recording now.

Can you comment on Hat Hut? Is there a special relationship there?

Yeah, this is different. This is the longest association I've had with a record company. And it's exactly that, it's a free association. I have no contract with them, but it's been very fruitful for both of us. We're growing together, Hat Hut and us. And I like the way they put the stuff out. I've been happy with some of the records there. And we have a few more in preparation.

Was "The Way" a landmark piece for you in terms of its unity, its conception...

You mean that whole cycle, that tao thing or I think it's pronounced dao. Anyway, sure that's Opus One for me, that work. Especially, in fact, the song ***The Way***. The second piece in the cycle was the first piece I wrote, that could still be played, that we still touched. So it was literally Opus One for me. That was the beginning of the songs, all the other songs came out of that one. And in a way, there's that word again, "The Way," that was the way I found the way. It was through that music which came out of those words which came to me from thousands of years ago. So that's some heavy water. I couldn't comment on that because it's beyond my time really.

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"Evidence" (Prestige)
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"Trickles" (Black Saint)
"The Way" (Hat Hut)
"Prospectus" (Hat Art)
"Forest And The Zoo" (ESP)
As co-leader
"School Days" (QED)
"Regeneration" (Soul Note)
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With Globe Unity Orchestra
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25 Years of Fish Horn Recording; the Steve Lacy Discography 1954/79, compiled and edited by H. L. Lindenmaier.

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BLUES

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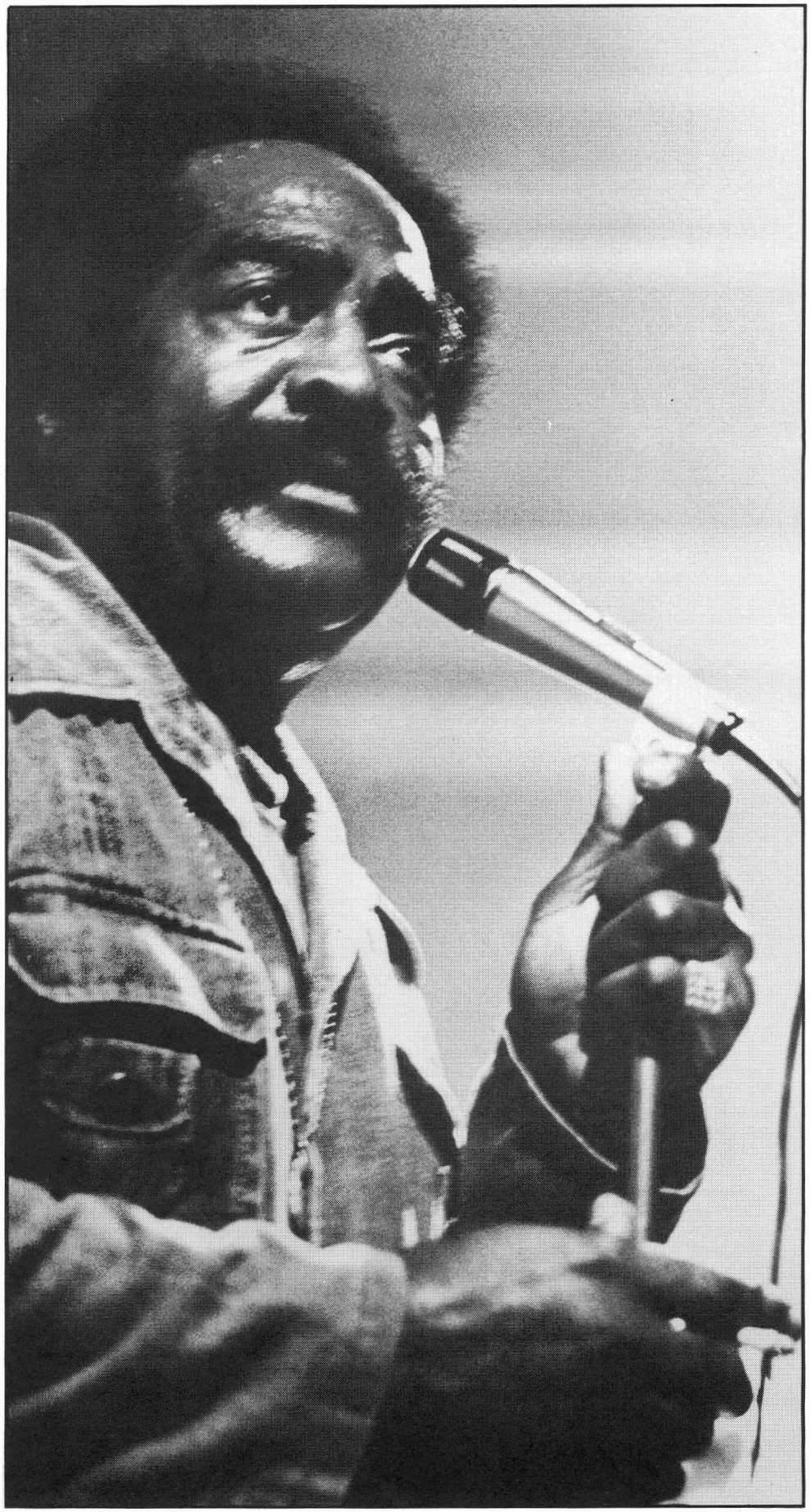


JIMMY WITHERSPOON (photograph by Val Wilmer)

JIMMY WITHERSPOON's **"Sings The Blues" (Muse MR 5288)** certainly ranks as one of his best. Backed by Panama Francis's 9-piece **Savoy Sultans**, Spoon sings with an honest, soulful conviction, bringing in a new found vitality to some well-exercised classics. The LP could have been retitled a "Tribute To Five By Five" having over half the program drawn from the Rushing songbook. On the instrumental side, I haven't heard a band of this genre cook like this for quite a while. As solid a rhythm section as you'll find with hot horn work by George Kelly, Francis Williams and Irv Stokes.

The program covers scorching renderings of ***Sent For You Yesterday*** and ***Boogie Woogie (I May Be Wrong)*** to the ballad ***I Want A Little Girl***, to after hours blues like ***Good Morning Blues***. Now a Rushing program wouldn't be complete without ***Goin' To Chicago*** and ***Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You***. Although exceptional on all cuts, Spoon really stands out on the interpretation of ***Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child*** which is pushed to a higher artistic plateau by Bobby Smith's alto and Bill Pemberton's bowed bass.

This gem of a release comes from a 1980 French session. There must have been some magic in the studio air on this date, with the original spirit of jump getting a fresh spring cleaning. All complemented by a crisp, well-engineered sound and clean pressing.

Spoon's fans may also be interested in his French **Isabel** release, **"Spoon's Life" (900.507)** also cut on the same European tour. On this one he fronts a Chicago blues ensemble featuring Johnny Dollar and Sammy Lawhorn on guitars, and George Smith on harp. The eclectic program draws from Little Walter, Willie Nelson, Sonny Boy, Big Maceo, Jimmy Reed, T-Bone Walker, and of course Witherspoon. Although quite different from the usual Witherspoon setting, this session works. Strong vocals and sympathetic backing with some surprisingly tasteful work by Dollar.

In the midst of a **LOUIS JORDAN** reissue

flood comes the **Classic Jazz** repackaging of the 1974 Black & Blue release **"I Believe In Music" (CJ148)**. This is good upbeat, Louis Jordan, true to form in a five-piece setting (alto, tenor, piano, bass and drums). With the exception of the Mac Davis-penned title tune, the material is vintage Louis Jordan. Stock material includes the likes of ***Caledonia***, ***Outskirts Of Town***, ***Saturday Night Fish Fry***, and ***Is You Is...***. On these sides Jordan is his usual animated self. There is the straightahead soaring alto, and of course the tongue-in-cheek vocals. In particular, ***Caledonia*** gets a nasty reading. Backing is solid with some good tenor work by Irv Cox and piano by Duke Burrell. Unlike Jordan's early sides, the tunes are long enough to permit some comfortable stretching out. On the technical side, there is a nice clean mix and a good pressing.

Related to Louis Jordan's brand of jump/R&B is a country & western hybrid, Hillbilly Boogie. This pre-Rockabilly piano-centred synthesis of R&B, blues, Texas Swing, boogie woogie and country music enjoyed a limited popularity in the forties and fifties. Hillbilly Boogie had an influence on the likes of Jerry Lee Lewis, his cousin, Mickey Gilley, and Jimmy Swaggert, plus the whole mid-fifties generation of ducktailed, rednecked Rockabillies.

A central figure of this genre was pianist Aubrey "Moon" Mulligan. Until recently, Moon had been overlooked in the exhaustive study of the evolution of Southern U.S. popular music. Although he recorded up until his death in 1967, his heyday paralleled the Hillbilly Boogie period.

The Western Records release **"Seven Nights To Rock" (Western 2001)** offers a substantial sampling (16 in all) of **MOON MULLIGAN**'s King sides from 1946-56. Although there is a definite Texas Swing feel, the R&B imprint has left its mark. Moon's vocals have a relaxed Big Joe Turner flavour, while his piano is steady rocking boogie woogie. Backing is varied with the usual Swing trappings of guitar, steel guitar, fiddle, drums and bass, along with some organ and horns. Some good steel and electric guitar throughout. For the country component pick up on ***Trifling Woman Blues*** and ***Good Deal Lucille***. Jump is well-represented in the Texas Swing style, ***Tokyo*** and ***Cherokee Boogies***, and the more R&B sounding ***I'm Mad With You***, ***Rheumatism Boogie***, ***Seven Nights To Rock*** and the Tiny Bradshaw gem, ***Well Oh Well***.

"Seven Nights To Rock" is a highly recommended reissue featuring a jumping blend of R&B and C&W styles, bouncing boogie piano, relaxed vocals and inspired backing. Obtain from Mutual Music Corp., 254 Scott Street, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Also check out **"BILLY JACK WILLS and His Western Swing Band" (Western 2002)**, and OJL's **"ROY NEWMAN and His Boys" (OJL 8102)**. Both feature more of a Jazz/Texas Swing blend. Drummer Billy Jack was Bob Wills's brother, and the material here is drawn from radio transcriptions from 1952-54 featuring his working band of the time which included mandolinist Tiny Moore and trumpeter Dick McComp. Tiny also takes vocals on seven of the sixteen cuts. Material includes ***C Jam Blues***, ***Summit Ridge Drive***, ***Tuxedo Junction***, ***Air Mail Special***, ***I Don't Know***, ***Woodchoppers Ball***, and a hot McAuliffe/Shamlin workout, ***Twin Guitar Special***.

Pianist Roy Newman's fourteen sides were cut between 1934 and 1938, and feature a number of hot sidemen, including Holly Horton (clarinet), Bob Dunn (steel guitar), and Thurman Neal (fiddle). Titles include ***Down Hearted Blues***, ***Matchbox Blues***, ***Mississippi Mud***, ***12th Street Rag***, and a variant of Trixie Smith's ***My Daddy Rocks Me***.

Both reissues feature some hot playing and provide a good illustration of the Texas Swing synthesis for jazz fans. The Wills release can be obtained from Mutual, while the Newman can be obtained from Bill Givens, OJL, PO Box 85, Santa Monica, CA 90406.

Now back to the blues with two good **LIGHTNING HOPKINS** releases — **"Lightnin' In New York" (Jazz Man BLZ 5502)** and **"Po' Lightnin' " (Arhoolie 1087)**. "In New York" is a reissue of the Barnaby/Candid release "Lightnin' Hopkins In New York" (Barnaby Z30247). This is superb, relaxed Lightnin' Hopkins recorded solo on piano, guitar and vocal in 1960. The cuts are on the longish side allowing Lightnin' to stretch out, and on several cuts, such as "Take It Easy," he alternates on piano and guitar. By the way, his piano playing is more than adequate. The subtle beauty and strength of Lightnin's Texas guitar blues comes out in the introspective ***Wonder Why***. Also included are the ***Mister Charlie*** epic, and the rocking ***Black Cat***. This is classic and essential Lightnin' Hopkins.

The material for the Arhoolie release comes from two 1961 and 1969 sessions, and features Lightning solo on guitar, piano and organ, and on guitar with backing from Francis Clay on drums. On the ubiquitous ***Rock Me Mama*** there is added muscle from Moose Walker (piano), Jeff Carp (harp), Paul Asbell (guitar), and Geno Skaggs (bass). Nice laid back ensemble work. Lightning's duet work with Clay is favourably reminiscent of his work with Spider Kirkpatrick.

Like the "In New York" session, the tempo ranges from slow, introspective blues to Strikin' Lightnin' jump. However, there is greater emphasis on familiar titles such as ***Mojo Hand***, ***Hello Central, One Kind Favor, Baby Please Don't Go***, and, of course, ***Rock Me Baby***. As with "In New York," there is a reading of ***Ain't It Crazy***.

Lightnin' was in great form for this material. With the varied format and playing time of around forty minutes, "Po' Lightnin'," like "In New York," is a good addition to any blues collection.

Now on to some piano blues. First up is a newly recorded (early 1983) solo release by **SUNNYLAND SLIM — "Sunnyland Train" (Red Beans Records RB002)**. Slim is in great form, and on the production side care was taken to avoid serious duplication of his earlier solo Sonet and Storyville releases. I prefer Slim on solo piano to his ensemble sides. Here, as on his earlier outings, Slim stretches out and gets down to some relaxed, after hours blues. His playing has a real downhome, turpentine camp touch to it, and his vocals are just plain salty. Slim dishes up five original titles ranging from a rocking ***Be My Baby*** to a low down ***Sometimes I Worry***, and pays tribute to the likes of Sonny Boy — ***Decoration Day***, Roosevelt Sykes — ***Unlucky One***, Walter Davis — ***Sad And Lonesome***, and Bessie Smith — ***Backwater Blues***. For good measure there is a reading of ***Pinetop's Boogie Woogie*** and the old classic ***Highway 61***. Highly recommended. A must for piano blues fans, and in particular a complement to any collection of Slim's ensemble material. Remember, there are not many of these guys left doing this as competently. For further information contact Red Beans Records, 2240 N. Magnolia, Chicago, IL 60614.

Next up are two **MEMPHIS SLIM** releases — **"Memphis Slim U.S.A." (Jazz Man BLZ 5500)** and **"I'm So Alone" (Storyville SLP 4044)**. "U.S.A." is actually a mixed program featuring Slim on vocals/piano, plus Jazz Gillum on vocals/harp and Arbee Stidham on vocals/guitar. The material was originally recorded in 1961, and appeared as part of a double LP in the Barnaby/Candid series. Slim's solo cuts are strong — ***El Capitan***, ***I Believe I'll Settle Down***, and ***Harlem Bound***. Check out ***Late Afternoon Blues***. Gillum turns in a nice solo harp instrumental version of ***John Henry***, and a respectable reading of his biggie ***Key To The Highway***. Stidham's cuts are poor — marred by an out-of-tune guitar and rather pedestrian vocals (give that man some Hadocol). He sure has sounded better. All is not lost; he messes up only four of the fourteen cuts.

"I'm So Alone" is a straight reissue of Storyville 138, and an Everest budget issue of the same name. The material was cut in 1960 and 1961 featuring solo and piano, bass and drums trio work. On the solo side, Slim turns in a substantial piano boogie and slow vocal blues — ***Three Woman Blues***. He also experiments with a celeste with a lengthy slow blues, ***Bertha Mae***, and an interesting boogie. The trio sides free up Slim somewhat as he goes through a familiar program ranging from ***El Capitan*** to ***I'm So All Alone***. With the exception of the rather weak ***Bertha Mae*** celeste exercise, this is a strong and spirited Memphis Slim collection.

Also from the Storyville vaults come two **CHAMPION JACK DUPREE** releases. Recorded in the early sixties, Jack is featured on solo piano and with unobtrusive guitar, bass, and bass/drum accompaniment. **"I'm Growing Older Every Day" (Storyville SLP 4040)** is a straight reissue of that label's old SLP 161, and was also available on the budget Everest label. **"Champion Jack Dupree" (Jazz Man BLZ 5501)** comes up with twelve previously unissued gems.

"Growing Older" could have been subtitled hard luck and trouble blues. With the exception of a spirited ***When I've Been Drinking***, the program dwells on down and out alley blues. Whoever compiled this collection originally must have been having a blue day when the selection took place. With a concentration on titles like ***I Hate To Be Alone***, ***The Cold Ground Is My Bed***, and ***Sleeping In The Street***, the average listener could come away feeling Champion Jack was a self-indulgent, sombre individual.

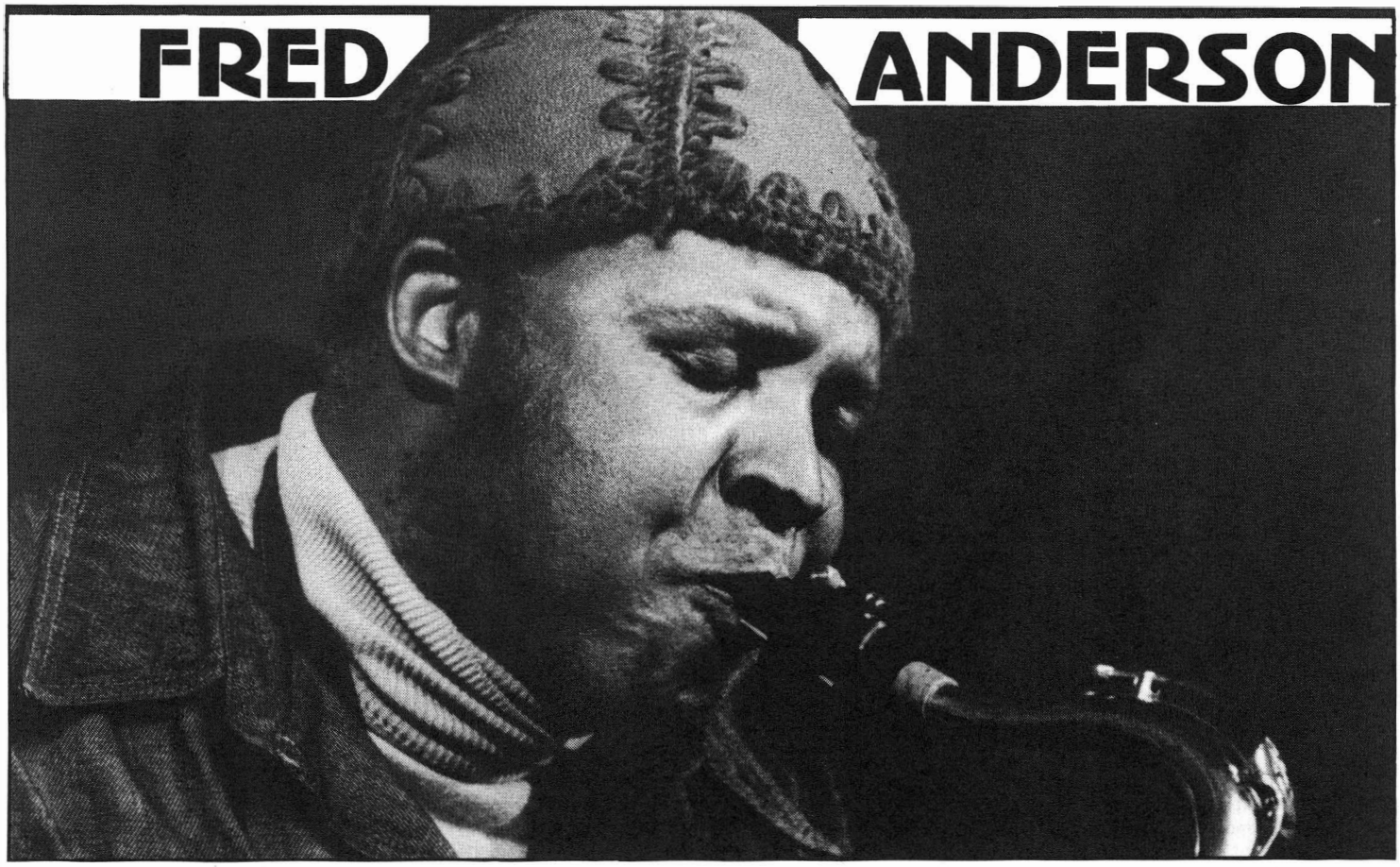
Meanwhile the Jazz Man release provides a more representative program with just enough up-tempo workouts to give Jack a more balanced perspective. This release definitely ranks higher on the entertainment scale, with Jack turning in some strong renditions of ***Big Fat Mama***, ***41 Highway***, and ***I'm Going To Look The Whole World Over***. There is also a rocking interpretation of ***Rock Me Mama*** and a topical, reflective ***President Kennedy Blues***. On the alley side there are ***Poor Boy Blues*** and ***Driving Me Mad***.

Now a wrapup for the consumer. The Storyville is definitely for those who read sociology into their blues, while Jazz Man is for those who thrive more on the pleasure principle. Jack is very strong on both, with the Jazz Man being more representative of his material.

During the Chicago winter of 1976, music was everywhere. Every Sunday the AACM Big Band under the direction of Muhal Richard Abrams played five o'clock sessions at Club Misty. Joseph Jarman and Don Moye developed their first duet marathons at the Lutheran Seminary; Anthony Braxton and Leo Smith appeared at Ratso's; the Revolutionary Ensemble was in full force. Rita Warford was singing, Ratta Christine Jones was dancing, Amina Claudine Myers was holding forth on piano, organ and vocals. In the midst of this intense, daily, musical kaleidoscope, Fred Anderson's talent on tenor saxophone stood out like a strong beacon – a guiding light for younger musicians and an irresistible flame attracting those with ears for great jazz.

