CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * ISSUE 198 * THREE DOLLARS

MEMORIES OF BUD POWELL * SIDNEY BECHET IN BOSTON 1945 * BOB MOVER - ON THE MOVE
BARRE PHILLIPS * JAZZ LITERATURE * PIANO VARIATIONS * IN PERFORMANCE * AROUND THE WORLD

cover photograph
BUD POWELL
by Kirsten Malone

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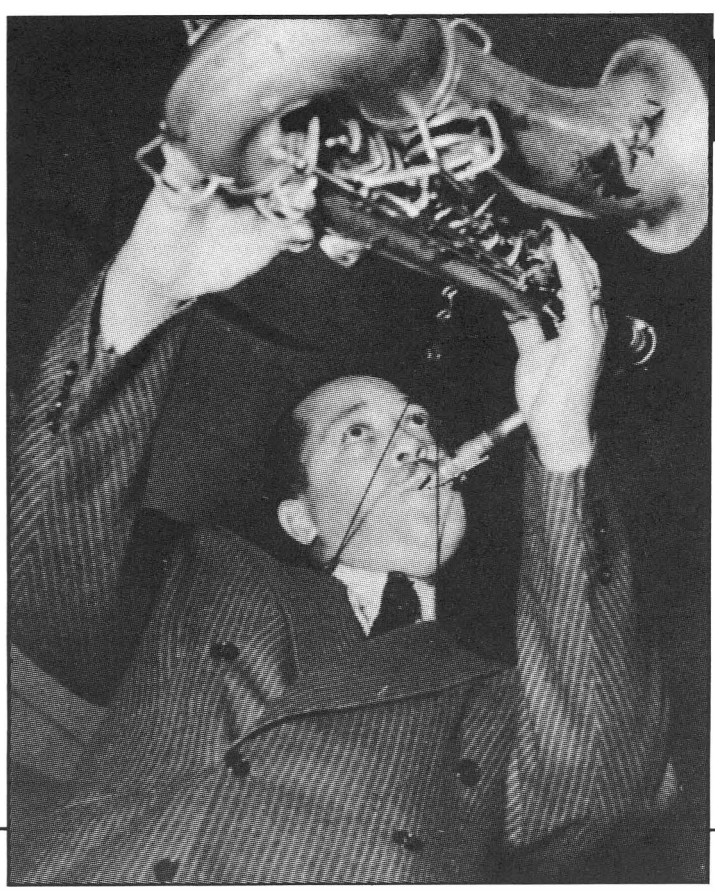

In The Next Issue

In ISSUE 199 we will present two viewpoints on THE AESTHETIC VALUES OF JAZZ, one from JOHN NORRIS from his lecture at the Ottawa Jazz Festival and the other from Ottawa writer DON LAHEY of Trans-FM Magazine.

Portrait Of Pres, an essay by American writer BOB PERLONGO, will portray the legendary tenor saxophonist of Count Basie fame, LESTER YOUNG — one of the major innovators of jazz.

ANDREW CYRILLE, part of the forefront of the new music concept of drumming, will talk about his experiences from Baby Dodds to Cecil Taylor in an interview with New York writer JOHN GRAY.

Plus DOUG LANGILLE ' S BLUES NEWS column returns, as well as surprise features, reviews, and news from around the world. Don't miss this wealth of information - SUBSCRIBE to CODA NOW !

The photograph shown here of LESTER YOUNG is courtesy of Dickie Wells, and is reproduced from Stanley Dance's book THE WORLD OF COUNT BASIE (Scribners, New York, 1980).

MEMORIES OF BUD

A REMINISCENCE BY BOB PERLONGO

Bud Powell was born in New York City on the 27th of September, 1924, and was the continuation of a line of musicians that included his grandfather, his father and two of his brothers (William and Richie Powell). He left school at the age of fifteen and gigged around locally. His first recordings were with Cootie Williams's band (1943-44) and fortunately this historic event was captured on both film and phonograph record.

In the middle forties, as the bebop revolution unfolded, Bud Powell became one of its major exponents, and created a style of piano playing that would influence jazz music up to this very day. He died in a Brooklyn hospital on July 31, 1966. He was 42 years old.

The following reminiscences allow us into a small, personal part of his life. — *Bill Smith*

Bud Powell was a very old thirty-four when he went to Paris in the spring of 1959 not as a tourist eager to see the sights, but as a seriously ill man in need of a relaxed atmosphere in which to mend. By every criterion, his situation in those days could be called a desperate one.

As his wife Buttercup put it: "Nobody gave him much longer to live. Not even me, for a while there. His liver, you know, was very bad. He had to keep taking these vitamin B-12 tablets all the time. And his emotions — well, let's just say he was not a very well person."

Bud Powell went to Paris as a pianist whose place in the history of the evolution of jazz was secure, but whose creative powers were gradually becoming a matter of critical dispute. Nobody seemed to doubt his genius, but many were beginning to wonder if he would ever be well enough again to continue developing it. After all, some argued, it was a genius of a demonstrably unstable nature.

This instability was reflected even in the titles of his compositions: ***Oblivion***, ***Glass Enclosure***, ***Hallucinations***. More concretely, it was observable in the very nature of his performances: standards like ***I Didn't Know What Time It Was*** and ***Tea For Two***, for example,

BUD POWELL (Photograph by Robinson)

became, in Bud's hands, burning, frenzied vehicles of expression — mad mixtures of flowers, hell-fire and anguish. Critics, all through the fifties, were not reluctant to note that Bud Powell's famed "wizardry" was a dangerous artistic commodity that could erupt once and for all into irrevocable madness. That Bud had flirted with madness on more than one occasion only served to darken the general gloom that seemed to enshroud his fate.

Bud Powell went to Paris in the spring of 1959 with his wife Buttercup and his son John, and there were portentous signs everywhere. He had just been released from Kings County Hospital, the same institution to which Lester Young had been committed a few months earlier. Bud had been even suffering from the same troubles that were then killing Pres — liver trouble, emotional trouble.

When Pres died, the portents took on an even graver aspect. "Yet heaven knows, we've never been superstitious," said Buttercup. "In fact, I guess we're just the opposite." For proof, she mentioned the painting of Pres's horn and porkpie hat that hangs in the Blue Note, the Paris club where Bud played — a painting that is a symbol not only of the greatness Pres and Bud once knew as important innovators, but also of the vulnerability all sensitive people share when they lose the ability to safeguard that sensitivity from the shocks of a world that is essentially indifferent to their silent hurts. "After all," Buttercup pointed out, "this hotel, these rooms; it's where Pres himself stayed, the last time he was here — the time he never came back."

The rooms she meant were light and airy. On a shelf above the bed where Buttercup sat were a row of her son's toys, a stack of paperbacks and Bud's dark blue beret. At the time, Bud was taking a nap in another room. Buttercup told us. "He'll be up in a bit, when he smells those beans I have cooking. Bud's getting more interested in food than he used to — a good sign, I think. We've traveled, but Bud says the pizza in Paris is even better than what they give you in Italy. And he really goes for those tarts and things at the ***patisser-ree*** down the street. Have you tried them? Too much.

"You know, for all the knocking around we've done, Bud still is not very much of a restaurant man. He still has New York tastes. Loves the back-home things I cook, which makes it lucky that we have a place like this, where a ***cuisine-naire*** is included."

The "place" was the Hotel Louisiana, located on one of those small, charmingly twisted streets so common in the Latin Quarter. Outside the open window, in the bright afternoon sun, were rows of outdoor stands selling all manner of fruits, vegetables, wines, cheeses, breads.

Said Buttercup: "We never did bother getting an apartment. Always, we kept thinking: well, pretty soon we'll be going back to the States. Sometimes I still think that. That was 1959. Then 1960 came, then 1961, and we're still here. Now, it's like home. There's nothing we don't have, We have the telephone, we have someone who comes to clean up, we can have guests over when we want. And not only that, ***but they speak four languages here***. With our kind of French, that's a blessing."

We asked Buttercup what we most wanted to know: how ***was*** Bud? "For one thing, I guess you'd say he's more mellow than he used to be. You know how Bud always was: tender but so persistent. Like a horse with blinders on that only knows straight ahead and nothing else. Bud back home was never in command of the situation — except at the piano, when he became a different person altogether.

"But Bud's different now. He's just ***mellower***, that's the only word I can think of for it. Even with all the problems he still has. You know, the sidemen you get here, well they're far from what a pianist like him deserves — and needs. They mean well, but what can you do? After all, jazz is not French. It's not anything a European has grown up with. It's not in their bones, like with Bud. And so you have this problem of sidemen. They come and go; it's always a worry. One bass player Bud had, all he knew was ***Perdido***. Bud would be doing ***Round About Midnight***, and this cat would still be ***Perdido***-ing. Every time, Bud would have to stop and do the chords over again for him. After a while, you know, this got Bud a little upset. But usually he can take things like that in his stride. I guess he's realizing that he just ***has*** to."

The aroma of the cooking beans finally worked its magic, and in walked Bud. He sat in a chair by the open window, looked down at the busy street below, began to rub the sleep from his face.

Paris seemed to have been good to him. He had put on a little more weight than he had carried in the States, he walked a little more casually, he sat with a greater sense of calm. He still had a moustache. That "mellowness" of which Buttercup had spoken was obvious in his general air of relaxation, and in the easy smile that came every now and then into his expression.

Bud was still not much of a talker. The only time he spoke was when he was spoken to, and even that was not always a certainty. He watched, though — watched with the air of a fascinated child to whom the world was still a mysterious uniquely wondrous event. In the Powell family, Buttercup was the undisputed spokesperson. She never spoke of "I" or "me," but always of "we" or "us." Theirs was truly a shared destiny.

The talk continued. Journeyman accompanists weren't the only problem, said Buttercup. There was also the problem of having to work for journeyman wages. (In Europe, the demand for jazz had not yet created a competitive talent market. Consequently, musicians there were most often paid simply as practitioners of a craft, not as stars).

"We still belong to 802," said Buttercup. "We still pay our dues. But what can the union do when you're in a different government? They can't protect us like they could in New York. So it's a struggle. We get nothing like what we could get in the States.

"But then," she added, "what's more important? In the States, there's all that pressure. Here, we have our health. We have a chance to be happy. After all, that's first — isn't it?"

As for the U.S. jazz scene, Bud seemed to have attained to a kind of benevolent isolation. He believed that more records were being released than deserved to be, and he apparently has not been impressed for a long time. Said Buttercup: "We don't even bother having a phonograph anymore. After all, what is there?"

Of Ornette Coleman, Bud said simply: "I heard him. I don't know where he's at."

Of Jackie McLean: "Listenin' to him, I feel surrealistic. I hear a line to follow, then it's gone."

Of most modern pianists: "I'm still listenin'."

Bud's happiest musical moments in Paris happened before the death of Oscar Pettiford. Bud smiled and said: "Every time he was in town, he'd sit in. It was ***something***."

At the Essen Jazz Festival in 1959, Bud played some sessions with Pettiford on bass, Kenny Clarke on drums, Coleman Hawkins on tenor. That memory summoned up no words at all — only a broad soft smile that tended to linger.

In July 1961, at the Prairie Jazz Festival, in Comblain-au-Pont, Belgium, Bud and Kenny Clarke played together before a crowd of 7,500 — and more than once evoked show-stopping response. "It was too much," said Buttercup. "All those people, all that sun and fresh air. Just too much."

But not all their experiences had been so positive. As Buttercup said: "We had one thing happen that was pretty bad. Someone came by after Oscar (Pettiford) had died and asked if we could help out the family by donating to this fund of his.

"We couldn't spare the money, but Bud offered his services for a benefit concert this man was giving. As it turned out, Bud wasn't feeling too well that night. The sound set-up wasn't too good either. You know — it was just one of those things where nothing was happening. Bud wasn't playing happy at all.

"Well, this man went and taped the thing, then sold the tape to Vogue Records without us knowing anything about it. Then the damn thing came out and it got two stars. Now, you know — Bud wasn't happy about that record being out in the first place. We got a case pending in the courts right now about this."

The talk then turned to a happier subject — Bud's and Buttercup's son, who at that time was five years old. "His name is Earl Douglas John Powell. The Earl is from Bud; that's Bud's name. The Douglas is from me. And John, well that's just ***his*** name. John has been a wonder for us. One thing, he's taught me to be patient with Bud. Right now, John's in Switzerland. He's been spending the summer there on a farm, owned by some friends of ours. He'll be back home in ten days, now.

"John's quite a hit around here. All the shopkeepers and everybody, they just love him.. Couple of days ago one of them stopped me on the street and asked: "Where is John? Have John ***sortayed*** back to ***Amerique***?" I said, "No, no. John has not ***sortayed*** anywhere. John is only ***resteraying en Suisse*** for the summer." "

Buttercup laughed and went on about her son: "John, he's always surprising us. Speaks French like a French kid, you know. And when he speaks English now, it's with a French accent. I tell you, it scares me sometimes. Every now and then we make him stay indoors and speak English with us. I want him to remember that he is an American, born in Brooklyn, and that his roots are America."

We asked if the Powells would be returning to the States in the foreseeable future.

Buttercup shrugged and said that she knew a lot of people missed Bud and wanted him back, but whenever it came down to hard-and-fast job offers, it was another matter entirely. "We'll come home," she said, "when the people ask us to."

Turning to Bud, Buttercup asked: "Isn't that right, Bud?"

"Buttercup," said Bud with a smile, "you talk so much, I forgot to listen."

SIDNEY BECHET

AN ARTICLE/REVIEW OF THE LEGENDARY 1945 BOSTON SESSIONS BY EDDIE LAMBERT

Sidney Bechet was a major jazz innovator. Along with Louis Armstrong he firmly shaped the improvising nature and style of jazz music as it moved beyond being solely a functional dance music. Despite being born in New Orleans in 1897 and active professionally all his adult life it was only in the early 1940s that he was given the chance to demonstrate the breadth and imagination of his musical concepts. His Victor and Blue Note sessions contain some of the most miraculous moments in recorded jazz history.

Bechet began his career playing clarinet but he is cheifly remembered for his mastery of the unwieldy soprano saxophone. His conception of the instrument was a major influence on Johnny Hodges as well as a guide to Steve Lacy and John Coltrane.

The adulation and stardom of his autumnal years in France were some compensation for his lack of a wider appreciation in his homeland. His autobiography (*Treat It Gentle* — a DaCapo reprint) is one of the most eloquently touching documents of the aesthetic qualities of an artist of his stature. His music has grown in stature in the years since his death in 1959 rather than diminishing with time. Truly the mark of a great artist.

In March 1945 Sidney Bechet took a five-piece band into the Savoy Cafe in Boston. This was one of the few occasions on which Bechet led a band outside the recording studios. In his autobiography ***Treat It Gentle*** we learn of Sidney's life-long wish to lead a band playing according to his concept of New Orleans principles. He never achieved this ambition according to the book, although he did spend several periods in his life leading more than a rhythm section.

Of these short-lived Bechet bands the best documented is undoubtedly this Boston group. The engagement attracted a good deal of attention primarily because the trumpet player hired by Bechet for the group was Bunk Johnson, then at the height of his fame. Admirers of both Bechet and Bunk gathered in Boston in March 1945 and there were many reports about the band in the jazz press. Years afterwards tapes started to circulate among collectors of off-the-air recordings by this group, not only with Bunk but also with the other two trumpeters who played with the band, Johnny Windhurst and Peter Bocage. More recently some record issues have included parts of these broadcasts and these were capped by an LP in excellent sound of the band with Bunk which appeared on Jerry Valburn's Jazz Archives label. Then Johnson McRee Jr., the organising mind behind Fat Cat's Records, announced the issue of twelve LPs, no less, of broadcast material by the band. Now the series is complete and the music world will forever be indebted to Mr McRee and the many collaborators who have helped him with the project. To set these recordings in context it is necessary first to look at the origins of the band which Sidney Bechet called his New Orleans Rhythm

SIDNEY BECHET, RAY PARKER, POPS FOSTER, GEORGE THOMPSON, BUNK JOHNSON (Photograph by Egan Photo Service)

Kings.

In 1945 the older forms of jazz were enjoying an upward surge in public interest. At this time many of the major figures of 1920s jazz were still comparatively young men, still in their prime as instrumentalists. The stereotyped stylings and the limited repertoire were only just starting to infect this music and the forties saw many recordings in the early styles of jazz which were wholly comparable with the masterpieces of the twenties.

Sidney Bechet was one of the very greatest of jazz musicians, although he had never been so famous as many of his contemporaries. Bechet himself saw the resurgence of New Orleans style as a golden opportunity to appear at last at the very centre of the jazz stage, a position which his talents had certainly earned him; and an opportunity to form that New Orleans band about which he had always dreamed.

In January 1945 Sidney Bechet went down to New Orleans to play in a band led by Louis Armstrong. This group appeared at a concert to celebrate the restoration of the name Basin Street to that famous thoroughfare and Bunk Johnson sat in with the band during the concert. Bechet had been an admirer of Bunk's playing thirty years earlier when they were both in New Orleans and he, along with Louis Armstrong and Clarnece Williams, had urged the early jazz historians who compiled the book ***Jazzmen*** to get in touch with Bunk. That was in 1938 and how they contacted Bunk, fitted him out with a new pair of teeth and a trumpet is one of the most romantic stories in jazz history. Bechet obviously thought enough of Bunk's playing to January 1945 to sign him for the band he was organising. Sidney read the jazz press like anyone else and he would have been blind not to be aware that the presence of so newsworthy a musician as Bunk would give his band an extra boost.

The following month Bechet and bassist Pops Foster appeared at a concert sponsored by the Boston Jazz Society, sharing the platform with young musicians who played in the old style. At this time Bechet was putting it about that he was forming a five-piece band which would include himself and Bunk plus Hank Duncan on piano, Foster on bass and Fred Moore at the drums. In fact Duncan and Moore never played with the band — in later years Bechet stated that Hank Duncan was under contract to Eddie Condon and Fred Moore told Johnson McRee Jr. that he could not obtain his release from an engagement he was playing at Jimmy Ryan's in New York.

Early publicity for the band usually mentioned Duncan and Moore, yet a surviving publicity draft dated a week before the band opened in Boston cites only Bechet, Johnson and Foster and one suspects that it was known by this time that Duncan and Moore would not be present. Oddly enough a broadcast done ***four weeks*** after the opening has the announcer giving the pianist and drummer as Hank Duncan and Fred Moore, even though the playing is clearly that of the two men who worked with the band throughout its existence, Ray Parker and George Thompson. In the early weeks of the Boston residency the band posed for publicity photographs and when these have been reproduced in jazz books and magazines the captions have usually claimed that Duncan and Moore are shown, although again it is Parker and Thompson who are present.

By the weekend of March 10/11, 1945, the band was rehearsing in New York and on the 10th Bechet, Bunk and Pops Foster recorded for Blue Note. On this same day Bunk appeared on Eddie Condon's "Town Hall Concert" broadcast on the Blue Network; he did not play but was interviewed by Condon on the forthcoming Boston engagement with Bechet. The following day Bechet and Bunk played at the Sunday afternoon jam session at Jimmy Ryan's and were well received by the audience, many of whom had come to witness Bunk's New York debut. The set played by Bechet and Bunk was widely reported, always in favourable terms.

The next day Sidney Bechet and his New Orleans Rhythm Kings opened at the Savoy Cafe in Boston. The local newspaper report suggests that the first night was something of a disaster; apparently some members of the band arrived late owing to transport problems. By the weekend, however, they had settled down and reports from jazz enthusiasts who went to Boston to hear them indicate that the band was very popular with the audiences. On the Sunday at least the club was packed and by 11:00 people were being refused admission.

Within the band the picture was less happy and the trouble was Bunk Johnson. All contemporary reports, including those in private letters by such Bunk Johnson supporters as Bill Russell and Gene Williams, blame Bunk for the band's problems. In their autobiographies both Sidney Bechet and Pops Foster blame Gene Williams for Bunk's behaviour, claiming that Williams was getting Bunk drunk and trying to persuade him to leave Bechet so that he could lead a band in New York of which Williams would be manager. I have seen copies of the letters which Gene Williams wrote to Bill Russell and John Reid at this time and from them it is clear that Bechet's and Foster's view of events was inaccurate. Williams thought Bechet's band mediocre and he did not like the way Bechet chose to play. But he blamed Bunk for all the troubles and felt a good deal of sympathy for Bechet's attempts to run a band in which the behaviour of a leading member was clearly intolerable.

Bunk Johnson was a highly temperamental character who was 65 years of age at the time of the Boston residency. His lip was giving him trouble and he did not agree with Bechet on how the band should be organised musically. He often showed his displeasure by dropping out in the middle of choruses without warning. On some numbers he did not play at all; in others he would point the trumpet into the back of the piano so that he was almost inaudible. When he was feeling like playing and his lip was in good shape Bunk could play great New Orleans trumpet; but more frequently he cracked notes and fooled around. Moreover Bunk aired his views on the band and its music loudly to anyone in earshot; and he was drinking heavily. Sidney Bechet could hardly be blamed for being furious at such behaviour; Bunk's attitude and antics would have tried the patience of a calmer and less fiery character than the autocratic leader of this Boston band. The situation obviously could not last and when Bunk left after four weeks Bechet must have been glad to see the back of him. By Bechet's own account these weeks were one long nightmare.

Bunk does not seem to have indulged in his worst behaviour on the broadcasts and on the recordings his playing is often excellent and the poor patches seem due to lip trouble rather than to any attempt to sabotage the music. The recordings of the band with Bunk Johnson on trumpet are collected on Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ 001 to 003. 001 opens with the interview between Bunk and Eddie Condon from the Condon show of March 10, 1945. This is followed by seven titles from a broadcast on station WMEX from March 25, 1945 which seems to have been the earliest broadcast to have been recorded. Some of these titles are incomplete and although the sound quality is good the acetates are worn and this results in a lot of surface noise. On ***Confessin'*** Bunk has some nice ideas, but there are sour moments too. The reasons why Bunk did not approve of the musical policy can be heard in ***I Know That You Know***; this Bechet showcase is taken only slightly less fast than usual and Bunk's leads, none too sure sounding in themselves at this tempo, are swamped by Bechet's soprano. ***Careless Love*** is much better, although the tempo is very fast for this number, with Bechet playing a fine second part on soprano in the closing ensemble. The best track from this broadcast is ***Royal Garden Blues*** with Bechet on clarinet supporting the lead in a way which recalls the Blue Note recording of ***Milenberg Joys***.

The first of the WCOP twice-weekly "Jazz Nocturne" broadcasts to have survived is that of Tuesday, March 27, 1945. Here a particular disappointment is the version of ***Sleepy Time Down South***; the tempo is fast and Bunk sounds ill at ease, cracking a lot of notes and doing little musically. Bechet has an inventive solo and as always Pops Foster is a tower of strength. Bunk's best playing from this date is on ***Sobbin' Blues*** which finds Bechet on clarinet; Bunk still fluffs a lot but the trumpet/clarinet interplay in the final ensemble is intricate and successful. The version of ***Pistol Packin' Mama*** from this broadcast sounds as if the musicians were very unfamiliar with the song; its inclusion was no doubt due to Bunk's liking for this kind of number.

The first side of FCJ 002 is devoted to an afternoon 'rehearsal' which Bechet called in order that his friend John Reid could record the band. On this occasion Reid had a good deal of technical trouble setting up his equipment and by the time he overcame his problems the band were packing up to leave and everyone was in a "particularly evil mood." But Bechet persuaded the musicians to unpack and to play; despite the unpropitious circumstances the results are magnificent and are without doubt the best of the recordings of the band with Bunk. There are rough patches in Bunk's playing but overall he provides a good and imaginative lead; Bechet is on clarinet for all but one track and he plays with great sensitivity and warmth. Pops Foster is prominent in the rhythm section balance, another plus. The outstanding feature is the interplay between Bunk and Bechet, which at times equals any two part ensemble performances on record. The mood is restrained and intimate and reminiscent of the Bechet-Spanier Big Four recordings for HRS, despite the differences in

style.

This same week saw two full and one short broadcasts by the band with Bunk, and these along with interviews from other Boston broadcasts of this period featuring Bechet make up the balance of FCJ 002 and 003 (there is an interview with Bunk on 001 and later LPs in the series have interviews with Bechet and Pops Foster and a fragment from one with Johnny Windhurst). The broadcast from the evening of April 3 (the same day as the John Reid studio recordings) finds Bunk's trumpet rather off mike. The music is full of fine things, especially from a very much on-form Sidney Bechet. On the opening ***Saint Louis Blues*** he is on soprano and although the sound balance gives him undue prominence his work is a miracle of comprehensive support for Bunk's rather simple lead. On ***Never No Lament*** Bunk plays a chorus of Ellington's 1940 melody in a way which makes it sound positively nineteenth century. There is also a very fast ***I Never Knew*** in which Bunk's poor showing may be due to the tempo, which is really outrageous for a band with a 65 year old trumpeter, or to his disgust with Bechet's flamboyant playing which sweeps all aside in a quite magnificent manner.

The broadcast of April 5 finds Bunk rather better balanced in relation to Bechet but he plays less well, although again the music is marvelous because of Bechet's contribution — just listen to the vigour of his work on ***Memphis Blues*** as an example. The two items which have survived from the final broadcast of the Bechet-Bunk partnership are ***Sleepy Time Down South*** with Bunk's lip sounding in poor shape, and another fast version of ***I Know That You Know*** in which he limps along in a pretty abject fashion, this being the kind of performance which Bunk thoroughly disapproved. This WBZ broadcast comes from Saturday, April 7. 1945 and when the regular "Jazz Nocturne" broadcast went out over WCOP the following Tuesday Bunk Johnson was no longer a member of the band.

As with all music which functions on New Orleans principles a crucial point about this band is the quality of the ensembles. When Bunk was in the group the trumpet lead was always more or less uncertain, liable to disappear due to a sudden temperamental whim or a spell of lip failure, sometimes not appearing when expected. The tension which this created can be felt in the music from the broadcasts and the situation would have probably defeated any jazz musician attempting to play two-part ensembles with Bunk other than Sidney Bechet. But Bechet was a musician of infinite resource and the fact that the music never falls flat on its face is due wholly to his great ensemble skills. On some of his records Bechet seems indifferent to the overall band sound, but when he wanted to make an ensemble succeed no one was better able than he. It is a pity that Bechet and Bunk did not work well together for in many ways Bunk was the best-equipped of the three trumpeters whom Bechet employed, for he was a fine band player with a lifetime's experience; but he would not or could not adapt his playing to Bechet's ideas about the jazz ensemble. There are moments of beautiful band playing here, when Bunk's lines have all the melodic creativity of his best work. But more often it is Bechet alone who makes the ensembles memorable in a stunning display of musical resource.