Anderson was leading a sextet that appeared every Friday and Saturday night at J's Place, a non-alcoholic club on Chicago's near North Side. Douglas Ewart on reeds, flutes and multi-percussion; George Lewis on trombone; Billy Brimfield, trumpet; Hank Drake, congas, tablas; Felix Blackman on bass, and for a stretch of several months, Iqua Colson on vocals. A fortunate encounter of generations and musical minds. The context was bebop – Charlie Parker style. "Bird played it all," Fred often repeated. Yet that didn't stop the band from exploring all the territory between the West Side and outer space. Bird just brought it all back home.

Fred Anderson, born in 1929 in Monroe, Louisiana, moved to Evanston, Illinois (near Chicago) with his family at age nine. At thirteen, he was teaching himself to play on a tenor saxophone he'd purchased with forty-five dollars earned from working odd jobs. Parker was his main influence for speed and power; he liked Gene Ammons's sound and the way Lester Young told a story. Consciously he began creating his own sound identity with these three masters in mind. By 1950 he had married and was participating in jam sessions around the South Side, practicing in South Park, listening to Von Freeman at the Trocadero where he also played the Blue Monday Jams. The sessions of the fifties were tough. Fred was once put off the bandstand at Fifth Jacks by musicians who didn't understand his concept. But it was at Fifth Jacks in the early sixties that he and Muhal Richard Abrams started discussing the desirability of an organisation for creative musicians. While working at a variety of jobs from room service waiter to carpet installer, Fred's creative energies were channeled into the infant AACM. His playing from this period is heard on Joseph Jarman's first two Delmark albums, "Song For" and "As If It Were The Seasons."



During 1975-76, the Fred Anderson Sextet worked J's Place every weekend – Fridays from eight until twelve; Saturdays starting at midnight and going until dawn. Around two or three in the morning musicians and poets began drifting in and were invited onto the bandstand. Drummer Ajaramu made frequent appearances, as did James Johnson (J.J.), bassoon virtuoso and alto saxophonist. Up and coming horn players from all parts of Chicago tested their chops on that coffeehouse bandstand as well, traded fours, and learned to improvise behind the poets.

Fred was the dominating presence by virtue of his experience, the strength of his tone, the commanding way he took the tenor, looked out of slow, sad eyes and ripped into the opening bars of *Ornithology* or some other Parker classic. Standards were the starting point for memorable solos. Douglas Ewart's bass clarinet darted like sparrows in a springtime sky against the strident chuckling, almost leering edge of Billy Brimfield's trumpet, his molten, behind-the-beat lines. Chimes, temple bells, triangles enunciated and punctuated. J's Place became a sound laboratory. George Lewis would slide *Lush Life* then work slyly to extend the range of his trombone. Lewis and Ewart, who later recorded duet albums, were always egging each other on, flying in tandem along with the swing and heat of Fred's chromatic barrage. The music seesawed from the hot melodic to the starkly abstract, embellished and percolated by Hank Drake's tablas and Felix Blackman's roundabout bass walks. The Sextet created an original, powerful and uplifting music whether playing Fred Anderson ballads like *For Rita* or overhauling *Fly Me To The Moon*. Echoes of this seminal group can be heard on three albums recorded by European companies – "Another Place," recorded live at the 1978 Moers Festival (on Moers Music) with George Lewis, Billy Brimfield, Hank Drake and Brian Smith; "Accents" on the MRC label (1978) with the European-based Neighbors Band with Billy Brimfield; and "Dark Day," the Fred Anderson Quartet with Hank Drake, Steven Palmore and Billy Brimfield, recorded live in 1979 at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago. Soon to be released by Chuck Nessa is the latest and strongest of Fred Anderson's musical statements, "The Missing Link" (Nessa 23), a duet with Hank Drake.

As the interview began on a hot August 1983 evening, we were discussing the Sextet in 1956.

FRED ANDERSON (photograph by Markus Di Francesco)

ELAINE COHEN: ***As I remember, you gave the musicians a lot of freedom to play what they wanted.***

FRED ANDERSON: Right. That was one of the things, everybody was able to express themselves, and play their own compositions. That's one of the main things they got a chance to do. We played a lot of my compositions, but George had some, and Douglas had some, we all had some we were playing. Now the only thing about it is that some of them had different ideas about compositions than I had. So I would listen and play what they brought in. Some of them were out of my range of my music. They were sort of dealing with their own personalities. You can listen to the music that they've been writing since we haven't been together and see where their head was. But that was a start.

So you feel that George Lewis and Douglas Ewart were in an early stage of their development then?

That was it for them, that was their beginning performing and being able to play their own compositions, as far as to see how it sounded. Because we used to have rehearsals at my house, and we'd work out a lot of stuff in the little time we had to do it. You got to remember at that time it was hard because everybody was trying to make a living. I was working a day job. Douglas was hustling (leather, bamboo flutes), Brimfield was trying to make it the best he could, George was working a day job for an insurance company. So we were just trying to struggle it out. And they would drive all the way out to my house in Evanston just to rehearse once or twice a week. Remember when Iqua Colson was singing with us? That's when we finally made a gig with Anthony Braxton at Amazing Grace, that was nice. Playing opposite Anthony Braxton was one of the big gigs we got and I think from then on things started moving. Then finally, the group busted up, Douglas went his way, George his way, and Hank...

You and Hank are still playing together now?

Hank and I are still managing to. In fact, it's just me and Hank Drake on the new record, called "The Missing Link." Chuck Nessa of Nessa Records recorded it. This album sort of got me in another space. When you listen to it you'll see what I'm talking about. It's not the same, you get a chance to hear me without anybody else, without all that other force — just the rhythm section.

I like that, "The Missing Link."

Yeah. Because I feel out of all them that's been heard, I'm the one that hasn't been heard.

That may be true. Well, let's go back a little. Did you grow up in Chicago?

I came up in Chicago, but I'm not from Chicago, I started playing in and near Evanston which is in the Chicago area. Back in 1963, that's when I first met Muhal Richard Abrams, when we first started talking about the AACM over at a place called Fifth Jacks. Muhal said, "We should have a club or an organization for the advancement of creative musicians, where everybody can create their own music, play it and bring it together." Before I knew it they were calling me to make the first meeting.

Did you ever play in the Experimental Band?

No, but Joseph Jarman and I played the first AACM concert — him, Charles Clark, Billy Brimfield, myself and I think it was Thurman Barker who was with us at that particular time. I think Thurman was about 18 years old then.

Did you end up playing with the AACM Big Band?

I did something with the Big Band, a concert at one time, at one of the festivals. But I never did play in the Big Band because basically living and working out here in Evanston I couldn't make the rehearsals.

So what do you think about the first generation of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians — the guys who founded it, Muhal and many others — leaving Chicago pretty much en masse?

Well, it was bound to happen. I haven't left because my circumstances were different. I'm only speaking for myself but a lot of the guys just had to leave Chicago, and they left. I stayed around trying to survive out here. Not that I'm doing great playing music (as far as the money's concerned) but at least I'm still hanging on. And now I got a club, The Velvet Lounge. I'm into music, I'm right in there, I'm surrounded with it all the time. If I want to get up in the morning and listen to some music I can. I can play music all day long. A lot of the cats these last few years have been thinking that this last year and a half I've been out of it, but I'm not. And whenever I have a concert, we come out just as strong. They say, "What? Where's he been?" I've been here. I'm still with the stuff. I'm just not out there like that because I don't need that energy right now. I got the energy, but I preserve it for doing something that I really want to do. Like when I played that gig for the Underground Festival (July 1983). I put a lot of energy in there, there was a lot of positive stuff going down in that one hour. I must've lost five pounds that night.

How about European tours, that kind of thing. Are you on that circuit any more?

Well, I got another year and a half as far as far as the lease on the club is concerned. After the lease is up, I don't know. I don't even know what's going to go down with the club. The only thing I do know is that I'm going to have to have something to keep me going economically. I would like to think that music would do it for me, where I would be able to do nothing but play music.

A lot of guys seem to make their substantial money in Europe, more than here.

Well, a lot of guys make a lot of bread but the reality of it is that during those periods when you're not working you still have got to have some money coming in and this is what I've been thinking about. Like right now for instance, I haven't been working too much, a job here and there, but I really don't know why my thing would have been, looking at the standards and the way the music is going down, the kind of stuff the media is pushing now. I look about and I don't hear too much about Anthony Braxton or a lot of the cats now, even Cecil Taylor, he came through here last year — he played the Underground Festival, and I was able to talk to him for a hot minute. When they come through town I like to talk to them, sit down and talk politics, talk about what's happening in America, what's going on with the system, how all are surviving musically. Financially, that is. I know the music, we don't have to talk about that, I'm talking about the financial struggle because it takes money to live in this society — in any society in the Western culture, really.

Now you had mentioned to me before about Europe. They treat you nice, you make a little money, but you see, the thing is you still got to come back here. And that European scene is not that great. Now I played all the clubs that most played in when I went; in Germany where McCoy Tyner and Jack DeJohnette played; in Holland I worked where the Art Ensemble played and I used to work a lot of the same places where Archie Shepp and Cecil Taylor were playing. But at that particular time I was working with European guys. They had the group and I was the feature. They needed me to make it go because I was from the United States and was a member of the AACM, you know what I mean, and they were pushing that.

It's the big festivals that pay the big money. The biggest one I worked was the Moers Festival. I played a few other little festivals, one in Austria, one in Belgrade, Yugoslavia — Teddy Wilson and Dexter Gordon were the feature at that time — but we played the festival almost as a novelty, really. They wanted variety so there we were and I was representing the AACM. We were supposed to have been the European avant garde with Mr. AACM. We also did some diplomatic gigs in Hungary where we didn't play for the public, we played for all the State people. At the end of the night, they sat everybody down at the same big long table, fed us, and we all had a ball.

Do you think the AACM fever has kind of subsided now in Europe?

It has died down quite a bit because it went as far as it could go. That's one of the reasons I wanted to make "The Missing Link." Now they're flooding Europe with a lot of the traditional music right now — the traditional jazz, bebop. When I went over there I discovered they were studying Charlie Parker, studying the bebop era in the schools, they were teaching it in their curriculum. I knew something was happening then (this was in 1977). They got a jazz school in Graz, Austria, and I went over there and they got all of Charlie Parker's music. He's like the Bible over there. This is what made me realize that when I would hear Anthony Braxton during that period I could hear what Braxton was trying to do. It was a much different approach than what Bird has done. Even though Braxton was making it over there then, this is what they're just catching on to, and I think this is what is happening now. They're just catching on to what Charlie Parker did, and Ornette Coleman came in there too, that's another thing that's got to be discovered. Eric Dolphy, he had a space in there too.

It's interesting how in a few years tastes have changed. Archie Shepp mentioned that he was in Antibes in the early seventies and the first tune they played was **Caravan.** ***The audience rioted because they came to hear a certain sound they identified with Shepp, the screaming and shouting period. Then, they couldn't deal with*** **Caravan.** ***Now, it's what they want to hear.***

That's what I was going to say, that the guys are going to have to re-evaluate. That doesn't mean they have to change their music. Shepp has probably done a good thing, the way he's playing now. He's playing ***Caravan*** but he's not playing ***Caravan*** in the traditional form, he's playing ***Caravan*** as Shepp. He's giving ***Caravan*** the respect, so if they can hear ***Caravan***, they can hear Archie Shepp. I think Shepp was one of the first musicians who got into that because Shepp had to learn how. He learned a lot of stuff from Don Byas, he traveled with Don in Africa. I understand he took Don with him on a gig there and hung onto him. I can hear the influence Don put on him. He taught Shepp what it really means to be an artist, and Shepp really understood what was happening. And that's one of the ways Shepp came to dealing with the reality of the music and it had nothing to do with style, it's got something to do with being able to tackle the instrument and learn how to articulate and learn how to try and master the instrument. It takes a lot of time to work out all the little details and get all these little playings into the music, and deal with the instrument and deal with the whole thing. This is what Don Byas taught Shepp because Don knew that instrument. I listened to him the other day, I hear every little detail. This didn't just come out of the sky. It has something to with ***power*** and thought and discipline and this is what Shepp is into, and he's accomplishing it.

I'm always running into Shepp everywhere I go, like when we played a gig in Utrecht in Holland and we sat down and rapped. Shepp was talking about Sonny Stitt. He said, "You remember this record of Sonny Stitt's, ***P. S. I Love You***?" Now I didn't even know that Shepp knew it because he's younger than me and I didn't know that too many people heard that tune. That's the only record that Stitt played baritone on, and he asked me if I heard it. I said, "Yeah, man, I bought the record when it came out on a 78, I remember it very well and I may still have that record." We started talking and then it dawned on me what Shepp was talking about because he had been listening to all that music and he was trying to absorb some of it. That's all his strongest stuff. A lot of the members of the AACM are going to have to re-evaluate the music. Not the style, but the music. You can take it and try and extend it, or take it and copy it, or whatever, as long as you realize what went down and the truth of it. So there you are, all you got to do is put it in some perspective. I give Shepp the credit because Shepp is trying to make his way. Miles — you could tell he'd been listening to Bird, or Dexter, and listening to all that before him, and that was a very positive thing, a very positive force he left out there. This is what I think everyone is going to have to start doing, and that includes me. Start re-evaluating what was happening with the music and try to play accordingly.

Maybe some of the change has to do with the time, and with politics too. In the sixties the student movements in Europe were really identifying with the so-called avant garde. And when the rebellions quieted down, they stopped using the new musicians as a symbol of their protest. Also, a lot of European musicians started playing that kind of music so it didn't have to be imported any more. But as the radical movements quieted down, the tastes did as well.

Now we see it's approaching the more conservative. Now these radicals have become older. Now they find out that wasn't the way. You have to move on the inside. I see that here in the States with a lot of people who were very outspoken. Suddenly they say, that's not the way to do it, you got to get on the inside to do it. So when the leaders calmed down, a lot of people calmed down with them. So now it's got to be a new force. Something else has got to happen. Like for instance when the bebop came out. That was a very forceful, radical music at the time. It was fast, and very exciting. It came in right around the war period. So now we're approaching a more conservative period. If you look at President Ronald Reagan and all the shit he's taking us through, it has something to do with what we're doing. When we start talking about this perplexing society and look at all this other stuff that has nothing to do with jazz or the music I've been raised up on, it's hard — this stuff like rock, these groups like The Police that are making oodles of money and getting support from the young people. But really the music Ornette plays has more substance; there was more happening musically — feeling, yes, and everything and the spiritual aspects of it. I'm not saying these youngsters are less dedicated than guys were at that time; but the sincerity, I don't know. It's hard to explain it to the point where you can put your finger on it. These groups will attract millions of people and here's a guy like Shepp, or Anthony Braxton...

I'm not trying to justify what I'm doing, that I'm doing the right thing. I'm doing what I need to do in order to survive as far as reality is concerned, because I know what the game is out here, which means you got to eat and sleep and pay your rent, and keep all these things going. That's the fruits. And when musicians have to run all over the country and still can't make it at the end of the month, still can't make it... like at the end of the month I can say I barely made it. But at least I can say I made it. I did everything I was supposed to do, I don't owe nobody nothing. But how many people can basically say that now? Whether it comes from music or not, it's a reality. I try to be up on it, it keeps my mind functioning.

This is why I don't have to be thinking about music 24 hours a day. Some part of the day I'll be thinking about other things, but in the back of my mind I'll be thinking about music. I go through periods where I don't listen to music at home, but all the music is sort of revolving in my mind unconsciously. It's going to come out sooner or later. This is what I'm going through now. I used to come home and turn on the radio but they would play some shit I didn't want to hear. I don't want to hear anything that's going to depress me. I can't actually listen to them trying to brainwash me, telling me "This is good," and I'm constantly telling myself, "Not at all, man, that ain't what happened." But all the time music is in my subconscious. LIke I practised three days in a row because I got to play on Saturday. So by the time Saturday comes around, my stuff will be straight ahead. Because all I need is that, and everything will start coming, you know, everything will start moving.

JAZZ LITERATURE

MILES DAVIS

A Biography, by Ian Carr
London: Quartet Books /
New York: William Morrow (US$14.95)

I don't care who buys the records as long as they get to the black people, so I will be remembered when I die. — ***Miles Davis***

That's a very revealing quote and this is a very revealing book. Not just for the choice quotes from Miles but also for the undebatable fact that this is the most comprehensive survey of his work to date (Carr takes us up to 1982). Additionally, Carr writes extremely well and is a practicing musician to boot!

Yet Carr's major contribution in assessing the work of Miles might really be how he is able to locate the trumpeter/bandleader's course of creative passage from one innovative phase to the next. He even establishes a pattern of creative activity that recognizes the trumpeter's periods of ill-health as somewhat necessary 'watering-hole' periods (the phrase is mine) where he reflects on his developing history and comes back ever stronger and ever newer musically. For Miles has had essentially five phases or periods of resurgence which at any one point ***could have been his doom*** — the astonishing thing, however, is had he failed to bounce back at any one of these points ***he still would have been remembered as a significant artist!***

These creative resurgences begin with the middle fifties quintet music after he had kicked his heroin habit (the period of that 'dream band' with Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones); the late fifties sextet modal music (with Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley and Bill Evans); the so-called abstractionist phase of the middle sixties when Miles was just getting over a serious bone malady and reorganizing his musical direction with a group of outstandingly talented young musicians (this was the period of the famed Wayne Shorter/Herbie Hancock/ Ron Carter/Tony Williams band); and the electronic, rock-influenced music of the late sixties and early seventies (with such luminaries as Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, John McLaughlin, Dave Liebman and Jack DeJohnette) — at the end of which Miles once again fell seriously ill.

Throughout the book Gil Evans figures prominently as a constant collaborator and musical advisor (for Evans has maintained musical relations with Miles throughout his career). Two of their collaborations in particular — "Birth of the Cool" (1949-50) and "Porgy and Bess" (1958) have become established classics in the jazz canon. Yet I for one think some of Miles's best work has been done with small groups (although "The Birth of the Cool" does have a certain kind of feel to it that is reminiscent of some of Miles's best work in any context).

Carr seems to feel that Miles's music misses when it fails to resolve the tensions that it brings into being. He dislikes Miles's 1967 recordings "The Sorcerer" and "Nefertiti" for this reason and cites a 1967 concert in London (where the Davis Quintet shared the bill with the then trailblazing Archie Shepp Quintet) as an example of what happens to the concept Miles dubbed "time — no changes" when it meets a ***standardized*** 'Jazz'-expectant crowd. That is, what happens in terms of audience relations when the tonal centers in the music can't be so easily placed. As Carr said of the concert "...there was never any proper release of the immense tension which was generated, and because of this, the audience were denied the satisfaction of complicity in the performance." I for one, though, think Carr tardy in his assessment of this period of Miles's work (and not just in terms of this music's 'assessibility' to an audience but also in terms of its overall ***intent***) for somewhat the same reason that I don't think "Kind of Blue" (1959) a successful recording on a purely musical basis. Where I do think Carr is brilliant in his analysis is where he discerns Miles's miraculous grasp of the conceptual origins of his music. Something the trumpeter seems to have always intuitively known and something that Gil Evans — in particular — desperately tried to exploit in the orchestral setting. Carr's feeling, for example, that an Indo-Arabic musical current runs through all the trumpeter's work and that it was somewhat eclipsed in Miles's late period of 1972-1975 ("Live-Evil" and particularly "On the Corner") in favor of an all-out African ritualistic type of orchestral method (in the sense of ***the way*** in which Miles was directing-conducting his musicians), is a good point. As Carr says,"...his music has been at its finest when there was a delicate balance between western and non-western elements: between on the one hand, ideas of structure, harmony, texture, and of a sequence of events taking place in time which passes; and on the other, of improvisation with subjective tonal inflexions and repeated motor rhythms so perfectly executed that they invoke the state of possession which takes the listener beyond time. And his music has been less effective when there was an imbalance on either side."

Talk had it for awhile that after "Bitches Brew" (1969) Miles had ceased to create important music. People were even going so far as to say that Miles was "whoring" (a phrase — word if you prefer — dropped on me in regard to Miles by a very prominent critic)...that he was mad, sick and insane! Yet Miles understands his duties better than most. His idea has always been to be a 'popular' artist...***of the highest quality***. That's to say, at still another level, that he's always been concerned with projecting to a non-specialist audience. By the seventies he would proclaim that the throngs of 'art music' stemming from the jazz tradition were not where he was headed. Miles: "Jazz today is closer to classical music than it is to folklore music, and I'd rather stay closer to folklore music."