SIDNEY BECHET (Photograph by Hank de Wild, courtesy of Onari Productions)

A word about the rhythm section. We know that Ray Parker (piano) and George Thompson (drums) were not Bechet's first choices and they sound unfamiliar with both the repertoire and the style. At first Parker's solos are rather formless anthologies of swing period piano stylings laced by a few Hines-like dramatic flourishes, outcrops of bop phrasing and passages of stride piano. On the later records his choruses remain rather aimless in construction but are more consistent in style. George Thompson is like many of the swing drummers of the period — he plays rhythm on cymbals most of the way and uses the rest of his kit for punctuations and decorations. He is a heavy player and his drumming is lacking in dynamic contrasts, in light and shade, but he does play with considerable drive. His style fits well with Bechet but sounds wrong for the two New Orleans trumpeters who played with the band. The dynamo of this rhythm section is Pops Foster, who swings the band with great gusto and presence, supporting the front line with unfailing vigour and zest. Overall the rhythm section is a good one with Foster's playing its outstanding feature, the drummer's lack of dynamics within the ensemble its most serious drawback.

Whether Bunk walked out on Sidney or whether Sidney fired Bunk in the end hardly matters. Bunk's view of the engagement is summed up in his statement "I did not come North to play only 'Dixieland' — especially 'Racehorse Dixieland'." But Bechet had had enough of Bunk's behaviour and even while Bunk was still in the band he was thinking of sending to Chicago for Punch Miller; later he tried to get Herb Morand. But finally he engaged Peter Bocage, another musician he had met during his trip to New Orleans that January. Peter Bocage was a trained musician and a multi-instrumentalist whose chief claim

to fame was that he had been the trumpeter on the recordings made by A. J. Piron's Orchestra in the twenties. Piron's was a society dance band which played a restrained, polite and highly melodic form of New Orleans music. This accorded exactly with Peter Bocage's musical taste. At the time of these recordings he was aged 57 and had not played trumpet for some considerable time. He did not really want to make the trip to Boston and did so as a favour to Bechet's brother. So here were the seeds of future trouble — soon to join the band was a middle aged trumpeter whose lip may have been affected by a long layoff, who would hardly look with approval on Bechet's musical policy and who did not really want to come anyway. Before proceeding to Boston, Bocage had affairs to settle at home and Bechet was persuaded to take on as temporary replacement an eighteen-year-old white trumpeter who had made a considerable impression playing in bands of a Dixieland-New Orleans type in the Boston area — Johnny Windhurst.

An article about this band of Bechet's is not the place to consider in detail the unusual career of Johnny Windhurst. He was among the most promising of a generation of young white musicians who chose to work in the traditional forms, but his career avoided the limelight with remarkable consistency and he left only a handful of records. But most of Johnny's career was in front of him when he took over from Bunk Johnson in Sidney Bechet's New Orleans Rhythm Kings. On the first broadcast on which he is present, Windhurst plays on only two numbers but thereafter he is featured on all but the Bechet showcases, and sometimes he puts in his piece on those as well.

The main influences on the young Windhurst were Bix Beiderbecke, Bunny Berigan and Louis Armstrong in roughly that order; his style is eclectic but by no means anonymous. He has a full command of the horn, a good tone and no lack of confidence even when playing with Sidney Bechet. He is at the opposite extreme from Bunk so far as age is concerned and it is his inexperience which causes the ensembles on the recordings with Bechet to be rather less varied than was usually the case with this band. Johnny had no experience of playing second parts so Bechet usually gives him his head, often joining him in a kind of "double lead" situation. Windhurst's rhythmic concepts were more in accord with those of the rhythm section than was the case with the other two trumpeters, and once he settles in, the band sounds a more cohesive unit than at any other time.

Although some fine sidemen worked in this band it is Bechet's playing which gives the msuic its greatness. It should be no surprise, therefore, to be told that the broadcast of April 10, 1945, in which Bechet plays with the rhythm section alone for most of the way, is one of the very best. The opening sequence offers three great Bechet performances — ***Three Little Words***, ***I'm Sorry I Made You Cry*** and ***Blues***. The two popular songs run for around four minutes and the blues for almost five. On the first two titles, Bechet is on soprano throughout and in each he plays three choruses straight off, the first a melodic statement, the second a melodic variation, the third relying more on the harmonic pattern with frequent melodic 'signposts.' ***Three Little Words*** is taken at fast tempo, ***I'm Sorry*** at fast medium and both must be rated among Bechet's finest popular song performances. Each finishes with two further choruses of soprano. The slow ***Blues*** opens with three thoughtful clarinet choruses and closes with three of soprano in Bechet's most magnificent vein. This is not a 'composed' blues like ***Blue Horizon*** but a loose, improvised performance which in its own way must be rated with Bechet's best recorded work in the blues idiom.

Bechet's repertoire on these broadcasts includes a number of medleys, a part of his repertoire which clearly dates from before the New Orleans revival. On this broadcast he gives a definitive display of jazz melody playing on ***Can't Help Lovin' That Man***, ***Why Do I Love You?*** and ***Make Believe***, a medley of Jerome Kern tunes. Then Windhurst comes in for ***Muskrat Ramble*** and ***Indiana***; Bechet kicks off each piece and then gives Windhurst the lead for the rest of the way. The broadcast ends with the quartet in an all-too-short four choruses of ***Blue Lou***.

The next broadcast (from April 17, 1945) finds Windhurst firmly settled in the trumpet chair and is unusual in that Bechet plays clarinet for most of the time. ***Blue Skies*** at the start and ***I Found A New Baby*** at the end have him on soprano. In between are five performances with Bechet on clarinet; a slow-medium version of ***Jelly Roll***; a fast ***That's A Plenty*** with very nice Windhurst; a relaxed ***Squeeze Me***; ***High Society*** with Bechet playing lead for much of the way; and a slow ***Blues*** which is restricted to four choruses.

There are three more complete broadcasts with Windhurst before Bocage takes over and on them one can hear the young man developing in confidence. Bechet always gives him the lead, even allowing him to lead all the way through a medley on the broadcast of April 26, but increasingly Bechet adds powerful second parts even to Windhurst's solos and the ensembles become real masterpieces of two-part playing, sometimes with Bechet in a second part, sometimes with what I have called a dual lead. The drive of Windhurst's playing is impressive and on ***I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me*** from April 26, he opens up playing muted with much of the punch and drive of a Muggsy Spanier performance. Bechet stays on soprano for all these three broadcasts with the single exception of a performance of ***Clarinet Marmalade*** on April 24, 1945. This date also produced the magnificent ***Sidney And Johnny's Blues*** which has some fine low-register playing from Windhurst and Bechet's soprano in his majestic, 'operatic' vein.

From the outset people had been recording these Boston broadcasts, one consortium employing a local recording studio, the others using home disc cutters. When Bunk left this activity was considerably reduced and most of the post-Bunk recordings come from home recorders. The sound quality of these is often surprisingly good, but the acetates on which they have been preserved are in some instances worn and this results in considerable surface noise. Owing to the dedicated work of Johnson McRee Jr. and his team, the sound quality on this series generally is high. While only the John Reid studio date is in really outstanding sound, many of the other items are above the standard one would expect considering the circumstances. From this point onwards, however, the recording quality does show an overall decline. The broadcasts with Peter Bocage often have a congested balance which is unfortunate as it makes it difficult for us to hear clearly the details of the trumpet playing in the ensembles.

The broadcasts from Johnny Windhurst's first stay are on FCJ 004, 005 and the first side of 006. The Bocage broadcasts are on 007, 008 and 009.

The blues which introduces all the "Jazz Nocturne" broadcasts gives us our first glimpse of Peter Bocage as the programme for May 1, 1945, gets under way. The trumpet is quiet, playing a second part to Bechet's soprano. Then the band goes into ***Exactly Like You*** at a fast medium tempo with Bocage in the lead. His playing sounds very 'old world' and very restrained and is supported by a very full second part by Bechet on soprano. Bocage continues to back Bechet during his solo and when he comes to take a chorus himself he simply plays the melody with decorations. In the final ensemble Bocage drops out at times leaving the music in Bechet's hands. Bechet has clearly rehearsed the band in the verse of ***Tea For Two***, during the performance of which Bocage cracks a few notes. In the opening chorus both players seem to be vying for the lead and later Bocage's pre-Louis Armstrong style (note the vibrato) again sounds quaint. In the final ensemble Bocage again drops out in places. These two performances suggest that the hornmen do not see eye to eye in ensemble matters and this is borne out by the bulk of the recordings of the band with Bocage. Bechet claims that Bocage developed "prima donna airs," wanting to be leader, while Foster says that the trumpeter started telling everyone how to play. Although Bechet wanted a New Orleans band he was too strong a personality to allow anyone else to have anything to do with the musical direction. So Bocage and Bechet did not get on; and it is noticeable that while Bechet was willing to make efforts to fit in with Bunk Johnson's stylistic preferences and always gave Johnny Windhurst his head, with Peter Bocage he made no compromise at all. Throughout the six broadcasts with Peter in the band, Bechet sticks to the soprano sax and he seems to hog the microphone even more than usual. On many of the performances the listener needs to really concentrate in order to hear the ensemble in perspective.

When the balance allows one to get behind the dominating soprano saxophone it immediately becomes apparent that Bocage is playing a very interesting lead. He is a jaunty, on-the-beat player with few of the rhythmic sophistications of the more blues-inclined New Orleans trumpeters. He swings in a light, bouncy kind of way and his melodic embellishments have some nice rhythmic touches. But they are quiet touches and such subtle playing does not make its full effect with a drummer like George Thompson playing in a totally alien style and with Bechet roaring away in the foreground. Nonetheless Bocage's work is effective whenever he has a prominent voice and when he takes a solo one can hear the affinities of his 'downtown' style with that of the New Orleans trumpeters of pre-Armstrong generations who recorded in the twenties. Bechet repeats ***Never***

No Lament on one of these broadcasts with Bocage; while Bunk made it sound nineteenth century, Peter is more modern and in his hands it sounds like an early twenties piece. Despite the disadvantages of the rhythm section, the recording, and an unsympathetic leader, Bocage scores on every occasion that Bechet plays quietly enough for the trumpet playing to come through. His lines are often spare and this is an advantage as it gives Bechet the maximum room in which to weave his complex ensemble parts. An odd aspect of the performances with this trumpeter is that although the band held rehearsals there is more than one occasion on which Bocage clearly thinks the performance is coming to an end only for Bechet to carry on for another chorus, sometimes two. It is obvious that the degree of cooperation between these two musicians was minimal.

As had been the case with Bunk Johnson, the stresses between leader and trumpet player meant that this version of the band with Peter Bocage would not last for long. Before Bocage departed, however, he took part in the one broadcast of the series which features a variation in the personnel. Pops Foster is absent from the broadcast of May 15, 1945 and to replace him Bechet brought in Brad Gowans on valve trombone. Gowans was working locally at a defense plant. This broadcast is not one of the best from the point of view of sound quality and there is a good deal of surface noise. The band is closely miked and it is not easy to sort out the parts in the ensemble at first hearing. Gowans sounds slightly out of practice but overall he acquits himself well in what must have been a rather uncomfortable gig considering the personality clashes within the band. The three piece front line causes Bechet to play a conventional clarinet role on soprano for most of the way rather than sharing the lead with the trumpet. Bocage's old-style New Orleans lead, Gowans's rather understated trombone lines and Bechet's restless creativity make a strange mixture and the ensembles do not really gel, while in the rhythm section Foster is certainly missed. But it is easy for a written summary to sound as if the music is less excellent than is really the case; certainly there is much fine jazz on this broadcast for all the fact that it is rather below par in an outstanding series.

According to Pops Foster, both Bunk and Bocage were in the end fired by Bechet. In any event the broadcast of May 17, 1945 was the last with Bocage and on that of May 22 Johnny Windhurst is back, this time as the band's regular trumpet player. Bechet plays clarinet only on a performance of ***Royal Garden Blues*** on the broadcast of May 31, otherwise he sticks to soprano on all seven programmes. These are contained on the second side of FCJ 006 and on 010, 011 and 012. Johnny Windhurst soon settled into the band again and although the sound of the group is much more conventional with Johnny playing lead, the band sounds more of a piece and Bechet is clearly much happier. In his later reminiscences of the band Bechet expressed satisfaction with Windhurst "although he was a little green." Bechet here plays second parts of characteristic fullness, his soprano seeming to fill the functions of both clarinet and trombone in the classic New Orleans ensemble as well as adding a drive to the music which any musician in a rhythm section would envy.

The rehearsals which Bechet held during the band's residence in Boston were not simply to devise the introductions and codas which are their obvious fruit in the music on these LPs. His aim was to develop a large repertoire before taking the band on a tour of the United States to demonstrate what New Orleans jazz (or to be more accurate, Sidney Bechet's version of it) was really like. This is one of the reasons why Bechet wanted to get a New Orleans trumpet player for the group. But presumably Bechet's agent could find no takers for the idea and the end of the Boston date was also the end of Sidney Bechet and his New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Sidney went back to New York, appearing as a single at jam sessions and leading his own rhythm section. Later in the forties he used Vic Dickenson as his front line partner but there was no attempt to create band music of the kind featured by this Boston unit. At the end of the decade Bechet began to move the focus of his activities over to France where he at last met the kind of public response which he had long felt to be his due. In the fifties he worked regularly with the French bands of Claude Luter and Andre Reweliotty and he was very clearly the leader of these bands when he fronted them. So in this way he at last became a bandleader on a permanent basis. The musicians were in some cases very raw revivalist players, but this was something Bechet accepted, possibly feeling that by using wholly subservient players he was avoiding the kind of frustrations he endured when leading his New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

The Boston engagement ended in the middle of June 1945; this was a long residence lasting just over three months. The final broadcast, which includes a farewell message from Bechet, was on June 14, 1945. Two days later Bechet, Parker and Foster recorded a couple of trio titles which were Bechet's way of saying "thank you" to Wynne Paris, who had helped him in many ways during the Boston residency. These are included in the Fat Cat collection and they feature Bechet on soprano playing ***Perdido Street Stomp*** and on clarinet playing ***Trouble In Mind***.

In the years after the Boston gig ended the acetates which had been made from the broadcasts of Sidney Bechet and his New Orleans Rhythm Kings were spread about, the originals and tapes being in the hands of collectors all over the world, some of them lying forgotten. With the advent of tape some of the recordings started to circulate among collectors, many of whom were interested in the recordings as part of the Bunk Johnson story. But it took a Sidney Bechet enthusiast to devote the time to collect all the extant recordings of the band as well as the surviving interviews from the period and the two trio titles. Fat Cat McRee received help from many people — collectors, musicians and people who recalled Boston 1945 — and in the end he produced this marvelous collected edition of twelve LPs of a band which many of us once thought totally unrecorded.

One of the ways in which musicians helped Mr McRee was in the correction of pitch on recordings which had been done on home recorders in the days when such machines were unreliable. Volume 10 was the first of these LPs to be issued and it is the only one without such speed correction.

An important aspect of this music is the light it throws on Sidney Bechet's approach to bandleading. Within the context of his style, Bechet seems to have been a very conservative leader. His repertoire is of well-known New Orleans/Dixieland numbers plus the Bechet showcases and a mixture of popular standards and contemporary pop songs. People did suggest to Bechet that Creole songs and ragtime numbers would be useful additions to the book, but he doubted if these would be popular and there is no evidence of either genre on the LPs. Although Bechet was a forceful individual he seems to have been singularly backward in promoting his own compositions and of these only ***Blues In The Air*** and ***Perdido Street Stomp*** appear in this collection. The repertoire of the Bechet New Orleans Rhythm Kings is certainly less interesting than that which Sidney used in his French recordings of the following decade.

We have noted that Bechet used the rehearsals, which he called regularly throughout the Boston residency, to extend the repertoire of the band. He seems to have used few arrangements — some of the numbers have rehearsed introductions and codas and that is about all. Bechet introduces a good deal of variety into the music by his use of changes in voice leading, but otherwise the routines follow a conventional ensemble — string-of-solos — ensemble pattern. Really the distinctive character of the music stems from Bechet's playing more than from any activities he undertook as a leader.

On non-broadcast sets at the Savoy Cafe the band used ***Perdido Street Stomp*** as its signature tune, but on the broadcasts Bechet simply played a slow blues as theme before, during and after the opening and closing announcements. Most of these have survived and are on the LPs. Thus in over twenty broadcasts we hear this theme about forty times; Bechet always leads and he always opens with the same phrase, but from then on he improvises and no two of these blues are quite the same. It is an astonishing revelation of Bechet's creativity. And indeed these theme statements point to the essential qualities of this music as a whole, for although there is much fine work by the other musicians, it is Sidney Bechet's supremely creative playing which will ensure that these LPs will take a prominent place among the classics of recorded jazz.

NOTES

(1) — I would like to thank Johnson McRee Jr. not only for producing this magnificent set but also for providing me with much documentary material; and the sleeve notes too were a source of vital information.

(2) — Readers requiring full discographical details of the Fat Cat LPs FCJ 001-012 can obtain this from Mal Collins, The Sidney Bechet Appreciation Society, 34 Falstone, St. John's, Woking, Surrey, GU 21 3HU, England. Please enclose a large self-addressed envelope with British return postage or IRCs.

(3) — An LP from this series has appeared on the French label Nec Plus Ultra bearing the description "Volume One." It is in fact Volume 10 of the Fat Cat series. It is intended that other volumes will be issued on this label but this does not seem to be being done with any urgency.

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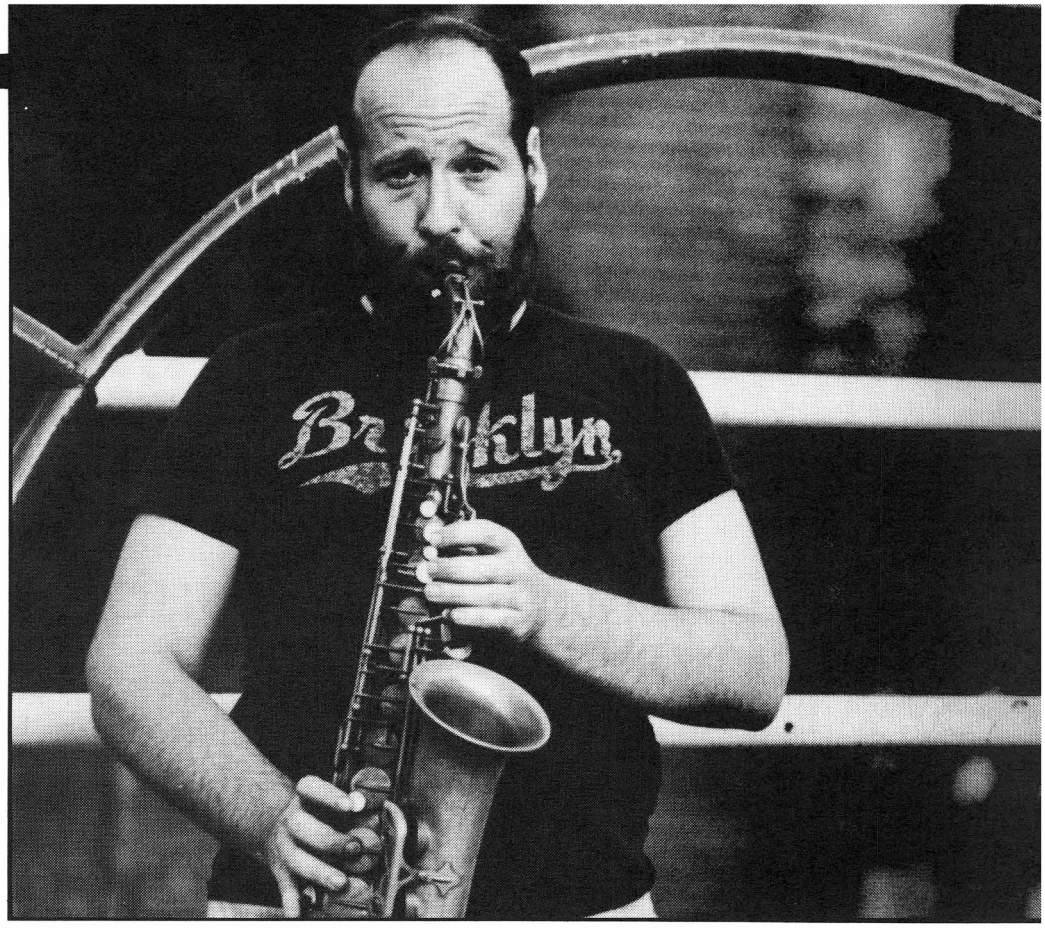


BOB MOVER - On

MARC CHENARD: *You have come back regularly to Montreal to play over the last six or seven years, and now you have decided to live here. What are your reasons for leaving New York City and making this city your home base?*

BOB MOVER: Last year, when I did a tour of Europe, me and my wife Rosie were planning to stay in Zurich. But then my mom became sick, so we had to go to Florida; however, they just do not like music in Florida and Miami. I don't think they do. On the other hand, Europe is far away; you could be needed back home when there is an illness in the family, and to come back from Europe is too much of a hassle and too expensive. I have always been fond of Montreal and have been here many times since my first visit in 1976. My wife (the sister of Steve Hall, the saxophone player featured on one cut of my latest album "Things Unseen") is a Montrealer, so it seemed that Quebec was the place to go to, though I did not really know what the jazz scene would be like, as far as residing in Montreal was concerned. Because I have played some twenty times here since my first visit and have developed a certain following here over the years, I always worry about becoming *local*. All of a sudden there just could be no work for me after moving to a certain place; that kind of thing could happen, as it has already when I was in Boston. For a while it was kind of a home town for me and I went there to live and taught at Berklee for a little while, though I could not make any money playing there. I met a lot of students there, most of which are now playing in Europe, and I go there to play with these European students on some occasions. But as far as Montreal is concerned, it was a very nice experience to arrive here just at the beginning of last year's jazz festival, to walk down the street and see banners saying JAZZ FESTIVAL along St-Denis Street, and to have that street closed for jazz. It really seems to be a good place right now to play the music on a daily basis. In New York, you really can't work in the city four or five days a week and survive.

Given the present economic conditions, do you think that jazz has suffered in some way? Do you see some negative effects from the present situation on the living conditions or the level of musicianship, or have there been some new arrangements worked out to keep the music as vital as it was previously?

Vernell Fournier (the drummer) once told me something one night at the Village Vanguard. He said: "New York always needs a hero. New York is always the place that is looking for a here." Right now, there is no hero there, so the direction seems to be kind of up in the air. But it makes for a lot of different kinds of music to be played. There is no one predominant direction for the music right now, unlike the days when there was Bird, Sonny and Trane and those kind of people, though there might be some people around who are comparable. Yet, there is not the momentum behind them t to sustain that kind of energy.

In your formative years, there are two names that you mention: Phil Woods and Lee Konitz. Having studied with both of these well-known players, what influences have each of these musicians had on you?

I studied with Phil at a summer music camp in New Hope, Pennsylvania when I was only 15. Phil was wonderful and I was very motivated while studying with him. I wanted to play better and better and, in fact, I was trying to reach his level of playing. He spent time with me and showed me some very basic things about the saxophone, about harmony. He also encouraged me to play piano to the point where I would have a degree of fluency on it. He encouraged me to play certain classical pieces for my chops and he told me what to study amongst other things. That was a very good foundation, apart from the one I acquired with my first teacher, Teddy Rosen, in Miami. Phil is a great cat and you learn from being around him; you know, he is a very interesting guy. However, we did not stay as close through the years as Lee and I did. Maybe that was due to the fact that Phil was in Europe a lot during those years. I was also a little older when I met Lee and I was playing a little more too. That is to say, it was a different kind of relationship. I mean, I really love the way Phil plays, but I would not say that his way of playing really influenced me the way Lee's did.

In what way was Lee's approach more influential on you?

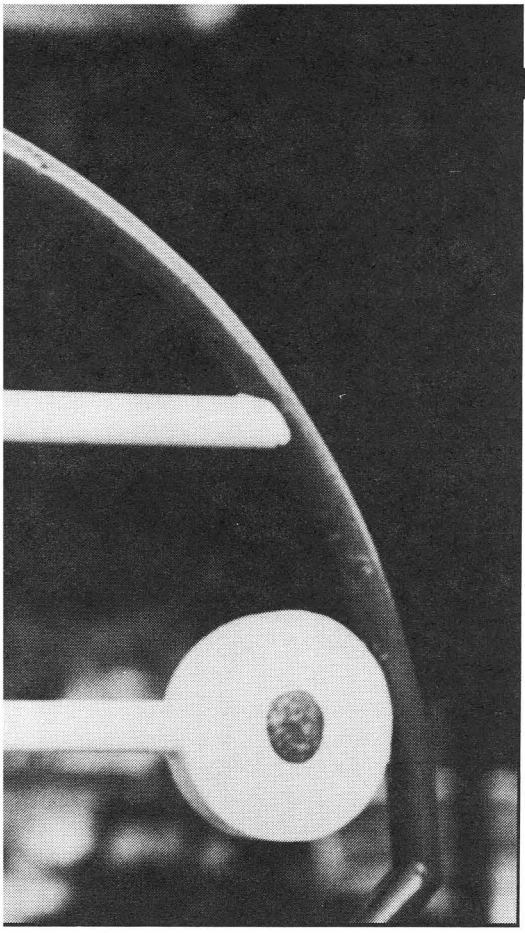
It seemed to me that Lee was playing the alto in such a different way than anybody else and that had a very strong effect on me in my late teens and early twenties. As I got older, I kind of moved away from overtly sounding like Lee, because I am a different kind of person than Lee. It is the sense of the line and the shapes that Lee could produce that have influenced me a lot.

Ira Sullivan was another important person to me. He has been an ongoing influence over the years because every time I went home to visit my mother and sister in Florida, usually once a year, I would always run into Ira, and we would get to play together. He is always an inspiration to me on every occasion; he is always working on some new things and is pursuing different directions. I would say that he has been an ongoing influence on me since I was thirteen years old, and he still influences me up to this day. I love the way he chooses tunes and paces sets.

One could say that Ira does not simply influence you on a stylistic or instrumental level, but it is more in his approach towards the music. It's not like playing his lines or sounding like him, but it is more of a philosophy of music that has rubbed off on you from him.

Ira has always been very open about music, and about accepting different styles of playing, incorporating different styles of the "avant-garde," or free jazz, into the more traditional format. Ira was one of the first people I heard to ever do that. It's what we call "playing in and out." He does it to such a degree of mastery that I always find it inspiring. I find more of myself in that kind of approach to playing that Ira takes. I think Sonny Rollins

BOB MOVER (Photograph by Peter Danson)



The Move

approaches things quite like that: being able to go in and out and cover the whole range of expression of the music. For me, I don't know anybody else who does it better than those two people.

Looking at your own influences and having heard you many times already, you seem to choose the route of the tradition and are following the ways of the masters of the bebop and post-bebop schools than taking a more "avant-garde" or outside approach. Do you find that to be an accurate assessment of your music and if so, what attracts you more to that traditional mould than to one of a more experimental orientation?

I don't agree with that completely. I like all kinds of things in jazz. My roots were in listening to Bird and Lester Young, Bud Powell as well as Sonny Rollins and Clifford Brown, Miles Davis, a lot of which I assimilated through Ira. But I came up in the generation that included Wayne Shorter, Joe Henderson and those people. It depends on what you call "Tradition:" I find Ornette Coleman very traditional. Ornette has been a very big influence on me, especially over the last few years. I think it took me a long time to really hear that. In my early twenties, I was very interested in Lee's approach and also Tristano's concepts, though Lee has also played free. He's done things on the duets record (Milestone 9013) where he got Ray Nance to play free on violin with him for eight minutes or so. I think a musician should always be aware of his times. Sometimes the reason why I haven't played more with the "avant-garde" people is just that they have never asked me. I really enjoy Albert Ayler, Eric Dolphy and people like that, but I don't always like the way some of the cats of the new avant-garde do everything. Yet, there are some people nowadays who I have always enjoyed listening to, one case being David Murray. I liked his playing ever since he first came to New York; I always thought that he is a very great musician. I also was greatly influenced by working with the Mingus band in 1972. I worked with George Adams and Don Pullen. In any event, I try to absorb the whole tradition without having ignored anything. Yet, I feel like I am a tunesmith, I like tunes and songs very much. I enjoy doing whatever I can do with them. A lot of my playing experiences have been with what you could not call "steady bands" or a "regular working group;" instead, it would be more of a house rhythm section or a good group of New York musicians you would put together for one or two jobs. It's very hard to say all of a sudden that I will just take a freer approach with those people. Years ago, I used to play free at the New England Conservatory. I would get classical musicians and play with them in practice rooms and listen to them, or even wait for them when they came out of their practice sessions and ask them if they would be interested in doing some improvising and playing some free duets with them. Some were not interested and some others were much more. Over the last couple of years, I have had a friendship with Paul Bley who has been quite influential in bringing me a little more out into the waters of freedom. In fact, Paul had me record some solo alto saxophone in a studio. The record isn't out – and I don't know if it ever will be – but we just did it. He played some of it when I was in Cherry Valley and I liked it better than most of the things I have recorded prior to that. It's just some free playing on alto. Apart from that, I did some duets with a fellow named Dick Poole, a percussionist, drummer and keyboard player. He's also a friend of Paul's. He put us in the studio together and we came up with something together, some of which is very nice. We just did that from the tops of our heads. Paul and I don't agree on everything, mind you, but what he says is worth thinking about, even if I can't get myself to go entirely with it. As far as that kind of playing and that kind of music, he was really there at the inception of that style, so I have learned a lot through our friendship and just by hanging out together.

Have you played any concerts with Paul Bley?

No, we have never played together. I have gone to hear him and he likewise. I've known about him for a while and he's come to see me play a few times. In any event, we've thought of doing some things together, but for the moment it's like a courtship: we sit together and hang out and talk about this and that until such time we decide one day to play together, and probably it would happen in a recording studio, but then we might never play together again. Who knows? Paul is mysterious, but he's a good cat.

Are there certain musicians who you have not played with at all, but would like to get together with at some time or another?

I would like to play with Billy Higgins as well as with Charlie Haden. I've met Charlie twice, but I haven't had the chance to meet Billy. One more musician I would like to meet is Randy Weston. A friend of mine in Europe knows him and hopefully I will get to meet him the next time I go over.

There are certain tunes of his that you like to play a lot,* Saucer Eyes *being one of them.

I like his songs a lot; they're nice and the rhythms are beautiful. Coming back to your question, I really wanted to play with Monk, but that's not possible any more, though I always wanted to get that opportunity. For a long time I wanted to meet Steve Lacy, and I finally met him here in Montreal last fall when his band came over on a tour. I find him an interesting player. Don Cherry is another musician who I would like to meet and, in a completely different bag, Budd Johnson; he's been a personal favourite for many years.

I note that you have been to Europe on many occasions and that you seem to have developed a following there. Do you find the European scene very different from the one in North America and do you think the audiences over there are more receptive to the musicians than they are here?

In my view, the scene in Europe is quite different, in the sense that I really haven't gotten to know the various local scenes over there. When I go to Europe, I play with friends who have things booked for me. Since I do not go over there to live, I don't know. In any event, it seems to me that they are working a lot. Maybe North America is somewhat too broad a category, because it seems to me that in Montreal every jazz musician is working. The local guys here are getting all those nice little gigs and people aren't worrying; it's a very unique situation right now in the world. In Switzerland, I found the situation to be somewhat similar. The people over there that I know work regularly and they have enough money so they can relax too. Another interesting thing in Europe is the number of small towns that have their little jazz clubs, where people go to on Friday or Saturday night and just listen. So you can go to some small town, you or I have never heard of, and there will be somebody there to play for. And believe me, they bring in some good people too. In the United States, there is very little happening in the suburbs, and there is nothing happening in some cities either. The Keystone Korner in San Francisco is closed. There are still a couple of places in Chicago and maybe something in Detroit, if not a few places in Ohio, but they don't pay any money to go out there. In the United States right now, it's just a vapid wasteland as far as jazz is concerned. It's not like the days when the big bands were touring. My dad played trumpet for a few of those bands and he used to play in some small towns in the midwest; however, those kinds of tours just don't exist any more. Over the years, it has just kept on dwindling until it has come to this: it's like after the end of the big bands, there was less work for the small groups and the circuit has never ceased becoming smaller. In

fact, any musician who wants to make a living playing jazz — and if he wants to avoid playing bar mitzvahs and weddings — has to go to Europe, because it would be nearly impossible to work all the time in the United States.

Yet, on the other hand, the American economy seems to be prospering at this moment, while the ones in Europe are not as healthy; one can see that in the weakening currencies over there and the strong American dollar in contrast. One can also mention the rate of employment in the States that compares much more favourably to those in Canada and in Europe. Despite the greater economic problems over there, the arts in general receive much more support and the situation appears to be much more prosperous over there than in the United States.

I think a lot of that depends on how important the culture is, or at very least to what degree people view it as important in their lives. As for the States, the arts are way below the level of appreciation of most sports, for instance.

There is another aspect that has been very important in gaining recognition for one's playing and that is critical response. Since you have come up thorugh more traditional roots and that you play more in that style, how do critics react to a musician like you, who has chosen that path? I ask that because of the fact that there has been a lot of press given to those musicians who one would call "experimental" or "avant-garde", like those coming from the AACM. It seems to me that they have overlooked those following more of a "traditional" route. Do you believe that the critics tend to play God, so to speak, at certain times?

Well, you will have such things happen, where one year you will have a critic saying that some of these new cats are just wonderful, like an Arthur Blythe, a Henry Threadgill or a Chico Freeman. But the year after, you'll have an article by the same critic stating that they were not all they were cracked up to be. There always exists a tremendous pressure out there to create heroes, who then can be destroyed. In any event, if you are a hero to the people you know or to the people that study with you, you don't have to worry about such pressures. Coming to your last question, it is true that some critics tend to think they are almighty. In fact, everybody wants to be in Paris in the twenties in some way. By that, I mean that you want to be the first critic who wrote a good review, or who wrote the first review of ***The Sun Also Rises***, or to be the first one to say that Henry Miller should be published and so forth. So they are always looking to champion for someone like that. And it has been said before, they missed Bird and they slipped up on Ornette. You had a lot of critics back then saying that Ornette was terrible and so on; but for me, who came up in the generation following that one, it sounded quite normal. I could always hear his relationship to Bird and the tradition; so there was no real problem in that. But some of those guys even missed that. So this time, they are determined to not miss anyone with something new or different. As far as I am concerned, I consider to have been fortunate with the critics. They have either praised me or ignored me entirely. I remember the time when Gary Giddins would write about me — and he even put me in the ***Voice Choices*** when I played there — saying that I was one of the best altos to emerge in the seventies and so on. However, once those people from the AACM arrived in New York, he would not come and see me any more, because he was into those people, and I think he was convinced that this was the only valid direction. People would then have all the respect for the old masters, or for the "avant-garde." This means that those players like myself, Tom Harrell, Albert Dailey, Ray Drummond, Rufus Reid and some older cats like Junior Cook or Clifford Jordan have all been overlooked by the critics over the last few years, even though we have been working regularly most of the times and have been employed playing jazz. The only reason I see for that state of affairs is the fact that we are not innovators.

Now that you have left New York City and have adopted Montreal as your new base of operations, do you find the atmosphere here more beneficial to you, or is there any added incentive to be here?

That's true to some extent, but at the same

time it offers me one thing: I have *some* kind of security. For instance, I have a friend trumpet player, Charles Ellison — a really wonderful player — who directs the jazz studies program at Concordia University. I taught one ensemble class over the fall and winter and plan to do more teaching this coming fall. So now I have a nice steady salary for a couple of hours a week, and I still have plenty of time for my own playing during the year and through the summer months. So that takes care of quite a bit right there. Apart from that, there is the jazz festival here and there are quite a number of good musicians living here. Recently, Don Alias, the drummer, has settled here in Montreal and that's a welcome addition to our scene. Since I have that freedom of playing elsewhere and travelling to Europe, I don't risk the danger of becoming just another local musician in Montreal, but I am here just enough to know what the scene is here and who's who.

Having taught one year at Concordia already, and having taught previously at Berklee, I would like to ask you about your views on music schools. Do you think that jazz can really be taught academically, by means of formal curricula, or is it more of a craft where you just have to learn the ropes, somewhat like an artisan learns his trade through apprenticeship with a master? What are your feelings towards the academical approach of teaching/learning jazz?

I have mixed feelings about it. Before the demise of the big bands — and even of many working combos — you could learn by experience, just by playing regularly. Nowadays, those few guys who are working regularly have their own bands playing original material. In that way, it's difficult for a young musician to sit in and know all the originals that the band is playing. So it is quite difficult for a young person to learn through jamming and just sitting in. I do find that schools provide a very good organising force, in the sense of bringing people together who are all interested in the same thing, and then they can work around with what they want. So they can get together and make their own bands and jam like that. One of the best things at Berklee was the gathering of people from all over the world. You always could find someone interested in what you were interested, and also someone who could teach what you wanted to learn, be it jazz, koto music or what have you. As far as teaching jazz in the classroom, I think they can teach you things about harmony, rhythm and scales, while neglecting the more visceral aspects of melody and rhythm. In my mind, schools stress those technical aspects but they undervalue that more visceral aspect of the music. You have a lot of players who play academically, and that is a problem because they are not performing. At Concordia, on the other hand, the way that Andy Homzy, Charles Ellison and Don Habib have set up the program is a very good one, because the ensembles there — mine included — get to play concerts. So the ensembles become rehearsals supervised by others and myself, and there is really one goal: to be a gig. It does not pay any money, mind you, but everybody has the idea of working towards a gig. If the schools could set a balance between the academic approach and the performance orientation, I see that as a very good answer for the universities. I think Charles Ellison might be on to something with that kind of approach to education, because it gives you the feeling of working with a band which, in my view, has been the shortcoming of academia.

So there is more room allowed for spontaneity in that program?

Yes. But there is also the element of working with people, cooperation in short. They have called the seventies "the me generation," and one of the negative aspects of that — and in jazz education as well — was that everybody was going for himself. I saw a lot of that at Berklee. The competitive level was very high, while the sharing level was not so high. You see, people don't need to play with each other any more; now they have these Jamey Aebersold records to play with. To some extent, one can say that they have a purpose: if there is absolutely no one to get together with. But there are some students who would rather play with those Aebersold records, because they can't get a good rhythm section for instance. All they have to do then is to put one of those on and have Kenny Barron, Ben Riley and Buster Williams. But that does not help you to learn to play with live people, nor does it help you to learn how to cooperate as a band and bend to the other one's way of playing. It just teaches you to play your licks.

So you see those things as serving a purpose insofar as they are tools and not ends in them--insofar as they are tools and not ends in themselves. They are means that help you to get your playing together. There are some positive effects to those tools, but they are not ends in themselves.

It reminds me of a Zen saying: when you point your finger at the moon, your finger looks the same size as the moon, but you must always remember that your finger is not the moon and you must never mistake one for the other. Schools should stress a sense of cooperation that is needed amongst musicians so they can really work in a band and make a band sound. When you get out in the world, you make bands. I may go to some city and play with a house rhythm section for a week, but for that week we're a band. I have to make an instant band, arrangements while you wait and so forth; it's just like being a tailor. Because I came up in the street, I have a good idea how to do that. But as for people who never did that and who just put on an Aebersold record, they do not even know where to begin.

In conclusion, do you have any final comments or observations to make on your own music, or the direction jazz is in right now, or headed to in your own view?

Nope! (Laughter)

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BOB MOVER (Photograph by Peter Danson)

JAZZ LITERATURE

THE FREEDOM PRINCIPLE

Jazz After 1958, by John Litweiler
New York: William Morrow, 1984
324 pages, hard cover

The Freedom Principle is an enthusiastic portrait of a music in motion. This critical survey studies the ideas, creations and creators of the movement that evolved an alternative vehicle of expression, growing out of bebop and hard bop styles, while remaining open to many non-traditional influences. This movement triggered a staggering series of explosions that changed the face of the music, vibrations of which are still felt today.

From the opening paragraph one encounters Litweiler's difficulty in labelling his subject. He mentions the artists' unwillingness to accept limiting terms. He concludes: "Free Jazz is not necessarily an accurate or satisfactory label, but it's a label that has at least survived." (page 13) He then differentiates between freedom with a small 'f' and Freedom as a designation of stylistic development. He talks about freedom as an integral part of jazz from its beginnings, citing Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Art Tatum and their early innovations. The emergence of bop and hard bop consolidated all that had come before and offered new innovations. Creative energy was in full flow. He identifies the contributions of Parker, Gillespie, Navarro, Powell, especially as soloists while drawing parallels to the work of Tristano, Miles Davis ("Birth of the Cool") and the first rumblings of 'third stream' via the Modern Jazz Quartet. By contrast he elaborates on the "polyphonic interplay" (page 18) of Max Roach, Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Clifford Brown and others to distinguish hard bop. On this bridge the reader crosses over to Monk and his distinct rhythmic and harmonic explorations. Discussions on Herbie Nichols, Charles Mingus and Lennie Tristano follow. As the chapter ends the evolutionary stage is set but the breakthrough cast has yet to arrive.

"Thus the era of Free Jazz does not begin with these early successes; indeed the need for freedom was...only sensed by a nineteen year old saxophonist in Texas...1,500 miles from the center of the jazz world..." (page 30)

Freedom is what makes jazz music what it is. Freedom is the hallmark of the African-American experience which this music speaks to. The cultural awareness of the creators of this music is developed to a very high degree. These musicians are seeking, through organic process, to express deep emotions and impart information in a language that is vast, though at times unfamiliar to virgin ears. Additionally the artists are continuously redefining and refining, through musical exchange, human interaction. In New York City the focus on the 'gig' was ever present. We discover as the book continues that in other places other people had a strong sense of something else.

Ornette Coleman and his school was that something else (anyone not familiar with Ornette and his history, do your homework!) If anything, Ornette Coleman was being absolutely true to the tradition of his music. He went after the music he heard in his heart and that alone, sent shock waves to all within an ear's reach. This included the musicians who studied and worked with him, so many of whom continue to produce those waves. When Ornette brought his sound to New York City, he brought it intact. He laid the 'new thing' at the steps of the temple. The subsequent earthquake is history and legend. One of my favourites is a quote from saxophonist Jimmy Lyons: "I thought it sounded like country/western music." It did, but whose country and western? Ornette's early vision previewed a truely world music possibility and he did it within the jazz context. And without New York.

The Freedom Principle is distinguished by its richness of detail on the outside (of New York City) stimuli descending on the jazz center. Litweiler lives and works in Chicago and has a true sense of what is going on outside New York City. In terms of the music's history, the descent was similar to the spreading of the music to the midwest in the early century, from New Orleans via the Mississippi River.

After Coleman he devotes a chapter to Eric Dolphy, another outsider. The author does not neglect the parallel movements in New York City, tracing Coltrane, Miles and modal jazz to Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, pop jazz and fusion. These are informative and thoughtful but the strength of the book is in the chapters on Sun Ra, the AACM and Saint Louis, Free Jazz in Europe and internationally by Americans and others, and the chapter on Roscoe Mitchell, Anthony Braxton, Leo Smith and Joseph Jarman. The book concludes with a chapter on the music today which is up-to-date and knowledgeable. Especially his discussion of Henry Threadgill and other original and derivative players.

When the independent discoveries of Muhal Richard Abrams and Chicago's AACM, with supporting forces of BAG of Saint Louis hit New York City more shock waves and of a different sort were felt. Litweiler shines here, giving us a glimpse of the true function of a music reporter. He takes inspiration from his subject and with intimate detail transmutes the sound into informative statements. Considering the depth of his connection to the AACM and surrounding activities, one gets the feeling that a whole book should be dedicated to the subject.

This book is very useful as it gives complete coverage to the subject for the uninitiated and has the depth for followers of the music to gain new understandings. ***— Brian Auerbach***

THE DEVIL'S MUSIC

by Giles Oakley
London: Ariel Books

This book was conceived as a companion to a BBC TV series in five parts (not aired in Canada as far as I know), originally shown in 1976. It has been somewhat updated for this 1983 edition.

Despite extensive quotations from interviews done by the BBC team (of which Oakley was a member) with such blues people as Big Joe Williams, Victoria Spivey and Gus Cannon, and the author's evident love of the blues, the overall impression is of an extended graduate paper. Clearly, Oakley is capable of a formidable amount of research, but it is hard to understand why the reader would not be better off reading the primary sources from which Oakley has gleaned almost all his information.

On the other hand, Oakley would no doubt claim that he was not trying to write the definitive or even a truly original work on the blues, but merely an introduction, and in this he succeeds very well. He exhibits a commendable concern for accuracy, and is particularly strong on political, economic and social currents in the larger American society against which various blues styles evolved. Also, many of the primary sources on which Oakley relies are not easily obtained by members of the general public — such as back issues of publications like ***Jazz Journal*** and ***Blues World***.

The book concentrates on the blues between the two world wars. It does not touch on gospel or jazz directly, and the section on post-World War II blues and rhythm and blues feels perfunctory.

There are many interesting tidbits of information in ***The Devil's Music*** all the same, and I am not too proud to admit, for example, that it had never occurred to me that if there were the New Christy Minstrels, a folk-singing aggregation in the early sixties that nurtured such talents as Gene Clark (of the Byrds), Barry McGuire (***Eve Of Destruction***) and Kenny Rogers, there must have been an old Christy Minstrels. I was thus intrigued to learn that the Christy Minstrels, led by Edwin P. Christy, were perhaps the most celebrated black-faced (white) minstrel group of the last century. "In 1849 they published their ***Ethiopian Glee Book*** by Elias Howe who gave himself the name 'Gumbo Chaff,' banjo-player to some imaginary African chieftain." This raises the question why would the New Christy Minstrels want to associate themselves with the originals?

Another minor mystery which this book cleared up for me is the meaning of the cover of the LP "Gooduns" (Daffodil, 1971) by Hamilton, Ontario's own King Biscuit Boy (Richard Newell). This LP originally came in what appeared to be a flour bag, with, on the front, a drawing of a train rushing down the tracks and in the background a water tower with the words 'Helena, Ark.' on it. It is now clear that this was a homage to the original "King Biscuit Time," sponsored by King Biscuit Flour, with Sonny Boy Williamson II (Rice Miller), on radio station KFFA out of Helena, Arkansas — a program which began in 1941 and lasted well past Williamson's death in 1965 and was the first program to showcase the blues on radio on a regular basis — in short, a milestone.

These two examples show how the blues and its predecessors have permeated American popular music of all types in ways not at first apparent. Any book which can occasion such reflections has achieved at least part of its pur-

pose.

The performer who came across most vividly to me in a reading of ***The Devil's Music*** was Blind Lemon Jefferson. His work seems a quantum leap beyond what went before — the sensibility altogether more sardonic, more sophisticated. Consider the mind that came up with this lyric:

"I wonder why they electrocute a man after the one o'clock hour of the night, [twice]

Because the current is much stronger, then the folkses turn out all their lights."

(*'Lectric Chair Blues*)

Doesn't that make you want to hear the music?

— Chris Probert

THOSE SWINGING YEARS

The Autobiography of Charlie Barnet; with Stanley Dance
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press.

Charlie Barnet tooted his first horn when he was ten — it was a soprano saxophone no one else wanted to play in his school band. Barnet literally dropped out of boarding school (by descending from the top floor on a string of bedsheets) and did not pursue his musical studies seriously until his mother gave him a C-melody saxophone some years later. By the time he was sixteen, Barnet was leading his own band, aboard a steamship bound for Bremen... It was to be the first of many bands that, by the mid-thirties, made Barnet a byword for good clean-cut hard-driving — and danceable — swing.

Those Swinging Years is Barnet's story of life on and off the bandstand. Born to well-to-do parents, he was raised by his mother and grandfather to become a corporate lawyer. But he opted to become a full-time musician, getting his first gig with a dance band at a Manhattan Chinese restaurant, while playing hookey from school. Successful band and record contracts, some years later, established Barnet as one of the Swing Era's all-time great bandleaders and one of its better-known saxophone players.

Barnet's tenor sax style was influenced by Coleman Hawkins. Later, when he took to playing alto and soprano sax, the influence was more Johnny Hodges, with overtones of "jump" that was to mark his individual hard-driving style.

As a bandleader, Barnet had a fine ear for musical talent and a blind ear for racial prejudice, points out Billy May, the most famous of Barnet arrangers. He hired more black performers for his bands, without fanfare, than did Benny Goodman, who got most of the credit for breaking the colour line. He wasn't thinking of being a crusader, says Barnet, only "how well does the guy play."

The long list included Benny Carter, Rex Stewart, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Trummy Young, Howard McGhee, Frankie Newton, Willie Smith, Clark Terry. Vocalists included Lena Horne (who was passed off as Cuban down South) and Bunny Briggs. They joined such equally skilled white performers as Jack Purvis, Red Norvo, Eddie Sauter, Neal Hefti, Doc Severinsen and Bill Holman.

Barnet's greatest source of inspiration was Duke Ellington. But, he says, "It was never my idea to *copy* Duke, but rather to borrow and develop while involving myself as much as possible in his approach to music." He found this almost impossible, because of Ellington/Strayhorn's unique arrangements and the band's unique instrumentalists.

As a testament to Barnet's ability to swing, his was the first non-black band to play the Apollo Theater in Harlem, and he returned there year after year for successful engagements. After the band's hit record ***Cherokee*** came out in 1939, they were playing the whole black circuit.

Much of Barnet's book is taken up with describing his wild lifestyle, the lot, apparently, of the successful swing musician. Barnet writes frankly of his quart-a-day whiskey habit, of buying marijuana by the pillowcase, of trysts with ladies of the night and day. He romanced such beauties as Dorothy Lamour and married many of them, generally in short-lived Mexican affairs.

But of most interest to jazz fans is Barnet's shrewd assessments of the music scene in which he played a major role, and colleagues who inspired, helped (and occasionally hindered) him. He had no time for musicians without a sense of humour, who lacked sincerity, who were more opportunistic than creative...Some Barnet views:

"Benny Goodman never seemed to me to have any sense of humour. He was unconsciously funny, due to the fog that seemed to surround him at all times...(But) There is only one Benny and, whether you like him or not, you have to respect his ability and the part he played in the swing era."

"Artie Shaw was a great clarinet player, but I never felt he generated the intense drive that Benny Goodman did...But some of the things his band did with added strings were very rewarding. Artie was another who had no sense of humour, and he always took himself too seriously to suit me."

"I was always a little suspicious of Woody Herman's sincerity. He began with an out-and-out Dixieland band, turned toward Ellington, and then went into bebop...He is guilty of adopting some of the crossover tactics that involve rock 'n' roll. Nevertheless, whatever way the wind was blowing him, he always presented an excellent band."

"Stan Kenton's band was never a favourite of mine. Its music...being pretentious and unswinging. The ballads, for example, were usually played with a ponderous feeling at a deadly slow tempo that destroyed any beauty, tone colour, or fluidity. Kenton himself often conducted pompously and acted as though he had written the book on modern music."

"Maynard Ferguson (a former Barnet sideman) will do anything to further his position. He has perpetrated a lot of "crossover" music, which has won him his only general public acceptance. He has, I think, absolutely no sense of humour...The Ferguson band offers another example of what I call plastic music, and is usually loaded with young musicians of the Kenton type fresh out of musical school...most lack any individual direction in their playing."

ORNETTE COLEMAN AND CHARLIE HADEN (Photograph by Ron Sweetman)

Barnet finds the musical situation as a whole far from healthy: "Rock 'n' roll is totally unpalatable, an insult to the world of music... Much of it seems to be performed by mental cases and untalented misfits... Rock indeed proves what I have always maintained, that only a relatively few people can tell the difference between good and bad music."

To all those who keep saying "The big bands are coming back," Barnet says "Forget it! They are gone forever, but just be thankful that there are so many records for them to hear..."

The record business, Barnet finds, is in bad shape. "...While the kids are spending their money on video games instead of records, let us hope that they are finally tired of the junk that has been thrown at them and be ready to embrace some of the good music that remains available."

A view that this reviewer, for one, fully endorses — along with Charlie Barnet's always entertaining and perceptive book. Among other things, the man has a sense of humour.

— Al Van Starrex

BLACK TALK

by Ben Sidran; new foreword by Archie Shepp
New York: DaCapo Press ($7.95 in U.S.)

Contents: Oral Culture and Musical Tradition: Prehistory and Early History (Theory); The Black Musician in Two Americas: Early History — 1917; The Jazz Age: the 1920s; The Evolution of the Black Underground: 1930-1947; Black Visibility: 1949-1969.

It's an interesting thing to meet a work twelve years down the road again. The biggest advantage probably being the ability to see, with alarming clarity, exactly where the work went wrong or where it went right, or perhaps, some fascinatingly weird mixture of the two.

Sidran's "Black Talk" first appeared in 1971 and I pretty much feel the same way about it today that I felt about it then: this is an important study into the nature and primal cause of Black Music. One major reason for this book's significance is summed up in Sidran's introductory essay. He gallantly asserts that his concern is with "...the social function of black music in America" and not with the customary 'personality-conscious' reportage that has become the standard fare of jazz writing. This particular approach or ***stance*** definitely gives him an enormous advantage over most of the 'crude' that goes for jazz scholarship these days.

"This study is both a historical and a thematic approach to the black music of America," says Sidran. "I call it a ***cultural history*** because of its slant: it is not concerned with dates and names so much as with general cultural movements."

What Sidran is attempting to do throughout this work is to specifically render orality as an alternate orientation to that of the dominant ***literate*** culture. He does this with an impressive 'look ma no hands' verve but runs into problems at exactly that point where he should solidify (re: 'synthesize') his thinking in order that it go beyond the ***primal concept*** (i.e. 'mystic') of orality. This would have allowed his writing to be socially responsible to his psychological/philosophical thrust. Instead, though, we get "If economic pressures do not completely stifle individual initiative..." and that the dissolution of the "dues paying system" is cause for unabashed alarm. That's to say that although Sidran is thoroughly aware of the ***historicity*** of jazz he doesn't understand the escalatory nature of that history. If he did, qualitative understandings would emerge along with the awareness of new social constructs; that is, a further basis for the constant test, the constant 'fight'... of Art.