Although ***it is*** significant that when his sales were dropping in the latter sixties Miles was, for sure, in a panic as to a ***musical way*** to get them back where they were. As things progressed, Miles saw that he would have to change the context in which his music existed — in other words, he would have to develop a new audience if his 'status' was to hold. Most of all (actually 'least of all' though) we shouldn't forget that rock was on the rise at the latter sixties mark and would dominate the recording industry (specifically in terms of 'big money'); henceforth, all jazzmen (from the moderately successful to the big stars) have been usurped by the rock phenomena. So Miles did two things: at the height of the rock craze he played both Fillmore East (New York) and the Fillmore West (San Francisco) — then both established bastions of the rock movement — proclaiming he had to "...prove that black artists could speak to whites again and not just to themselves." Conversely, as he progressed through the seventies he attempted to build a substantial black following — for which a recording like "On the Corner" is probably the best testament. In 1972 he was able to say in regard to George Wein's Newport Festival "We're past that stage of a Newport jazz artist, which is like an Uncle Tom version of a slave musician working for his master, George Wein...I can't cheapen myself by being one of the Newport boys." Interestingly, in the targeting of both audiences, Miles has been relatively successful.

The problem appears, however, when one attempts to separate the rhetoric from the work — and in many instances the later music just doesn't stand up to his earlier achievements. Yet artistic involvement with an artist of Miles Davis's stature involves a high degree of faith. And it is exactly for this reason that there ***is more happening here than just the music*** and probably for this reason there's ***more going on in his later music than just a casual glance would extract***.

According to the London-based critic Max Harrison, Miles's latest 1983 concert there showed him "...much improved...he many times played with a single breath sequences which last year would have taken two or three." Another new period? No, I don't think so. I think Miles is finally enjoying what he probably always felt one day he might be able...to do.

The current work does show Miles retrospectively looking back on his past ("We Want Miles," "Star People"). And that old characteristic Martin Williams observed in his first record date as leader in 1947 is still apparent — that of creating extremely difficult environmental problems (of a technical nature) for himself.

When all is said and so damn much has been ***done*** by Miles Davis — even if Miles's latest explorations aren't one's cup of tea (and I'm not particularly partial to his latest records myself), one would have to concur with Carr's closing statements: "Only Duke Ellington, Charlie Mingus, John Coltrane and Miles Davis have introduced new concepts and methods throughout their working lives. Aside from Ellington, Miles has made the longest, most sustained and most influential contribution." — ***Roger Riggins***

MILESTONES I

The Music And Times of Miles Davis to 1960
by Jack Chambers
University of Toronto Press; 345 pages.

Having read such uninformative autobiographies as ***To Be Or Not To Bop*** (Dizzy Gillespie/Al

FRED ANDERSON (photograph by Markus Di Francesco)

Frazer) and ***Beneath The Underdog*** (Charles Mingus), as well as more enlightening autos ***Raise Up Off Me*** (Hampton Hawes) and the explosive ***Straight Life*** (Art Pepper), I was somewhat reluctant to enter upon a reading (much less a review) of another "life" of one of jazz's most flamboyant, yet enigmatic practitioners. Bill Cole's error-laden ***Miles Davis: A Musical Biography*** provided ***interesting*** reading when it appeared in 1974, and I was somewhat critical of Ian Carr's uncritical and sycophantic ***Miles Davis: A Critical Biography*** of 1982. With the appearance of Jack Chambers's ***Milestones I***, I was prepared to rejoice, since Chambers, a Professor of Linguistics at the University of Toronto, would certainly avoid the pitfalls which claimed his unwary predecessors over the years.

My rejoicing, however, sits merely with the methodic and controlled way in which Chambers treats his subject's life, and his description of the revolutions and counter-revolutions which determined the face of jazz during the forties and fifties. ***Milestones I*** is an important book, especially in terms of its painstakingly "righteous" corrections of existing errors and omissions in previous Miles Davis discographies. Readers will be indebted to Chambers for numerous clarifications of heretofore unrecognized and undetermined personnel on recording dates and for providing specific dates for some of the more important Charlie Parker-Miles Davis recordings for Savoy and Dial between 1945 and 1949.

What is surprising, nevertheless, is that a book which exhibits such academic rigour, such clarity of style, and such thoroughness, is replete with ***undocumented*** comments on Miles and his times. One begins to doubt one's eyes. Where have I read this before? From Sadik Hakim's supplying his own name as pianist on the memorable 26 November 1945 recording session for Savoy, to Mary Lou Williams's off-the-wall comments on Milton Grant — "he knew so much that he couldn't play" (p.43) — jazz aficionados will begin to suspect the authenticity of the research which Chambers expended on ***Milestones I***.

This lack of proper documentation is a highly visible charactersitic of Chambers's otherwise systematic and objective biography. From approximately page 21 through page 89, for example (Miles's departure from Parker's quintet in December 1948), most of the writing here deals with Bird's volatility and his genius, and most of the reported observations are taken directly from ***Bird: The Legend Of Charlie Parker***, edited by Robert Reisner, 1962. The famous Argyle incident involving Parker is reported no fewer than three times in ***Legend*** — Duke Jordan (p. 126), Frank Sandeford (p. 205), and Ross Russell (p. 196) and then scrupulously repeated in Chambers (p. 76-77).

After having travelled familiar ground, this reviewer became painfully aware that Chambers's achievement in research is minimal. On Miles's desire to record with Gil Evans, for example, Chambers records Bob Weinstock as saying, "Here was a chance for all his sensitivity, compared to Bird's savageness and deep fire and emotion, which was overpowering Miles every time they played on the same stand; here was an outlet for Miles Davis to let out the sensitivity that he had as a musician" (p. 100). Chambers, ironically, could have been quoting from either

from Joe Goldberg's ***Jazz Masters Of The 50s***, 1968, p. 70, ***or*** Len Lyons's ***The 101 Best Jazz Albums***, 1980, p. 216!

The same kind of a report of a report of a report appears once more where Chambers, in discussing the essential achievement of "The Complete Birth Of The Cool," quotes Max Harrison quoting Gil Evans (***Down Beat***, May 2 and 16, 1957) in ***Modern Jazz: The Essential Records***, 1975, p. 63, and later accredits Harrison with noting the difference between the instrumentation and voicings of the ***Cool*** recording and the "bright, darting lines of bop" (p. 63-64 of ***Essential Records***; p. 105-106 of ***Milestones I***). What we have here is Chambers quoting Harrison (***A Jazz Retrospect***, 1976) paraphrasing himself from the 1975 ***Essential Records***!

MILES DAVIS (photograph by Gary Kriss)

Clearly, with these examples to go on, it's hard to say what is original in ***Milestones I*** and what is merely a concatenation of bits and pieces of facts gleaned from the resources of Chambers's excellent and extensive bibliography of seven pages.

While there are other shortcomings to this book (Chambers's apparent dislike for Kinny Dorham and Bud Powell, and his refusal to assess the brilliance of Clifford Brown, and Jamal's influence upon Miles are ready examples), Chambers is insightful in many ways. His observation that since Miles's best solos on the Savoy recordings were not immediately released because of the multiple takes which tended to favour Bird's artistry, Miles developed the practice of "recording everything in a single take ... as a custom-made accommodation of his own limitations" (p. 63) makes good sense.

It is also clear that Chambers must have listened to Davis's monumental amount of recordings for Prestige and Columbia repeatedly in order to trace the scintillating idiosyncracies of the great quintet and the instrumental combinations and ensemble work of the sextet. Part Two, Chapters 5 through 8 of ***Milestones I***, then, makes for much more rewarding reading, and Chambers's examination of the Miles-Rollins-Adderley-Coltrane-Evans alliances is excellent, though the reported analyses and appraisals still abound. I gave up on simply trying to remember where I read what and read on while I listened to the good stuff of 1958 on Columbia.

Despite my reservations, ***Milestones I*** is a readable, good book (if you haven't heard it all before). However, it lacks the essential "in-stress," that analysis of Miles's methods of composition, his motivation, his moods and his devils, which make him more than the enigmatic hipster for which he is still famous. After all, Miles is as equally famous for being one of jazz's greatest trumpeters. Chambers is helping us along the way. ***Milestones II*** is forthcoming.

*— **Edward A. Watson, University of Windsor***

LOUIS' CHILDREN

by Leslie Gourse
New York, William Morrow & Company

As much of jazz recedes into history, more and more books are being written on the subject. Few of them, however, seem to have found something fresh to offer the reader.

Such is the case here. Leslie Gourse's book starts with an appropriate concept — that jazz singing was shaped by Louis Armstrong in much the same way the trumpeter pointed the way for instrumentalists. But the development of the author's ideas is slim and superficial and offers us little original thought or research.

Most of the book is devoted to biographical sketches of some of the singers whose careers have been touched, however indirectly, by Louis Armstrong's legacy. Some of the subjects, those whom the author actually interviewed, come alive (i.e. Jon Hendricks, Joe Williams) but in too many cases the information has been obtained second hand. The articles usually include discussion of the singer's style, some aspects of their personal life (especially their marital status) and, occasionally, some insight into what makes them function as singers.

The book is a useful primer for someone wishing to discover for the first time some of the singers who contributed mightily to the art — Ethel Waters, Joe Turner, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Nat Cole, Eddie Jefferson, Dinah Washington, Carmen McRae and Betty Carter. Space is also given to singers who rarely functioned in the jazz world but were indelibly touched by the music — Bing Crosby, Mabel Mercer, Fred Astaire, Tony Bennett. There are also words from such musicians as Patti Bown, Eddie Chamblee, Norman Simmons and Billy Mitchell, whose professional and personal lives were touched by singers.

But never once does Leslie Gourse really get inside the artist the way Whitney Balliett, for instance, is capable. His essay on Mabel Mercer is a classic piece of writing.

The book is also riddled with the kind of anomalies which would have been corrected if someone with more knowledge had proofread the book. Mostly they would correct the time frame of recordings (Nat Cole, Rushing/Clayton sessions) and spellings of people's names (Arvell Shaw, Simone Ginibre, Sugar Chile Robinson) but some people would question the claim that Jimmy Rushing's singing was responsible for Basie's success. It is also injust and inaccurate to state that Joe Turner alone wrote ***Cherry Red*** and ***Roll 'Em Pete*** — both of which were collaborations with pianist Pete Johnson who is not mentioned in the Turner section. Louis Armstrong was always known as Ambassador Satch rather than Ambassador Armstrong and jazz bands rarely played in Storyville (see Al Rose's book on the subject). Ella Fitzgerald will be surprised to know that she was a solo recording artist for Victor prior to her association with Decca (originally with the Chick Webb band).

This book, like those by Len Lyons, merely skates over the surface of the subject matter, It may be useful as a guide for neophytes but it doesn't ignite the reader's enthusiasm for the genre in the way Arnold Shaw's ***Honkers And Shouters*** opened up a new listening world for many people. And it lacks the insights you will find in Whitney Balliett's essays in ***American Singers*** (neither of these books, by the way, is included in Leslie Gourse's bibliography, her reference points for so much of the information reprocessed in ***Louis' Children***). *— **John Norris***

RECOLLECTIONS

by Marion Brown
Jurgen A. Schmitt Publications, Frankfurt

Well, I must say, this certainly is a well "arranged" book. Its neatly structured contents contains three conversations with Brown conducted by Terence Beedle and publisher Jurgen Schmitt; five essays (including two on the music of Duke Ellington and John Coltrane); fourteen drawings done in Padua, Italy in 1981 of such figures as Blind Lemon Jefferson, Eubie Blake, Earl "Fatha" Hines, Thelonious Monk, Billie Holiday, Paul Desmond and Leo Smith — with a poem accompanying each drawing; and, lastly, five annotations of Brown compositions.

Refreshingly, this isn't the type of book one can actually — though I should probably say "easily" — "criticize." Closer, would be an understanding (as well as an "appreciation") as to the ***why*** of this offering.

Marion's writing, for instance — which happens to be, by the way, very much akin to his talking in the interview situation — is quite mythic. Additionally, there is an emphatic "African cast" to the proceedings (his incessant inflections and quasi-narrative tone, for example, are almost pure Dahomean forest).

So, as it turns out, this book is a perfect one for educational purposes. Particularly so, I might add, in the direction of young audiences and young readers.

Specific pieces that I would rate as highly significant are three: "In Conversation / Part I: The Beauty of Sound;" and two of the five essays — "The Negro in the Fine Arts" and "Music Is My Mistress: Form and Expression in the Music of Duke Ellington."

The two essays, especially, show-off Brown's subdued brand of crystalline scholarship superbly. The first segment, in particular, of the piece on Ellington entitled "Form and Expression in Art" is *a* kind of writing improvised music solely needs. But let us — for our purposes here — turn to the first interview section, "In Conversation / Part I: The Beauty of Sound" for a glimpse as to ***where*** Marion Brown ***is*** today. (Marion's response is to a question concerning "the recent inclination of many musicians toward third world music" and the general/specific character/nature of African and non-Western instruments).

> But what can happen with some instruments that come from other worlds and other cultures...you don't know the system of what they are doing. It is very likely that in playing these instruments, you could accidently stumble on a combination of sounds, that are only to be used in a certain ritual context. When these things are used out of context they sometimes create alternative situations, where things are happening to people's minds and they don't know what it is. It is possible to be playing on some drums and something and you might just ***unconsciously*** beat out a rhythm that originally is designed to cause a certain effect: rain or thunder, or, to make somebody crawl on all fours.

And this — where Marion talks about his constantly changing, contrast(ic), living situation(s).

> There was no single environment for me. There never was and there never can be. I have to pass from one to the next. And so, when I am in an environment where people don't have as much as the others do, then I am one of them. And when I am in another environment, where people have more than other people, I am one of them, too. But not from the standpoint of what I have — that's material — but from the standpoint of of my mind: education.

Well...there you have it, friends. Before closing, though, let me say that hats should be taken off for Jurgen Schmitt and his Frankfurt based J.A.S. Publications (they've also done, incidentally, a German translation of Hampton Hawes's autobiography) — beautiful beautiful work and all at an exceptionally reasonable price (US$20.00 plus $3.00 postage) from Eschbornerlandstr. 14, D-6000 Frankfurt 90, West Germany. *— **Roger Riggins***

NEW YORK CITY SCENES

New York City has always been considered the centre of jazz music, and this summer the amount of activity that has taken place there seems to reinforce this theory.

It attracted four of Coda's correspondents to expound their individual experiences, and because of the differences in their observations we have presented, in this issue, New York City as a special feature.

Pepe Hosiasson is one of our international writers who is based in Chile, and he decided to cover the Kool Festival.

Publisher John Norris analysed the music and the environment of the clubs.

Bassist David Lee took a quick weekend jaunt and heard what he could in that short period.

And Kazunori Sugiyama presents his regular New York column. Kazunori will return to his native Japan for two months so the next issue will likely have news from there.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL

New York, June 22-July 1, 1984

Although it started officially at noon, June 22, with an appearance by Illinois Jacquet's Big Band on the steps of Manhattan's City Hall, the first event listed on the festival's program was a piano recital by **Kenny Barron** at 5 p.m. that same day. Barron began with Monk's ***Misterioso***, a blues which under his hands acquired classical proportions, and ended with Rollins's ***Oleo***, where he built chorus after chorus of exciting variations on the ***I Got Rhythm*** changes. In between he played Strayhorn's ***Star Crossed Lovers***, his own ***Calypso***, and Ellington's ***Prelude To A Kiss*** — a wonderful choice of jazz material, performed at such a high level of creativity and emotion that it set a standard which was seldom met during the rest of the festival.

George Wein co-produced three "Salute to" concerts with Ira Gitler, Dan Morgenstern and Nat Hentoff, whose knowledge, experience and involvement ensured that these tributes were well planned and organised.

A tribute (co-produced with Ira Gitler) to Django Reinhardt, and a salute to Benny Carter and Illinois Jacquet (co-produced with Dan Morgenstern), were held on the same day. In spite of the former concert's good planning, Mike Peters's **Django's Music** participation in the Reinhardt program was a little too long, considering that the time could have been used for some more **Benny Carter** who was waiting backstage and whose contribution was obviously more substantial and important. On the positive side, **Stephane Grappelli**'s quartet was a delight, swinging delicately on the solid foundation of Brian Torff's apparently effortless bass playing. Sixteen-year-old French gypsy guitarist **Bireli Lagrene** astonished the audience with his forceful single-line improvisations and proved that Django's legacy is alive and doing well. Let us hope that he is not pushed too hard to be a "New Django" and is left free to develop his own style.

Carter's salute was emceed by **Roy Eldridge** who reminisced about old times but was politely upstaged by the guest of honour, who was also very much in command of the musical proceedings. Carter made a heartfelt tribute to **Doc Cheatham**, with whom he then dueted. How marvellously matched are these two timeless msuicians! An additional bonus to the Benny Carter segment was a cameo appearance of **J.J. Johnson**, who played as only he can. Another true master. The Illinois Jacquet segment was predictably less spectacular and closed with a rather sedate re-creation of a JATP concert circa 1950, featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Harry Edison, Flip Phillips, Al Grey, Hank Jones, Ray Brown, Gus Johnson and of course the tributee himself.

A tribute to Basie co-produced by George Wein and Nat Hentoff started with a very good re-creation of Bennie Moten's band, written and conducted from the piano by Dick Hyman. It then proceeded under Joe Williams's and Buck Clayton's suave emceeing for several relaxed sets with Hank Jones and John Lewis alternating in the piano chair. The emotional high point of the program was reached by "Papa" Jo Jones who played a drum solo. However, more than anything else, it was the presence and sound of Freddie Green's guitar that contributed to elevate beyond the ordinary the musical level of the performance.

All three tribute concerts had film interludes supplied from the seemingly bottomless collection of Dave Chertok, who also had a show of his own. The interludes were pertinent and helped to relate the tributes to their subjects. The film show was a delight for jazz buffs and laymen alike, as it poignantly portrayed bygone eras.

Miles Davis's show on the opening day was a joy. Davis was very much in command of the strongest group he's had in a long time. Bent over his trumpet, walking back and forth on Avery Fisher Hall's huge stage, he played and played, muted and open horn, for one and a half hours of great music. John Scofield's guitar was featured prominently and it was a superb complement to the leader's trumpet (and organ). There was not much solo space left for Bob Berg's tenor and soprano saxophones, but what little there was sounded assured and meaningful. The show nevertheless belonged to Miles Davis and, after all these years, it was a triumph. Worth the trip to the festival by itself. In comparison, the second half of this concert by Gil Evans and his Orchestra did not sound all that exciting. It started at about 1 AM and I admit that after hearing Kenny Barron's recital, the Django tribute, and Miles's set all in one evening, this reviewer's capacity for listening may have reached a low point.

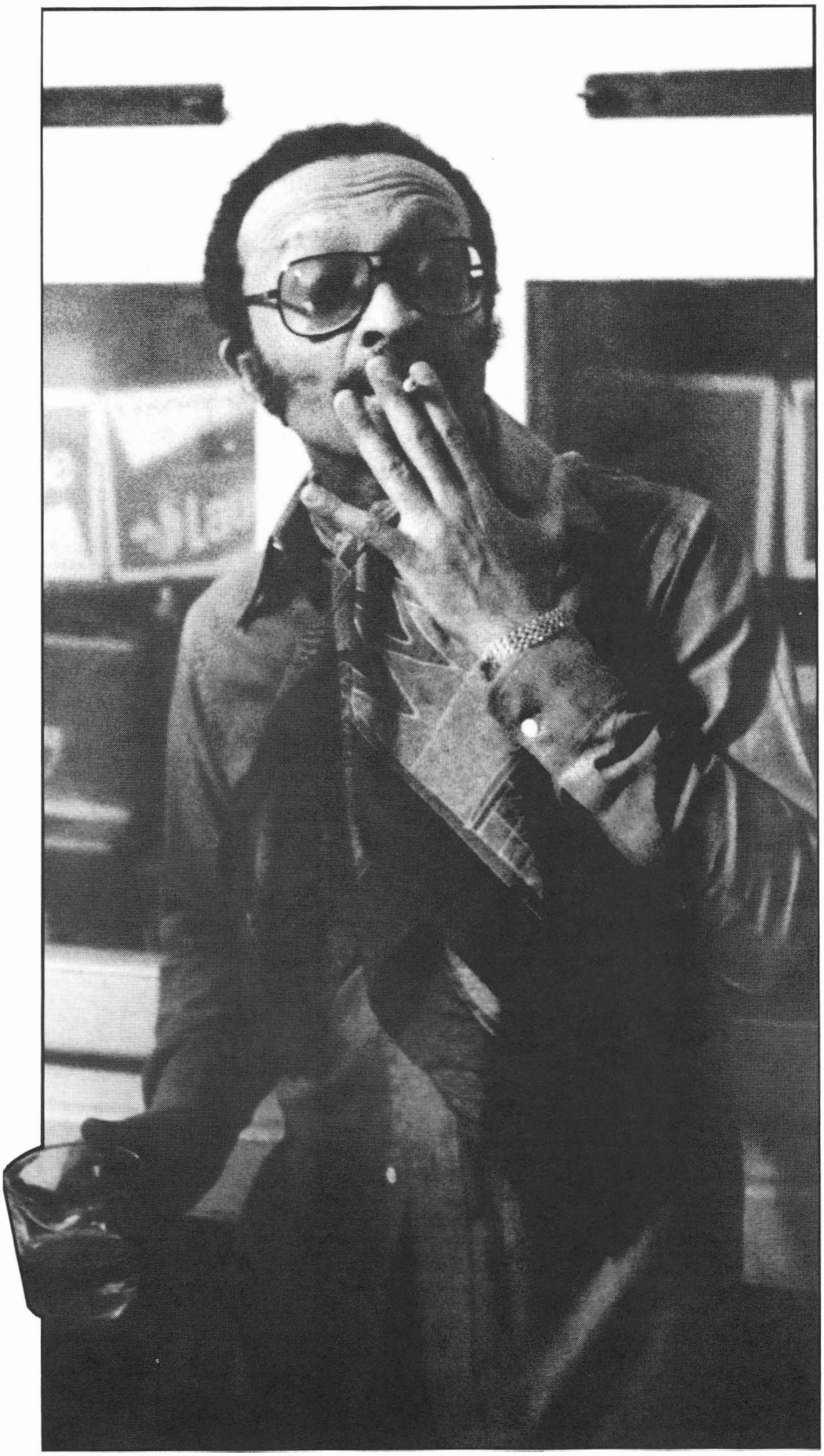
Oscar Peterson and Cecil Taylor did make an odd couple sharing the bill of a Carnegie Hall event. Peterson's trio, with Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and Martin Drew, played the first half of the concert predictably well — maybe too predictably. After the intermission, during which a sizeable part of the audience left the hall, Taylor showed up on stage in remarkable attire, chanting and dancing, and finally sitting at the grand piano (he used a German Steinway while Peterson had a Bosendorfer). His pyrotechnics were quite different from Peterson's. It's a very demanding music both on the performer and on the listener, and I had the impression that the enthusiastic applause of Taylor's fans responded more to the theatrics than to the music itself. The music was well-organised and it developed with internal logic. It may appear strange to some ears but it was always interesting and inspired. An excellent performance.