The main problem with improvising musicians of color in this country is basically economic. They've never had enough money to actually do their work. And that, sadly, hasn't changed and probably won't for a long long time to come. Yet all the while 'money' is becoming increasingly important to tribalized oriented peoples — and this is particularly so for the solitary creative worker.

Sidran is closest when he says "...we know that what begins as a difference in degree can, through centuries of cultural evolution, take on the properties of a difference in ***kind***. It can therefore be suggested that orality, besides being a common denominator for all cultures, is, after extended generations, the basis for an alternative breed of culture." Statements such as this overrule such anachronisms as "The dissolution of the 'dues-paying' system indicates that the panic is on."

— Roger Riggins

JAZZ

by Henri Matisse
New York: George Braziller, 1983
xviii, 152 pages

On September 30, 1947 Teriade published Matisse's "Jazz" for Editions Verve (Paris) in 250 copies, each signed by the artist. Lay your hands on one of these originals and you could be US$20,000 better off. For US$90.00 you can have the next best thing, this splendid reproduction of copy no.43 now at the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek, Munich. "Jazz" is a collection of twenty images, drawn with scissors — "to cut to the quick in colour reminds me of the direct cutting of sculptors. This book was conceived in the same spirit...These images, with their lively and violent tones, derive from crystallizations of memories of circuses, folktales and voyages." The text was written "to mollify the simultaneous effects of [his] chromatic and rhythmic improvisations; pages forming a kind of 'sonorous ground' that supports them, enfolds them, and protects them, in their particularities." Thus, the reader encounters each image separated by "intervals of a different character," handwritten, in writing of "exceptional size...in order to be in a decorative relationship with the character of the colour prints." an accompaniment to the colours, "just as asters help in the composition of a bouquet of more important flowers. Thus their role is purely visual."

Be that as it may, these sixteen statements contain some delightful observations, in the original French of Matisse, or their English translation by Sophie Hawkes. Riva Castleman's introduction is a short essay filled with information, and some contradictions, and completed with details of five texts which were "invaluable reference sources."

The titles of the images are — ***Le clown; Le cirque; Monsieur Loyal; Le cauchemar de l'elephant blanc; Le cheval, l'ecuyere et le clown; Le loup; Le coeur; Icare; Formes; L'interrement de Pierrot; Les Codomas; La nageuse dans l'aquarium; Le cow-boy; L'avaleur de sabres; Le lanceur de couteaux; Le destin; Le lagon (x3); Le tobogan***.

A wonderful thing! "With "Jazz" you hold an artist's spirit in your hands. Each page reveals deeply felt ideas, years of dedication to art and its craft, innate sensitivity to visual stimuli and their perfect organization for the most exhilerating, most satisfying result. Few artists have added to their pictorial work words that have been equally important in form and meaning. The precise equilibrium of these elements in "Jazz" is Matisse's unique achievement. The dark rhythms, roiling counterpoint, happy staccatos, and jolting dissonances of this "Jazz" will sound forever. Matisse has taught the eye to hear. (Introduction)" So get with it — do yourselves some eye-hearing, then get out and complete yourselves with lots of ear-seeing.

— Roger Parry

DISCOGRAPHIES

Four discographies by Claude Schlouch, available from him at Les Hesperides Bat C6, Bd des Alpes, 13012 Marseilles, France. Prices shown in US dollars, postpaid.

The Unforgettable Kenny Dorham
38 pages plus indexes, $9.00
Wardell Gray
32 pages plus indexes, $8.00
Hank Mobley: Come Back
25 pages plus indexes, $7.00
Bud Powell On Record
28 pages plus indexes, $7.00

The Man Who Never Sleeps — The Charles Mingus Discography 1945-1978 by H. Lukas Lindenmaier and Horst J. Salewski. xii, 103 p. 24 Deutschmarks including postage from Jazz Realities c/o H.L. Lindenmaier, Wilhelmstr. 32, 7800 Freiburg, West Germany.

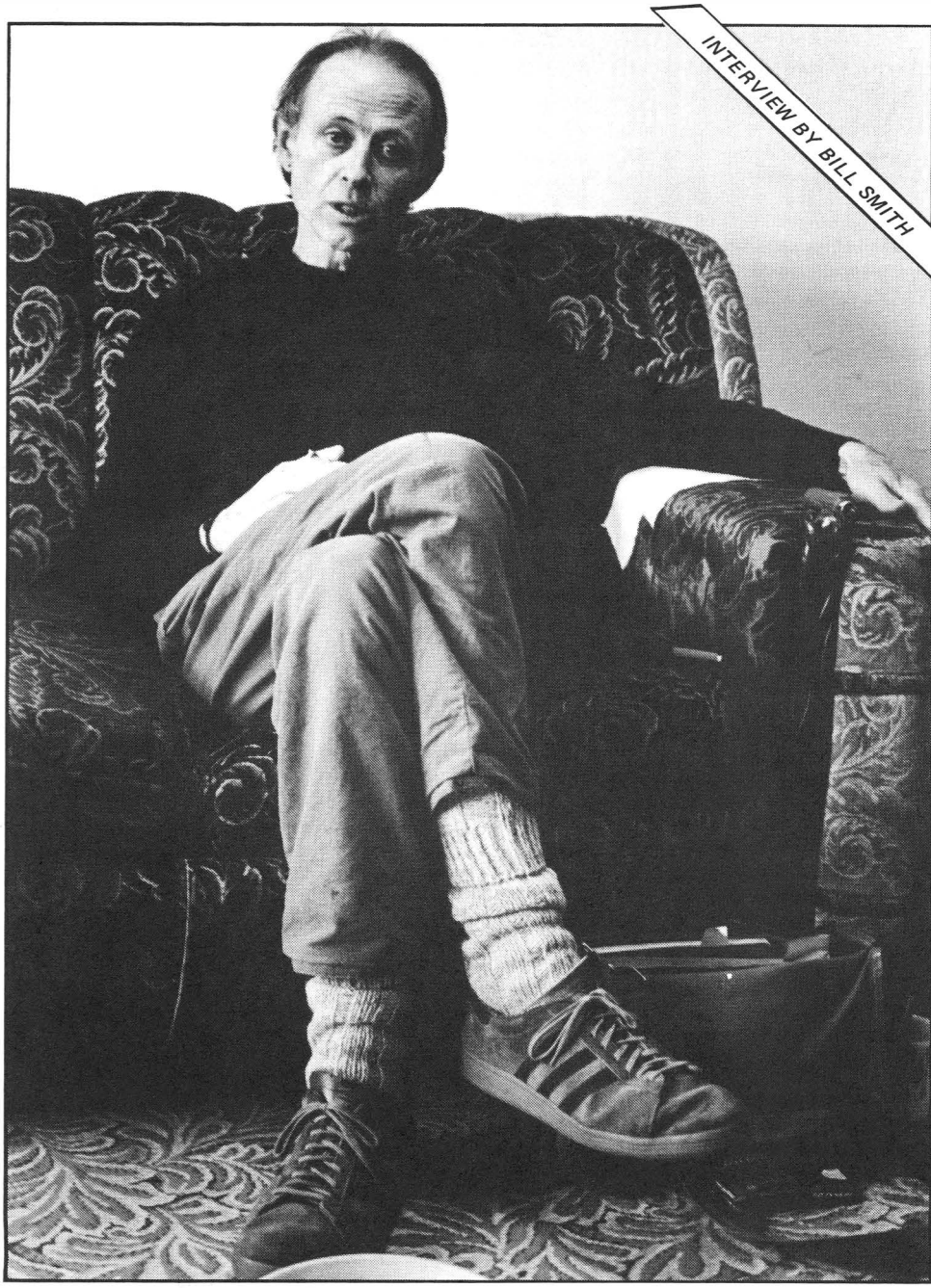
Albert Ayler, Sunny Murray, Cecil Taylor, Byard Lancaster & Kenneth Terroade: On Disc & Tape by Mike Hames. vi, 61 pages. Available from the author at 16 Pinewood Road, Ferndown, Wimborne, Dorset BH22 9RW, England, for 5.30 pounds sterling postpaid.

Three discographies published by Gustave Cerruti, 8 Ave. du Marche, 3960 Sierre, Switzerland; postpaid prices indicated.

Booker Little Discography by Pierre-Andre Monti. 16 pages, US$3.00
Joe McPhee Discography by Gustave Cerutti. 12 pages, US$2.00
John Tchicai by Gustave Cerutti. 18 pages (price not listed)

Discographies available from New Think, Jacqueminlaan 54a, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. No price indicated.

Anthony Braxton Discography by Hugo De Craen and Eddy Janssens. 41 p. + indexes.
Art Ensemble of Chicago Discography; Unit & Members by Eddy Janssens and Hugo DeCraen. 114 pages.



INTERVIEW BY BILL SMITH

BARRE PHILLIPS

In February and March of 1984 we had the pleasure of having Barre Phillips as a musician-in-residence at the Music Gallery in Toronto. Because of this situation, many of us were able to spend a good deal of time with him and participate in several musical and social events. He was a warm and intelligent man, whose openness and musical ability contributed to all our ongoing musical educations. At one of these meetings, Barre and I decided to indulge in a taped conversation which, in a slightly edited form, follows this introduction.

In this period Barre Phillips lives in France, so this naturally suggested to me that he was part of the idea that many American musicians, who live in Europe, have become expatriated. His story, however, was not that simple, and the following conversation that started with this question expanded into an interesting dialogue, more to do with the position he occupied in America's musical history in the sixties, his philosophies about why he plays music, and how he actually came to live in Toulon in the south of France.

BARRE - That's very interesting in that to me, in Europe I found a creative climate that I had experienced in New York and in California, in my growing-up times — starting around 1960 before I went to New York. I'll give you my whole analysis of my situation, and then you can see what is interesting for you.

Ornette Coleman was the man and the music that influenced me in my change-over time from being a straight to a non-straight. Both the music, and the man. I had started already in California in 1960 on the trail with some friends, mostly friends who were not themselves searching, to look for who I was in music; to find those notes, that rhythm, those harmonies, that colour, that stuff that touched ***me***, instead of playing that objective way of playing jazz that I had learned — although nobody had said that it was the rule book, that's what was happening. I started by playing Dixieland, and the reference is a certain type of beat for all the qualities that go to make that style, and if you want to play in that kind of band you have to learn those qualities and be able to control them. So, I did all that starting with Dixieland in the '40s and coming up very quickly to bebop and right on through the mainstream of all the music from 1950 on. The arrival of Ornette corresponded to a change that was happening with me. Because I had to ***learn*** how to play time straight, I wasn't born with the gift of playing time. I wasn't born with the gift of automatically knowing how to play this bass fiddle in tune. I had to learn how to play it as if you were playing tempered. But as soon as it became possible to say that maybe that's not it, maybe that's not what music is about, as a communicative experience between two or however many people, or even only with yourself; it's the way it lines up in me, to be able to give something that's just ***me***, and not my version of a style. That's what I felt from the beginning: a healthier approach to the materials.

I heard all that music in California, before Ornette went to New York. After it had all happened, in 1960 in New York, Ornette came back to California on a vacation. We re-met and he sat in with our band, and we had a great time and everybody was of course very thrilled, and afterwards he dropped a couple of lines on us that ended that band, and started two of us from that band on a search for who we were. At that time, in San Francisco, Horace Silver was very popular, Miles Davis, Art Blakey. Compositionally we were playing some of those nicer, more beautiful Brubeck tunes, a little bit of original material, arranging standards. It was a quartet, rhythm section plus vibes. Definitely mainstream musically, there was no free improvising, we always stayed in the form. One guy in the band really liked Horace Silver tunes and he'd write out the charts, so we were playing ***Nica's Dream*** and all that.

I had had a funny approach to my first meeting with Ornette. I have a brother, Peter, four years older, who's a composer, who is more on the academic side of music rather than the performing side. I do the manual work in the family, he does the intellectual work. He knew John Lewis and the Modern Jazz Quartet. He went to New York about 1958 or '59 and was involved in the Third Stream movement there very heavily. So I

BARRE PHILLIPS (Photograph by Mark Miller)

met Ornette through the MJQ. They were so interested in what he was doing! My brother, who has great training in contemporary composed music as well as classical music, could really hear a lot of the things that Ornette was doing from a conceptual point of view with the harmonies and the melodies, and of course the mysteries of Ornette explaining his music in his own personal language fascinated these guys who had a more formal idea of what was going on, rather than a spiritual one which of course was what was starting to come out. So I was very fortunate because I saw the people part too; these wonderful people.

So there was a very small contact with Ornette before he went to New York and a very strong zap when he came back. So he's known my brother longer than he's known me. We finally played together once — in Bologna when Charlie Haden's triplets were born. He went out to California right in the middle of a tour, it was the Bologna Festival and they didn't have a bass player so Ornette asked me if I'd play.

BILL SMITH - Was your brother responsible for initiating some of Ornette's collaborations with the Third Stream?

BARRE - He may have been; I don't know the details too much because when I got to New York I only participated in that scene myself a bit; not too much because it wasn't really my scene. The things that I know about are the things that Gunther Schuller wrote.

By the time I got to New York in 1962 Ornette was already ***not*** playing; he was living on the Lower East Side in those years.

BILL - Did first hearing the music with Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins and Don Cherry change your ideas about playing the bass?

BARRE - Well, it came slowly. I was a lot more turned on in the theoretical sense; I was working a lot at the keyboard. Getting into the bass part of it really happened when I got to New York. The searching in California was in terms of ways to play together and harmonic structures, not so much timbre and colour searches. It was kind of theoretical. We were all academia participants. Raised in the grand tradition, you know.

But I wasn't a music student! I was saved from that pitfall — in a sense, although that's not always necessarily true. I took some harmony courses and some music theory courses, I played in an orchestra from the time I started playing the bass at thirteen, all the way through school and five years of university, and was very often the main man in the orchestra bass section — even though I had no idea what I was doing! It didn't matter, I could fake it. But I didn't study the fiddle, for example. It was impossible for me to study, I tried, and did not arrive at being able to do that. Until I got to New York. There I studied the fiddle and really that's when it all started. Getting myself together and getting together with the instrument.

BILL - You arrived in New York as the October Revolution was gathering strength — Albert Ayler, Bill Dixon, Archie Shepp, Sunny Murray....

BARRE - That was boiling when I got there. The events were happening. The New York Art Quartet. I met Paul Bley very early on. I met the avant garde very early on. Through my brother, first of all, I met a guy named Don Heckman [alto saxophone]. He was working with WBAI doing jazz programs. There was no money for musicians, but he could do live broadcasts and you could record and have your stuff played on the air. Heckman was doing some of that, and we played with Bob Pozar, the drummer, as a trio. Through him I met Don Ellis [trumpet, composer] and participated in his workshop things. This was all happening in 1962. In '63 it just carried on. I played with Archie Shepp a few times and was over at Bill Dixon's and I played with Bley and I made the rounds. All the time, when that was going on, I had to earn my living somewhere, right? There was no money in that music, which of course is no news. I had very good luck in that sense, of pretty well running the gamut, in the five years I was in New York, of the main possibilities of being a professional musician in New York City, and of all these problems that, I would say, Richard Davis had, between this potential to earn money, and the desire to lead a normal life, and plus this very expressive, artistic, wild scene that was turning everybody on.

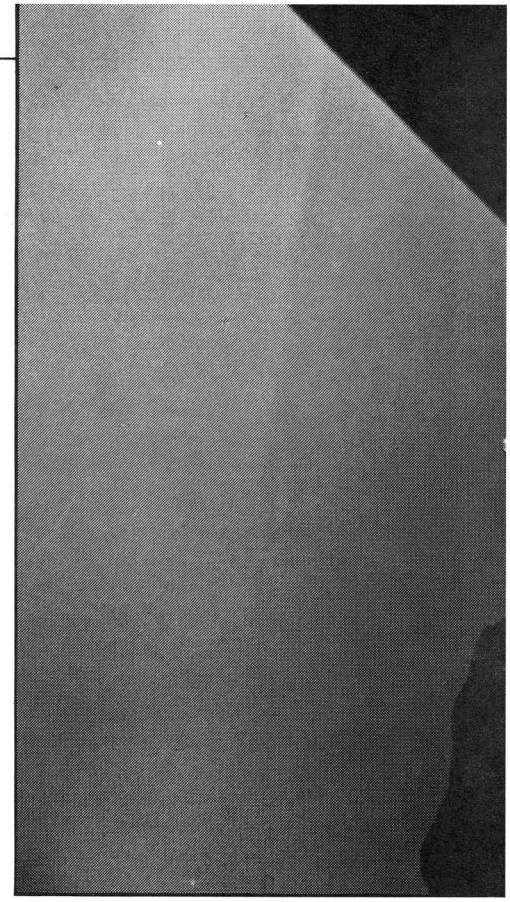
So on one hand I was the next guy after Steve Swallow in that trio with Paul Bley and Jimmy Giuffre. I played with Giuffre for two years at that time, when he was still out there, when that was hot, just after the "Free Fall" band, and with Don Friedman, an excellent musician. That trio played for two years together. We must have made three hundred dollars in two years! Which shows you what it was like even for a guy like Giuffre.

BILL - What a trio. That trio was not recorded? That's a next step in the music that no one really knows about.

BARRE - Giuffre must have tapes from that.

BILL - Jimmy Giuffre in that period was doing things that no reed players were aware of. A lot of the black music in that time, like Ayler, was very high energy music. And Giuffre's music, and Paul Bley's as well, was quite the opposite polarity; although it had its own kind of intensity. I think not enough has been said about that music — certainly not that there was a second trio after the one with Bley and Swallow. So once again you were involved with both sides: the energy music and Giuffre's more quiet order. Did you have a feeling that you were discovering a whole new way of playing music?

BARRE - There was, but the music was too intellectual. That whole style that Giuffre came up with, which I think is quite amazing, that "Free Fall" stuff, and maybe if we could get out and find it, Giuffre must have tapes of the second trio, we might still be amazed at the musical content; because it was so chamber music-ish with no drums and because of its instrumentation, this light stuff. I didn't ever play with an amplifier; not even in clubs. We were as acoustic as you could get. In fact, it was too chamber music-ish to sustain itself. Because it definitely wasn't going to be accepted by Carnegie Recital Hall and recycled into that contemporary music and Schuller and that whole thing. All those guys admired this music, but nobody was giving us any gigs. The only time we played in New York City was during the October Revolution; in that cafe, wherever it was. And for that we did a duo, because Friedman was out of town.



BILL - When you listen now to the direction that some of the so-called "new music" has taken, I often hear the influence of that trio, even though it hasn't been written too much about historically. Whether it's conscious or not in the players I have no idea, of course. But I hear it in Braxton's music, in Roscoe Mitchell's music; I hear it sometimes a little bit in Leo Smith's music. As I say I don't know if they're consciously aware of it, but that idea is expanded on, and not only the energy. That tight, contrapuntal improvised music, where everyone's really listening and making this pure thing happen. I hear that now in some contemporary music, but at the time I don't think that music was very much talked about.

Also at that time in New York, quite a few players transferred from dixieland music into the new music fairly readily. Apart from yourself, the obvious ones are Roswell Rudd and Steve Lacy. Do you think that there's some kind of link between those musics?

BARRE - The multiple improvisation is from that old style of music; where there would be two or three horns, and sure they'd have their ranges and their licks, and it's become so built into arrangements that are classic arrangements. The voices are really written and you learn that, so what began as simply someone's arrangement, from a record or somewhere, becomes the tune. But that kind of polyphony, and the rhythm section being very open so everyone can really hear clearly where it lines up, is probably good training for playing free, where you're really listening to more than in later styles of music, which are just a soloist and a rhythm section, that would be the main aspect.

BILL - Considering the impact the music in the sixties that you were part of: Archie Shepp

and Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler etc. — had on people who were already listening to jazz in the sixties, why do you think that there was not any real output of information about it? It seemed that it was almost suppressed, prevented from becoming a bigger thing. It happened almost entirely in New York, and considering its importance, I wonder why it didn't become a continuing popular music.

BARRE - I'm not sure that it didn't; the popularity was just kind of late in coming. 1965: the first year that George Wein allows the new music into the Newport Jazz Festival. 1964: the first Berlin Jazz Festival, George Wein's first big move taking American jazz music into Europe on a big scale; a lot of cities that have made a big network that has made a whole financial structure for the festival jazz in Europe. My feeling is that largely George Wein created that structure. In 1964 at that first big one, one avant garde band, George Russell, came on that tour. From that moment on it became a dealing factor. I think it's more of a business thing; people wouldn't write about the stuff in ***Downbeat*** and ***Metronome*** because it was just too far out. They were selling Horace Silver, their whole thing of all the votes for the poll winners and the record sales structures, the whole machine is well-oiled; it doesn't want this anarchist thing in it. There's always something in the fringes, amongst the young people that's kind of far out and dangerous for us older folks who are holding the reins to the thing. Not too many of us have got the doors wide open. Of course that's different today, isn't it? You and me, we're the older ones and our doors are wide open; we ***can't*** even keep them shut!

BILL - I would consider what you just said — that the controls on the music are much bigger than the fan or the musician — I agree with that, you have to deal with club owners, record producers, etc. etc. There is a lot of control about who plays where and at which festivals. Yet it seems to me that some players don't agree to accept those working conditions: that they have to play in those kinds of environments because those producers at festivals, etc. say so. You're one of those players. You could have gone into that completely commercial world and played straightahead jazz in that period, couldn't you? But you didn't.

BARRE - My personal story has to do with a spiritual thing, for sure, that I can't explain to you in a few words, but it does have to do with my relationship to money and music. I had the opportunity in New York to see the possibility to work commercially, and I did it; where I was really playing for the money. It wasn't playing schlock, it was a hard professional job. Maybe you'd say it was schlock, but that's okay; it was clear with me that I was doing it for the money. That was a very strong experience about what was going on because that same year that I was playing it — I was playing with Peter Nero in a trio: a good, working, commercial trio, well-paying, extremely well-organized, a lot of free time. That ESP record I made with Bob James was during that period; the record I made with Archie and the playing we did at the Newport Festival was in that time. I could do a lot of interesting things because I had so much free time. But still, before that, I was scuffling, playing in New York, weekends, anything just to get the rent together for the next week; doing what we could do, playing with everybody, things weren't great. My experiences were that when I would worry about money, the phone would ***not*** ring for that weekend gig, and when I was into the music, ***then*** the phone would ring! With the twenty-dollar gig that was going to get you through. All kinds of lessons with me and money were coming along, and it became clear to me that sure you've got to have your business head together and know how the system works, and don't be a spiritual dolt and get burned across the board but... I can't work for money. It does not work out for me. My thing is to define what the music is about for me, at that moment, that day, and of course that's a broad spiritual question about what is our relationship, you and me today. When I'm working on that one, the material side takes care of itself, with having to watch that you're working with the right person and not the wrong one and stuff like that. I don't know that I can honestly say it's a musical choice. It's more of a spiritual choice, really.

I wasn't aware then of what I'm telling you now, of that process, when I was in that scuffling, weekend-to-weekend state. To give you an idea of where I'm speaking from now I have to jump up to around 1972, when I became aware that here I am, I'm playing improvised music, or my music, or whatever you want to call it, I'm doing this thing, I'm living from it. I'm starting to have a sense of responsibility towards this organism, this society, the world, that is feeding me to do my thing. So ***now*** what's it all about? The time of choosing and sorting it out is when I arrived in Europe. I was still this two-headed person on the New York scene. I was not a shark out to get all the gigs, trying to get in all the studios and all that, because I had by then learned enough about how it will all come without having to go out and look for it....

Starting in 1964, I went on European tours about six times. I left in August of '67 on tour. For non-musical reasons I was planning to take a six-month break and go to London for six months. I did the tour and went to London. I called from the airport. I had really no friends in London except that David Izenson had given me the telephone number of Victor Schonfeld [promoter of the legendary Ornette Coleman - Farfield Hall concert in Croydon, London] — through whom I met John Stevens and through whom I played that night with John and Evan Parker in the Little Theatre Club [one of the early venues of English free improvised music], in August of '67. So I was doing my non-musical thing and that was working out fine, but I started playing with these guys. I met Chris McGregor and John Surman. Marion Brown started calling me up, saying do you want to come over to France to play some gigs. Gunter Hampel, I got invited to the free jazz festival in Baden Baden, all because there were a few records floating around here, and because I'd been on tour with people. These were all real playing gigs, so it wasn't the discovery of real playing gigs versus the professional, take-care-of-business New York gigs — I had already discovered that great pleasure — but I just kept having more and more opportunities to really play. So after six months — "well I can't leave now" — it turned into nine months, it turned into a year and a half, and that's been continuing since 1967. The opportunities to play, and to do this non-commercial, self-searching, trying to translate life to somebody

BARRE PHILLIPS (Photograph by Bill Smith)

else through the music, process that I feel very directly involved in, has been going on since then. When I do come back to the States — I don't feel this so much here in Toronto, but I sure feel it in New York and in California and in Texas, where I go, that I probably wouldn't play music if I came back. Tnat this thing about searching for the truth in life and translating it into music, is not happening here; there's something much stronger, much more direct to do, I don't know what it is — maybe it's doing what you're doing. Maybe it's going to do the printout. I don't know. I feel there's a really big difference now, with who I am today, between what's going on in North America and what's going on in Europe. I don't know if I'm copping out by staying in Europe and playing music, or not — but I don't think so.

BILL - We seem to have arrived at a second beginning of a fermentation: the evolution of the English new music when you arrived in London.

BARRE - That had been going on for probably a year and a half, two years, the people were still forming their styles. The difference in Evan Parker's music then and today is enormous; he's grown tremendously, as we all have. And of course there's Trevor Watts... well, everybody.

BILL - That music suffered as I feel the music in New York did; it also wasn't written about for many many years. The European attitude of playing improvised music I have always found to be completely different to the American attitude. Is the bass more flexible in that way, that it can go into another style... or is it simply another aspect of yourself, where you're moving about in different zones all the time? For example, American bass players always seemed to play more rhythmically than European bass players, because of where they come from.

BARRE - Yes, because of that experience, and the importance of that rhythm to the bass.

BILL - Playing with the kind of players that you played with, led eventually to that amazing Trio, with John Surman and Stu Martin and yourself. Do you feel that you, and the other Americans who went there, contributed a certain kind of experience to the European musics?

BARRE - I've heard a lot of people say that. John Surman and I both, in recent years, in reference to those records we made and in reference to the way the music went down in that band, have referred to this idea of the American thing. I knew Stu Martin in New York and we had played together there. As far as a drummer went, he was my dad. He was the first ***good*** drummer who I had played with enough to really find out my own relationship to the drums.

So when we ended up in London with John we had something going already. The rhythmic thing of it, which was mainly from Stu — I finally learned how to play time playing with Stu, because for once here was a ***real*** drummer! One of the real ones. So that time thing was brought into it, and of course Surman got off on it, because he loves playing on time, and his problem had always been a good rhythm section. Of course there were good bass players around and he'd played with Dave Holland and that was cool, and there were all those pub gigs that you can play in London — but of course The Trio didn't live in London. I'd left by that time and was living in Paris; Stu was in transit in London, but basically after the first gig of The Trio in October of 1969 we had all left London. The first gig was in Amougies, Belgium, at a rock festival.

The first period of The Trio started in October '69 and ended almost two years later, in a grand explosion; then we got back together in 1976, and stayed together about a year and a half. Then it was mostly performance music and the only record we made was with Albert Mangelsdorff as a quartet. Then it stopped in the latter part of '77, and that was it. So one really strong period, then an attempt to get it back together, which generated a lot of feel for music but never worked out on the lifestyle levels — the old problems just couldn't be gotten over.

BILL - Apart from these historic occasions, you also played as a soloist and in classical orchestras. There aren't many players who play in all those situations.

BARRE - We've got to get that part straight right now. My classical playing, which started in junior high school playing ***Scheherazade***; they just give you the bass and the bow and the part on the stand and you hit it. You know nothing about it; you hear them play ***Scheherazade*** and goddamit, play something! That was a terrific way to go. That's the way I started, and that's still the way I play classical music today. Sure, I played in orchestras until I moved to Europe, and sometimes I was paid, but I never took a season's gig in an orchestra, or even a half-time one.

Playing solo was this project with Leonard Bernstein in a composition for three jazz soloists and orchestra. Don Ellis got the gig; he brought me along and a drummer, Joe Cocuzo, and we played that piece. That's take-care-of-business stuff: you've got to read and all that. But I don't consider myself a good classical player. I know enough about the bass now and enough about music so that if I wanted to recycle myself and spend my waning years playing in the Toulon Philharmonic, I could get it together. But I'm not a classical soloist. There exists a piece, composed by Terje Rypdal, a 35-minute, 3-movement bass concerto, that I've performed twice. 65 musicians and a solo bass, I can play that because I've spent enough time learning it, I can really sing on it.

BILL - But you also worked with another composer in that period and out of that came your first solo bass record. The very idea of a solo bass record of course was a bit revolutionary.

BARRE - That's right, so I'm not a total stranger to composed music, but I'm not a Richard Davis either.

Max Schubel, a contemporary music composer, and I knew each other from New York, and had recorded one piece of music already in

BARRE PHILLIPS (Photograph by Bill Smith)

New York. He came to London to record a second piece, which we did, which is a very interesting record, and he wanted me to make source material for him to take into an electronic studio and compose with. Just bass sounds. So we rented an engineer, a couple of Revoxes and went into a church and played for three hours and at the end of the playing he said, "I can't possibly chop that up and use it for source sound; I'll find something else but I'd love to make a record of that." Because he had a small record company, Opus One. After much hesitation and hair-pulling and soul-searching I agreed to it and we edited it all up and there you are. That was a very strong moment for me, because basically I was playing everything I could think of to play, from all this stuff I'd been doing for years and years on the bass. It was kind of a catalogue. But I did sometimes get carried away and just play. It wasn't like playing a concert, the object was to produce source material. To me the way to do that was to get ***hot***, and then this stuff starts to come out.

BILL - You never really returned to the United States....

BARRE - No, just visits. A whole family thing happened in my life starting at the end of the first Trio at the end of 1971, carrying on until today, which is all Californian; it's not as if I fell in love with a French lady and started another scene (although I've fallen in love with a lot of French ladies!). My wife Mary and I found, in the countryside, a great living situation. What I've found in Europe, in terms of pursuing a more or less healthy life, which for me means living in the country, and being able to keep this soul searching process going, to me is something of a miracle, although it's really low-budget. It's not that we're making a fortune but we're alive and we've got the means to stay healthy. I feel very mystified, I won't say "privileged", that I've been able to do this. I have a great respect for the situation I'm in, because I'm serious about what I'm doing. That's my discipline, my guru, my life situation, and my trying to get the right notes down on paper or out of the horn or whatever I'm being called upon to do.

We live in the south of France, about 25 miles from the town of Toulon, very reminiscent of middle-California foothill country. We found some old abandoned ruins that we managed to get a hold of, where we could live for a minimum amount of money in a quite nice place. I don't know if we'll stay there forever, I'm just flowing with the energy. Our kids are all grown up now, it's great: they're there and all that stuff, but nobody really needs mom and dad anymore. So I feel that this place and this situation that has served our family so well, could continue on and be very beneficial, but its great years are over, although maybe there will be some other cycles going on. But for the kids, especially in their teens, to have this option between California and the south of France, of a completely different lifestyle, was very important in our family, although that particular function is finished now. I feel free to say hey, this has been a great experience, but now I want to go to Berlin; or Chicago; or wherever. I feel free that way as far as energies go. At the same time where I am living, where I do participate in that community to some extent, if I decided to stay and start my own scene there, there is everything to do: the horizons are wide open, there is an enormous need for it, and somehow I feel that's something I'm supposed to do some day: teach. I think it's a very positive thing to do and I feel motivated to do it, spiritually and intellectually, but I don't feel ready yet.

As far as the present teaching situation goes, I see people coming out of institutions who have learned their saxophone scales and have learned composition and arranging. I see a good codification and probably diffusion of information, but I don't know about the spirit side of things, and the whole thing about expression — whether it's improvised music or not. I feel normal education lacks consideration of the expressive side of things. That's a very European problem, so I don't know if that applies in North America or not. Jazz music is so much more than technique and knowledge and scales and this and that; it's the whole thing about life — and how do you teach that? Is it something that you want to teach? In Europe you see this so strongly. With the guys who grew up in the sixties, they've come to understand about self-expression, but the younger musicians who are studying and playing more normal jazz — older jazz music, the bebop revival and so on — they don't have the foggiest idea about the life aspect of it. There are whole schools being run by people who don't have the foggiest idea of what it's all really about. I think it's an extremely interesting problem. These two opposing things of a free lifestyle and a formalized musical material, how they are incompatible, how they are compatible — are they compatible? Maybe they aren't compatible at all. I haven't gone after it, you see; I haven't had to say, here's this guy offering me a teaching job (because nobody's offered me a teaching job), so I've had the luxury of not having to say no.

BILL - However some of your old compatriots — Archie Shepp, Bill Dixon, Marion Brown come immediately to mind — are teaching. Do you have any idea of what they do? Because I think it might be quite wonderful to have Archie Shepp as a teacher. Maybe there's one who has both those things together.

BARRE - Maybe, I've never experienced what they do.

BILL - Is your philosophy based on a formal religion of some kind?

BARRE - No, my religion is my bass. What I've found in all of this, is that I'm taking something and I'm trying to sort out what to give back. I took for a long time before I realized that I had to give something back. It's the relationship I have with the instrument. Just me and the instrument off in a room alone, that's at the bottom of it all as far as something I can count on as truth. My growth, my aliveness, happens through my ear. As I tune myself up through that instrument — because it's got so many wonderful stories to tell me — then I really see my road in front of me, in terms of realizing the instrument. I get a very clear and solid picture of where I'm at, any time I want to check it out, from playing my instrument.

Edited, typeset, and prepared for publication by David Lee.

PIANISTS

HOWARD RILEY

Facets
Impetus 38002 (3 records)

Howard Riley, Keith Tippett, piano duo.

First Encounter — Two In One (Parts 1 and 2)/ Twenty-First Century Blues

Riley; Barry Guy, bass; John Stevens, drums.

Organic — Just/One Way/Ontology

Riley, piano solo.

Trisect — Phases 1, 2, 3/Transition/Phase 4/ Coda

STUART BROOMER

Annihilated Surprise
Ugly Dog 33UDR2

Wind/Discreet/Dedication/China

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating."

None of the musicians on these albums "beats time" as Alice did; each attempts to control and shape it to his own individual vision. Any one of them, indeed, might appear to be the Mad Hatter who would rather confront "time" directly than merely waste it; and time is freely engaged on all sides of these recordings, though time itself is not the sole concern here. Texture, tonal colour, freedom from conventional modes are all factors which must also be taken into consideration.

From the 3-record set, it would seem logical to begin with Riley, in solo performance, as he is the connecting link in all compositions. ***Trisect*** is ostensibly music for three pianos, though, in reality, the performer has overdubbed two additional takes over a first take. All are valid statements, each organically growing out of the previous performance. Riley cites this work as an "improvisation within a preordained formal framework," a much more controlled composition, apparently, than he usually generates in live performances. I found it decidedly fresh, introspective music — and appealingly lyrical. Despite the plasticity and complexity of its individual parts, it possessed a remarkably solid cohesiveness in form and impression. There is a surety of conviction in Riley's playing that captures the imagination; he employs both hands powerfully in strongly contrapuntal, orchestral-like fashion, shaping a dense network of colours and textures. The piano becomes not so much an instrument in the hands of a keyboard artist as an extension of his ideas, fully explored for its capacity to reveal those concepts. He does not, like Alice, simply mark time; he utilizes it in a spontaneous improvisatorial manner in a search for a unique, non-imitative voice.

Unlike the Hatter's cohort, The March Hare, who remains fearfully restricted to the idea that "it's always six o'clock," Riley, in duo pairing with fellow musician Keith Tippett, willingly undertakes new challenges in ***First Encounter***. Tippett is much more attuned to a sense of melody and modal forms; yet, he too can take on the role of improviser, extending musical barriers beyond fixed frontiers. His alliances with the likes of Derek Bailey and Louis Moholo, his experiments with large group orchestrations (Centipede, Ark), and his own recent duo and solo recordings give evidence of his catholicity of interest and involvement in music. The results are intriguing. It is an intricate meeting of minds and styles. A hesitant opening dialogue soon coalesces into harmonious accord, full of rapid interaction and shimmering clusters of piano conversation. An immense range of common discourse follows: subtle, yet strikingly intense; vividly rhythmical (end of ***Part 1***); evocatively dramatic and mysterious (opening of ***Part 2***); relaxed and whimsical (***Blues***). The surety and dexterity of both men, freely responding to one another ("There was no prior rehearsal or even discussion about the music.") would seem to quell any argument that a totally improvised music lacks any sense of meaningful progression or unity of statement. Not so when two musicians of this calibre and conviction get together with "a desire to play and share musical experiences." Only the concluding audience "participation" mars this performance; what was needed here was a Louis to cry out, as only he could, "Shut up, boy."

The trio sides, with bassist Barry Guy and percussionist John Stevens, no strangers themselves to spontaneous ensemble work (with Paul Rutherford, Trevor Watts), present still another dimension. The three work well together, harmonically and sympathetically, yet each retains a freedom to search out his own particular phrasing individually, "eliminating the more obvious conventions of role-playing" as the notes suggest. The result is, as depicted in the title, ***Organic***, a three-faceted musical organism. Side 4, ***Ontology***, seems the culminating piece, growing naturally out of the sum of its previous parts; layer upon layer of sound is built up at a tremendous pace until all the kinetic energy has been used up and the final form is resolved in its static completeness. It is, perhaps, the most challenging work of all here, rich in textures, demanding in the ultimate effects it strives to achieve, perverse, at times, in its admixture of contrasting moods.

If there is a Mad Hatter in the making, one

PIANO VARIATIONS

who might not only confound Alice but the listener as well, it must surely be Stuart Broomer. His appearances on record are as rare as a tea-party on a front lawn on a cold December day. And that is unfortunate, for he is a gifted musician with, I suspect, a wry sense of humour, as well as an abundance of musical talent. It has been well over a decade now since I watched him kill a piano at Mackenzie's Corner House (now defunct), mesmerizing the audience in the process with a display of pyrotechnical virtuosity the likes of which I had not seen before; all parts of that instrument were brought into play before its ultimate demise. He appeared much later on a 1976 recording with Toronto musician Bill Smith (***Coda*** editor-publisher), "Conversatión Pieces" (Onari 002) — both as accompanist and soloist, again with equally fascinating results. And now, seven years later, he has resurfaced once more — at last.

Like Riley's, his is an organic music, with a feeling of immediacy about it, its direction evolving rather than being preplanned. It is a non-centred music, concepts, drawn from diverse sources, changing rapidly; its unpredictability is part of its appeal.

Discreet, for example, is a playful title tokened by the approach taken by the musicians as they develop a sense of restrained tension, a hesitancy of tight strings, plucked wires, delicate brushwork and jittery keys. Mars's composition, ***Wind***, is strongly impressionistic, capturing the very essence of its title; it is filled with gentle rustles and sudden gusts of sound. John Mars is a new name to me; his competency is unquestioned. ***China***, which takes up the entire second side, depicts a land of contrasting moods, a place where old and new coexist, complex by nature. I find Broomer's compositions very visual experiences, a music linked inextricably to time and place, a music steeped in strong imagery; one senses here the China of ancient temples blended, in the furious rapid accelerations and sudden anticlimactic descents, with a China of industry and promise for the future.

None of the above compositions lends itself readily to what might be deemed "memorable" music; yet what does remain is the immediacy of the experience, the mutual understanding generated among musicians themselves, and the sincerity of the efforts to break new ground in musical expression.

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject..."

I have little doubt but that all these musicians would find creative answers to Alice's dilemma. — ***John Sutherland***

HARRY de WIT

Wantij (solo piano)
Data 831

It seems unlikely that the music of Harry de Wit is known to many Coda readers, and as attitudes towards listening are based, for the most part, on preconceived familiarity, perhaps a short description of his exploits over the past decade is in order. He is a Dutch composer, born in 1952, who started his career as an improvising musician mainly playing the piano. He developed into a composer and designer of instruments, and the basis of this development is due to his interest in the relationships between music, the arts of design, dance, and theatre. Although this recording under review is dealing with his particular stance toward the grand piano, something in the liner notes helps us to imagine the possible extent to which he can project his investigations.

"His special interest in timbre resulted in a series of musical and theatrical experiments with various self-designed musical instruments. Examples are his playing enormous brass records, while the dancers act as a kind of tight string; his constructing and playing wooden organ-pipes of more than a man's height which at the same time are spacial objects; his designing and playing the 'kostrument,' plastic overalls which de Wit slaps rhythmically while wearing them, the sound of the slapping is electrically amplified." He is obviously not to be confused, in any way, with an American 'jazz' pianist.

When I was first attempting to become a saxophonist, I was most fortunate to become friends with the Canadian pianist Stuart Broomer, and although I knew that such composers as John Cage were utilising more than just the keyboard of the piano, it was through him that I first experienced the total manifestations of the piano as an orchestral sound source. In the early seventies Broomer made me aware, first hand, what the terminology 'prepared piano' really meant. His use of lightweight objects such as plastic tape reels, ping pong balls and tin foil pie plates, which he manipulated by placing on the strings of the concert piano, created such an array of percussion effects, that a new thought pertaining to the piano being a 'tuneful' drum, emerged. It made one consider, with some wonder, the interior of that beautiful instrument, for now there was not only the thought of approaching the piano with different stylistic concepts, but developing, to a great degree, the overtone and percussive qualities of it.

Over the last decade it has become a quite common practice to make sound effects from inside of the concert grand, even to the extent of becoming mundane. With this thought in mind, Harry de Wit has avoided the novelty aspect by carefully planning compositions as studies of particular 'prepared' techniques.

The compositions, ***Ken***, ***Kazuko*** and ***Wantij***, are all prepared with the use of tape reels, or similar objects. With ***Ken*** and ***Kazuko***, the major difference is quite fundamental, in that he either touched with his hand, the reels, or not. When the reels are subdued by hand, and the piano is being played in a vaguely repetitious manner, the resulting effect is somewhat akin to that of a sock cymbal (high hat) closing off its ring. ***Kazuko***, then, becomes something of an extension without the suppression of vibration (the removing of the hand).

Wantij is perhaps the accumulation of these described techniques, as de Wit brings them together for a display that integrated his 'normal' piano techniques with his preparations, often making himself appear to be a rhythm/melody 'combo.'

Sustain and ***Indigo*** take us, unlike the previous discussion, which I consider vertical action, into horizontal motion. The two pieces, although similar in attitude, in result have no real connection. ***Sustain*** is self-explained. The long pedal is held fixed, while a bass drone, possibly produced by a percussion mallet, brings about a somewhat irritating vibration that affects one's temples and the nerve centre at the base of the neck, only to be relieved by treble embellishments. ***Indigo*** is comprised of layers of overlapping vibrations, that set the amazing grand piano overtones in motion. One realises at this point that electronic music, for all its variety, has to be developed considerably before it can begin to even crudely emulate the sounds of natural order. The drama of this piece is enlarged with ominous bass thumps, and by rubbing the treble strings with an object in a swishing movement.

Tupi and ***Bo*** are both unprepared, seeming like an introduction to an occasion that simply never occurs, and ***Pauline*** is somewhat undistinguished in the preceding company.

As a jazz listener, I have not always been interested in the hordes of solo piano records that have appeared in the marketplace in the last decade, mostly because they rely entirely on the selection of songs appealing to one's romantic notion of form, and the stylistic interpretations of the performer. That is not to say nothing pleases me about the jazz system, but a lack of variety has made me investigate the possiblities that someone with the mind of a Harry de Wit presents.

This recording can be purchased from Data Records, G. Flinckstraat 237, Amsterdam, Netherlands. Stuart Broomer has recorded on the Onari label (with Bill Smith), available from Sackville Recordings, Box 87 Stn. J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8. — ***Bill Smith***

GREEK MUSICIANS

MINAS ALEXIADES

Integra
Praxis GM 1001

SAKIS PAPADIMITRIOU and FLOROS FLORIDIS

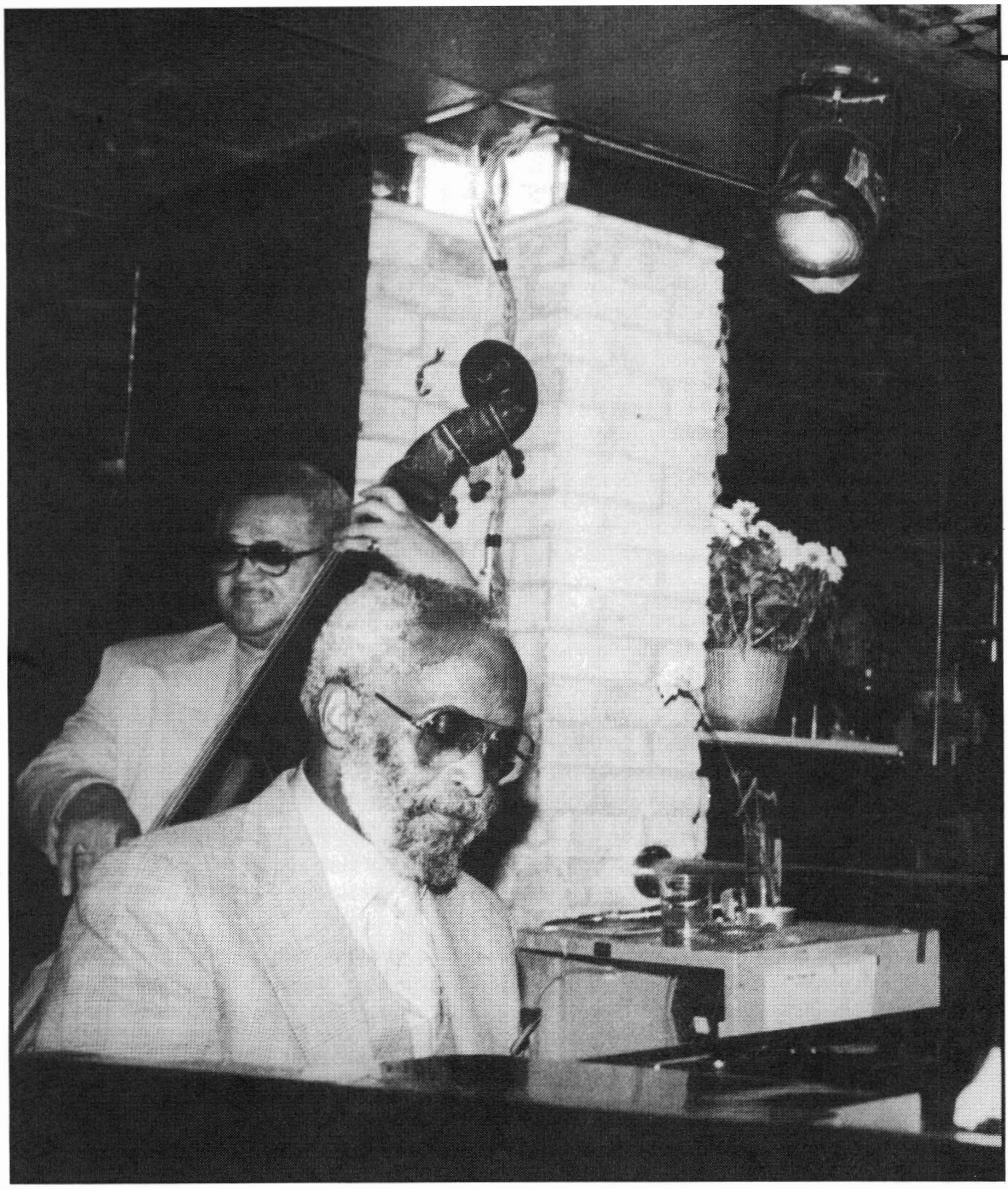
Improvising At Barakos
Improvisation Series 1 & 2

SAKIS PAPADIMITRIOU

Piano Plays
Leo Records LR 111

These three albums should not be overlooked, although the second will prove difficult to locate. They indicate that Greek musicians are creating — and will likely continue creating — stimulating improvised music.

PIANO VARIATIONS



JUNIOR MANCE AND MARTIN RIVERA (Photograph by Bill Smith)

PIANO VARIATIONS

Minas Alexiades's debut album from December 1981 suggests that he is a pianist of some promise. While not bound by pianistic conventions, he nonetheless reflects the mood and some of the idiosyncratic chords of Thelonious Monk on ***Daydreamer*** and pays homage obliquely to the other founder and master of bop piano on ***Not So Bud***. Primarily, though, Alexiades strives for the new, for the previously unheard.

Strangely enough, Alexiades is most effective on ***Song For I.A.***, the most introspective and conventional of the album's eight tunes. The reasons: he is concerned with nuance to a greater degree than elsewhere and he does not overindulge his technique. To illustrate, ***Daydreamer*** is essentially a series of chords with practically no note having a value less than a whole note. On ***Afrodiet*** he goes to the other extreme by offering a series of right-hand runs with practically no note of greater value than an eight note. The title tune features a series of circular figures. On two of the tracks he plucks and/or strums the strings; on another, he plays various percussion instruments. So, while the album contains great variety, each individual piece does not. Still, Alexiades takes risks and creates some provocative music that is occasionally emotionally powerful.

Pianist Sakis Papadimitriou and saxophonist (usually soprano but also alto) Floros Floridis recorded a two-record album in Athens in April 1979. They create free music of a high order. Floridis plays an intense unaccompanied alto solo on ***Alto, 0, 5***; Papadimitriou, a ruminative solo piano on ***Intermission***. The other eight pieces are duets.

The duets never become tedious or boring because the musicians shift moods, alter techniques, and generally create a rich texture within each performance. Floridis favors the soprano's upper register, but he leaves it frequently enough to suggest the instrument's total range. Papadimitriou is unpredictable: he follows Floridis's lead on the opening piece but assumes the leading role on another; he plays with great speed and volume at one moment and slowly and quietly the next; he plays the piano's keys and then the strings only; he plays free and then infuses some gospel licks. But above all else the musicians are comfortable together and anticipate each other's direction. The result is free music of considerable quality.

Papadimitriou plays solo on "Piano Plays," a 1983 album recorded in London. It is a rewarding release, and it is also instructive when heard in conjunction with the earlier album. Here Papadimitriou has no foil, no one to whom to respond. As a result, he is more relaxed than earlier. He plays energetically but not frantically. There is a definite sense of an older, more mature, and more confident musician at work. Yes, he creates some futuristic music, but he tends to investigate the lower register, with its resonance, even when plucking the strings. His sound is decidedly percussive, as if to suggest a solid rooting in reality. Papadimitriou has arrived.

The Alexiades album is instructive — and will be even more so later — as the first recorded document of a young pianist of promise. I recommend the duet album for the excellent interplay between Papadimitriou and Floridis. I recommend the Papadimitriou solo album for its musical quality and as a recording by which to gauge his considerable development since 1979. — ***Benjamin Franklin V***

KEITH JARRETT

Standards, Volume 1
ECM 92 37931

Jarrett, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

This record divides itself neatly into sides — a good one and a bad.. The first side features generally successful reworkings of three standards. The first, and best, is the haunting ***The Meaning Of The Blues***, a relatively obscure song by Bobby Troup, with words by Leah Worth. (A fine vocal version can be found on an album by Toni Harper called "Night Mood," arranged and conducted by Marty Paich on RCA, 1960). Without ever stating the melody in its entirety, Jarrett and company subject the song to an exhilarating exploration which turns up several haunting melodies of its own. The other tracks on side one, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's ***All The Things You Are*** and Rodgers and Hart's ***It Never Entered My Mind***, are the best vehicles on the album for the trio as a whole. On ***All The Things You Are***, Jarrett begins with the chorus, then deliberately states the verse, before he and Gary Peacock and Jack DeJohnette take off. Peacock contributes a bass solo on this song and an especially beautiful solo on its successor.

The second side begins with ***The Masquerade Is Over***, by Allie Wrubel and Herbert Magidson, taken at a jaunty pace which ignores the deep melancholy of the song. I am grateful to this record for leading me to a marvellous vocal interpretation of this song by the late Marvin Gaye, on his very first album "The Soulful Moods Of Marvin Gaye" (Motown, 1961), reissued on Natural Resources, 1978), also an album of standards. The mood of ***The Masquerade Is Over*** as Gaye sings it is agonised, rueful, obsessive — one wonders if Jarrett is

playing the same song.

The gospel-rock version of ***God Bless The Child*** which takes up the bulk of side two seems particularly pointless. The relatively rigid structure precludes extended solos and reduces DeJohnette to a metronome.

A word of warning — Jarrett's vocal accompaniments have become louder over the years, and are now seriously distracting.

— Chris Probert

JUNIOR MANCE

For Dancers Only
Sackville 3031

The Tender Touch
Nilva NQ 3405

Once upon a time a popular jazz artist would be in the recording studio every several weeks. But that was because the product was a 78-rpm record that called for a pair of three-minute performances, and a four-song session was par. Now we come to 1983 and find Junior Mance and Martin Rivera recording complete LP albums just a couple of months apart. On April 1 in New York they made the session released on Nilva, a Swiss label. July 3 found them in Toronto recording for Sackville. From an artistic standpoint, it's all good music and worth having on record. From a consumer's standpoint, a choice may have to be made.

Mance has been playing his piano a good many years and has teamed with bass-player Rivera for a long time. This is one of those effective piano-bass collaborations where the bass-playing is an integral part of the music, rather than simply rhythmic support. The two are compatible, with Rivera geared sympathetically to Mance's individualistic approach. Mance is expert at manipulating the tempo and dynamics to achieve orchestral effects, all the while working his deeply ingrained form — the blues base. Rivera, for his part, has a clean plucking style and he matches his touch to the requirements of the moment to achieve the desired effect. Not for him the buzz and burr that afflict the playing of so many bass players today.