Sun Ra And His Omniverse Jazz Archestra (it's not solar any more) appeared with their fancy golden robes, their chants, dancers and down-to-earth music. Their main appeal was visual, but the second part of Friday's Carnegie Hall concert was all music. A jazz fan's dream group that could not possibly have been assembled elsewhere (except on Pablo Records, but then how many of us could have been in the studio for that recording session?): Dizzy Gillespie, J.J. Johnson, Benny Carter, Tommy Flanagan, Ray Brown and Louis Bellson. And they played without any nonsense for a full hour. Another goodie that justified by itself the trip to New York.

The final concert of the festival in Manhattan was by an international outfit led by the gifted Swiss composer, arranger and pianist George Gruntz. They played compositions written by members of the band and arranged by the leader. Most of the musicians were well known Americans like Marcus Belgrave and Howard Johnson, although the outstanding soloist was an Argentine bandoneonist — Dino Saluzzi — who played this tango-associated squeeze box with great expression and feeling. Sheila Jordan sang an impressive arrangement of Parker's ***Quasimodo***, scatting on its ***Embraceable You*** changes.

There was much, much more. The other piano recitals (one was actually a guitar recital by Kenny Burrell, which drew the largest audience of all recitals). The impeccable, both musically and sartorially, Wynton Marsalis Quintet. Maynard Ferguson's All Stars joined by Marsalis for a supersonic finale and an encore where Herbie Hancock sat in replacing McCoy Tyner. The unscheduled appearance of amazing new star guitarist Stanley Jordan and more, and more, and more.

Although the 1984 edition has been streamlined in comparison with its thirteen Big Apple predecessors, four concerts went past midnight, and an average of over four events per day were held in Manhattan alone. The program included the Piano Spectacular and Jazz Picnic held



CECIL TAYLOR (photograph by Peter Danson)

in New Jersey, and the Jazz Kaleidoscope held in Saratoga Springs which were parallel events somehow independent from the Manhattan part was also divided into 'major' events at Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, 'minor' events at Carnegie Recital Hall, Kaufman Concert Hall and the Staten Island Ferry, and a complete daily "peripheral" mini-festival at Soundscape. Prices ranged between 8.50 and 25 dollars.

It is not possible for any one festival, no matter how bit, to encompass the whole spectrum of today's jazz scene. Jazz has become such a complex art that any such event is going to fall short and many musicians will be necessarily left out. The 1984 festival presented close to one thousand artists, a great part of them important contributors to the music. Nevertheless, at the same time that so many great musicians were playing at the festival, Manhattan clubs were featuring such names as Philly Joe Jones and Dameronia, Elvin Jones's Quintet, John Lee Hooker, Carmen McRae, Terry Gibbs-Buddy DeFranco All Stars, Roland Hanna and Ron Carter, none of whom appeared at the 1984 Kool Jazz Festival. It only speaks well of the healthy state of jazz today that so many individuals and styles coexist and contribute to its development. ***— Pepe Hosiasson***

AND IN THE CLUBS

The major focus of jazz listeners each June is the New York Kool Festival with its glittering array of concerts by most of the outstanding artists in the community. But there is just as much music in the clubs.

Jazz remains, for the most part, an intimate music which is best performed and listened to on a small scale. The club setting has been jazz music's most conducive environment and it continues to be so. Unfortunately, except for isolated events, most cities no longer feature touring jazz groups on a regular basis. If you wish to experience the ultimate in jazz club listening there is only one place to go — New York!

Only in New York do you have the incredible array of talent on a nightly basis. To hear everyone you need to have a great deal of time and be prepared to spend a considerable amount of money. The rewards are worth it. There is simply no place which comes close to matching what New York offers the jazz enthusiast.

No two clubs are alike and this column is an informal guide to the maze of establishments offering music. It is based on a recent visit to New York during the Kool Festival when the city was on show. In addition to comments on the music presented we will also try and assess the overall quality of those establishments we visited.

All the major clubs are now located in Greenwich Village. These are the places where they have the major names, charge a hefty cover and minimum and try and turn the audience over with two or three shows per night — you can expect to pay at least $20.00 to hear a minimum of one 45-minute set.

All New York clubs are small, with tables and chairs jammed together. All clubs also have a standard issue chair. It is hard, uncomfortable with a curved back which doesn't fit the human anatomy too well. It encourages you to move on after a brief visit!

Lush Life, at the corner of Bleecker and Thompson, was featuring **Dameronia**, the Philly Joe Jones-fronted band which plays the music of Tadd Dameron. It is one of the few clubs where it is possible to eat well. Most establishments offer food but it is not recommended. There are even cushions on the chairs — perhaps to justify the semantics of the club's name. It's a good club to hear music. The staff is friendly and courteous, the audience is quiet, the sound system is at the right level for listening and you can stay for more than one set without an additional music charge whenever there isn't a lineup waiting for the next show.

Tadd Dameron's music is one of the major compositional resources of jazz. His arrangements have been adapted for this band by trumpeter Don Sickler — who is also the musical director and commentator. The nine-piece band plays with the elasticity so necessary for the performance of good orchestral jazz music. The compositions set up the ensembles as well as creating the perfect launching pad for solos. Virgil Jones was featured on trumpet and Jerry Dodgion (***Soultrane***) and Billy Mitchell (***Delirium***) were the major reed soloists. Mitchell was scuffling with the parts as he was subbing for Clifford Jordan but his experience overcame these difficulties. Philly Joe Jones is one of the music's major percussionists and he presided over everything with a regal touch. His rhythmic punch, telling accents and overall musicianship set the tone for the band. It was a delight. James Williams was the pianist and he found something fresh to say in many of the tunes as well as adding a delightful touch with his solo bridges between tunes. Cecil Payne, the veteran, gave an authentic touch to the baritone solos and Larry Ridley expertly kept the bass lines flowing. It was an exceptional experience.

Those who survived or avoided the habits of the forties and fifties are now the mature voices of the music. Some of them are now enjoying the recognition they deserved many years ago. Only now can we hear the music of Thelonious Monk, Tadd Dameron and Bud Powell with any measure of frequency. **Tommy Flanagan** is a major interpreter of this music and his stature as a performer has grown tremendously since he concentrated on a solo career. All his imagination and ability was stored away for so long. Now it has burst forth and seems to grow with each succeeding year. His two-night gig at Fat Tuesday (17th Street and 3rd Avenue) was part of the club's Kool Festival collaboration. The room is long and narrow and is approached along an equally lengthy corridor which has a pinkish glow. You need to sit close to the piano to hear properly. You also have to be prepared to keep spending. No concessions are made to the customer at the end of a set. It's pay up and leave or else get ready to face another minimum (at least). Most of Flanagan's listeners departed after his second set. They knew the situation. Those who stayed for the final set presumably bit the bullet. The food isn't recommended and beer is the safest drink. At least you can see it coming out of the bottle.

The music, however, was magnificent. Art Taylor, one of the most dependable and prolific performers of the fifties, has now returned to New York after a lengthy European sojourn. His expertise, his understanding of the music and his experience now make him an invaluable percussionist for this music. The trio romped through such Bud Powell themes as ***Dance Of The Infidels*** and ***Wail*** but the high point of the evening came with a supercharged excursion into ***Relaxin' At Camarillo***. Along the way Flanagan touched on the music of some of his heroes with ***Theme For Ernie*** (Henry) and Thad Jones's ***Elusive***. He also explored his own ***Minor Mishap*** and brought to life some of the less-played but endlessly delightful compositions of Thelonious Monk. The music made the visit to Fat Tuesday a special event.

The Blue Note (131 West 3rd Street) was offering a double bill and a show which lasted nearly two hours. In residence were the **John Lewis** Trio and **Carmen McRae**. The opening show had been a full house but those who wished to were invited to stay on for the second performance. A nice touch. The club is quite large, rather smoky and only a few of the tables directly face the stage. The chairs are so closely jammed together (six on a table meant for four) that it is difficult to turn them around. The club has a food menu but this wasn't offered so it is impossible to comment on it.

Hearing Carmen McRae in a jazz joint is so much better than in concert or a fancy supper club. Surrounded by listeners and in tight communication with her musicians seems to suit her best. She is a real singer who changes the nuances of the music to suit her needs and feelings. Little is set. One of the highlights of her lengthy set was an expressive reworking of ***My Old Flame*** where the lyrics took on subtleties of meaning which were probably far removed from the intention of the original lyricist.

Carmen McRae demanded and got the audience's attention. As she empahtically explained: if the audience talk (especially those at the front) she forgets the lyrics because she keeps hearing the conversations around her. It was more difficult for John Lewis. A double bill gives the audience little breathing space. No attempt was made to reduce the volume of noise as Lewis quietly explored his repertoire of originals with percussionist Vernel Fournier and a young bassist. The subtlety of his improvisations was totally lost to most ears.

Other major Village clubs are Sweet Basil (good food, ambience, imaginative music policy) and the Village Vanguard. The Vanguard, last of the old-time basement rooms, still retains its aura after all these years. It is a landmark.

Pianists can be heard at such establishments as Bradleys, Greene Street, Knickerbocker, Village Gate Cafe and Zinno. All these Village establishments are not noted for their music/noise ratio. Some offer good quality food while others only have snacks. The Village Gate is particularly bad but with no music charge it draws people off the street for some inexpensive entertainment. **Ray Bryant** and Jimmy Rowser were in residence in June and the nuances of their interchanges were often buried beneath the noise of the room.

The opposite is the case at Hanratty's. It is one of the few clubs located uptown (1754 Second Avenue) and the piano is placed at one end of the rectangular dining room. You have to eat in order to be able to see and hear the music. The bar is separated off from the music room.

Also uptown is the West End. **Earle Warren and the Count's Men** were in residence during the festival and **Benny Waters** did a one-nighter June 30 while everyone else was at Carnegie Hall.

Only in the Village is it possible to easily move from club to club. Elsewhere in the city it requires special planning and the determination that you will remain at your destination for the evening.

Jazz in New York has always been a commercial proposition and exceptions to this have usually only lasted as long as the dedication of the organisers. The Universal Jazz Coalition is directed by Nobuko Cobi Narita. They have now established the Jazz Center of New York as a performance space. The third floor club is located at 380 Lafayette Street and functions in cooperation with many musicians. **Jamil Nasser** presented a tribute to Red Garland during the festival which included a fascinating solo piano recital by **Phineas Newborn**. He opened with a suite of his own which explored various impressions in three parts. This was followed by ***Lush Life***, ***Memphis Blues***, ***12th Street Rag***, a ballad and a quick encore of ***C Jam Blues***. **Lou Donaldson**'s Quintet, **George Coleman**'s Quintet and **Bill Lee**'s Bass Choir were others who took part in the four concerts spread over two days.

Memberships, donations, and admissions keep The Jazz Center going. It is the ideal compromise for the listener as it offers the music in an informal, intimate environment as well as showcasing it as a concert.

The Jazz Cultural Theatre (368 8th Avenue) is the creation of Barry Harris and serves as another listening alternative to the regular clubs. The Cultural Theatre is set up as a club but only offers food and soft drinks. It is informal (tables and chairs rather than rows of seats) and comfortable. Many aspiring musicians have participated in **Barry Harris's** daily workshops and there are always some of his students present when he performs. He is a mercurial performer of the bebop tradition and when he stretches out in a solo you will always hear something fresh and stimulating. His trio was augmented by alto saxophonist Clarence Sharpe, a legendary performer from Philadelphia who has emerged again recently. His playing is a throwback to other times. His music is encompassed by the sound and feel of Charlie Parker. The big tone and full texture could only come from Bird. So too the passion of his playing. Missing, however, is the imagination and dexterity which made Parker a genius. C Sharpe, though, uses all his skills in the creation of meaningful music. It is a lesson lost on so many of today's mechanically fluent technicians.

Soundscape is another controlled concert setting which showcases a cross-section of contemporary musical directions on a regular basis. It was officially part of the Kool Festival this year and gave the event a broader spectrum of American creative music that has sometimes been the case. It has become *the* place in New York to experience the future of the music.

Individuals and organisations often plan events to coincide with the festival. The **World Bass Violin Ensemble** attracted only a small spinoff for their Carnegie Recital Hall concert on June 28. The ensemble is directed by Brian Smith, whose credentials include stints with Anthony Braxton and Sam Rivers. The WBVE, however, is a quasi-concert organisation with serious intentions. This was evident before even a note was played. The program announced that one of Smith's 1980 compositions would be premiered in a performance by flutist Barbara Held and pianist Joseph Kubera.

ART TAYLOR (photograph by Jørgen Bo)

It turned out to be a tedious classical exercise interpreted by two wooden performers. It was not an auspicious beginning.

The ensemble's opener explored a variety of technical and musical possibilities for six bassists (with some doubling on cello). The music seemed to lack a central focus and this was more apparent after hearing the succeeding pieces. ***Moody's Mood For Love*** and ***Giant Steps*** were well controlled arrangements of the pieces while Keeter Betts's ***Walkin' Bass*** was a delightfully droll piece of musical street humour performed with great feeling and expression by Bob Cunningham. He infused the music with the spirit which has touched the hearts of people everywhere.

David Murray did the same when he rhapsodised in the grand tradition of the tenor saxophone in ***Nalungo***. He stretched the contours of the instrument within a tightly controlled solo which in a few brief choruses made complete sense and touched the feelings of his audience. His second feature, a latin tinged composition, never reached the same level. The music seemed inconsequential and Murray never found a way around its cliches.

Earlier, in ***Oppeizm***, there had been a marvelous paraphrase of an Oscar Pettiford line which finally collapsed from the weight of solos from each of the bassists. It was an indulgence on the part of the musicians to continue at such length.

The concert was certainly an experience. There were a few moments of beauty and joy but too much of it was tedious.

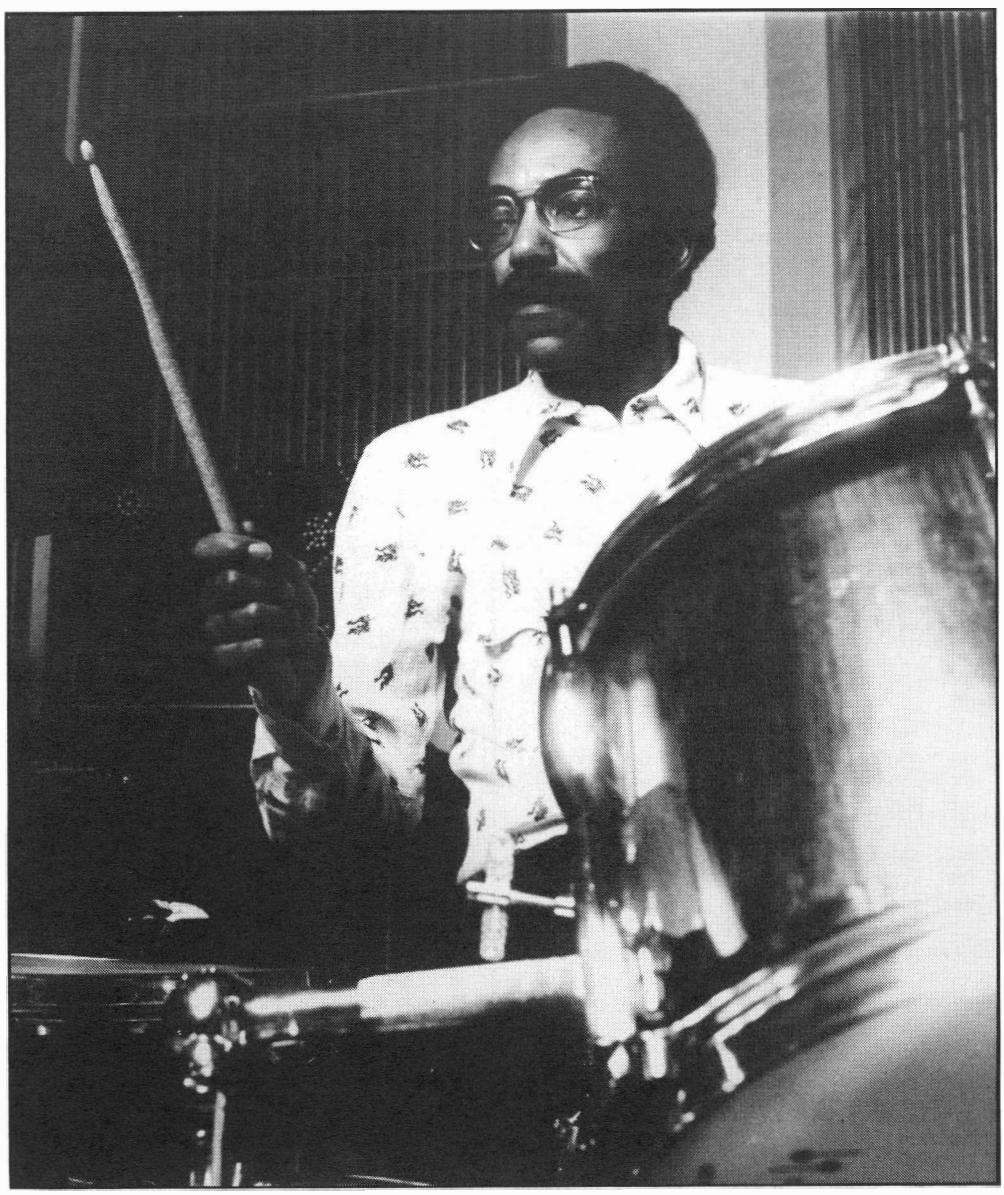
South Street Seaport-Museum Pier 16 is part of the Fulton Street redevelopment project at the East River. Similar in style to projects in Baltimore and Boston it is an attractive place to visit with its refurbished buildings, restaurants and bars. Scheduled through the summer are a series of open air jazz concerts. The **Barry Harris/Clifford Jordan** Quartet were on stage June 29 with bassist Walter Booker and drummer Leroy Williams. Only those who got there early heard the music clearly. Like many open air events the sound travels poorly and the crush of people enjoying the perimeters of the event do not make it an ideal listening situation. The music, on this occasion, was forthright and reached an audience who responded positively to a program of bebop standards.

For early morning or late night listening there is always the radio and the New York area has one of the finest all-jazz stations in the country. WBGO-FM broadcasts out of Newark but is easily heard in Manhattan. Its choice of music is exemplary. Its scope covers a wide spectrum of the music but it all relates to jazz. There are interviews, news updates and extensive listings of jazz activity in the area. Talk is kept to a minimum (what a relief to be spared the endless thoughts of disc jockeys) and this is one city where you don't need your own portable library.

The city is also served by two outstanding record stores — Tower Records (Broadway and 4th Street) and J & R (33 Park Row). Between them you will find more records than you can carry home.

In New York you can experience anything. It is the centre of the universe and there are musicians to take your hearts and minds in any direction you choose. It is an ongoing kaleidoscope of sounds. And is something not to be missed.

— John Norris



NEW YORK * JUNE 22 & 23

A quick weekend in New York brought us, on the first night, to hear the Anthony Braxton Quartet, along with John Zorn's Pentathlon. This was part of Verna Gillis's Soundscape series in the Kool Jazz Festival, at the Irving Plaza, a big old dance hall I'm told was once used for labour rallies, etc., on Irving Place. We arrived twenty minutes before the advertised eight o'clock start and were treated to recorded music, some of it quite good, all of it very loud, played by an English DJ over an enormous sound system. Gradually the hall filled up and at 25 to 9 John Zorn came on with his group. With Zorn were Ned Rothenberg on saxophone, Fred Frith and Bill Laswell on guitars, David Moss plus another percussionist, two or three people playing turntable and electronics and a conductor. Given the preponderance of electronics and percussion in the band and especially the volume of the amplification, you can imagine that warmth of texture and delicacy of execution were not the order of the evening. In fact, concert sound systems everywhere seem to combine the very apex of technological ingenuity with the absolute nadir of human sensitivity. Perhaps we would see an analogy if art galleries were curated by the near-blind who, unable to see any but the brightest lights, thus subjected patrons to exhibits of functioning arc-welders and banks of exploding flashbulbs. Or if a film projectionist, his mechanical talents convincing him that he was the star of the show, installed his machines at the front of the cinema and projected epics directly into the eyes of the audience. Perhaps if these things happened serious art and cinema fans would simply bring their own welder's goggles to these events — just as for years pop music fans have brought earplugs to help them listen to their favourite bands... anyway my notes say that the sound system "reproduced the high notes with cruel fidelity." The music was interesting to watch; besides the conductor the players constantly signalled each other with gestures and large flashcards. The experiment in orchestrated spontaneity was appreciated; the sudden changes and lurches in the music made it less boring, but through an impression of inconsistency rather than intent; really boring music is usually more uniform than this throughout. But the real complaint about the set — and I know that audiences and musicians alike used to complain about the brevity of Newport sets — was that it was ***an hour and a half*** long. Zorn played three pieces, with an altered ensemble every time. There were long breaks for setups between pieces, and another long break,

with loud recorded music, while Braxton's group set up.

In all fairness to Anthony Braxton's Quartet (Braxton, reeds; Marilyn Crispell, piano; John Lindberg, bass; Gerry Hemingway, drums), it may not have been possible for them to overcome the numbing effects of the previous two and a half hours at that point, just as if, had one been subjected to the aforementioned arc welders and flashbulbs for that length of time, it might be hard to appreciate the fine points of a Matisse, in fact one might simply want to retire to a dark place.

Braxton is playing essentially the same music that he played with his quartets in the seventies. I would venture to say that the quality of the musicians in his bands is as high now as it was then; however there is a definite sense that Crispell, Lindberg and Hemingway are fulfilling roles that have already been defined by someone else. The music probably would have been better, then, if Chick Corea, Dave Holland and Barry Altschul had been the band; since they are the ones who invented this group sound. It also might have been better if Crispell, Lindberg and Hemingway were already a working band on their own, to which Braxton was adding his writing and playing, rather than coming together only in order to play his music. A group with a stronger identity, forcing Braxton to come to terms with that identity, would have made a more dynamic music. As it was, the trio simply played their required roles superbly, with all the musicians offering very good solos.

The next night downstairs at the Village Gate, Artists Alliance Inc. presented a band as part of their "On Time Jazz Series" consisting of Woody Shaw, trumpet; Terumasa Hino, cornet; Sonny Fortune and Henry Threadgill, alto saxophones; Lew Tabackin, tenor saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Fred Hopkins, bass; and Billy Hart, drums. The opening trio was Amina Claudine Myers, piano with Don Pate on bass and Pheeroan Ak Laff on drums. Ms. Myers is now playing a very simple blues-based music; with some good vocals and piano solos, but rather more easygoing than I've heard her in the past. The most interesting aspect of the music was Ak Laff's drumming. The responsibility for colour and orchestration in the music fell wholly to him and he was a joy to hear and watch.

To give credit to the Artists Alliance, the sound was much better than at the Irving Plaza; the system being much smaller, and playing recorded music between sets at such a volume that you could talk without shouting. The breaks between sets were also much shorter. In short order the All Star Alliance was onstage and starting their set with ***Straight No Chaser***. This was terrific, the tune setting the mode for some real group improvising; each soloist making it into a different piece of music. What a difference to hear a bassist such as Fred Hopkins play the blues, never playing the cycle through twice the same way... the other horns improvising a riff behind Lew Tabackin's tenor solo... Woody Shaw, whose playing has always seemed a bit too proper to me, was the revelation of the band, putting all of himself into the music, and making some really spectacular statements. Lew Tabackin, as usual, excites a "my, what a fine tenor player" response — then shakes you up with a fabulous flute solo. One of the players, who shall remain unnamed, seemed to have a hard time concentrating and even missed the end of one of the tunes because he had wandered offstage, but otherwise this group was superb. Also an event you would likely never hear outside of New York City.

We got to Lush Life during the last set. It was kind of pricey; eight dollars cover plus six dollars minimum; or six cover and eight minimum, anyway a lot to pay for less than a single set. More than I normally would pay to hear the Denny Zeitlin Quartet but I have a special interest in bassists, had already heard John Lindberg and Fred Hopkins this weekend, and Charlie Haden was in the band here. Zeitlin sounded great, vigourous and imaginative... I hate to be partisan but Charlie Haden ***was*** the bass player — a miracle of sound, space and time. I listened to him and didn't pay much attention to the solos of the other players (John Abercrombie, guitar and Peter Donald, drums) even though the bass was not very loud. You can always tell when Haden is starting a solo because there is a long pause, by the only bassist in the world who plays fewer notes in his solos than in his "accompaniment"... ending a brief glimpse at Manhattan with a beautiful acoustic miracle. — ***David Lee***

ON THE SCENE

NEW YORK — Following **Olu Dara** and His Natchezsippi Band, which played basically all blues featuring lots of Dara vocals, a new group, **Cousins** — Oliver Lake and James Newton, with Kevin Eubanks, Jerome Harris and Billy Hart — played at Sweet Basil on May 6. On the tunes where Lake also selected flute, the smoothly fat tone and dextrously quick phrasing of Newton made a great contrast with Lake's piercing tone and abstract phrasing. It will be a superb unit when a little bit more interaction develops.

Next evening (May 7) **David Murray's** Big Band returned for Mondays in May and June. Its basic personnel remains the same with a few new replacements every now and then (which consequently broadens the pool of musicians who could play in this band). Murray also played at Manhattan Healing Arts Center on May 19 with his unusual trio of Wilber Morris and Joe Chambers, and appeared as a guest for the World Bass Violin Ensemble at Carnegie Recital Hall on June 28.

Gregg Bendian assembled two nights of his ensemble on May 11 at Taller and on the 12th at Inroads, with John Zorn, Ned Rothenberg, Tom Cora, Jim Katzin, and Christian Marclay collectively. On the same night at Inroads, the **Rashid Bakr/Dennis Charles** Duo (which actually turned out to be a quartet with the addition of Frank Wright and a percussionist) performed too. Inroads carried on this series, produced by Jason Hwang, with William Parker's **Centering Big Band** on May 19 and the meeting of **Davey Williams**, **LaDonna Smith**, **Tom Cora** and **Peter Kowald** on the 26th, all of which, along with a Sunday series at Life Cafe, were planned as a kind of prelude to the Sound Unity Festival.

It has been great to see more and more activities coming directly from musicians this year. First, Sound Unity announced their festival and **Artists' Alliance** headed by Reggie Workman, Sonny Fortune, Terumasa Hino, Stanley Cowell and others followed with their "On Time" series at the Village Gate. The **Billy Harper** Quintet and **Sam Rivers** Quartet, along with the regular All Star Alliance, started the series on May 25. Both Harper and Rivers have rarely played in Manhattan these days.

WOODY SHAW (photograph by Jørgen Bo)

Fully displaying his tenor style, Harper played a well-established set. Rivers alternated on tenor, soprano, and flute, just like he used to do in the so-called loft days, although he did not play piano this time. The way he led the group and structured the music was also very similar; however, it was interesting to note that each section has become shorter and many of the motifs plainer and simpler. It was a beautiful set of music.

Two days after (May 27) there, when **John Zorn** and **Wayne Horvitz** had performed a gratifying duo in the afternoon at Life Cafe and **Sathima Bea Benjamin** was bringing out her subtly delicate singing at Sweet Basil, **Milford Graves** and **Bill Dixon** made an unusual duo appearance along with **Oliver Lake**'s Jump Up and **All Star Alliance**. Although they would normally play one or two concerts a year in Manhattan, they have not played together for at least five years here. Graves stayed very much around the trap-drum set itself — with less than his usual display of bodily and/or vocal elements — and created persistently throbbing dynamics, while Dixon wandered through a highly private world of his own. It was rather a static exchange and the high level of musicianship was evident in many places. The series went on with **Craig Harris, Roy Haynes, Don Cherry/Ed Blackwell** Duo, **Olu Dara**, and many others all through June.

Sound Unity Festival was held from May 30 through June 3 at Cuando Community Center, as was reported in our last issue. **Jerome Cooper** opened it with his octet — a very rare appearance of the percussionist these days, especially with a larger ensemble. He had a second drummer on a trap set to keep the beat going and the music was structured in such a way that short rhythmic passages from various instruments of the leader developed into a whole ensemble. Especially gorgeous was the violin section — Akbar Ali, Ramsey Ameen and Scolart Rivera — each of whom contributed nice solos. It was a fine presentation.

Butch Morris followed leading his ensemble, this time with Phillip Wilson on drums. The acoustics of the hall were not the best for appreciating their delicate balance; nevertheless, they played a nice set of music.

Unfortunately, there is not enough space to introduce each group one by one, but a few of the most rewarding performances of the festival happened to come out from tenor saxophone players. **Peter Brotzmann** fully demonstrated his style of energy-playing in an excellently powerful trio with Peter Kowald and Andrew Cyrille. While last year's duo concert by Brotzmann and Cyrille had been a duel of powers in the good sense, the music this time developed with more empathy, perhaps because of their combined mutual playing experience since last year. They fully employed elements of free improvisation, both Afro-American and European, to organise a level of sound so dense in quality. At one point, Cyrille was hitting all over, including the floor and mike stands, while Brotzmann played mouthpiece and Kowald hit and scratched the bass, all of which was presented as neither introduction nor for effect or as a gimmick.

David S. Ware, whose activities have not appeared on the surface for a few years, made another powerful trio performance in a very different style, with Brian Smith and Beaver Harris. He often started out his solo by repeating simple bluesy phrases which would then lead to an abundance of powerful phrases. His level of coherence was something else and the energetic final section of the trio, especially with Harris's high-speed beating of a kick drum, was vigourously impressive.

The third man to note was **Charles Gayle**, featured in the Peter Kowald Quartet with Marilyn Crispell and Rashied Ali. While David Ware stayed very much in the mid- to lower register of the instrument, Gayle developed his solo predominantly around the upper register. His shrieks drove the unit to an area where everyone else responded with all his/her force without compromise.

Also impressive were **John Zorn**'s "Impressions of Africa," **Atsuko Yuma** and Sky Bridge, and **Commitment**. Zorn arranged the big prepared (? !) drum set of David Moss and the drum machine of Mark E. Miller side by side and constructed a unique space where the peaks of their sounds fused with each other. Rather mechanical variations from the drum machine and the various waves from Moss made an excellent contrast, highlighted by the fierce attack of Zorn's reeds.

Atsuko Yuma (Japanese; dance/voice) featured Sang Won Park (Korean; Korean instruments) and Jimmy Cruz (flute/percussion) in her unique presentation involving the stage itself and the costumes. Their way of bringing out traditional material in a completely different situation to make them work was very effective, and an old folk melody sung and played by Park was especially appealing.

Commitment, also showing some ethnic mix, created one of the most carefully constructed sets of the festival. It was amazing that everyone excellently did their share in the unit, functioning as a real cooperative. The heavy bass of William Parker and the swift, driving drums of Takeshi Zen Matsuura propelled the nice front line of Jason Hwang, violin, and Will Cornell Jr., reeds.

William Parker, with Patsy Parker, dance and choreography, also introduced an opera, ***A Thousand Cranes***, and Ahmed Abdullah collaborated with dancers led by Micky Davidson. Unfortunately, Paul Rutherford was cancelled, but **Fred van Hove** performed an intense piano solo, sometimes even sliding up and down with the stool. **Earl Cross** and **C. Sharpe** made an enjoyable duo appearance playing standards like ***When Sonny Gets Blue***, and the **Gunter Hampel** Quintet played a nice set, too.

The following week at Taller on June 7, **Peter Brotzmann** performed his ***Alarm*** with an eleven-piece band. It was one of the hottest pieces played on an actually very hot evening. The saxophones of Jemeel Moondoc, Frank Wright, Charles Gayle, David S. Ware, and Brotzmann made all their distinctions clear in the course of their solos, and the rest of the band all played very strong and loose, too.

A young Japanese percussionist, **Takashi Kazamaki**, visited here and performed in duo with Billy Bang at Life Cafe on June 9, in a trio with John Zorn and M. Kono at Alchemical Theater on the 24th, and in a trio with Tom Cora and Peter Kowald at Inroads on the 29th. He plays a snare cut in half at the body, gongs, and a few percussion instruments in a unique way — by hanging them from his neck and changing the timbre by moving them.

Charles Tyler and **Richard Dunbar** performed duos in various combinations of their instruments, along with a duo by **Claude Lawrence** and **Ken McIntyre** on drums and piano, on the 16th at Manhattan Healing Arts Center. And the **Butch Morris** Ensemble appeared in Dianne McIntyre's "Take-Off From A Forced Landing" at Joyce Theater from the 19th through the 24th.

John Zorn and the **Anthony Braxton** Quartet opened this year's Kool/Soundscape at Irving Plaza on June 22. Zorn performed three of his recent compositions and Braxton played a beautiful set of his music. **Oscar Peterson** and **Cecil Taylor** played in the same concert at Carnegie Hall on the 24th, when Peterson's fans made loud noises against Taylor although the rest of the fans were quietly waiting through Peterson's half of the concert. It seems that it was yet another showing of that same tendency of the avant-garde audience appreciating the traditional while the traditional audience simply rejects and/or objects to the avant-garde. So, although traditional booking in an avant-garde festival is usually well appreciated, the reverse seldom seems to work out well. Again, it was really embarrassing for all those people who made such a noise, they must have known what they were to face when they purchased their tickets.

The **Tim Berne** Sextet (his current quintet plus former mate Ed Schuller) and William Parker's **Centering Big Band** played on the 25th at Irving Plaza. The differing style and tone of the two basses of Schuller and Ratzo Harris were effectively woven into the context of Berne's music, along with the floating guitar sound of Bill Frisell, Herb Robertson's trumpet, and Tom Rainey's drums. Parker's ensemble featured solos from all its distinguished soloists between the instrumental lines and ensemble passages, and had excellent unaccompanied duos for the second time. Their bounce was very strong.

Arto Lindsay's Ambitious Lovers, **Skeleton Crew**, and **James Blood Ulmer** played on the 28th and there was a "Night of Percussion" on the 29th. The percussion trio of **Milford Graves**, **Don Moye** and **Andrew Cyrille**, which was the original booking, was expanded by the special appearance of **Kenny Clarke**. They all started out quietly with xylophones and a thumb piano and went forward into a section where each one alternately soloed to a riff maintained by others. After that, there were a lot of explosions and some changes of pace. The speed and precision of Cyrille were very effective in maintaining the flow of the music. Graves very much took the lead in talking and in body movements; however, everyone was paying special respect to Kenny Clarke, whose playing pattern marked a clear distinction from the rest of the group. **Daniel Ponce** and **Yoru-Break** played the final set and the first set was performed by the **Samulnori Ensemble** from Korea. They played in traditional costumes with either a drum or gong hanging, and dancing and marching while playing. One person had a flowerlike ornament on top of his hat and three others had long ribbons there. They moved their necks to the rhythm so that the flower came open and closed and the ribbons left the beautiful illusion of their trace in the air. The way each one came out to the middle of the stage and demonstrated his special movements was so similar to African music/dance and their execution was made perfectly in the context. Their position in Korean (traditional) music was unknown, however, their importance in the urban free-music scene seems to be firmly established. I simply wish they will explore more and more different situations with their already powerful music.

— Kazunori Sugiyama

Record REVIEWS

LESTER YOUNG

Laughin' To Keep From Cryin'
Verve UMV 2694

featuring Roy Eldridge, Harry Edison (trumpet)

As fanciers of the late Pres have come to accept, the last phase of Lester's playing career was hardly the most consistent. It is common knowledge that his health was worsening rapidly and irrevocably, and at the time at which this record was made, there was not going to be much of a future for Lester Young — this material was, in fact, not issued until after his death. But no matter how 'out of it' he might be, Lester always came up with something. Side one, for example, features his first clarinet work in almost twenty years, and Lester's much-debated decline is revealed for what it was. Gone are the nimble up-tempo figurations of the Kansas City Six and Basie's Bad Boys clarinetist, but the fiercely individualistic sense of form and the fundamentally eccentric harmonic stance are intact. If, by 1958, Lester was no longer dazzling, he was still endlessly intriguing.

The deterioration can nevertheless be rather painful to listen to; on the medium tempo blues in F entitled ***Salute To Benny*** his clarinet becomes so flat towards the end of his solo that it becomes virtually a blues in E, and the kinship between his groping, tentative solo on ***They Can't Take That Away From Me*** and Bird's 1946 ***Loverman*** is all too evident. His tenor work is much more satisfying, particularly on the seldom-heard ***Gypsy In My Soul*** — there are sublime moments to be found here.

But as the triple billing would suggest, this is as much if not more of a Roy Eldridge or a Harry Edison record as it is a Lester Young

GENE KRUPA (photograph by Frank Rosenbaum)

issue, and Pres enthusiasts will be much happier with the more representative "Pres" (Verve UMV 2672) or "Pres And Teddy" (Verve UMV 2507). Heard in conjunction with Lester's ultra-sensitive musings, Edison sounds terribly glib, working from a stock of ideas rather than from the imagination as Lester unfailingly does. Eldridge lights a fire whenever he blows and fares better with his mixture of audacity and adroitness.

Even a comparatively minor work such as this contains flashes of priceless beauty — that was the way it was with Lester Young. This was an artist who laid it on the line every time he blew — this is a part of his self-portrait at twilight. — *Julian Yarrow*

BILLIE HOLIDAY

Songs For Distingue Lovers
Verve 2304.243

The Essential Billie Holiday
Carnegie Hall Concert
Verve UMV 2600

Trying to describe Lady Day's singing late in her career is as desperate a riddle as any the Sphinx might set. The received opinion is that her voice by this time was seriously flawed, yet she managed mostly to communicate, and that communication was intimately bound up with the facts of her life. Sometimes that leads to sociological platitudes as well as hedged musical criticism. So what am I to say about these two late recordings, made within two months of each other?

"Distingue Lovers" is a studio session done over three days early in 1957, and on two of those days she seemed to be on form. True, the voice doesn't have that paradoxical mix of wide-eyed innocence and insouciant know-how that characterises some of her earlier work, but just listen to the two opening cuts here. This is certainly different from the early voice but in their own way these two songs are marvellously revealing. ***Day In Day Out*** we've grown accustomed to in most jazz vocal versions as a hard-swinging showbiz production number, but Billie's entry is low-key — and a little off-key. She straightens out, lazes into the tune, propped by a bouncy rhythm section and muted promptings from Harry Edison. John Chilton in his ***Billie's Blues*** describes this session thus: "Her spirit might have been willing but her flesh seems to have been too desperately weak to respond." That's both a fair and misleading summary — half the songs are vapid, and ***One For My Baby*** is diffusely mismanaged. But ***Day In Day Out*** has the right spirit and is nicely judged. I don't think it is a weakness that Billie refuses to pump up the drama of the song. If I can use a parallel from dramatic literature, this is Pinter, not Ibsen. It is oblique, it is understated in an almost off-hand manner. Yet it reveals a distilled essence. Maybe that's one of the reasons she sang so few blues, as drama tends to be invested in most blues lyrics, whereas many of the songs Lady Day sang had to be worked at to reveal the story. Through the most banal lyrics she managed to free the words into meaning or emphasized them by pause, silence, lagged beat, timing — some of the elements in Pinter dialogue — and that's why actors like to perform in Pinter's plays: the words are left so that they have room to interpret widely.

The musicians on this session understand this tone as well, making quiet but effective contributions. Only Ben Webster has that brawnier dramatic voice and he uses that side of his playing sparingly, relying more on breathy slides and swoops. ***A Foggy Day*** is also very good, though her rendition of the opening verse is wayward. The other song on Side 1, ***Stars Fell On Alabama***, almost works, but most of Side 2 is too haphazard, though sections of ***I Didn't Know What Time It Was*** are reasonable.

Two months before this session, Billie's Carnegie Hall concert was a sellout, tied into the publication of her brashly direct autobiography. Gilbert Milstein reads sections from it — he milks the words a little on occasions — and why was there no black actress to do the reading? Billie sticks with short versions of songs she's been associated with, so the record is an interesting document. Billie bbviously liked singing to an audience, especially one that was on her side. Chilton likes the singing more at this concert but still has reservations. He says it shows that she "was still capable of great moments" but that "nothing was halting the continued erosion of her vocal powers."

OK — so we're back at the point where we began. This is not the Billie Holiday of the thirties and early forties. But it is a singer who still knows how to project a real jazz spirit into most of the songs here. And again the use or non-use of drama in these versions is important. She's stronger and she times her effects well. She seldom extends herself, knowing the range of her emotional and musical tones but she makes her points with succinct directness. The voice is more open, fuller, doesn't slide towards the croak and break, unless they emerge as calculated effects. And you can almost hear a smile in some of the songs.