The playing time of both records is generous, with Sackville offering seven tracks to Nilva's five. To these ears, the added variety provided by the extra tracks is preferable. The seven numbers are well-related. They include two of Mance's own, ***Harlem Lullaby*** and ***Run Em Around***, Horace Silver's ***Come On Home***, the Duke's ***Prelude To A Kiss***, a long exploration of ***Summertime***, ***Girl Of My Dreams*** and the album's title piece, Sy Oliver's ***For Dancers Only***. This array makes up into an excellent program, with good variety and balance. It is a little harder to do with Nilva's five cuts, and not all of the material has the built-in quality of the Sackville set. Whatever happens here, more of it is owed to the interpretive powers of the pianist than the subject matter. The orientation is more to the popular song than jazz material, which may please some. There's ***Shadow Of Your Smile***, ***Emily***, Jobim's ***Wave***, George Harrison's ***Something***, which is played like a pocket size concerto, and Ray Bryant's ***I Don't Care***, the only piece that's in the basic blues idiom. In this instance, we get no original Mance blues excursions.

All the songs get the benefit of a worked-out concept. Effective interpretation, carefully developed, is given preference to spontaneous invention. These are structured performances, built to a design, where Mance can exercise his command of techniques and his bag full of favourite licks. Every number has a thrust and a message of its own. This is true of both records because it's true of Mance. However, he does seem to get deeper into his playing on the Sackville set, perhaps because of the raw material he's working from. For those interested in reading about Mance's life and music, Sackville, in another of its superior productions, offers extensive liner notes.

— Dick Neeld

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM

Ekaya
Ekapa 005

Abdullah Ibrahim, piano; Carlos Ward, alto saxophone, flute; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Dick Griffin, trombone; Cecil McBee, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Ekaya/Sotho Blue/Nytilo, Nytilo/Bra Timing From Phomlong/Ek se ou Windhoek toe nou/ Cape Town

Nourished by the rich folklore and traditions of his native South Africa, Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) has absorbed much from the Afro-American idiom as well. A master storyteller and musician, he has become quite adept at blending these two distinct but related forms into a unique and fluent language. On "Ekaya" (one of his several recent releases) he focuses on broadening the orchestral aspects of his music. Assembling some of New York's finest, Ibrahim entices the listener with a joyous celebration of sound and rhythm.

The choice of material contains an abundant variety of moods and textures that present a continual challenge to the members of this stellar septet. A strong empathy established between the various players accounts for the brisk, shouting riffs and spicy interplay generated by the ensemble.

Individually, each sideman maintains a consistently high level of performance. This is especially true of saxophonist Carlos Ward, whose close association with Ibrahim has developed into a fertile and mutually beneficial relationship. Their duet on the hauntingly beautiful ***Nytilo, Nytilo*** is particularly noteworthy. For the most part Ward sticks to the alto and his wailing, vocally-inflected sound can definitely stir the emotions. On the easy, laid-back ***Cape Town*** there is a generous sampling of his lush flute work as well.

Tasty, adaptable, creative — these are but a few of the terms that quickly come to mind when discussing tenorman Ricky Ford. Here he shows once again why he is held in such high esteem by so many of his peers. Besides working his muted shadings into some of the ensemble passages, the largely overlooked Dick Griffin also manages to dish up a few delectable morsels of his own. It's good to see Charles Davis returning to the baritone after forsaking it some time ago to concentrate exclusively on tenor. He wields the larger horn with considerable skill, adding depth to the horn section as well as substance to his solos.

Ibrahim does not solo in any strict sense of the word. Instead, he prefers to work more or less behind the scenes, orchestrating as it were from the keyboard. Ably assisted by the very capable team of McBee and Riley, he lays the groundwork as his undulating rhythms work their way through strategically-placed chords. This is without doubt one of the most satisfying records I have encountered so far this year.

— Gerard Futrick

ART HODES

South Side Memories
Sackville 3032

It's heartening to see Art Hodes get some of the recognition on record he deserves. There were years, too many to recall, when he hardly laid down a note on vinyl (some Delmark band sides in the sixties were the most notable).

But now, through a process of rediscovery, Hodes's unique and heartfelt pianistic talents are getting wider play, in solo performances recorded on tours of the U. S. and elsewhere. This Sackville outing (his first for the label), recorded in Toronto, is one of the best. Hodes also writes the liner notes in the moving, evocative style that's a perfect corollary to his piano playing.

Hodes plays numbers strongly associated with his musical education, when Chicago's South Side was the burgeoning center of jazz. ***Melancholy***, ***Willie The Weeper*** and Ory's ***Savoy Blues*** recall Armstrong and the Savoy Ballroom ("...Remember the night King Oliver, (Wingy) Mannone and myself stood at attention while Mannone and myself stood at attention while Louis carried on. And he could...He could have been elected Mayor of the South Side if there was such an office; he was that popular..."). Hodes's sparse, rolling piano brings those moments alive.

Cakewalkin' Babies From Home was a Clarence Williams tune Louis and Bechet recorded, back when; ***London Blues*** and ***The Pearls*** are, of course, Jelly Roll Morton's, but Hodes gives them his own distinct blues-saturated interpretation. Same with ***Mamie's Blues*** (credited to Mamie Desdune but immortalised by Morton in his Library of Congress recordings). ***I Know That You Know*** was a Chicago band favourite.

Hodes contributes three originals — ***South Side Memories***, ***Blues Keep Callin'*** and ***It's A Happening***, in a style fans have come to recognise that is uniquely Art Hodes, from his classic Blue Note band sides to the present. It's a style distilled to its bare essence from the blues — and from years of living and creating music, for the most part, in the South Side of Chicago.

— Al Van Starrex

PIANO VARIATIONS

FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DE JAZZ DE MONTREAL

June 29 — July 8, 1984

IN PERFORMANCE

1984 marked the fifth anniversary of the FIJM, and as promised organisers Simard and Menard put together the biggest and best jazz extravaganza this city has ever seen. With eight separate series featuring no less than fifty big bames (eighty per cent of whom were jazz musicians), plus 350 free concerts, Andre Menard could confidently boast, "this year we surpassed New York's Kool Festival in the number of concerts and variety of music offered."

As in past years, the St-Denis area was the scene for most of the music. And each night the street, bars, cafes and concert venues were packed with an assortment of music lovers, tourists, voyeurs and boozers, giving the festival its characteristic carnival atmosphere.

While I probably heard as many of the acts as anyone, logistics and fatigue made it impossible to catch more than half of what went on between 5 p.m. and 2 a.m. But half was fine enough, especially with the new "Pianissima" and the mid-night "Jazz Dans La Nuit" series.

The former featured some really top-notch talent — Kenny Barron, Michel Petrucciani, Paul Bley, Joanne Brackeen, Sir Roland Hanna, Martial Solal, Oliver Jones and Steve Kuhn. And appropriately Barron opened the program. Over the past twenty years he has quietly become as distinctive and engaging a pianist as his immediate predecessors Tommy Flanagan and Wynton Kelly. And with his current solo repertoire — Strayhorn's ***Star-Crossed Lovers*** and ***A Prelude To A Kiss***, Monk's ***Mysterioso*** and ***Rhythm-A-Ning***, and standards such as ***Softly As In A Morning Sunrise*** and ***Spring Is Here*** — he serves up a moving tribute to jazz's rich piano tradition. Rocking stride, Tatumesque runs, and elegant and hard-nosed bop are all rendered with personal taste and intensity: not an academic pastiche, but a poetic vision of what jazz music is and can be.

Michel Petrucciani came as a big surprise. With all the advanced hype, I really didn't want to like the guy. But one solo performance was enough to turn that all around. Petrucciani is his own man. He's got ideas and can easily translate them on to the keyboard with affection and conviction. Classics such as ***Very Early***, ***Nardis***, ***Someday My Prince Will Come*** and Ornette's ***Turn Around*** were all treated masterfully.

Any performance by Paul Bley is special since his visits to his home town are few and far between. On this occasion the concert format was as offbeat as could be. Bley nonchalantly sauntered on to the stage to the hearty applause of a full house, then opened with a thirty minute recital of improvisational vignettes which was followed by ninety minutes of exits and ten-minute encores. It was both hilarious and marvellous because once again Bley had come home to take care of business on his own terms. His spontaneous creations had all sorts of timbral and rhythmic intrigue; touches of bop and stride surfaced occasionally; and of course the bluesy refrains never failed to keep it all in focus. Maybe next year we will get an opportunity to hear Bley ramble with a rhythm section — say, Gary Peacock and Barry Altschul.

Martial Solal, who was last here some twenty years ago with Teddy Kotick and Paul Motian, was no less impressive than the others. Solal's prodigious technique and stylistic flair are astounding. A kind of modern blend of Tatum and Garner, seemingly he can interpret and express any idea in any way at will — thick percussive chords, melodic paraphrases, fleeting embellishments and much more are at his command. Respectful bows to Duke (***Caravan***, ***Sophisticated Lady***), Monk (***Well You Needn't***, ***'Round Midnight***) and Bud (***I'll Remember April***, ***All The Things You Are***) are all made, but throughout Solal lets it be known that wit and soul, not pyrotechnics, are the essence of his extraordinary muse.

"Jazz Dans La Nuit," an innovation from last year, offered a fine program of "pure" and "contemporary" jazz: everything from Sam Rivers's The Winds Of Manhattan to The Great Guitars of Kessel/Ellis/Byrd. And for a mere $60 one could buy a membership to the entire program. For me top honours went to Dollar Brand's Ekaya (see ***Coda*** 197, page 33) and David Murray's octet, with Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, the Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan Quintet, Freddie Hubbard's All-Stars and the Davis/Wadud/Newton Trio not far behind.

Murray's octet proved to be a perfect vehicle for the tenor saxophonist's catchy tunes and bittersweet arrangements from the fiery ***Fast Life*** to the infectious ***Flowers For Albert***. Most of the fireworks came from the leader himself led the troops with grit and sweet rhpasody who. And cornetist Olu Dara really charmed the crowd: sporting a full tone, he always percolated with smart humour.

Murray was also on hand to perform with Jack DeJohnette's latest Special Edition which included John Purcell (reeds), Howard Johnson (baritone/tuba) and Rufus Reid (bass). I think this edition is the best since the breakup of the original. Playing with all the energy you would expect, the group hit with its fast cooker ***Tin***

MARTIAL SOLAL (Photograph by Peter Danson)

Can Alley, plus performed a heart-felt rendition of ***Monk's Mood*** (Johnson's arrangement) and a no-nonsense tribute entitled ***Ahmad The Terrible***.

The Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan Quintet put in as polished and invigorating a performance of bop and modern mainstream as you will hear anywhere. ***Red Arrow***, ***Sprint***, ***Greensleeves***, ***Giant Steps*** and ***Speak Like A Child*** were the order of the day with the two veterans blowing hot on numerous trumpet exchanges.

Freddie Hubbard made it clear that he was anything but washed up. Strutting about the stage as cocky as ever, he played with all the fire and confidence to deliver on ***Epistrophy***, ***Bebop***, ***Birdlike*** and ***Rhythm-A-Ning***. Petrucciani, who performed in "Pianissimo" only two hours before, was one of the All-Stars, and even though he was not entirely familiar with the repertoire, he often ate the tunes up once he got hold of the changes.

The Davis/Wadud/Newton ensemble presented the most unusual and least idiomatic music of the series. The threesome hadn't performed their trio music in quite a while, so they arrived two days early to rehearse. And the results couldn't have been better: delicate, chamber-styled interplay full of evocative moods at once serene, suspenseful and turbulent.

"Les Grands Concerts Belvedere" had a slew of big name acts: Buddy Rich, Toshiko Akiyoshi & Lew Tabackin, Lionel Hampton, Carmen McRae, Mercer Ellington, Egberto Gismonti & Nana Vasconcelos, Vic Vogel, Phil Woods, plus a "Hommage au Jazz Francais." La piece de resistance though was a special concert at the Montreal Forum where Oscar Peterson was paired up with Jean-Luc Ponty and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra under the direction of the celebrated Charles Dutoit.

The "Hommage au Jazz Francais" included performances by many of ***the*** premier French-speaking jazz musicians: Martial Solal, Maurice Vander, the Michel Portal/Francois Jeanneau/Daniel Humair/Henri Texier Quartet, and the Didier Lockwood/Philip Catherine/Christian Escoude Trio. Unfortunately the tribute was part of a live CBC broadcast which meant only fifteen minutes per group and numerous commercial breaks throughout. The audience understandably became very perturbed by this silliness and showed its displeasure by loud choruses of boos. Those in the know, however, had the good sense to catch many of the French musicians earlier in the week on St-Denis and at some of the concert venues.

I made a point to hear Carmen McRae: I have a real soft spot for classy jazz vocalists. A good portion of her repertoire featured tunes immortalised by Lady Day and Nat King Cole. And McRae is one of the few who knows how to swing such melodies with personal grace and charm. There's little artifice in her manner, just a natural feel for what to accent, and how and when to turn a phrase.

The Spectrum was the scene of two series. True to its name, the late-night "Contrastes" consisted of a veritable potpourri of blues, reggae, African and latin music — Blood Ulmer, Bruce Cockburn, Oliver Lake, the Itals, Johnny Copeland, John Mayall, Paul Butterfield, Pierre Akendengue, Ray Barretto and Astor Piazzola. The new "Jazz Beat" program offered Bobby McFerrin, Richie Cole, Tania Maria, Gato Barbieri, Gary Burton, Stephane Grappelli, Stanley Turrentine, Sonny Rollins, Portal/Jeanneau/Humair/Texier, and the Heath Brothers.

Between the two series, you could say there was the makings of a major latin program with the Argentinian tango master Astor Piazzola as the surprise attraction. Those who missed Piazzola's Spectrum concert fortunately had a chance to hear his "Old World cafe music" right on St-Denis two nights later. At the festival's end, organisers announced that a series devoted entirely to latin music was on the agenda for next year.

Pat Metheny's new trio of Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins played at Club Soda for five consecutive nights, and as you might expect, the rhythm section merrily turned things upside down for the folks.

Robert Daudelin and Walter de Morenschildt organised another fine "Cine-Jazz" program which comprised, among other things, a homage to Count Basie, an entertaining Sun Ra feature, an educational John Carter/Bobby Bradford short, plus a thirty-minute portrait of Nelson Symonds. The latter came by way of local jazz fan and cineaste Mary Ellen Davis, and her profile was fittingly modest and warm.

Acoustic jazz pianist Lorraine Desmarais took top honours at the "Concours de Jazz Yamaha" as expected. Regrettably this local competition continues to feature an inordinate number of fusion bands. On the other hand, first-class local and Canadian jazz bands were presented in numerous alternative settings.

It was nice to see an increased number of groups opening for the big names — Rene Lussier for Ulmer, Pierre St-Jak for Saunders, Guy Nadon for Akiyoshi & Tabackin, Karen Young, Michel Donato and Guido Basso for Ellington, and Fraser MacPherson for Stanley Turrentine. MacPherson's fine quartet of Oliver Gannon (guitar), Steve Wallace (bass) and Jake Hanna (drums) had just come off a twenty-five-city tour of the Soviet Union. And while the leader was not too sure his style would go over very well with an audience which had come out for Turrentine, by the end there was no question he had won the hearts of everyone in attendance.

Time conflicts prevented me from catching any of the very popular "Jazz Sur Le Vif" series which showcased some superb talent: Peter Leitch, Dave Turner/Ron DiLauro, Claude Ranger and Bob Mover. Jean Derome's La Grande Aventure again delighted Saint-Denis crowds with their special Brechtian-styled street music. And it was also refreshing to catch vocalist Ming Lee on one of the three St-Denis stages. Whereas others often render jazz melodies in an all too corny or maudlin fashion, on standards such as Clifford Brown's ***Joy Spring***, Lee exudes an infectious enthusiasm which never fails to swing.

One significant innovation was initiated by the musicians themselves this year: the jam session. During the festival, pianist Pierre Leduc, bassist Ron Seguin and drummer Camil Belisle performed late-night sets in the lobby of the host hotel. And it didn't take long before musicians began to sit in. It all started during the wee hours of the fifth day when saxophonists Bob Mover and Jed Levy took charge, followed by smilin' Billy Higgins. On subsequent days, folks like Charlie Haden, Philip Catherine, Martial Solal and Ed Curry joined into the fray. Mover was also responsible for getting things going at St-Denis's Le Faubourg with Don Alias, Nelson Symonds, Terry Clarke and Neil Swainson. It is to be hoped that infomran encounters will become the norm in the future.

With attendance at seventy per cent capacity — ticket sales up to 75,000, a fifty per cent

increase of last year's — plus an estimated total of 300,000 visitors, Simard and Menard had an awful lot to be happy about. After five short years the FIJM stands as a remarkable musical and financial success: a tribute, not only to the organisers' professionalism, but also to Montreal jazz fans whose openness to all kinds of music has given this city a prestigious place in the international jazz festival community.

The FIJM, however, was not without its detractors. For one ***Le Journal de Montreal***, the largest local tabloid, complained that the event lacked a certain passion. But coming from a paper whose commitment to the music only lasts as long as the festival itself, this comment came as a pitiful insult.

If the FIJM was at all deficient, I would say it lacked a certain cohesiveness and had reached rather unwieldy proportions. The urban setting, though, even one as attractive as the St-Denis quartier, doesn't really lend itself to the sort of unifying musical experience that, for instance, was common at the seaside environs of the original festivals. It could also be said that "le grand spectacle" character of the FIJM is very much in keeping with Montreal's personality and international image. As host of Expo '67, the 1976 Olympics, and now the World Film Festival, this city's economic and cultural identity is clearly tied up with big shows.

On the other hand, the FIJM is a non-profit organisation and as such it perhaps has a responsibility to go beyond its present mandate to provide a stage for world-class and local jazz at bargain prices. It may be time to return to one of the original features of the early festivals — the workshop. The atelier concept is very important for the survival of the music in the modern era. Plus, to provide a setting in which the true masters and pedagogues of jazz, people like Barry Harris and Elvin Jones, pass on their wisdom should become a great honour. Indeed, by giving aspiring local musicians an opportunity to learn directly from the source, the festival might well find the kind of finishing cement it seeks. Certainly the future of the festival has never looked better. And insofar as Simard and Menard have proven to be corageous and ambitious festival producers, you can expect that in 1985 we will again be offered something substantial and a little different. — ***Peter Danson***

WILLEM BREUKER KOLLEKTIEF

Quebec City, July 28-29, 1984

As part of the yearly summer festival held in our capital city, which, this year, was commemorating the 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's arrival in North America, a special effort was made to give a more international flavour to the festival. The organisers must be thanked for their initiative of bringing over this band led by that crazy music man of Holland, Willem Breuker.

On a pleasant evening, albeit cool, Breuker and his eight cohorts took to the stage just after eight and proceeded to bring the music right to us. They played their hearts out and gave four encores to a disappointingly sparse but enthusiastic crowd, most of which were gathered close by the outdoor stage.

To hear Breuker's music is, indeed, an ear-opening experience, but to see them in person is like getting an unexpected bonus on your paycheck. For one, the theatrics of the group has now become their trademark, which, by the way, has nothing to do with any Dutch theatre tradition whatsoever. For instance, they descended from the stage no less than three times: one routine consisted of a group performance reminiscent of the local village fanfare marching down some quaint little straat or the main laan of the town. On another occasion, eight of them descended before us holding a long red ribbon and going into a long takeoff of an old medieval-like dance while the remaining musician brought out a violin and accompanied their choreography with the strains of some old Irish jig.

Even though their music is highly structured and notated, there is a good deal of room given to improvising. Only the trumpeter, Andy Altenfelder, did not really solo, so most of the playing went to the veteran Breuker sideman, Boy Raaymakers. Bernard Hunnekink was the sole trombone player on the date (Willem van Manen usually being the other) and the rest of the group was pretty much the same as on their recent double album "In Holland" (BVHaast 041/042).

Breuker's soloing talents are certainly as exciting as his composing; he moved effortlessly from his saxophones to a small E-flat clarinet and even, on one occasion, played a few trumpet and trombone licks to everyone's surprise. The material played was quite obviously eclectic and diverse; yet, one piece seemed to flow quite naturally into the next, however different they may be. In any event, the outdoor acoustics were great and the space around the bandstand gave them all the room needed to indulge in their theatrical excursions.

Breuker's group shows the vibrant and individual style that the Europeans are now creating, after having spent many years trying to imitate the North American masters and expatriates who have contributed immensely. The younger musicians are working on a distinct tradition and they are setting directions of their own. The Kollektief and, more recently, the Vienna Art Ensemble are but two examples of this new scene that is only starting to make its way to our continent. It's no surprise, then, to discover that groups such as the David Murray Octet or even Special Edition are now giving a larger place to compositional forms other than those of the traditional big band format.

People like Breuker make it evident that the European scene has found its own directions and they are shaping some concepts that North Americans are picking up. With Breuker's music one discovers a whole different approach to compositional devices. It is not that Breuker's music is radically innovative per se, but it is rather a reformulation of past European genres and, most importantly, a juxtaposition of old styles which seem to create new results. Old wine in new bottles one could say.

In any event, the dialectic between improvisation and composition keeps all of us jazz fans on our toes, and it becomes clear, when one sees groups like the Kollektief, that the future might look a bit crazy, but we will be having a lot of fun in the meantime. — ***Marc Chenard***

FOURTH INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Ottawa, Ontario — July 2-8, 1984
Highlights from July 5th and 8th

The first musical peak at this year's festival was provided by Jack DeJohnette's **Special Edition**, which is a phenomenal quintet that rivals the original Special Edition band of 1979. DeJohnette, drums/piano/melodica, was joined by Rufus Reid, bass, and a horn trio: Howard Johnson (baritone saxophone/tuba), David Murray (tenor saxophone/bass clarinet) and John Purcell (alto and soprano saxophone/clarinet/flute). Most of the tunes were originals from "Information Blues," an album promised for October release. They began with ***Festival***, a stately, carnival piece that featured a tenor/soprano/baritone saxophone ensemble to frame a pungent drum solo before the tune concluded with gradual diminuendo. DeJohnette's skills as a composer became apparent in the next number, ***Ebony***, an extended version of the tune from "Inflation Blues" that featured DeJohnette on piano, while the horns produced rich counterpoint in the striking combination of bass clarinet/clarinet/baritone saxophone. Murray took an extended solo on bass clarinet, exploring the full range of his instrument as he moved from high-pitched squeals to a resounding and sonorous drone all in the same breath, while DeJohnette and Reid interweaved the two main themes of ***Ebony*** in a steady pulse under Murray's improvisation. Then Howard Johnson proved his versatility with some majestic baritone saxophone while John Purcell provided a pithy contrast on flute before an extended duet between bass and piano showed the adventurous rhythmic mesh and interplay between Reid and DeJohnette. Purcell returned to clarinet for the jaunty ensemble passages, where the two main themes intertwined into rich textures of sound during the accelerating coda, until all three horns were wailing in wild and frenetic abandon while DeJohnette hammered out the main themes on the keyboard with astonishing clarity and precision considering the manic tempo. Then it was time to introduce the band for a deserved ovation and announce a new number dedicated to pianist Ahmad Jamal and called ***Ahmad The Terrible***. Like ***Ebony***, this was another composition that relied on two distinct and memorable musical themes: the first was an accelerating riff which was continued by Murray (tenor) and Johnson (tuba) as ensemble counterpoint at half the tempo while Purcell stated the countermelody on soprano saxophone. After a brief restatement of the first theme by the entire ensemble, Johnson took a spirited tuba solo. DeJohnette followed, stating the melodic line with his authoritative cymbal work, a ferocious yet totally controlled sizzling sound. Murray was in an eloquent frenzy on his tenor saxophone solo and suggested that there was plenty in reserve. The horn ensemble of tenor/soprano/tuba produced formidable music in their subtle combinations and interweaving of theme and counter-melody. A humourous staccato skipping sequence led into a climactic note sustained on all three horns while DeJohnette created a sudden tropical storm on his drum kit. Humour predominated in the next number when DeJohnette strapped on his melodica and introduced Howard Johnson's arrangement of ***Monk's Mood***. This was a feature for Johnson on baritone saxophone and he found high notes that this instrument was never intended for as he explored a fiery cadenza before the final ensemble theme. ***Third World Anthem*** was a joyous finale that DeJohnette introduced as "for the people in the third world all around the country." The Caribbean flavour of this number was sustained by the tenor/alto/tuba ensemble, and then Purcell delivered a searing solo

over the buoyant rhythms of bass and drums. Then as David Murray took his tenor solo, both Purcell and Johnson interjected whoops of joy as they raised their horns in spontaneous arcs toward the sky, punctuating Murray's garrulous solo, until all three horns were shrieking in unison with obvious delight like a jungle express train. This brought the entire Astrolabe audience to their feet to roar their enthusiasm, and on this evidence it's hard to agree with the report in the local press which said that DeJohnette's music "obviously left many listeners puzzled." Rufus Reid switched to electric bass for the band's encore and he laid down a reggae groove while DeJohnette sang the impassioned lyrics to ***Inflation Blues***, an apt song in sight of the green lights of Parliament Hill across the water. Murray and Purcell delivered strong solos but DeJohnette displayed his awesome drum technique at length, and in one passage he produced a melodic pattern which imitated the melodious sounds of steel drums.

Sonny Rollins has a reputation that is larger than life and he showed why with a superb performance to end Ottawa's fourth International Jazz Festival. His current quintet features Clifton Anderson (trombone), Mark Boskin (piano), Russell Lake (electric bass) and Tommy Campbell (drums). Their opening number was a calypso that lasted for half an hour and featured a marvellous solo by Rollins that unrolled for chorus after chorus in a tumult of joyous sound that he sustained for some ***fifteen*** minutes. Surely this was the kind of marathon performance to rank with those legendary club appearances in the late fifties and early sixties. Anyway, after this unexpected outpouring, the rest of the concert was something of an anti-climax for me, excellent though the music was. On ***I'm Old Fashioned*** from Rollins's latest album "Sonny Days And Starry Nights" Clifton Anderson revealed himself to be an exceptional young trombonist who blended well with Rollins in the ensemble and unison passages, and in his succinct solo he soon accelerated the tempo of the ballad into double-time. Mark Boskin played a tasteful and inventive piano solo and was followed by Russell Lake, whose scat-style funk bass and synchronised vocals made him sound like the electric heir of Slam Stewart. After ending the tune with a funky riff, Rollins introduced another neglected ballad, ***Cabin In The Sky***, and after pithy solos from Rollins and Boskin, Clifton Anderson revealed the fresh life which the addition of trombone has brought to the Rollins Quintet, for in recent years we've been accustomed to hearing Rollins play with guitarists like Masuo, Bobby Broom and Pat Metheny. On ***Cabin In The Sky*** Anderson revealed the facility and coherence which he brings to the structure of each solo, for there was a clear symmetry to his performance, building gradually to increase dramatic momentum only to descend back again with ease in a remarkable demonstration of tension and release. In contrast Russell Lake's brash scat style sounded one-dimensional and inappropriate in this context. Perhaps he's just not comfortable having to solo at such a subdued tempo, as in his only slow passage he rather clumsily quoted the riff to ***Bye Baby Bunting***, although Sonny Rollins followed this lead in his marvellous solo cadenza during which he interspersed quotations at random from such pop corn as ***Popeye The Sailor Man***, ***Pop Goes The Weasel***, and Gershwin's ***Rhapsody In Blue***. The Quintet ended their set with the obligatory ***Don't Stop The Carnival*** which has been Rollins's anthem for virtually the last twenty years. However, the contrapuntal treatment of the melodic line by tenor saxophone and trombone breathed fresh life into the familiar changes, and Rollins revealed that he could still explore the tune with his characteristic zest even though he must have felt compelled to perform it hundreds of times, for ***Don't Stop The Carnival*** has become as synonymous with Sonny Rollins in performance as ***Body And Soul*** was with his idol Coleman Hawkins. The Quintet returned for a well deserved ovation, performed a brief version of ***Island Lady***, that was all tight ensemble statement with no solo features, before Rollins said good night to the crowd with another apt ballad, ***I'll Be Seeing You***, ending his show as he had begun with the dedicated enthusiasm which has produced for us that unique and infectious natural glow of sound. — ***David Lewis***

COPENHAGEN JAZZ FESTIVAL

The sixth Copenhagen Jazz Festival took place from July 6 through July 15 and presented about twenty performances (indoors and out) a day. Some of the outdoor events were well-attended concerts by names like the Ernie Wilkins Almost Big Band, the Boone/Jaedig Quintet, the John Lewis/Putte Wickman Quartet, the Etta Cameron Jazz Group, the Duke Jordan/Jesper Lundgaard Duo and the Erling Kroner Tentet. The clubs with the most exciting programs were the Montmartre, the Slukefter and the relatively new Unicorn. The latter set up a program with some of the leading Danish groups and also — prior to each night's concert — showed jazz films. The bands performing at the Unicorn were Living Time, the Soren Erkisen/Fredrik Lundin Quintet, the John Tchicai Quartet, the Per Goldschmidt Quartet, the Karsten Houmark Quintet, the Lan Doky/Jens Winther Quintet, the Bjarne Rostvold Quintet, the Kenny Drew Trio, the Jan Kaspersen Quintet and the Etta Cameron Jazz Group.