It's been said that nobody sang the words 'love' and 'hunger' like Billie. The Carnegie concert certainly has the love, and "Distingue Lovers" has some of that gallant hunger in her voice that overpowers her knowledge that the voice won't quite do what she wants it to do. But then that hunger in the versions I've mentioned shows her appetite to sing jazz lines remained undiminished. — *Peter Stevens*

REISSUES

GENE KRUPA

The Exciting
Verve (J) UMV-2594

COLEMAN HAWKINS

Thanks For The Memory
Xanadu 111

Charlie Shavers is the dominant voice (instrumentally and as arranger) in this outstanding 1953 session under Gene Krupa's name. With Ben Webster and Bill Harris filling out the front line it is obviously an above-average occasion. The frameworks evoke images of the Kirby sound but the solo contributions are of a different nature. Webster and Harris are rugged individualists who respond in their own way to any musical situation.

Teddy Wilson and Ray Brown join Krupa in a rhythm section which never intrudes but always complements the work of the horn players. Krupa does get an opportunity to display his patented tom tom sound in ***Jungle Drums*** but even there Shavers has arranged it so that the drums are an integral part of the composition.

Coronation Hop and ***Overtime*** come from a different session with Willie Smith's alto sharing the spotlight with Shavers in place of Webster and Harris.

All of the musicians were at the height of their powers when this well-conceived music was put together. It has aged well and deserves to be heard once again.

All of these performances were made in 1944 — three of the sessions were for Continental and one for Apollo — and none were issued under Coleman Hawkins's name. The Apollo session is the famous collaboration between Hawkins, George Auld and Ben Webster, where the three saxophonists performed ***Salt Peanuts***, ***Porgy***, ***Pick-Up Boys*** and ***Uptown Lullaby***. All four titles are currently to be found on Queen Disc 038 and were first reissued on LP in the fifties by Grand Award.

The two Continental sessions in November 1944 were under Cozy Cole's leadership and featured, besides Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Hank D'Amico and, on the second date, fellow tenor saxophonist Don Byas. Clyde Hart and Johnny Guarnieri split the piano chair while Tiny Grimes and Slam Stewart were the guitarist and bassist on both sessions. Clyde Hart was musical director and there are good solos in this music which mirrored so well the sounds being heard on 52nd Street at that time. Byas is featured on ***Comes The Don*** (both takes) and is heard alongside Hawkins on ***The Beat*** and ***Memories Of You***. ***When Day Is Done*** completes the November 21 session. Hawkins shines on all four of the November 14 tunes (***Look Here***, ***Ghost Of A Chance***, ***Take It Back***, ***Willow Weep For Me***).

The final Continental session was issued under Leonard Feather's name and, as he mentions in the album notes, each selection gives extended space to an individual soloist rather than trying to cram short statements by everyone into the limited time frame. Ed Hall (***Esquire Jump***, Hawkins (***Thanks For The Memory***), Remo Palmieri (***Esquire Stomp***) and Buck Clayton (***Scram***) are the featured artists. Feather's conception works well in a most satisfactory session. ***Thanks For The Memory*** is a marvelous ballad vehicle for Hawkins and both Hall and Clayton are in top form. Neither ***Esquire Stomp*** from this date nor ***Ghost Of A Chance*** seem to have been on LP before. All other tunes from the Feather and Cole sessions were on Continental 16006 except for take one of ***Comes The Don*** which was on Continental 16007.

1944 was a good year for Coleman Hawkins. These sessions complement his numerous dates for Keynote during the same time. Incidentally it seems that a comprehensive US repackaging of the Keynote catalog is long overdue.

— *John Norris*

AROUND

CANADA

The Toronto International Jazz Festival, which was sponsored, in part, by Molson's (a prominnent Canadian brewery) became the centre of controversy a week before the event got underway at the end of June. It was attacked by the Canadian Black Performers Association and the Buffalo Jazz Society.

There were articles in the Toronto and Buffalo papers as well as a public meeting at which varying views were expounded. The situation was resolved by the festival hiring the **Harlem Blues and Jazz Band** and a marching band from New Orleans.

The issue seemed simplistic — no jazz festival should exist without a reasonable representation of black bands. In fact, it could be argued that a greater proportion of attending musicians should be black. After all the leading edge of the music has always been created by blacks and is still continuing today.

The confusion started with the name of the festival. It really wasn't an international jazz festival. It was a festival of traditional dixieland music — a music adopted worldwide by white musicians after its demise as a creative part of jazz back in the forties. This music, which functions apart from much of the jazz community, has its own organisations, its own bands and its own supporters. There are probably at least seventy-five events of a similar nature held in many countries, including the United States, throughout the year. Except for a few aged veterans there are now no black musicians actively playing this music. In Canada there has never been a black dixieland band but there are two or three black musicians who play in local "trad" bands.

Archie Alleyne (a Toronto musician) must bear the responsibility for the initial moves in this controversy. He felt his band should have been part of the festival and that the festival's perspective was not representative of the music. From there it quickly changed into a racial issue.

However, the festival organisers had always intended the festival to be devoted to traditional jazz. At one point they foolishly claimed, in the face of pressure, that twenty-five per cent was not traditional. This was never the case — unless musicians such as Doc Cheatham, Kenny Davern, Jim Galloway, Bobby Fenton and Peter Appleyard made up twenty-five per cent of the musical activity.

It also needs to be pointed out that the kind of music performed at the festival is rarely, if ever, represented at most major jazz festivals for the simple reason that those organisers no longer feel the music to be valid as a creative part of jazz music.

It quickly became apparent at the public meeting that other issues were at stake. The Canadian group, primarily black West Indian residents of Canada, were hostile to Molson's for ignoring visible minorities in their advertising (which is very much a reality). Individually and as a group they have little interest in jazz and stated as much at the meeting. The

DOC CHEATHAM (photograph by Mark Miller)

Buffalo group were persistent that the musical choices were based on racial lines and didn't seem to understand that time had changed the very nature of the music being presented. Herbert Nelson, their spokesperson, while indignant at the festival's philosophy, seemed just as anxious to place bands he represented on the festival's roster as he was to close down the event.

In the end a compromise was reached — Molson's provided more money and the two bands were hired. The festival, itself, went off without a hitch and large crowds came to hear such European bands as **Chris Barber**, the **Hot Antic Band**, **Ken Colyer**'s Jazzmen, **Scottish Jazz Advocates** and such US bands as the **Black Eagle Jazz Band**, **Royal Society Jazz Orchestra** and **Hot Frogs** band. In the process, these people also heard two black bands as well as **Doc Cheatham** and **Jodie Drake**, both of whom were on the original bill.

The festival was a major event. It survived the "storm in a teacup" but it remains to be seen whether Molson's will continue its sponsorship. Organisational weaknesses in a first event of this size were apparent but hopefully the lessons will be absorbed in the future.

Unless the festival changes its musical philosophy (and there is no reason to expect it will) it will remain a showcase for the city's traditional jazz bands and selected visitors. That is the festival's prerogative — their choice if you will. And musicians who don't play that style cannot expect to be employed at the event.

Molson's, though, should certainly be rethinking its advertising image if it is to reestablish consumer confidence with an ever-broadening sector of the Canadian population — those who truly reflect the multi-cultural society our government is working so hard to establish.

As for the Buffalo Jazz Society, they should stay home and take care of their business. We don't need "affirmative action" from our neighbours south of the border.

Meanwhile Toronto still lacks a real jazz festival. Unlike Edmonton, Montreal and Ottawa, this city has no major event to compare with those endeavours.

Elm Street Jazz Club (2a Elm Street — off Yonge) is the latest place to inaugurate a jazz policy. Basically it functions weekends from 1 to 4 a.m. and has featured the **David Young** Quartet, **Dave Dunlop** and **Chris Chahley**. The Chahley band was scheduled to open up an earlier-in-the-evening series in mid-July.

A cross-section of Toronto performers has been appearing this summer at Bourbon Street reflecting the diversity of styles and depth of talent available here. The bands change every two nights so it is worthwhile receiving program schedules from the club which is located at 180 Queen Street West.

"Toronto Alive," the CKFM radio show broadcast live each Saturday from the Traders Lounge of the Sheraton Centre, features the **Jim Galloway** Quartet with special guests. The show was nominated for and ultimately was the runner-up in the International Radio Festival of New York's music category. In addition to drawing on guests performing elsewhere in the city, the program recently featured tenor saxophonist **Bud Freeman**.

Guitarist **Tim Brady** gave a solo recital May 17 at the Music Gallery, featured his quintet for two nights at Bourbon Street in early July and then headed to Ottawa for an appearance there on July 6...**Gotham City** was at the Cameron June 6 and will be at Bourbon Street August 3-4...**Paul Cram**'s Kings of Sming were at the Igwana Lounge June 19 and also make a Bourbon Street appearance (August 27-28)... **Matt Murphy**, **Son Seals** and **Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown** have been recent blues attractions at Albert's Hall. Coming are **Albert Collins** (August 13-18) and **Luther Johnson** (August 27 to September 1)...Bob Wilber's **Bechet Legacy** band returns to Roy Thomson Hall November 17.

A seminar on "Jazz: Research and Collecting" at the Canadian Association of Music Libraries convention June 5 featured as panelists Jim Kidd, Mark Miller, John Norris, Jim Patrick, Joe Showler and Dean Tudor. Vladimir Simosko moderated the discussion.

The CBC broadcast live six and a half hours of music from the Montreal Jazz Festival on July 6. Heard on the program were **L'Orchestre Sympathique**, **Karen Young**, **Sonny Rollins**, the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** and **The Great Guitars**...L'Air du Temps featured the **Sonny Greenwich** Ensemble June 15-17 in a rare appearance for the guitarist...Jazz photographs by Peter Danson, Gabor Szilasi, George Zimbel and Winston Cross were on display in July at Montreal's Galerie Zsolt Szigetvari.

Oscar Peterson, **Claude Bolling** and **Michel Legrand** performed at Ottawa's National Arts Centre May 15. The concert was taped by CBC television for future showing...**Ian Froman**, an Ottawa percussionist, received an Elvin Jones fellowship and will be studying this summer with the well-known drummer...

"The Feeling Of Jazz," a radio show presented by Brian Turner on CFMX (103.1 FM) has expanded its hours. It is now heard 11:15 p.m. to 6 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays in addition to other nights from 11:15 to 1 a.m.... "Jazz Emporium," the program conducted by Joe Hanratty in Halifax, needs Canadian recordings and these can be sent to Hanratty c/o CHFX-FM, 5228 Tobin Street, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2R2.

The **Peter Leitch** Quartet (Bernie Senensky, Scott Alexander, Terry Clarke) closed out the jazz policy at the Chateau Laurier's Cock and Lion Room in Ottawa at the end of June. The following day the quartet performed in Montreal at the festival. In August they head west for appearances at the Edmonton Jazz Festival.

Vocalist/pianist **Almeta Speaks** began a lengthy residence June 1 at the Marine Lounge of Vancouver's Westin Bayshore Hotel. Bassist Chris Nelson and guitarist Henry Young (weekends) share the stage with the headliner.

Mona Coxson's book ***Some Straight Talk About The Music Business*** was published this spring by CM Books (832 Mount Pleasant Road, Toronto M4P 2L3). It's a useful guide to the business side of music in Canada.

Toronto's traditional jazz bands will be showcased once again the first weekend of August (4-6) at Harbourfront under the sponsorship of Molson's. Vocalists Long John Baldry, Jodie Drake and Big Miller are part of the festival as is the Ron Collier Big Band and Jim Galloway's American All Stars featuring Yank Lawson, Carl Fontana, Ralph Sutton, Milt Hinton and Butch Miles. The event, which is free, starts each day at 2 p.m. — ***John Norris***

EKAYA * VIC VOGEL

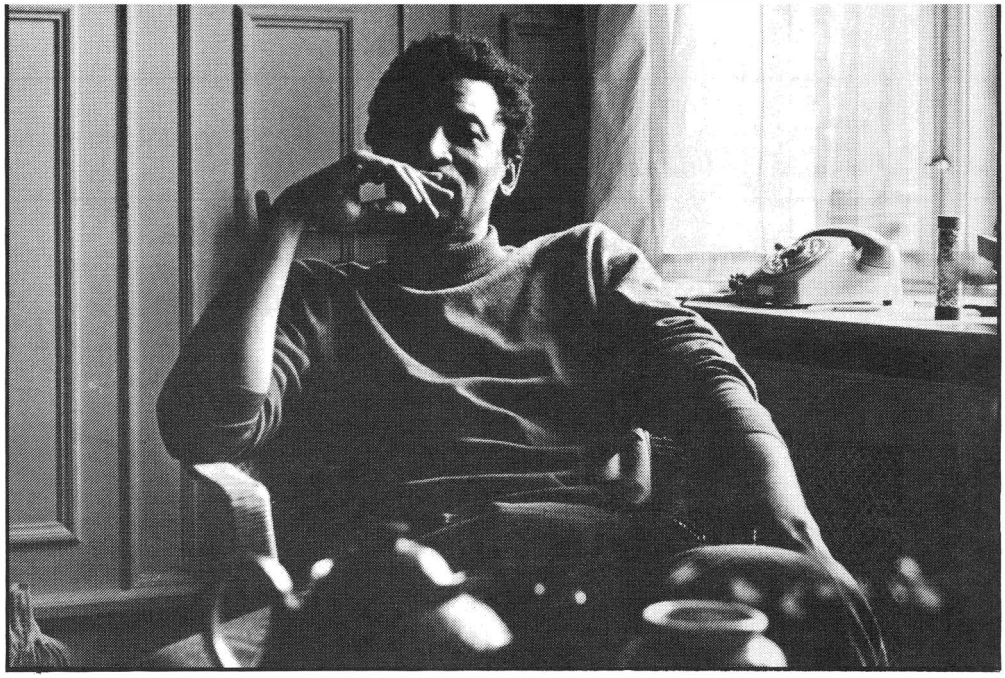
Montreal International Jazz Festival
Sunday, July 1, 1984

The textural possibilities of Abdullah Ibrahim's music have been continuously investigated by the pianist/composer for more than twenty years. First there was Capetown and youthful experiments with musicians of his own generation as well as the inspiration of Johannesburg's Kippie Moeketsi. In 1972 Abdullah explored orchestral textures as part of a series of workshop/concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall under the patronage of JCOA. Since then, there have been other occasions where larger ensembles have played his music with varying levels of success. Now with Ekaya we see the fulfillment of the dream.

Abdullah Ibrahim is ***the*** composer of our time. Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk and Charles Mingus spent a lifetime reworking and redefining their ideas and Abdullah has followed the same principles. Thus, at this concert, we heard themes which have been previously presented — either as solo piano pieces or as vehicles for smaller combinations — as well as new ideas. The totality of them, however, was a magical weaving together of themes and variations which transported the listener into a state of intoxication rarely experienced today.

The music was gentle, lyrical, insinuating, rhythmically flowing, organic, beautiful. It was also full of the depth of expression brought to the music by Abdullah and the sensitivity and feeling of his musicians. The maestro presided and directed the music from the piano. He set the mood, determined the length of the solo statements and was always in control of the ebb and flow of the themes which swirled around the stage.

Carlos Ward is to Abdullah what Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney were to Duke Ellington. His sound, his manner of phrasing (a living embodiment of the spiritual qualities of Kippie Moeketsi) shapes the texture of the band while his solos mirrored the unique African qualities of the leader. Ricky Ford, who served part of his apprenticeship with Mercer Ellington and Mingus, has now grown to maturity. His solos, organically sound, enriched the textures of the compositions without once losing their relationship to the music's shape. Baritone saxophonist Charles Davis and trombonist Dick Griffin were less prominent but their contributions gave tonal variety and rhyth-



ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (photograph by Ib Skovgaard Petersen)

mic bite. Bassist Carl James and drummer Ben Riley echoed the rhythmic principles of Abdullah's music with a looseness and grace which gave the occasion an hypnotic dance feeling which was only released after the band returned to the langourous mood of ***Sotho Blue*** — his opening and closing theme.

This music speaks from the heart. It uplifts and moves the spirit with its gracefulness and beauty. It is a healing force.

Vic Vogel's concert, earlier the same night, could not have been further removed in philosophy and approach and yet it fell into the overall umbrella of the festival's philosophy. While Abdullah Ibrahim insinuates his music inside your very soul, Vic Vogel hits you over the head with its bluntness and power. This was very different music to that presented two years ago at the same festival and preserved on disc. The heart of conventional big bands is the drummer and Guy Nadon seemed intent on driving everyone to distraction with the nervous energy of his cascading explosions and the tight, on-top-of-the-beat drive (not swing) which gave all the music the feeling it was teetering on the edge of a precipice. The music, mostly written for the occasion, was one-dimensional. Only in Terry Lukiwski's deliberate exposition of the J.J. Johnson tradition was there room to breathe. Otherwise it was a succession of hair-raising instrumental exercises from soloists whose intent seemed fixed on multiple combinations of notes which had little meaning.

One of the pieces, supposedly written as a solo vehicle for Dizzy Gillespie, sounded more appropriate for Maynard Ferguson and was executed in like manner by one of the trumpeters. The Ferguson/Rich tradition was further emphasized by the band's persistent loudness and unrelenting manner. There was no room to catch one's breath. The same dilemma was experienced by Zoot Sims and Phil Woods who soloed for a couple of numbers in front of the band. The rhythm (time) shifted alarmingly at one point but Zoot's inner clock kept him going in the right direction.

The promise shown two years ago by Vic Vogel's band seems to have dissipated. The "spectacle" has replaced any pretensions at establishing a groove for the band. It emphasized how far apart this music (which is called jazz) really is from the music's essence.

This experience, sandwiched as it was between Dameronia and Ekaya, emphasized that there are at least two widely divergent musics out there which purport to be the same thing. Nothing could be further from the truth.

— John Norris

AMERICA

BOSTON — The OIC Building in Providence, RI hosted a night of lush duets between longtime associates **Butch Morris** and **Frank Lowe** at the end of the spring. Surprises came with Morris's dexterity on piano during a flowing modal piece, and Lowe's newfound breathy warmth on tenor. The pair's ease (and that night, grace) in collaborating together was apparent all night long. Joe Morris opened with a solo string recital that allowed the audience a glimpse at his ethnic/folk roots.

Pat Metheny brought his bare bones trio of Billy Higgins and Charlie Haden to the Paradise at the beginning of June; the consensus was the live show contained much more fire than the recent ECM recording with the same band. Out at Tufts University **John Zorn**, **Fred Frith**, **LaDonna Smith**, **Davey Williams**, **Sam Bennett**, and the **Magnetic String Trio** all joined forces for an evening of trading off of duets, trios, quartets, and solos, entitled "Contexts For Improvisers." Especially exciting was a catch-me-if-you-can game between Williams and Frith. A couple of weeks later at Tufts the **Raphe Malik** Trio with William Parker and Sid Smart expounded endlessly at a concert sponsored by WMFO, Parker's fingers flailing at his bass strings with nonstop energy that he must have picked up while working with Cecil Taylor. Raphe's long-winded statements become clearer and more direct as time goes on, and his tone has sharpened as well. With Smart's muscular shadings on drums being the pliable bottom they are, this is a hot band; let's hope they can stay together.

The Jazz Coalition of Boston has sponsored a host of music recently; **Don Pullen** and **George Adams** brought what should be called their blues band to the 1369 Jazz Club in Cambridge, and ran through a set that featured Adams's Rollins-tinged giddy up and go tenor approach and Pullen's examination of all 88 keys during one of his extended solos. The star rhythm section of Cameron Brown and Dannie Richmond pushed the proceedings mercilessly (as usual) and made it easy to see how and why this band smashes the notions of 'inside' and 'outside' playing so deftly. **Lee Konitz** and **Harold Danko** were also guests of the Jazz Coalition, playing a couple of weeks later at the 1369, and at the end of June a mini-festival of new jazz was also offered. With a thrilling **Billy Bang** solo performance at its center, this night of music brought together **Lowell Davidson** on solo bass, the **Joe Morris** Trio with Sebastian Steinberg on bass and Lawrence Cook on drums, and once again **Raphe Malik**'s trio. Bang proved he thinks on his feet, discarding an approach if he feels it's not working, but little of what he did wasn't working that night. Boston continues to offer a broad assortment of local talent as well. The Willow Jazz Club features such artists as **James Williams**, **The Fringe**, and **Jimmy Mosher**; and **Stan Strickland**, **D Sharpe**, **Bob Moses**, and **Gary Valente** are often around. It's too bad that Jonathon Swifts seems to have cut down on their jazz offerings, though.

Coming up are **Chico Hamilton**, and the **Roswell Rudd/Terry Adams** band for free on August 12 in Providence's Roger Williams Park, and the Newport Jazz Festival, this year sponsored by the JVC Corporation. Highlights include **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Stan Getz**, **Miles Davis**, and **Ronald Shannon Jackson**. *— Jim Macnie*

RAPHE MALIK TRIO

Tufts University (Somerville, Massachusetts)
May 6, 1984

Trumpeter Raphe Malik played two sets of strong free improvisation with his trio of William Parker on bass and Sydney Smart on drums at Curtis Hall on the Tufts University campus as part of a continuing spring concert series. Although both Malik and Parker are best known for their work with Cecil Taylor, it is a mistake to identify them too closely with him, since they are strong individuals in their own right. Sydney Smart is an impressive drummer virtually ignored in his home town despite his obvious mastery of his instrument. This trio setting was the ideal showcase for their unique talents.

Raphe favors short, regular phrases which he carefully develops. There is plenty of drama in listening to him work his way through the labrynth of his ideas and emerge triumphantly. At times he can explode with an exultant whoop, or mutter and growl with a mute. His tone is large and full and imparts a wide emotional range. In much the same way that Ayler gave enormous emotional weight to his relatively simple melodies, so the forcefulness and beauty of Raphe's declamatory tone add depth to his improvisations. One composition in particular displayed the full spectrum of Malik's abilities, beginning with quiet muted soloing, building slowly to a glorious climax of energy and volume. The three-part suite which opened the concert showed Raphe's ability as a composer to best advantage.

William Parker is simply one of the greatest bassists alive. He is a highly creative soloist and a master of free group interaction. His playing combines a total integration of dynamics, rhythm, and melody with an uncanny instinct for what is right for the composition or soloist.

A Boston resident, drummer Sydney Smart is a real hidden treasure. He, too, has extreme facility on his instrument, playing all over the trap set with dexterity and assurance. He often builds tension in waves on the cymbal using rolls on the snare for punctuation, but uses all the components of the kit effectively. His solo on the final number, in which he created a talking drum effect on the tom-tom, was one of the concert's highlights.

It was good to see and hear these three unrecognised giants continuing to make such daring and lively music, in spite of the lack of financial and critical awards they deserve.

— Ed Hazell

HARTFORD — Tenor saxophonist **Ricky Ford** made a triumphant homecoming at the May 6 meeting of the Hartford Jazz Society. The Hartford native led his quartet of Walter Bishop, Ray Drummond, and Terri Lynn Carrington through a varied program of standards, originals, poetry, and a tenor battle. A modern mainstream player, Ford demonstrated the knowledge of the jazz idiom he gained through his association with Ran Blake, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, and Charles Mingus. Walter Bishop's roots in blues and gospel music blossomed into more contemporary stylings as he soloed. At Ford's request, Bishop recited a humorous poem he wrote as a tribute to Max Roach. In all honesty, though, Bishop's playing is far more compelling than his writing. Bassist Drummond's huge tone and lucid ideas warranted more solo space than they received. Terri Lynn Carrington impressed me with her subtle drumming; trading fours with Bishop and Ford, she frequently closed her passages with off-the-beat figures that threatened to carry into a fifth measure, but slipped seamlessly back into the established pattern of exchange.

At the start of the second set, emcee Gene Solon announced the recipients of this year's Hartford Jazz Society scholarships. Alto saxophonist **Paul Croteau** received the George Malcolm-Smith Scholarship, instituted in memory of the recently deceased author and jazz aficionado. Baritone saxophonist **Paul Cohen** and tenor saxophonist **Antoine Rooney** received Bessye Proffitt scholarships. Ford, posturing like an old-time jazzman, challenged Rooney: "My horn got more spit in it than yours." On ***Cubicle***, a Bishop composition whose abstract line hovered over the harmonic structure of ***Green Dolphin Street***, Rooney took a competent but tentative solo. Ford muscled up, blowing hard, aggressive phrases, and gained the edge. Rooney competed more successfully on ***Lester Leaps In***.

Rooney also appeared May 24 in the 880 Club's All-Star Jazz Series which has introduced a number of musicians to the Hartford jazz audience. **Longineau Parsons** made his first visit to the club April 19 and impressed the fans with his fresh approach as well as his array of instruments (trumpet, piccolo trumpet, and recorders). After **Carter Jefferson**'s April 26 appearance the club featured guitarists **Randy Johnston** (May 3) and **Melvin Sparks** (May 10). Johnston is a deliberate player whose improvisations begin in low-key, lyrical fashion, then build to flashing climaxes. Sparks, on the other hand, is an exuberant showman who can sing along with his most intricate lines like George Benson, chord like Freddie Green on a Basie tribute, work a funky groove, and play blistering bop lines with equal facility. **Bill Saxton** returned May 17 and played several compositions from his new album "Beneath The Surface." **Gerry Bergonzi** appeared May 31, followed by **Bill Cody** on June 7 and **Charles I. Williams** on June 14.

The club has replaced its Wednesday night Vocalist series with a program of jazz. Recent performers include **Street Temperature**, which continues to anchor the club on Fridays, the the **Richard Hollyday** Quintet, and the **Mario Pavone-George Solvak** Ensemble. **Matt Emirzian** and his blinding mallets hold forth on Saturdays, along with Larry DiNatale, Don DePalma, Eddie Jones, and vocalist Connie DiNatale. Emirzian also anchors the 880 Club's Sunday night jam sessions. Sitting in on Sundays, and sometimes on Thursdays, were saxophonists Rooney, Bruce Feiner, Herb Wilson, Rollins Spivey, and Steve Benson; trumpeter Gaetan Veilleux; trombonist Peter McGuinness; pianists Don DePalma, Joe Diamond, Mark Templeton, and Alexander Nakhimovsky; guitarists Dave Stoltz, George Kormendi, Bob Kobus, and Ethan Mann; bassists Joe Fonda, Nat Reeves, Mario Pavone, Bruce Gertz, and George Hastings (an electric bassist from England visiting the area); drummers Mike Duquette, John Grieco, Ralph Duncan, and John Lewis; and percussionist Ruben Rodriguez-Diaz.

On Sundays, Shenanigans continues to feature jazz piano. **Teddy Wilson, Judy Carmichael, Charles Gigliotti**, and **Terry Waldo** with vocalist Susan LaMarche have appeared at the downtown club.

Pianist **Emery Smith** played solo piano at the May 17 meeting of the Springfield (Mass.) Jazz Society. His trio has performed at the New North School and Our Lady of Hope Church in Springfield with vocalist Darlene Francis, and at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford. Smith has worked with alto saxophonist Harold Holt, the recipient of the Distinguished Achievement Award of the Black Musicians Conference, at Oscar's in Cromwell and at the Parkview Hilton in Hartford. Smith will teach improvisation this summer at the Hartt School of Music's Kodaly Institute.

Toots Thielemans headlined the opening concert at this year's Quinnipiac College Jazz Festival in April. Backing him were guitarist Dave Dana, Gigliotti, bassist Phil Bowler, and drummer Ed Soph. The Hillside in Waterbury featured **Gerry Bergonzi, Adam Nussbaum, Tom Chapin, Mario Pavone-George Solvak, John Betsch** and **Randy Johnston.** In April, Waterbury's Mattatuck Community College hosted the four-part History, Narration, and Performance of Jazz, a series originally developed by the Hartford Jazz Society but currently sponsored by Jazz, Inc.

Maynard Ferguson appeared April 25 at Conard High School in West Hartford. The Craftery Gallery booked the quartet of **Paul Brown**, Dean Carbone, Lee Callahan, and John Grieco for the April 29 opening of painter Hughie-Lee Smith's exhibit. The **Charles Best** Quintet has moved from the Main Tower Cafe to A Touch Of Class on Sunday evenings. T-Boe's features **Otha Stokes & Co.** Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. **Dansation**, a local big band, gave a concert June 10 at Hubbard Park in Glastonbury. Ed Cooney, the band's baritone saxophonist, turned in some fine solos at the performance. The **Norman Gage** Big Band, under the sponsorship of the Hartford Jazz Society, performed June 10 in Hartford's Elizabeth Park. **Chick Chicetti**'s big band continues to rehearse Monday nights at DePalma's Rockinghorse Cafe. The **Sonny Costanza** Big Band, with soloist Gaetan Veilleux, played Wednesdays at 42nd Street in Bridgeport from mid-May to mid-June. A.J.'s, a new nightspot in downtown Hartford, features the **Bob Kobus** trio on Thursday evenings.

— Vernon Frazer

EUROPE

The European jazz circuit is multi-dimensional. The big festivals attract the most attention, of course, but there is considerable activity which is much less grand in its scope. It offers work opportunities for musicians not controlled through the major booking/recording organisations. Each country has its own idiosyncracies and these affect both the style and presentation of the music.

Cultural subsidies dominate the **ITALIAN** scene. Support from socialist motivated city governments was crucial to the success of the more revolutionary artists who have performed there for the past decade. A broader spectrum of jazz now seems to be gaining a foothold in such series as those organised in Reggio Emilia and Bologna. The Bologna series, in particular, presented a fascinating cross-section of jazz

styles still being actively performed by their creators. The artistic direction was handled by Filippo Bianchi who arranged, in conjunction with Jazzclub Bologna, an early spring series of five concerts which ended May 4 with an appearance of the **Sackville All Stars** with Buddy Tate, Jay McShann and Jim Galloway, Italian bassist Giovanni Tommaso and drummer Alvin Queen. Earlier concerts had featured **McCoy Tyner**'s Quintet; **Phil Woods**'s Quartet; a three-saxophone band with **Alan Skidmore**, **Gerd Dudek** and **Claudio Fasoli** plus Stan Tracey, Ali Haurand (bass) and Tony Oxley; and the **Lee Konitz/Martial Solal** Quartet.

SWITZERLAND, for such a small country, supports a lot of jazz activity. The season begins with the Bern Festival and this year's event was enthusiastically received. **B. B. King**, the **Woody Herman** band and **Ella Fitzgerald** were the principal attractions for those living in the area while **Monty Alexander**, the **Eddie Harris/Cedar Walton** Quartet, vocalist **Linda Hopkins** and Bob Wilber's **Bechet Legacy** were less familiar performers on the international touring circuit. The Herman band was augmented with tenorists Zoot Sims, Sal Nistico, Bill Perkins and Billy Mitchell (substituting for the ailing Al Cohn) in a set which raised the musical temperature considerably. But it was left to Ella Fitzgerald to offer the magical moments. Her duets with Joe Pass had the indefinable quality which lifts the material into a totally different zone. It was an extraordinary performance from an artist that is too often taken for granted.

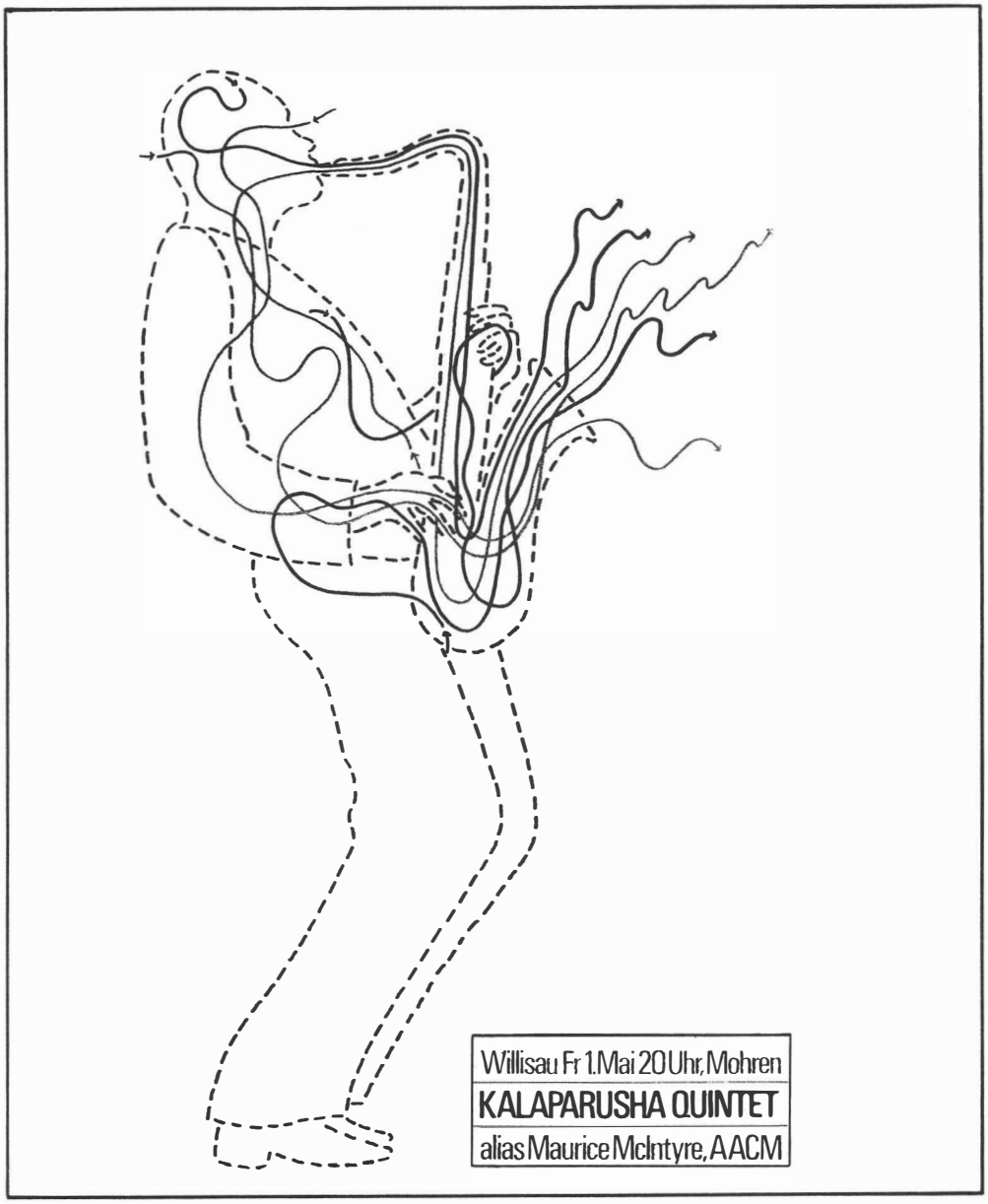
Several organisations print monthly listings of jazz activities in **SWITZERLAND** but even those missed the appearance of **Archie Shepp** in Baden and **Louisiana Red** in Chur. Zurich supports at least two clubs which bring in musicians. The Widder Bar (Widdergasse 6) is the leading location with such artists as **Horace Parlan**, **Rhoda Scott** and **Art Farmer** among those appearing recently. Art Farmer's Quintet had Reggie Johnson on bass, Harry Sokal (tenor sax), Fritz Pauer (piano) and Joris Dudli (drums) and the music was neatly and precisely executed by the well-rehearsed group. Art Farmer is one of the distinctive voices of this music but the performance seemed almost archival in its predictability. **Stan Getz**'s Quartet was scheduled for early June with an admission price of close to $40.00.

Not far away is Limmatquai 82, a club which is the antithesis of the Widder. The former is a high-spirited hangout while the Widder attracts only those committed to the music. The **Harlem Blues and Jazz Band** was the backdrop for the clientele at Limmatquai in early May. This band is the New York version of the Preservation Hall Band. It has restored to action guitarist Al Casey and trombonist Eddie Durham — both of whom have made distinctive contributions to jazz history. Trumpeter Bobby Williams, bassist Johnny Williams and drummer Belton Evans are good musicians who missed the limelight. Completing the lineup was tenor saxophonist George Kelly — a major stylist in the Coleman Hawkins tradition who spent too many years as pianist with a version of The Inkspots. English pianist Stan Greig held down the piano bench on this tour and fulfilled his role satisfactorily. This band, like the Preservation Hall Band, is running short of originals still active musically. The repertoire and performance were unimaginative but the spirit of the men was unflagging and their ambience fitted perfectly into the environment of this club. Occasional concerts are also held at the Kulturstelle VSETH/VSU (Leonhardstr. 15). **Errol Dixon** and Louisiana Red were there May 21 while the **Dave Holland** Quintet was scheduled for a July 9 date.

Jim Galloway was reunited with Geneva's **Henri Chaix** Trio for two concerts. On May 10 they performed in an old mill in the small village of Otelfingen (outside Zurich) to a warmly receptive audience who responded positively to the lyrical treatment given some of the richest songs in the jazz repertoire. The following night the magic was repeated in a concert for the Schaffhausen Jazz Club. A different repertoire kept the spontaneous feeling alive in the historic setting of the ancient town hall. These organisations play a major role in the presentation of jazz, it seems, in Switzerland. **Clark Terry**'s Quartet, at the conclusion of a two week engagement at Jaylins in Bern traveled to Villingen for a Sunday concert before returning to New York. You can even find jazz at the Movenpick Restaurant on the autobahn outside Basel if you choose the right night.

Switzerland has three of the best jazz specialty shops in Europe (Nina's Jazz & Blues, Zurich; Bebop Records, Bern; Disco Club, Geneva) and also is host for three of the circuit's most prestigious festivals. Montreux has outgrown its usefulness while Bern continues to reflect the tastes and aspirations of its organisers and its audience. Willisau is a major vehicle for the presentation of contemporary directions in the muisc. It is the brainchild of Niklaus Troxler and grew out of concert presentations which date back to 1966. The early concerts were a cross section of musical styles and Swiss musicians predominated. The focus of the events gradually changed until, in 1975, the first festival took place with Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath, John Tchicai-Irene Schweizer, Noah Howard, Albert Mangelsdorff, Cecil Taylor, Mike Osborne, Frank Wright, Elton Dean and Archie Shepp. A documentation of the concerts and festivals up to June 1978 are contained in the book ***Jazz In Willisau*** which is primarily a visual document. All the photographs are by Andreas Raggenbass while the poster reproductions showcase the extraordinary talents of Troxler. His graphic art is a vivid evocation of the spiritual feeling of the music. His imagination is unlimited and in a real sense this collection is a major tribute to his talent. Quite a number of Troxler's posters are also to be found on record jackets. Each year the festival publishes a program which summarises the previous year's event as well as providing much information on the present year's artists. These programs (from 1975 to 1983) are still available and the cover of each program has a colour reproduction of the festival poster. Only a small quantity of each year's poster is printed but a set of postcards containing sixteen reproductions will give you an impression of these. The book costs $19.00, the programs are $3.00 each and the set of postcards is $11.00. These prices (in US dollars) include the postage and all can be ordered from Jazz In Willisau, Bahnhofstrasse 22, CH6130 Willisau, Switzerland. Most remarkably this festival, like its fellow event in Moers, takes place in a small town located near Lucerne. For one weekend at the end of August it is taken over by musicians and enthusiasts coming to celebrate the continuum of the music.

Musicians in **GERMANY** find much of their work in the various radio orchestras. Jazz clubs,



for the most part, are an outlet for the enthusiastic amateurs — those performers, regardless of their talent, who have chosen to find a different way to earn a living. Consequently, there are few locations where international artists are presented on a regular basis. Costs are kept low for members of the clubs and musicians are not well paid. It is a system which seems to work and the enthusiasm and dedication of the organisers of clubs such at that in Rodermark (a small town near Frankfurt) keeps alive the various elements of the music. They occasionally they reach beyond their budget to bring in a big name group. But that is a once in a year occasion. In Frankfurt itself, music of a consistently modern vein can be found at der Jazzkeller (Kleine Backenheimer Strasse 18a) but only **Albert Mangelsdorff** (a solo gig) and **Peter Giger** of those advertised for May have any wider reputation at present. Munich's Jazzclub-Galerie (Kirchenstr. 96) was advertising **Horace Parlan** in May (23-25).

In **AUSTRIA**, midway between Graz and Vienna, is the small town of Wiesen. It will have played host (July 6-8) to a Jazz Summit which involves Miles Davis, Weather Report, Lester Bowie, a band known as The Young Giants (Chico Freeman, Don Pullen, Arthur Blythe, Don Cherry, Cecil McBee, Don Moye), Freddie Hubbard and others from the international circuit. It presumably ties in with other early July events following the termination of New York's Kool Festival.

ENGLAND is another country which offers much jazz activity and any visitor to London can pick up free listings at the jazz specialty stores (Mole Jazz, Dobell's, Ray's Records, James Asman, John Kendall). Only Ronnie Scott's, the 100 Club and the Pizza Express offer much in the way of American artists. Musicians have just as difficult time as their counterparts in Germany in being well remunerated for their efforts. Most jazz activity takes place in pubs where audiences only go if prices are low. But there are many exceptional players.

On this trip there was only time to catch a special concert celebrating the memory of Duke Ellington. It was the tenth anniversary concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and featured the current version of the **Humphrey Lyttelton** band and special guest **Helen Shapiro**. The program organised by Humph reflects the strengths of the musicians currently playing with the band as well as the strong vocal stylings of Ms Shapiro. The singer's reputation was made in the popular world but she is a good singer, thoroughly professional, who put across the songs with authority and more than a little feeling. Bruce Turner, Johnny Barnes, Pete Strange and Mick Pyne all offered telling solos which reflected various aspects of the Ellington muse. Lyttelton only offered brief instrumental moments. The responsibilities of programming, direction and leadership overpowered everything else. It was a rewarding tribute to Ellington and made a fine concert package which deserves a longer life than this one occasion.

All these observations are merely the reflection of one person's experiences on a brief trip through various localities. There is always more to be found. That is why it is always worthwhile to return to Europe. It constantly surprises and delights — and the warmth of its jazz community is always appreciated.

— John Norris

ODDS AND SODS

Jazz Times magazine is hosting its third convention at New York's Roosevelt Hotel September 27-30. The central theme of the convention is "The Future of Jazz." At least fifteen different seminars/panels will try and disseminate information about various aspects of jazz. Further information on the convention is available from Jazz Times, 8055 13th Street, Silver Spring, MD 20910.