The Slukefter presented Red Holloway who played tenor and alto saxophones backed by Horace Parlan, Jesper Lundgaard and Aage Tanggaard and the two latter — on bass and drums respectively — also joined forces with John Lewis/Putte Wickman and Mose Allison. The Montmartre started the festivities with the George Adams/Don Pullen Quartet with Cameron Brown and Dannie Richmond and featuring Archie Shepp as a guest artist and went on with, among others, the Randy Brecker/Eliane Elias Group, Vocal Summit (Urszula Dudziak, Jeanne Lee, Jay Clayton and Bob Stoloff), Stanley Clarke/Miroslav Vitous, Johnny Griffin/Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, the Dollar Brand Septet, the Egberto Gismonti/Nana Vasconcelos Duo and Bobby McFerrin.

As usual with festivals of this size it is only possible to take in a fraction of what's going on. Among the highlights this year — to my ears anyway — were the short glimpses I caught of some of the many young and very talented Danish musicians, one long, stunning set of the Dollar Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim) Septet with Dick Griffin on trombone, Carlos Ward, Ricky Ford and Charles Davis on saxophones, Carl James on bass and Ben Riley on drums (hopefully someone will record this constellation), and a very hot musical night with Griffin and Davis whom the years only seem to make better.

The Copenhagen Jazz Festival has become an institution and an added attraction to the many wonders of Wonderful Copenhagen. I agree though with the writers here who call for some changes. A better coordination is needed and many of the outdoor concerts are really only ill turns to the musicians and their audiences. Once these changes come into effect the Copenhagen Jazz Festival will be among the very best of them all. — ***Roland Baggenaes***

JVC GRANDE PARADE DU JAZZ

Nice, France
July 6 - 17, 1984; 5 p.m. to midnight

More than one hundred thousand people attended this twelve-day event. If you bought your tickets in advance, you paid sixty francs (about seven US dollars) per evening. You were welcome to bring your picnic basket if you were unwilling to fork out more francs for such local specialties as pain bagnat, crepes sucrees or Joyce Wein's creole cooking. Joyce does not actually do the cooking. She brings many ingredients from the USA and supervises the procedure, like her husband George does with

SONNY ROLLINS (Photograph by Jørgen Bo)

the whole festival. About two hundred and forty musicians performed on three stages one hundred and eighty one-hour sets plus twenty-nine double-length ones, a total of almost two hundred and forty hours of music.

This year there were three blues groups (B.B. King, Little Milton and Magic Slim), five fusion groups (Spyro Gyra, Tania Maria, David Sanborn, Mongo Santamaria and Steps Ahead), four featured lady singers (Dee Dee Bridgewater, Linda Hopkins, Etta Jones and the divine Sarah Vaughan who, an exception in this otherwise almost clockwork event, was two hours late for her scheduled appearance. Nevertheless Sarah drew the largest crowd of any artist). There were three big bands (Lionel Hampton, Jean-Loup Lognon and Toshiyuki Miyama), and five American all-star groups (Freddie Hubbard's with Joe Henderson, Michel Petrucciani, Buster Williams and Billy Hart; Dizzy Gillespie's with Slide Hampton, James Moody, Kenny Burrell, Walter Davis, Jimmy Woode and Nasyr Abdul Al Khabbyr; J.J. Johnson's with Nat Adderley, Harold Land, Cedar Walton, Richard Davis and Roy McCurdy; the Hall Of Fame with Billy Butterfield, George Masso, Johnny Mince, Bud Freeman, Joe Bushkin, Bob Haggart and Butch Miles; the Workshop Ensemble with Paul Jeffrey, Frank Strozier, Curtis Fuller, Kevin Eubanks, Harold Mabern, Stafford James, Jimmy Cobb and Ray Mantilla).

Other American stars at the festival were Dave Bartholomew, Harry Edison, Joe Newman, Al Grey, Phil Wilson, Benny Carter, Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson, Georgie Auld, Arnett Cobb, Buddy Tate, Larry Coryell, Judy Carmichael, John Lewis, Lalo Schifrin (who really is Argentinian) and the rhythm section teams of Ray Bryant-Eddie Jones-Gus Johnson and Johnny O'Neal-George Duvivier-Oliver Jackson. Five regular American working groups were also featured — Dave Brubeck's with Bill Smith (clarinet), Chris Brubeck (bass and trombone) and Randy Jones (drums); The Dirty Dozen Brass Band From New Orleans with Gregory Davis and Efrem Townes (trumpets), Charles Joseph (trombone), Kevin Harris (tenor sax), Roger Lewis (baritone sax), Kirk Joseph (tuba), Jenell Marshall (snare drum) and Benny Jones (bass drum); Steve Grossman's with Mickey Tucker (piano), Juni Booth (bass) and Joe Chambers (drums); Houston Person's with David Braham (organ) and Frankie Jones (drums); Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan's with Gary Dial (piano), Jay Anderson (bass) and Joey Baron (drums).

Tal Farlow brought his European Quintet with Francis Varis (accordion), Dominique Cravic (guitar), Yves Torchinsky (bass) and J.C. Jouy (drums)

From the British Isles came the Jazz Journal All Stars — Dick Pierce (trumpet), Peter King and Tommy Whittle (saxes), Tony Lee (piano), David Green (bass), Martin Drew (drums) and Barbara Joy (vocals). From Italy, Five For Jazz — Pietro Tonolo and Massimo Urbani (saxes), Luigi Buonafede (piano), Piero Leveratto (bass) and Paolo Pellegatti (drums). There were ten French groups — the already-mentioned Jean-Loup Lognon's big band; guitarist Michel Perez's Quartet; Les Haricots Rouges; guitarist brothers Boulou and Elios Ferre; drummer and vocalist Moustache with Slapscat; drummer Boto and Novos Tempos; Michel Roques (sax) and a trio; a Maxim Saury sextet; Daniel Humair's quartet; and vibist Gilles Perrin with a trio. Of course, as mentioned before, there was also France's little giant, pianist Michel Petrucciani.

As soon as Nice's twelve-day event ended, a competitive hoopla began in Antibes, about sixteen miles west. It looks like most self-respecting old-world communities cannot do without a jazz festival of their own. It is a boon for musicians and fans, but it is becoming more and more difficult to produce a meaningful jazz meeting, different from other festivals, which makes money (or at least breaks even) and justifies the effort. In the old days, when such events were few and scattered, musicians who had not met in years broke into paroxisms of joy at the sight of each other, while ecstatic fans would gape wide-eyed at their idols, most of whom they were seeing in person for the first time. Nostalgia? Yes, but it is a fact that many stars have now evolved set routines for all-star encounters, and the jazz audience has become jaded. How many times can one watch Haggart do ***Big Noise From Winnetka***, Jacquet play ***Flyin' Home***, sing ***Sunny Side Of The Street***, or Freeman render his version of ***Just One Of Those Things***? Is there much point in seeing a famous group or singer plugging a selection from their latest album? After having expressed these doubts and having felt many other misgivings, I am still willing to state that Nice's Grand Parade is fun to attend. Even the most often played standard never sounds exactly the same when performed by a master, and obviously most of the hundred thousand who attended the festival had never heard ***Big Noise From Winnetka*** before. Jaded as I may be, and no matter how familiar the routines, watching a jam session by Dizzy Gillespie, Nat Adderley, Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan, or by J.J. Johnson, Al Grey, Slide Hampton and George Masso, or by Arnett Cobb, Illinois Jacquet and Buddy Tate still makes for a marvellous experience. So does any performance graced by Benny Carter. Inspired playing by Freddie Hubbard or by the Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan Quintet, among other great performances, were joys to be remembered and cherished forever. And one always had three stages to choose from...

— Jose Hosiasson

Meeting our July deadline was hectic for Pepe Hosiasson, our globetrotting contributor. His Kool report was written en route to Europe without notes and he forgot that Alan Dawson was actually the drummer in the JATP segment of the Illinois Jacquet concert and not Gus Johnson, who was originally advertised.

— John Norris

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AROUND THE WORLD

NEWS FROM CANADA * AMERICA * EUROPE * AND THE FAR EAST

CANADA

Toronto recently played host to a mini jazz festival held over a period of a week and a half at the Bamboo Club. Featured performers included **Tito Puente, Michel Petrucciani, Randy Weston, Woody Shaw** with **Bobby Hutcherson**, culminating with the **Art Ensemble of Chicago**.

Puente opened the festival to a crowd of over 300 remarking that although he had been playing big band sounds for 30 years it had to be latin music that brought him to Toronto. Performing compositions from his latest Concord LP, Puente stepped aside often enough to allow soloists Mario Rivera (tenor, soprano and flute) and Jimmy Frisaura (trumpet and trombone) the opportunity to steal the show.

Petrucciani, for all his accolades, gave a somewhat mediocre performance. Accompanied by bassist Palle Danielsson and drummer Elliot Zigmund he led the trio through a blend of standards, original pieces and notably the Evans-Davis composition ***Nardis***. It would seem that recent comparisons to the late Bill Evans are thus not unfounded. Zigmund, finesse aside, appeared out of balance with the chemistry of Petrucciani's full style and Danielsson's rich tone. The brilliance of the piano-bass duets may indicate that Petrucciani's ideal environment is the recital.

The Randy Weston and Woody Shaw-Bobby Hutcherson shows were poorly promoted and equally as poorly attended. A saving grace may be that Randy Weston will be returning to Toronto December 3 to 15.

Two years ago the Art Ensemble of Chicago cancelled a show which would have had them performing in an 1100-seat theatre. The reasons were a lack of ticket sales and a refusal from the band to switch the venue to a club.

When the ensemble returned to Toronto for the closing night of the festival, the sentiment was not only that the show had been worth the wait but that the four previous nights had been but a prelude to the Art Ensemble's offerings.

The group switched effortlessly from polyrhythms to post-bop improvisations, their brilliance founded in the knowledge that the musicians perform as an ensemble not just as the name implies. Although alternately led by Bowie and Mitchell, their strength is based on a sum of phenomenonal parts. The comedic gestures of Malachi Favors, intensity of Joseph Jarman and outstanding percussion of Don Moye give proof positive that the Art Ensemble clearly defines the term 'performance' as applied to contemporary music.

One final note about the club that hosted the festival. Far from being the ideal jazz venue the Bamboo suffers from obstructed sight lines, a limited seating capacity and an all too noisy bar. The high ambient noise level may have contributed to Petrucciani's lacklustre performance. It remains to be seen what will happen when Abdullah Ibrahim and the Ekaya septet perform there September 12.

TORONTO IN BRIEF – We had English violinist **Sue Ferrar** visiting for the month of August. In England she is part of the free improvising scene and has performed with such creative players as Lol Coxhill, Keith Tippett and Evan Parker. While in Toronto she performed with **The Four Horsemen** (sound poets), the **Bill Smith** Ensemble and **John Oswald**.

The Music Gallery, one of the more important centres for creative music in Toronto, has relocated at 1087 Queen St. West. To launch this new era a festival entitled the Aggregate

ROSCOE MITCHELL (Photograph by Bill Smith)

Festival has been organised. Events that are of interest to *Coda* readers are — **The Glass Orchestra** (Music Gallery, October 4), the **Bill Smith** Ensemble plus **Steve McCaffery** and **Maja Bannerman** (Rivoli, October 10), **C.C.M.C.** (Music Gallery, October 11), **New Music Coop** (Music Gallery, October 12), **An Artist Jazz Band** plus **The Last Of The Red Hot Dadas** (Music Gallery, October 13). The C.C.M.C. was also the official band representing Canada at the summer Olympics in Los Angeles.

The Bill Smith Ensemble with Maja Bannerman has a busy winter schedule and some of the events will be — Free Times Cafe, Toronto, October 17; Peter Robinson College, Peterborough, October 18; Kingston Public Library, October 19; Royal Ontario Museum, October 30 (this last being an evening of multimedia dada performance with surrealistic films); Toronto Dance Theatre with dancer Daniel Tremblay, November 14-15; Christmas party at the Music Gallery, Toronto, December 21.

The new **Paul Cram** quartet includes Montreal saxophonist **Robert Leriche**, and will be on a cross-Canada tour in October and November.

— John W. Jones

HONG KONG and MORE

My previous contribution (*Coda* 194) under this rubric *Around The World* — which I have been fortunate enough to take literally — had me in the Christmassy air bound from Seattle for Hong Kong, the creative wealth of the Globe Unity Orchestra still ringing in my ears. Now I find myself returned to Hong Kong after a further circumnavigation of this troubled sphere with seven months elapsed and diverse matters to report.

The annual Hong Kong Arts Festival (January 22 to February 20 for those of you who may wish to put it in your diaries for next year) got itself under way, thirty consecutive days of orchestras (western, Chinese and jazz), drummers and dancers, acrobats, a brass band, ballet, chamber music, mime, recitals, gypsy flamenco theatre, medieval and renaissance music, Soochow lyrics, theatre, music-theatre, opera, big band jazz and a host of fringe activities; more than even the greatest thirst for culture could imbibe without a belch, and an ordinary wallet withstand, this plethora serves to demonstrate that this last bastion of free enterprise (time expiring 1997) ain't no cultural desert. Plucked from the pack —

* The **West German Radio Big Band**, two nights at the Hilton Hotel, in a ballroom acoustically unsympathetic, this band failed to take off...

* **Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra**, three nights at the same venue, a lift-off of sorts was achieved and some low-altitude flying, with occasional loops, maintained. This Orchestra also did an evening student concert at the City Hall Concert Hall which was broadcast live by Radio Television Hong Kong, the government broadcasting body, and several of the musicians did a late-night farewell gig at the Central restaurant 'D&D' which produced some good results...

A strange phenomenon, which I witnessed, occurred at the City Hall Concert Hall on March 27 — a performance by **The Jazz Historians**. The following is extracted from an article by John Bacon-Shone in the Hong Kong Jazz Record Society's Newsletter No.45 — "What a surprise — a full house for a jazz concert in Hong Kong...The 8 piece band — trumpet, tenor sax, trombone, piano, bass, drums and both male and female vocalists — were rather a strange mix...the music? — that was also a strange mix — we had some flashy ragtime from the pianist, some great singing from Lady B.J. on both *God Bless The Child* and a downright raunchy Bessie Smith number *Sugar In My Bowl* (?) where her body language made things very clear if you didn't understand the words! The history lesson started back in New Orleans (the whole program was punctuated with the trumpeter — Emory Thompson — reading from a script), moved through swing...bebop...and to 'free jazz' (which) was a bit of a joke — *Freedom Jazz* by Don Cherry was announced...but we got Eddie Harris's *Freedom Jazz Dance* instead!...the script talked about freedom of rhythm (and) we got a version of Freddie Hubbard's *Povo* with a crashing rock beat!... these guys claim to be going around teaching about history and yet don't even know who wrote the tunes and give a ridiculous idea of what 'free jazz' means...the last part, the band showed us how a New Orleans funeral should sound — from a mournful beginning to a joyful end. An entertaining evening, but please guys, get the script seen to."

I had to depart for France for Easter where I arrived in Paris, via Bangkok and Bombay, early on the eve of Good Friday. Shepherded through Charles de Gaulle airport in a trice, I was soon in my 6th Arrondissement hotel and planning to get in touch with **Steve Lacy**. A telephone call brought me the news that he had just left for Lille with Steve Potts to do a duo concert that evening, so I did likewise by train which got me to this northern French city in Flanders fields, bordering on Belgium, by 5 p.m. There, at the Hotel Breughel, on the attractive and ancient Parvis St. Maurice, I made contact with the two Steves. Joined soon by those responsible for the forthcoming event we made our way to KINO, in University of Lille III, access through the Great Hall of the faculty of Letters, Quartier de Pont de Bois at Villeneuve d'Ascq. Here, before a goodly youthful crowd, two sets of some sixty minutes each, strong and beautiful renditions of Lacy compositions, were created and, by arrangement, recorded; knock-out stuff! A passing facet which seemed to excite the audience, to a level above the general excitement which prevailed throughout, was the addressing, by the soprano saxophone of Steve Lacy, of the strings of an open grand piano, and their consequent audible sympathy. Armed with the vitality of this music, two carloads of principals, promoters and friends sped through the night to broadcast, live on the local RTF FM station, interviews (en francais) with both Lacy and Potts, tracks from discs to hand and a portion of the taped evening's proceedings (H.L. Lindenmaier, please note, for future "fish-horn" text). Thence, post-midnight, to the Brasserie Jean on Place Theatre, for a selection of ales from a substantial variety there stocked, dinner with wine, and jazz from the resident band, joined for the closing items by Steve Potts on alto. By 3:15 a.m. we were safely ensconced in our Breughel beds on the Good Friday morn. At 5:57 a.m. I was entrained for Paris and by the afternoon, deep in the heart of Normandy. Three sunny days in delightful Calvados; excellent company, wonderful food; Orbec, Deauville, Honfleur, Villaer, Livarot...history, ancient and recent (D-Day etc), sea, sand, casinos, horses — sapristi! Easter Monday evening, back in Paris, a meal out with Irene Aebi and Steve Lacy, discovered and joined by Brion Gysin pleasantly rounded out this Easter break.

On taking my leave of Steve Lacy — he would be out of town performing with ICP in Holland and Germany when got I back — he presented me with a copy of *Le Bean et Le Newk* by Hart Leroy Bibbs, a 24 page document printed on twelve A4 format cards, published (1000 copies) by Bentuc (I.A.C.P. Editions, 93 Rue Oberkampf, 75011 Paris, France). The text, in French translation by Jeanne Catala, is concerned — of course — with Coleman Hawkins and Sonny Rollins and is illustrated with eight (generally abstract) variations on a couple of photographic themes generated by Bibbs in his own inimitable way (some of you may be aware of his photographic creations, for example as incorporated on some of Hat Hut's Lacy releases). Another publication by Bibbs, which I was given by Steve on a previous occasion, is his *Manifesto Optksorption* (1977, first published 1980 by Wooley the Newt Productions Ltd., 240 Belknap Road, Framingham, Mass. 01701 USA) which puts forward his modus operandi in clear and very certain terms and carries his illustrative evidence with polychromatic visions of Mingus, Sugar Blue, the Lacy/Potts duo, Lacy alone, Shepp alone and with Bob Cunningham, Cherry, the Clifford Thornton group, Max Roach and Nina Simone. Both these publications will thoroughly reward those who make the effort to lay hands on them.

Another item kindly provided to me by Steve Lacy was the Paddle Wheel (a label of the King Record Company of Tokyo, Japan) 1983 release (K2BP 6219), a digital recording, "Eternal Duo" with Masahiko Togashi, percussions and Steve Lacy, soprano sax; the material, studio recorded in October, 1981 is compositions by both musicians — Togashi's *News From The Bells* and *Little Black Bird*, Lacy's *Twilight*, *Wickets* and *Retreat*. This is the second of ten Paddle Wheel releases featuring Togashi which also has Lacy; the first, also recorded in October, 1981, "Spiritual Moments" (K2BP 6138) has bassist Kent Carter in trio performances of Togashi's *It's Freedom Life*. *Poem In The Shadow* and Lacy's *The Window* and *The Crust*. Both these releases I recommend highly, as I do those other Togashi releases which I have so far heard — on Paddle Wheel: (K2BP 6050) "The Face Of Percussion," solo performances, August 1980; (K2BP 6205) "Flame Up," trio with Kazutoki Umeza (flute, bass clarinet, soprano and alto saxes, percussion) and Yoriyuki Harada (piano, percussion), May 1981; (K2BP 6243) "Contrasts," trio recorded live in Tokyo in September 1982 with Lauren Newton (vocal) and Peter Kowald (bass) — and on Inner City: (IC 6011) "Spiritual Nature," a ten-piece band recorded in April, 1975.

I was separated from Paris by three days official business in Marseille (it was while I was there that I learned, from the pages of *Le Meridional*, of the death of Count Basie, "roi du swing") but got the last weekend of April in the capital; Saturday evening at the final jazz gig scheduled for the Hotel Savoy, Place de la Republique — a quartet led by guitarist **Andre**

Condurant (?) with a fellow Guadeloupian on piano, Jeanmaire (?), bass and, on drums, Oliver Johnson, joined (in the early hours of Sunday, April 29) by Steve Potts, alto sax. The crowded bar residents obviously enjoyed the music, but new ownership means there won't be any more in this venue...

Strolling in Rue de la Gaite, a shop window disclosed to me a new French jazz periodical, ***Jazz Ensuite***, of which I bought the first two editions. Published every two months – No.1, October 1983 has, inter alia, articles on Fred Astaire; singers Annick Nozati, Tamia, Moenik Toebosch and Phil Minton; Toshinori Kondo; Tony Coe as well as news and reviews – altogether some 115 pages. No.2, December 1983/Jaunary 1984, has material on Doris Day; Sunny Murray; Derek Bailey's book on improvisation; the Metz festival; Lol Coxhill; music in communist countries, and more news and reviews. Subscriptions (FF 160 in France, FF210 overseas) for 6 editions to Editions Frequences, Jazz Ensulte, 1 Boulevard Ney, 75018 Paris, France (Telephone (1) 238.80.37).

Later on this Sunday (April 29), through New York, Montreal and Ottawa, I took me to the care of good friends in Almonte (Lanark County, Ontario) there to spend some six/seven weeks in professional pursuits centered principally on the capital town, dead centre of this land. Within this period of retreat, two occasions to visit Toronto arose. By Voyageur bus delivered on Friday evening (May 18) in time to dine with my old friend Nellie Gillespie in the appropriate atmosphere of the Cafe des Copains and to be entertained by pianist **Dick Wellstood** (such erotic nomenclature!), two of his three sets happily absorbed including, even, a splendid rendition of variations on ***Happy Birthday***! The following day got seriously under way with a viewing, at the editor Smith (Bill, Clo, Karla and Natasha the clarinet) family residence, of the U.K. Football Association Cup Final, won without great difficulty by that other team from my Liverpudlian home, namely Everton. A gourmet brunch set us up well for our post-meridian peregrinations – Sticky Wickets, Spadina welcomes home to newlyweds recently honeymooned in Rio, Cameron, Brewers Retail, fish delish – and led us ultimately for the evening to the Brunswick Hotel, and Albert's Hall therein, for **Oliver Lake** and Jump Up – splendid, colourful, funky, reggae jazz, Oliver administrating lyrics of social realism with a humourous tinge and exciting alto solos uncompromised, a mixture evidently to the taste of the well-filled venue.

Friday June 1 delivered me again to the still-sunny Toronto metropolis and into the safe-keeping of Bill Smith. Via Davey C's and home cooking we made our way to a private and informal musical soiree in the large studio of the downtown residence of artist, recently exhibiting at the Max Hutchinson Gallery on Greene Street, New York, **Gordon Rayner**, Esq, himself at the drums with diverse Brazilian percussive devices to hand, joined by other members of his **Artists' Jazz Band**, saxophonist Bill Smith, Graham Coughtry, trombone, Jim Jones – temporarily one-armed – synthesizer and, somewhat late into the proceedings, Michael Bowser, alto sax and guitar. Good spirits and fun and sounds – something to look forward to later in the year (October) when this group, of some ten years standing, is scheduled to perform publicly. Jim Jones waxed lyrical about a totally new design of amplified violin in the production and promotion of which he is enthusiastically involved, such that I really look forward to hearing it in action, in suitable hands. Suitably rested and fed, Saturday afternoon had Bill and I at the Sheraton hotel for a modicum of **Jim Galloway** and his group subsequently joined by the now 78-year-old tenor saxophonist **Bud Freeman** for that part of the p.m. session which is broadcast live by a local radio station. Later, thirst-quenching and conversation at the Cameron (photographs of which establishment, both external and internal with its denizens would be a welcome vista within the pages of this august publication)– John Oswald, George Hornaday and David Lee from which latter, in his role of publisher (blewointmentpress, PO Box 5432 Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1N6, 416-532-0392) I was able to purchase an example of the cassette "Future Perfect" (blewointment audio 001) featuring Maja Bannerman with the Bill Smith Ensemble (Bill Smith, alto clarinet, sopranino saxophone; David Prentice, violin, viola, percussion; David Lee, cello) presenting some interesting lyrics and accompaniment and which itself is to be accompanied by a book by Ms. Bannerman: ***Songs, Poems and Performance Pieces***. Sunday afternoon had us lada dada transported by Mr Prentice to Brantford to collect from a gallery there monochrome musician photographs by Bill and there to acquire a

copy of the disc "Annihilated Surprise" (Ugly Dog Records 33UDR2, Box 1583, Brantford, Ontario N3T 5V6) with Stuart Broomer, piano and John Mars, drums and percussion. Had a couple of alfresco beers with the Mars, man and wife, before returning to Toronto.

By June 16, via New York and Tokyo, I was back in Hong Kong: full circle. Maybe I'll see you down there someday? — *Roger Parry*

AMERICA

DETROIT — On June 23 Eastern Michigan University's WEMU-FM and the Depot Town Association (both located in Ypsilanti) put on the third (I believe) annual Frog Island Jazz Festival. "Frog Island" is not an island according to the usual geographic definition, and there were no frogs in sight when we reached the site of the outdoor concert, a large tent pitched in the middle of an old sports field on the banks of the Huron River. We missed several good performances, the opener by **Tom Saunders**'s Surfside Six (Chicago-style mainstream/Dixieland, to coin a cluttered label), and saxophonist **Larry Nozero**'s New Quartet. Nozero is now powered by one of Detroit's first-line drummers, Danny Spencer, whom we met still wandering the grounds in a bit of a daze (something about five gigs in twenty-four hours).