A summer series of free lunchtime concerts is in progress in Bryant Park (behind the New York Public Library on 42nd Street). Coordinator of the series is Universal Jazz Coalition, director Cobi Narita...Artists Alliance Inc, c/o Top Shelf, 110 West 40th Street, Suite 501, New York, NY 10018 (212-869-4645) has coordinated a series of concerts which have been taking place at the Village Gate. The initial series ran from May 25 through June 29. Reggie Workman, Terumasa Hino, Sonny Fortune, Lew Tabackin, Billy Hart, Freddie Waits, Stanley Cowell and Sam Rivers are organising members of the alliance...Phyllis Weisbart, herself a singer, has taken advantage of her position as one of the managers of Lush Life to present a series of engagements by vocalists. It began in May with **Carmen Lundy** and **Jon Hendricks** and continued in June/July with **Abbey Lincoln**, **Anita Moore** and **Leon Thomas**...**Denny Zeitlin** made a rare New York appearance at Lush Life June 19-24 with John Abercrombie, Charlie Haden and Peter Donald...The **Janet Lawson** Quintet was at the Blue Note June 11...**Butch Morris** conducted string quartets of his own music, David Murray and Beethoven at the Manhattan Healing Arts Center June 15...**Dizzy Gillespie** worked two weekends in June at the West End Cafe...Jazz guitarist **Rick Stone** was featured at the Harkness Atrium June 27...New jazz continues to be featured at the Public Theatre. The July lineup included the **Kip Hanrahan/Jack Bruce** Band, a return engagement of **Clarinet Summit** (Alvin Batiste, John Carter, Jimmy Hamilton, Hamiet Bluiett), a music/theatre piece by **Henry Threadgill**, new jazz talent from New Orleans and **Hamiet Bluiett**'s seventeen-piece ensemble...**Frank Foster** worked the Jazz Cultural Theatre July 6-7

KALAPARUSHA (postcard graphics by Niklaus Troxler)

with the Danny Mixon Trio before heading for the European festival circuit...The Universal Jazz Coalition's July schedule included performances by **Randy Weston**, **Tom Pierson**'s big band and **Al Grey**'s All Stars...**David Bond**'s Quartet performed at Saint Peter's Church July 15.

This year's Greenwich Village Festival takes place August 24 to September 4. A jazz film series will be shown at the Bleecker Street Cinema as part of the festival. Premiering will be films about Alberta Hunter, Machito and Cab Calloway. Each day there will be a different program. The series is being coordinated by Bruce Ricker.

WKCR Radio broadcasted in-studio concerts by four promising groups in July under the heading "The Next Generation of Jazz." Participating groups were led by tenor saxophonist **Reggie Woods**, trumpeter **Wallace Roney**, alto saxophonist **Kenny Garrett** and drummer **Marvin "Smitty" Smith**.

Mark Whitecage, **Jeanne Lee**, **Mario Pavone**, and **John Betsch** appeared August 4 at Opus 40 in Saugerties...A summer series of concerts in libraries and schools in Long Island culminates in a festival September 1 at Heckscher State Park in Islip. The series is coordinated by the International Art of Jazz. Appearing at the one day event will be the **Richie Cole** band, **Louis Bellson**'s big band and an all-star group under Arvell Shaw's direction which is known as **The Armstrong Legacy**.

Temple University hosted a two day conference on jazz June 8-9...The **Sun Ra** Arkestra performed at Philadelphia's Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum June 1...Oscar Peterson and Leonard Feather received honorary degrees at Berklee College May 19...**Ribs**, a contemporary jazz quartet, were heard July 8 at the Hatch Shell...Red Top's spring series of "Jazz Women in Concert" concluded June 22 with the **Paula Gallitano/Gwen Delbaugh** Trio and **Counterparts**. The concerts were held at Studio 203 in Boston...Martha's Vineyard hosts a second summer series of concerts with **Herbie Mann**, **Mose Allison**, **Joe Williams**, **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Dave Brubeck** under the direction of The Nathan Mayhew Seminars.

The **Harlem Blues and Jazz Band** and **Maynard Ferguson** were among the July attractions at Buffalo's Tralfamadore in July. The Buffalo Jazz Society, PO Box 96, Buffalo, NY 14216 is a non-profit organisation working to improve and change the face of jazz in Buffalo.

Chicago's first annual blues festival took place June 8-10 at Grant Park and the annual Kool Jazz Festival will be held August 29-September 2...The **Howland Ensemble** was heard May 8 at dc space in the capital city of Washington. Bruce Swaim, Tom Reed, John Previti and Harold Howland are the members of the ensemble...**Horace Tapscott** shared a concert June 8 with **Randy Weston** at Washington's Baird Auditorium. The two pianists were the opening performers in the Smithsonian's "Thelonious Monk Solo Piano Series." From there Tapscott went to Boston's Willow Jazz Club and then performed June 17 in New York at the Jazz Center of New York...A Jazz Piano Competition is part of Jacksonville's annual "All That Jazz" event. Five finalists will perform before a judging panel to include Teddy Wilson, Adam Makowicz and Paul Lentz. To participate in the competition contact Mike Tolbert Communications, 4800 Beach Blvd., Suite 9, Jacksonville, FL 32207. The festival begins October 12...A mural in honour of Scott Joplin is being painted on an exterior wall of the Ragland Equipment Company building in Texarkana...The New Mexico Jazz Workshop began its ninth Summer Jazz at Madrid series June 3 with a blues day. Further concerts took place July 22 and August 5. The series ends August 19...Los Angeles Olympic Jazz Festival got under way August 2. Besides the resident orchestra under the direction of **Tommy Vig** and many Los Angeles area musicians, the festival has also invited such international celebrities as **Moe Koffman**, **Terumasa Hino**, **Albert Mangelsdorff**, **Arne Domnerus** and **James Morrison**...The final concerts of the 1984 series at Los Angeles's Brantner Design Studio took place June 8-10 featuring **Henry Kaiser**, **John Carter/Bobby Bradford** and **Quartet Music**... This year's Long Beach Blues Festival has expanded to a two-day event. Headliners include **B.B. King**, **John Lee Hooker**, **Buddy Guy** and **Junior Wells**...Visitors to Los Angeles should check the pages of the ***LA Weekly***. It is packed with information on musical activities in the area. You might be surprised at the scope of what is available...KQED Radio in San Francisco broadcasted a half-hour special July 10 and 15 about the **Rova Saxophone Quartet**'s tour of Russia...This year's Monterey Festival will be held September 14-16. Featured artists include **Lionel Hampton**, **Billy Eckstine**, **Tito Puente**, **Richie Cole**, **Johnny Otis**, **Mundell Lowe**, **Bobby McFerrin**, **Clark Terry**, **Denny Zeitlin** and **Slide Hampton**.

On Tour: **Wynton Marsalis** for five months promoting his recent jazz and classical recordings...Pianist **Ran Blake** was in Europe May and June before heading for California in July... The **Steve Cohn** Trio, who record for Cadence Records, tour the West Coast in August finishing up with three Los Angeles area dates (25-28)...**Malachi Thompson** went to Europe as part of Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy...**Gunter Hampel** was in Europe in June and is now planning a U.S. tour for the fall...

The extensive catalog of photographer Joe Alper is available to magazines, archivists and collectors. Write Jackie Alper, 132 Division Street, Schenectady, NY 12304 for prices and listings...John Alvin Cottrell, 316 10th Avenue SW, Suite 3, Birmingham, AL 35211, is compiling a Wayne Shorter biography. Information is needed particularly from Europe and Japan. Anyone able to help should contact the author... Don Schlitten pointed out that many of **Barry Harris**'s recordings are on his Xanadu label. Catalogs are available from 3242 Irwin Avenue, Kingsbridge, NY 10463...

Two Danish veterans, pianist **Borge Roger Henrichsen** and trumpeter **Allan Botschinsky**, were recipients of this year's Ben Webster Foundation award...**Derek Bailey** and the **Company** group of musicians were in Vienna April 27-29 at Wiener Musik Gallerie...From June 27 to July 1 Derek Bailey organised a week of events in London at the ICA with a different Company of musicians including **Anthony Pay**, **Bill Laswell**, **Thebi Lipere**, **Phillip Eastoe**, and **John Zorn**...The Moers and Groningen Festivals were held over the weekend of June 8-11...This year's Nurnberg Festival was held July 4-8...The jazz part of the Montreux event took place July 15-21...Spread out over two weeks in Copenhagen was that city's sixth event while in Amsterdam the Camel Jazz Festival took place between July 16 and 28 with nightly concerts at the Concertgebouw...The Edinburgh Festival starts August 19. Many British bands plus **Buddy Tate**, **Red Richards**, **Doc Cheatham**, **Benny Waters** and **Jim Galloway** are among the attractions...**Steve Lacy**, **Mal Waldron**, **Kenny Drew** and **Abdullah Ibrahim** are some headliners of the Roccella Jonica, Italy, festival August 27-September 1...The fifth General Assembly of the International Jazz Federation is being held in Norrkoping, Sweden from September 27-30...W. Patrick Hinely was the winner of this year's photographic competition organised by ***Jazz Forum*** magazine...Werner Boschert, Ferdinand Weiss-str. 116, 7800 Freiburg, West Germany wishes to contact collectors with recorded jazz concerts in Canada.

The June 26 issue of the ***Village Voice*** had an interesting jazz supplement. There were articles on Count Basie, Bud Powell, and Lucky Thompson as well as a mix of musicians and writers choosing their all-time best records. Peter Keepnews also contributed an interesting article about the difficulties facing those who record the music. The major problem is access to the marketplace. The number of stores carrying jazz is shrinking rapidly. Direct mail and outlets in the major cities will play an

increasing role in the future of jazz records. Buried in the type was the news that Orrin Keepnews is planning a return to the production of new recordings while we learn that arguments between Don Schlitten and Fantasy preclude the possibility of the many Prestige sessions produced by Don being reissued by Fantasy in the near future...***Stormy Weather*** is the title of a new book by Linda Dahl about the music and lives of jazzwomen. It is published by Pantheon Books...***The Freedom Principle*** is the title of John Litweiler's book exploring the developments of the past twenty years...***Those Swinging Years*** is the autobiography of Charlie Barnet (with help from Stanley Dance). It is published by the Louisiana State University Press...***From Africa To Beale Street*** by Edward "Prince Gabe" Kirby is a new book about a lifetime of experiences on Beale Street. The book is available from Music Management, 396 North Cleveland, Memphis, TN 38104 and the cost is $14.95...***Jazziz*** is the name of another new jazz publication. The bimonthly is available from Box 8309, Gainesville, FL 32605 and the current issue has articles on David Sanborn and Sheila Jordan. There are reviews and news information...***Goldmine***, the record collectors' periodical, has reached its 100th issue. There is some jazz editorial content as well as listings of recordings. The magazine now appears every two weeks and is available from 700 East State Street, Iola, WI 54990... Erik Raben and the publishing team behind the revised edition of Jepsen are looking for volunteers to work on the manuscript. Discographically qualified persons who are familiar with the Apple microcomputer should contact Mr Raben at Spurvevej 11, DK-4000 Roskilde, Denmark.

New recordings from Mosaic (1341 Ocean Avenue, Suite 135, Santa Monica, CA 90401) are the complete Blue Note and Pacific Jazz recordings of Clifford Brown (MR5-104), the complete Blue Note forties recordings of Ike Quebec and John Hardee (MR4-107), the complete Pacific Jazz small group recordings of Art Pepper (MR3-105) and the complete recordings of the Port of Harlem Jazzmen (MR1-108)... East Coasting Records are making available the rare Mingus set recorded at UCLA (PO Box 866, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023)... A new John Hicks release on Theresa features Bobby Hutcherson and Walter Booker...Fantasy has six more Art Pepper LPs in the works. The first of these, a 1979 session done originally for Artists House, is now available ("Artworks"). The second volume of Saint Louis material by Jimmy Forrest and Miles Davis has also been released...Polygram Classics has been busy in the vaults and there are previously unissued selections in their latest twofers by Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Stan Getz, Tal Farlow, Quincy Jones and Max Roach...New from Gramavision are LPs by Japanese guitarist Kazumi Watanabe and the European trio of Didier Lockwood, Philip Catherine and Christian Escoude...John Abercrombie and Denny Zeitlin have new LPs on Palo Alto. That company has also taken over distribution of the Rob McConnell Boss Brass Dark Orchid LPs in the U.S.... Uptown Records has recorded LPs by Barry Harris and Al Grey. Buddy Tate, Richard Wyands, Major Holley and Al Harewood were on the trombonist's session April 28...Many hard to find contemporary music recordings are distributed by New Music Distribution, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. Write them for a catalogue...Cat 'n Hat Records, 3435 Army Street, Suite 203, San Francisco, CA 94110, has released an LP by bluesman Johnny Heardsman...Veteran harmonica player Hammie Nixon has a new LP on High Water Records (Dept of Music, Memphis State University, Memphis, TN 38132)...JSP Records has released a new Luther Allison LP...New from Incus is volume one of previously unissued duets between Derek Bailey and Anthony Braxton which date from 1974...Sonet has issued a Lars Gullin concert LP which features Bengt Rosengren. The company has also printed a publicity sheet called The Storyville Gazette...Stichting Cat Records in Holland has released "One World Music" by the Burton Greene Quartet. The Danish Jazz Center has released an LP by the Ole Nordenhof Quartet...Schloetter Productions, CH-3431 Obergoldbach, Switzerland, has released a live LP by Hot Mallets (the Isla Eckinger band) and The Swiss Jazz Quintet recorded in Detroit.

The jazz community was stunned in late April by the deaths, in quick succession, of **Red Garland** and **Juan Tizol** on April 23 followed three days later by **Count Basie**. All three, in their separate ways, were major contributors to the language of the music.

Photographer **Gjon Mili** died February 14. **John Mehegan** died recently at the age of 63. Philadelphia pianist **Jimmy Golden** died May 17 at the age of 66... Trumpeter **Ray Copeland** died May 18 in Sunderland, Massachusetts... Pianists **Dill Jones** and **Albert Dailey** died within two days of each other at the end of June. Dill had been struggling with cancer for some time but the sudden passing of Albert Dailey was a shock. He had succumbed to pneumonia while out west on tour and never left the hospital in Denver. He was 46. **Don Elliott** died July 5 in Weston, Connecticut. Finally, Jan Mulder writes us about our item in issue 195 (page 36) on the deaths of four musicians and sends us the following correction: "...pianist **Rob Franken**'s death had nothing to do with the automobile accident through which the three others died. Of the five occupants two fortunately survived (Maarten van Norden and Louis Lemring). Rob Franken died in a hospital in Molle, Holland. About the cause of his death no information has been released to the press."

— John Norris

A LETTER

I would like to ask you to publish the following comments concerning Gunter Hampel's letter in ***Coda*** 195 (page 36), in which he replied to my review of his (!!) All Star 83 performance — not because I consider it necessary to justify my opinion of Hampel's music or to explain the term "money music" (in case Hampel ***really*** didn't understand what was meant, I mean by that term music which is suitable for ready commercial success); but because I consider the kind of thinking which underlies Hampel's indignation to be extremely dangerous. He is asking, implicitly, that critics be required to conform to the opinion of the audiences and of the majority of other critics; this is tantamount to the total elimination of differing opinions and the imposition of ideological and aesthetic standardisation. In expressing his disgruntlement with Coda Magazine, he is indirectly demanding that my articles be censored in the future by this publication.

— Ellen Brandt

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GOOD NEWS: The producer of ***Tax, Jazz Society, Classic Jazz Masters, Swing Classics, Jazz Document*** and ***Everybody's*** is now operating a direct mail-order service! Please write for your free copy of the latest stock-list! Carl A. Hallström, PO Box 8018, S-191 08 Sollentuna, Sweden.

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RECORDS AND TAPES WANTED — We pay cash and will travel in Toronto area to view large collections. ***Driftwood Music***, 247 Queen St. West, Toronto; 598-0368.

WANTED: ***MPS*** album of the 1979 ***New Jazz Meeting*** at Baden-Baden featuring clarinetists, in particular John Carter. Also wanted album of San Francisco blues artists anthology entitled ***Blue Bay***. Mark Weber, 1559 Shelley Avenue, Upland, CA 91786.

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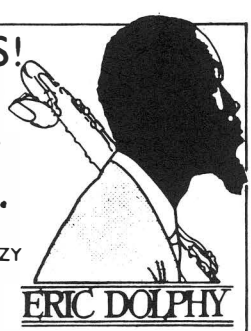

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THE 1984 RELEASES FROM SACKVILLE RECORDINGS

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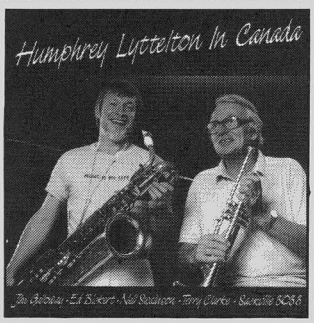
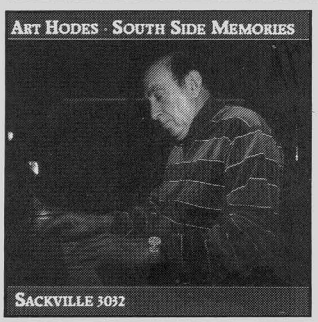
3035 JAY McSHANN "JUST A LUCKY SO AND SO"
Jay McShann (piano and vocals), Jim Galloway (soprano and baritone saxophones), Don Thompson (bass), Terry Clarke (drums).
Up A Lazy River, On A Clear Day, Red Sails In The Sunset, Georgia On My Mind, When I Grow Too Old To Dream, Basin Street Blues, Once Upon A Time, Just A Lucky So And So.

Jay McShann has made many recordings for Sackville, but this is the first release that features his abilities as a vocalist. This collection is Jay McShann's salute to that segment of America's popular song heritage which seems to lend itself instinctively to the vernacular of the jazz performer. It has always been debatable what a jazz singer is, but those that come immediately to mind would include Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Ray Charles and Fats Waller. Now in 1984 you can add the very special vocal talents of Jay McShann.



3033 HUMPHREY LYTTELTON "IN CANADA"
Hymphrey Lyttelton (trumpet and clarinet), Jim Galloway (soprano and baritone saxophones), Ed Bickert (guitar), Neil Swainson (bass), Terry Clarke (drums).
Rain, Looking For Turner, Squiggles, Sprauncy, It's A Thing, Lady Jackel and Mistress Hyde, Leisure Palace, Caribana Queen.

This is the first time that we have recorded an English musician, and it seems proper that it should be 'Humph.' He has been part of the development of English jazz for nearly forty years, and has contributed to this history not only as a fine trumpet player, but as a historian, writer and broadcaster. Many people in England would not be aware of the joys of jazz if it were not for Humphrey Lyttelton. This record is the first North American release of this British legend.

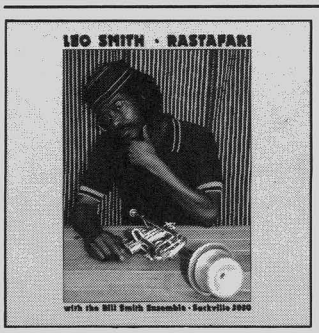


3032 ART HODES "SOUTH SIDE MEMORIES"
Art Hodes (piano).
Savoy Blues, Willie The Weeper, Mamie's Blues, Melancholy, I Know That You Know, The Pearls, Blues Keep Callin', It's A Happening, South Side Memories, Cakewalkin' Babies From Home, London Blues.

Art Hodes grew up on Chicago's South Side in the 1920s, and his companions included such luminaries as Bix Beiderbecke, Mezz Mezzrow, Wingy Manone, Louis Armstrong and Bud Freeman. Most of these players have passed on and taken the Chicago style of music with them, but Art Hodes has survived. The memories of his youth are still there, and in this set of solo piano recordings one hears the creativity, sensitivity and individuality of a major artist.

3031 JUNIOR MANCE / MARTIN RIVERA "FOR DANCERS ONLY"
Junior Mance (piano), Martin Rivera (bass).
Harlem Lullaby, Girl Of My Dreams, Prelude To A Kiss, Come On Home, For Dancers Only, Run 'Em Round, Summertime.

Junior Mance has been working professionally since he was a teenager in his native Chicago. His early experience helped to shape the uniqueness of his piano sound and gave him the resources from which he built an enviable reputation as one of the better pianists to grow out of the bebop revolution of the forties. He grew up in an environment where he was surrounded by the sounds of jazz music. The influence of that music has never left Junior Mance – the blues are a major part of his musical language and the nuances of those sounds recur constantly in his music.



3030 LEO SMITH "RASTAFARI"
Leo Smith (trumpet, flugelhorn, percussion), David Prentice (violin), Bill Smith (soprano and sopranino saxophone), Larry Potter (vibes), David Lee (bass and cello).
Rastafari, Rituals, Madder Lake, Little Bits.

In this period of improvised music, Leo Smith is the only trumpet player who seems intent upon continually re-defining the perimeters of his art. He is one of the few creative American performers who has seen it necessary to expand his experiences with non-American players. This attitude has continually taken him to Europe to play with West German bassist Peter Kowald and East German percussionist Gunter Sommer. In 1983 his curiosity brought him to Canada to perform and record with the Bill Smith Ensemble, Canada's foremost improvising group. The results are contained on "Rastafari."

"The New Haven, Conn., trumpeter and his four Toronto associates of the Bill Smith Ensemble have carefully compressed brass, reeds, strings and vibraphone into a gorgeous, shimmering sound like nothing before it in jazz..." (Mark Miller, *Toronto Globe And Mail*, 1984).

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