We did arrive in time to catch most of the performance by another of Detroit's drumming aristocracy, **J.C. Heard** and his twelve-piece orchestra. Heard's aggregation has a reputation for Ellingtonia, but the Duke was not represented among the eleven compositions we heard the band perform before we left. Apart from that omission, the band's performance lived up to expectations, with a fiery, crowd-pleasing performance sparked by Heard's crisp, urbane percussion. We never did get the names of most of his sidemen, but the four-man reed section's anchor was the familiar Marvin 'Doc' Halliday, whose solo voice was well represented, particularly in a solo feature on ***You Don't Know What Love Is***. Alto and tenor solos were also notable on the opening blues and on ***Moanin'***, and Halliday was also to be heard on ***Everything But You***. The set included Horace Silver's ***Doodlin'***, an easy, antiphonal chart called ***Coastin' With J.C.***, and a down-home blues which allowed J.C. to be heard as a vocalist. Bassist Jeff Halsey, a definite asset in the band, was featured on ***Our Bass***, and pianist Todd Carlin covered several decades stylistically in a swift ***I Got Rhythm***. We left to the strains of Wayne Shorter's ***Pinocchio*** (a sign that band members are contributing to the book), ducking frisbees and side-stepping several hurtling children. Had we been able to stay, we could also have heard the **Motor City Jazz All Stars**, with pianist Kenn Cox, bassist Robert Hurst, trumpeter Marcus Belgrave, saxophonist Donald Walden, trombonist Sherm Mitchell, and yet another fine Detroit-based drummer, Roy Brooks. The midnight shift at the festival was covered by the **Son Seals** Blues Band, with the Chicago Fire Horns in accompaniment.

WEMU-FM and the Depot Town Association also collaborated on the third WEMU Jazz Competition, which took place August 24-26 in Depot Town (an area of shops north of downtown Ypsilanti). Eighteen groups competed; non-competition performances by **Juanita McCray**'s group and the **Washtenaw Community College Jazz Band** directed by Dr. Morris Lawrence were also to be heard. The winners (names unavailable at presstime) were to receive cash, a $500 scholarship to Boston's Berklee School of Music, and group engagements at Baker's and Ann Arbor's Del Rio.

A traditional pleasure during the Detroit summer is the Detroit Institute of Art's Jazz at the Institute series, four months of Friday night concerts by various artists with some connection (albeit tenuous at times) to the Motor City. The series has gained an audience outside Detroit through rebroadcast of the concerts over National Public Radio; the local taping is done by Wayne State University's WDET-FM. I've always responded ambivalently to the concert site, DIA's Kresge Court. Visually the place is marvellous. I suspect at one point it was an open-air courtyard, but it has been roofed over with a steel-and-glass structure which lets in Michigan's sometimes-fickle sunlight. The courtyard itself is a strange conglomeration of old brickwork, worn statuary, urns, a large bell, small trees, drooping vines and a cluttering of cafe tables. It probably seats about 250. Acoustically the courtyard is another thing, barely acceptable — with all its brickwork, a lot like listening to a concert at the bottom of an empty swimming pool.

This year's series opened on May 19 with the **Louis Hayes** Quartet, with Hayes joined by saxophonist Bobby Watson, pianist James Williams, and bassist Clint Houston. **Randy Weston** duetted with Roy Brooks on May 25, followed by **Lyman Woodard**'s Organization (June 1), **Ron Carter and Jim Hall** (June 8), **Jay McShann** with Jeff Halsey and J.C. Heard (June 15), **Earl Van Dyke**'s Quintet (June 22) and solo **McCoy Tyner** (June 29). We stopped in to hear Tyner's excellent but oddly abbreviated first set.

Tyner's solo style has changed in recent years; for one thing, the balance has shifted from the characteristic Gatling-gun lines to an emphasis on massive blocks of sound. This was true of the opening ***The Seeker***, much of which was given over to the alternation of two chords (a major followed by a suspended chord with the same note as a pedal — for the music students among you). Large block chords, some of them almost strummed, and some sharp dissonances gave it all an oceanic flavour. ***Prelude To A Kiss***, which is also to be heard on Tyner's current album, was more interesting, with a fair dose of stride piano added. Tyner varied the tempo creatively, first exploring the changes as a ballad and then as a medium-up swing, and his voicings had a rich, traditional cast. ***Ballad For Aisha***, dedicated to Tyner's wife (and dating from the late seventies) kept its original even-eighth-note rhythm but gained in percussiveness and range of dynamics. ***Moment's Notice*** (which Tyner later introduced as by his "former employer") was fun, with a good helping of the sixteenth-note lines ricocheting off the walls, mixing with block chords, some stride, and a medium blues-like interlude using two chords a minor third apart.

After the next composition, ***Walk Spirit, Talk Spirit***, an even-eighth-note rhythm piece with a strong bass line, Tyner (who had been smoothly introducing each composition), stood, bowed, and walked offstage. Intermission, no doubt? Nope — next on stage was the piano tuner, hammer in hand. Several DIA types began wandering about, murmuring "It's over, folks." The tourist-class passengers, with accomodations on the steps of a flight of old stone stairs at one end of the court, stood stiffly and began limping out. At eight bucks a head it seemed a bit short, but lacking the terms of the contract, fingerpointing would be meaningless. It was great while it lasted, however.

The rest of DIA's summer schedule — July had the **Ron English** Sextet (6th); **Pepper Adams** with vocalist Carol Sloane and the Bess Bonnier Trio (13th); **Russell Green**'s Quintet (20th); and the **Kamau Kenyatta** Quartet with vocalist Fred Johnson (27th). August closed things out with **Oliver Jackson** and **Billy Mitchell** co-leading a quartet (August 3); **Charles McPherson** and **Donald Walden** fronting another quartet (August 10); the **Sherm Mitchell** Sextet (August 17); and **Vishnu Wood** and Safari East (August 24).

Eclipse Jazz concentrated its summer energies on four days of concerts by mostly Ann Arbor artists at the Ann Arbor Art Fair (July 25 through 28), with a stage in front of the Michigan Union. Thursday's performances nearly dissolved in a persistent drizzle; each attempt by **Paul Vornhagen**'s group to assemble on the open stage was aborted precipitously, if you get my drip. Finally it was decided to move affairs inside to the University Club, where ***Coda***'s **Dave Wild**, with bassist Ted Marley and drummer Eric Nyhuis, ultimately performed with the accompaniment of a sound crew scrambling to set up. Pianist **Larry Manderville** was billed as leader of his trio, but things took on the proportions of an invitation-only session, with Manderville, bassist Ned Mann and drummer Dave Koether joined by congaist Norm Shobey and saxophonist Vincent York, among others. Saxophonist **Les Bloom** led a quartet featuring bassist Bruce Dondero, pianist Harvey Reed and drummer Karl Dieterich, and was followed by vocalist **Kathy Moore** backed by pianist Stephanie Ozer. Guitarist **Marc Anderson** fronted a Jazztet on Friday afternoon, and Saturday afternoon featured a group led by **Paul Vornhagen** followed by trumpeter **Marcus Belgrave** and a band featuring guitarist Robert Penn.

Another developing Detroit tradition: the fifth Montreux-Detroit Kool Jazz Festival, under way over the Labour Day weekend (August 29-September 3) as we got to press.

On the 29th **Art Blakey** and the Jazz Messengers played at the Hotel Ponchartrain, in a concert also a part of the summer's P'Jazz series at that hotel (saxophonist **Sam Sanders** and Visions opened for Buhaina). At the same time the **Detroit Jazz All Stars** and the **New McKinney's Cotton Pickers** played on the Boblo Island riverboat. The 30th saw a "Salute to Swing," with Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Red Norvo, J.C. Heard, Arvell Shaw, and Remo Palmieri (**Detroit George** "The saxophonist not the guitarist" **Benson** and his quartet opened this gig). Next night **Tania Maria** and the local **Sun Messengers** closed out jazz on the Hotel Ponchartrain's terrace for the year. At DIA **Sam Rivers** unfolded his liquid saxophones and flutes, while a repeat of the Piano Summit of a few years back (Joanne Brackeen, Marian McPartland and Adam Makowicz) unrolled at the Music Hall and the **Austin-Moro Band** played hip charts for dancing at the Book Cadillac.

Montreux opened September with **Cecil Tay-**

lor (at DIA), **Dizzy Gillespie** with the J.C. Heard Orchestra (at Music Hall) and **Betty Carter** at Baker's (a festival venue in this its fiftieth year). On September 2 the **Modern Jazz Quartet** and Rosemary Clooney were joined by pianist Bess Bonnier's Quartet at the State Theatre; **Hank and Thad Jones** joined **Kenny Burrell** at DIA; the **Boss Brass** were preceded by flutist **Alexander Zonjic** at the Music Hall; **Betty Carter** did two sets at Baker's, and the **New RAPA House Jam Session** jammed at the Book Cadillac. The ticketed concerts closed out at the Westin Hotel on September 3 with a jam session saluting Clarence Baker on his club's fiftieth anniversary, in a set featuring Betty Carter, Hank Jones, Vishnu Wood, Kenny Burrell, and others. Stroh Brewery's sponsored live music at Hart Plaza (three locations) throughout the six-day festival.

Stroh's also gave Eastern Michigan University's WEMU-FM $27,000 to produce four albums from tapes the radio station recorded at the of music from tapes the radio station recorded at the first four festivals. The albums were to be released at this year's festival and to be sold commercially later in the month. Performers to be represented hadn't been announced at press-time, but the LPs were grouped around four themes, represented by the titles "Late Model Bop," "An Evening Of Song," "Motor City Modernists" and "Big Band Explosion." Any funds earned by the project above and beyond Stroh's original investment will be returned to the Detroit Renaissance Foundation, festival coordinators, to produce future albums and broadcasts.

The Hotel Ponchartrain's P'Jazz series began the summer by celebrating D-Day with an invasion of Brazilians — **Flora Purim and Airto Moreira** (June 6). The rest of the schedule included **Lionel Hampton** (June 8), the **Katalenic Kwek Band** (June 13), **Maynard Ferguson** (June 18 and 23), **Stephane Grappelli** (June 20), **Judy Roberts** (June 25), the **Brookside Jazz Ensemble** with Ursula Walker (June 27), **Alexander Zonjic**'s Quintet (five successive Fridays starting June 29), **Stanley Turrentine** (July 16), saxophonist **Norma Jean Bell** and her All Stars (July 18 and August 27); the **Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin** Big Band (August 6), **Freddie Hubbard** (August 13), the **Austin-Moro Band** (August 15), **Tito Puente** All Stars (August 20) and the **Sun Messengers** (August 22). And what did you think the band co-led by pianist John Katalenic and saxophonist Gary Kwek was named for before you read this sentence?

Ursula Walker and the Buddy Buddson Trio played the Apartment Lounge in Ann Arbor in August...Pianist **Kenn Cox** (of the old Contemporary Jazz Quintet) played a solo recital at Your Heritage House July 29...Saxophonist **Anthony Holland**, guitarist **A. Spencer Barefield** and drummer **Tani Tabbal** played in the Jazz at the Park Series at Palmer Park August 11... **Harold and Ray McKinney** (piano and bass respectively) played at the Gnome in August...at Dummy George's, **Arthur Prysock** and the **Red Prysock** Band offered similar display of beneficial nepotism...Pianist **Claude Black** was at the Hilton in Windsor last month...**Griot Galaxy** played the Delta Lady in mid-August...**Wynton Marsalis** played at the Meadowbrook Music Festival in mid-July, with **Carmen McRae** as his opening act. Heady Stuff. Tony Bennett and the **Count Basie Orchestra** did a Basie tribute at Meadowbrook on August 17. — *David Wild*

HARTFORD — From July 1 to July 7, New Music America turned Hartford into a compendium of contemporary concert music, jazz, experimental rock, performance art, and sound installations. Real Art Ways skillfully spread the events through the city's parks, concert halls, art museums, churches, historic sites, and nightclubs, an array of environments as diverse as the music(s) being presented. The jazz-oriented events I managed to attend were infused with problems similar to those the local critics found in other areas of the music; some performers and composers did not perform or compose at their customary level of competence.

The extravaganza got off to a soggy start when rain forced **Sun Ra** and his Omniverse Arkestra out of Bushnell Park and into Mad Murphy's, a Union Place club better suited for a quintet and an audience of seventy-five than the twenty-piece Arkestra and the five hundred people overflowing onto Murphy's patio. The band started three hours later than scheduled. Since I couldn't hear it from the outside, I went home.

The following day, July 2, was sunnier all the way around. **AfroAlgonquin**, a duo of bassist Rick Rozie and his brother Mixashawn on saxophones and mandolin, gave a lunch-hour concert on the lawn of the Old State House. The brothers successfully blended the jazz spectrum with American Indian music, as well as Mixashawn's cogent poetry. Their opening piece, *Spirits Amuck*, featured Mixashawn's incantatory tenor over Rozie's increasingly percussive ostinato. *Ancestors* opened with Mixashawn singing over his strumming mandolin while Rozie moved from a rhythmic accompaniment to a melodic lead. Mixashawn returned on soprano saxophone, then Rozie took a bass solo that synthesized jazz, flamenco, and classical techniques before winding back to the theme. *Mathematics* opened with Mixashawn's poetic protest against the dehumanising effects of technology on human beings. After a saxophone solo of Aylerian intensity, the piece evolved into a medley that included Ornette Coleman's *Law Years*.

Muhal Richard Abrams and **Sam Rivers** were the artists I heard who failed to live up to their reputations. July 3 at the University of Hartford's Lincoln Theater, Muhal presented *Trio 1,* a solo piano piece that meandered between moments of brilliance and long periods of textural monotony. Sam Rivers and the Winds of Manhattan didn't set off any fireworks at their Fourth of July concert at the Old State House, either. The eleven-saxophone ensemble sounded ragged, perhaps unrehearsed, in the early going and suffered throughout from a lack of textural diversity. Before the concluding piece, the solos lacked intensity. The final piece, however, featured a number of strong solos between the tight ensemble passages. Rivers usually makes compelling music with unlikely combinations of instruments. This time, he didn't.

Saturday, July 7, **Leo Smith** premiered his Rastafarian opera, ***Journey Unto The Sun In A Rainbow Of Love***, at the Lincoln Theater. The work expresses Smith's social and spiritual concerns through a somewhat Brechtian use of slides and a skillful interplay between voices and trumpets. His mixed-media presentation was one of the more accessible — and successful — works I heard.

Joseph Jarman, **Amina Claudine Myers**, **Olu Dara**, and **Spiral** also performed in New Music America. Unfortunately, my other commitments kept me from attending their concerts.

If, from what I heard, New Music America was less than a complete success, it nevertheless exposed Hartford residents and visitors from out of town to the diversity of New Music being created in America. I realized that jazz in its various forms has influenced many composers who are exploring and developing contemporary idioms. Earl Howard's ***Naked Charm***, a concerto for alto saxophone and electronic sounds, is an excellent example of jazz-influenced composition. New Music America also provided a dash of Creative Music to any area which has suffered from its absence in recent months. Joseph Celli, Mary Luft, and the staff of Real Art Ways deserve praise for bringing to Hartford an event which can only heighten its awareness of its cultural resources and stimulate its growth as a cultural center.

The CRT Festival of Jazz kicked off its seventeenth consecutive year July 9 with **Clifford Jordan**'s Big Band, an all-star lineup that included Harold Vick, James Spaulding, Benny Powell and Sue Terry in a format of arrangements tailored for soloing. The Monday night concerts in Bushnell Park provide a relaxing evening of outdoor entertainment. **Chic Chichetti**'s Big Band opened for Jordan, then moved to DePalma's Rockinghorse, its customary Monday night spot.

July 16, rain forced the festival to its alternate site, the West Indian Social Club. The **Lee Callahan** Trio opened the set for the **Walter Bishop Jr.** Sextet, which featured Phillip and Wynard Harper, David Schnitter, and Phil Bowler. The following Monday, **George Coleman** appeared with his octet in a set that featured fine blowing by Coleman and Frank Strozier. The **Norman Gage** Quartet led off the show. July 30, the **Johnny Grieco** Quartet opened for the **John Hicks** Quintet, which gave a superlative performance from its well-rehearsed repertoire. Tenor saxophonist Carter Jefferson, a sideman with Hicks, never sounded better. Jefferson later sat in with the **Don DePalma** Trio at Shenanigans, which sponsors jam sessions after the Monday night concerts. The August 6 bill featured the **Roger Wilkes** Quartet and the **Jun-**

JOSEPH JARMAN (Photograph by William Ellenberg)

ior Cook-Bill Hardman Quintet, for which festival coordinator Paul Brown is the bassist. August 13, the **Don DePalma** Quintet opened for the keyboard duo of **Barry Harris and Walter Davis**. Closing the summer festival August 20 were the **Williamsburg Composers Orchestra** and the **Jimmy Owens** Quintet. Overall, this year's CRT Festival was inspiring, especially when compared to last year's run of lackluster Monday night performances.

Even with the swell of summer festivals, the 880 Club remains the hub of Hartford's jazz activity. Performing with the **Don DePalma** Trio on Thursday nights were Randy Johnston, Rene McLean, Bill Hardman, Kenny Garrett, and Bill Saxton. In his August 2 appearance, Saxton established himself as one of the bright young voices on tenor and soprano saxophone. On a lowdown blues, he played the guts of the blues tradition with a touch of soprano virtuosity as he attempted to emulate the blues harmonica. He played with the inventiveness and intensity on the original compositions from his forthcoming album, "Beneath The Surface." On the title piece, bassist Nat Reeves contributed a strikingly lyrical, tightly logical solo, along with his always sturdy accompaniment. Following Saxton was the always impressive **Bill Barron**.

In addition to its Thursday night All-Star Jazz series, the 880 Club also booked several out-of-town acts for one-time Wednesday performances. **Richard Hollyday** brought his quintet down from Boston June 27 to treat the aficionados to a display of heavy trumpet chops. **Joy Spring** appeared at the club July 11, touring away from its home base, Augusta, Maine. The group has a fresh sound and a deservedly busy touring schedule, which includes the Hartford Jazz Society's September 16 Riverboat Cruise.

Street Temperature continues to offer its funky fusion at the 880 on Fridays, despite some changes in personnel. New keyboardist and vocalist Grayson Hugh is a unique stylist and an original composer. His contributions to the band's repertoire have strengthened it considerably. Percussionist Joe Cardello's departure leaves a hole in the wall of rhythm that drives the band. **Matt Emirzian**'s quartet anchors the club on Saturdays, along with featured vocalist Connie DiNatale. The Sunday jam sessions continue at their usual pace, bringing in musicians from as far away as Northampton, Massachusetts, and New York State.

The **Charles Best** Quintet holds forth at A Touch Of Class on Sundays. Joining the leader on the club's breezy patio are trombonist Bill Lowe, pianist Curly Glover, bassist Earl Wormack, and drummer Ralph Duncan. Among the musicians sitting in with the quintet were Chico Hamilton alumnus George N. King Jr., and two local saxophone legends, Harold Holt and Eddie Davis.

Emery Smith gave solo piano concerts at the University of Hartford July 13, and at the University of Connecticut Health Center August 28. He appeared with dancer Winni Johnson at a SAND-sponsored outdoor performance, and with bassist Earl Wormack August 9 at Raffa's in Glastonbury. August 12 he played a tribute to Tadd Dameron with the **Charles Greenlee** Quintet at the Springfield, Massachusetts Harambee Festival. Smith also led the quintet that played the Jazz History Narration Performance concert at the University of Connecticut Student Union Ballroom July 25. Appearing with Smith were saxophonist Judson Watts, Harold Holt, Earl Wormack, and Johnny Grieco.

The annual all-day jazz bash at Jackie Robinson's estate in Stamford took place June 24, featuring Phil Woods, Joe Williams, Ted Curson, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Joe Newman, Judy Carmichael, Roger Kellaway, Junior Cook, Chico Hamilton, Larry Ridley, and a host of other all-stars.

The **Norman Gage** Big Band played August 12 at Bushnell Park. The Hartford Jazz Society sponsored the event. Gage's band also played at the Manchester Band Shell.

The **Sonny Costanza** Big Band has returned to its Wednesday night engagement at 42nd Street in Bridgeport. The band also played at the Harrison Inn in Southbury in July.

The **Billy Taylor** Trio and **Jazzmobile All-Stars** appeared at the Bright Moments Jazz Festival, held at the University of Massachusetts Fine Arts Center July 12 and 19.

Shenanigans featured the **Lew Tabackin** Trio July 22. Trumpeter **Rick Alfonso** and his quartet played Mondays at Lucky's in Willimantic through July. **Talking Drums** performed July 6 on the Middletown Green. **Emery Smith** and **James Williams** play solo piano on alternate weekends at the Avenue Restaurant in Northampton, Mass. The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet played at the Taste New Haven smorgasbord held at the New Haven Green August 11.

— Vernon Frazer

EUROPEAN NOTES

Jazz On A Sunday Afternoon at the American Center — The American Center, situated in the Montparnasse area of Paris, is a privately-funded cultural institution (thus no government hooha) that promotes an ongoing exchange in the performing arts. Since the spring of 1982 its executive director, Henry Pillsbury, has had the good sense of hiring **Mike Zwerin** to coordinate a new Sunday afternoon jazz series there (incidentally, Zwerin's new book of musical memoirs *Close Enough For Jazz* (Quartet Books) has received enthusiastic reviews in the major English news media, as well as high marks from Leonard Feather in the *International Herald Tribune*). About a dozen concerts a year have taken place since then, and what is particularly encouraging is that it is the center's own membership — students in the language, dance or theater classes there — that make up the majority of listeners at this popular series (rather than simply the same old jazzgoing public). Zwerin likes to book American musicians as often as possible there but still keeps the palette thoroughly international. Some of the highlights: **Barre Phillips/Michel Portal** duo, **Christian Escoude/Jimmy Gourley/Hal Singer**, **Steve Lacy** and **Oliver Johnson** with **Brion Gysin**, **Burton Greene** with Zwerin on trombone, **Barry Altschul**'s quartet with Glenn Ferris on trombone (so when is Black Saint or Hat Hut or another important label going to get smart and record Ferris?), France's **Quatuor de Saxophones**. Among those featured for Fall 1984 is **Alan Silva**'s new sextet.

Hat Hut Hops — Two major releases this spring in the Hat Art Catalogue feature English and French groups in two-record box sets. The first, by Tony Coe, Tony Oxley & Co., "Nutty (on) Willisau," this writer hasn't heard. But the second, Andre Jaume's "Musique Pour 3 & 8: Errance," reconfirms Jaume's position as one of the more interesting of the younger French saxophonists. The octet record in this set takes up some of the colourings Jaume employed in his earlier octet record on Hat Art, but here the personnel is more unusual: Jaume and the fine percussionist Gerard Siracuse are joined by two violinists, two cellists and two bass players. The result, with Jaume's often blue-tinged tunes, is a music from the heartland, richly textured and richly felt. The trio record here, where Jaume and Siracusa are joined by bassist Francois Mechali, reminds us that he doesn't need to be immersed in a big group to get a big sound either. Jaume is a searcher and a dreamer, and should be heard more outside his own country.

Hat Hut and Hat Art have as well got a blockbuster series of records lined up for release in the coming year. There's the four-record Cecil Taylor set, all concerts from his 1983 European tour. There's also a big set of the Vienna Art Orchestra playing the music of Eric Satie. In addition, Steve Lacy's musical settings of five Samuel Beckett poems is in the works, to be followed by his large ballet work premiering this fall in France based on twenty poems by Robert Creeley with a decor by painter Kenneth Noland. Yet another prospect is the likely release of the Rova Saxophone Quartet as recorded on their 1983 tour of Russia.

Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy — Bowie's done it again, roots, source, brass and all. After their debut at this year's Moers festival, the group played two evenings at the most consistently interesting jazz club in Paris, The New Morning. Though Bowie's arrangements well contained the bustling nine-piece band (a few listeners had hoped there would be more free blowing), all soloists broke through in top form. Comprised of four trumpets, two trombones (Craig Harris and Steve Turre, who as Pawel Brodowski has written is one of the most exciting new trombonists), French horn, tuba (Bob Stewart), and Phillip Wilson on drums, the group demonstrated Bowie's admirable skill in employing the entire history of jazz in his music (as echos of Armstrong kept busting the seams). May they return again and again, but in the meantime Moers Music is due to release a record of their performance at that festival (Moers has also recently released Mathias Ruegg and the Vienna Art Choir's "From No Art To Mo-(z)-Art," a tour de force jazz suite commissioned by Moers, featuring vocalist Lauren Newton, trombonist George Lewis, saxophonist Wolfgang Puschnig, with members of Vienna's Arnold Schonberg Choir.

Harmonia Mundi at 25 — Finally, mention should be made of France's longest standing distributor, Harmonia Mundi, in the business now for over 25 years. Chiefly a company devoted to recording classical and early music, they have branched out in the last few years to become the major (and most reliable) distributor of jazz records in France (as well as such ethnomusical labels as Ocora and Le Chant Du Monde). Not a whole lot gets by them at this point, considering that their general catalogue now includes Black Saint, Soul Note, Red, SteepleChase, and the various Hat Hut siblings. With offices in Los Angeles, London and Heidelberg, their headquarters remains Harmonia Mundi, 04870 Saint-Michel de Provence, France.

— Jason Weiss

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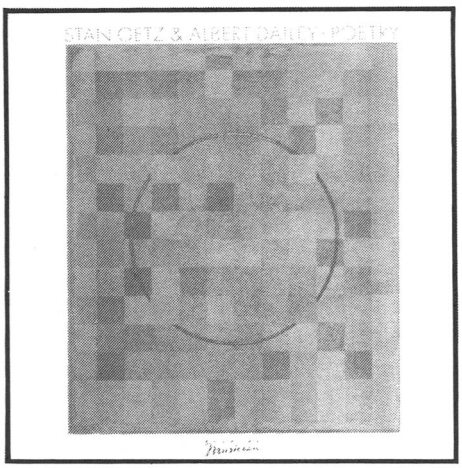

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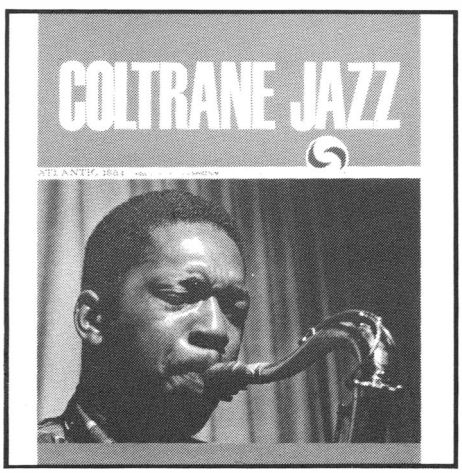

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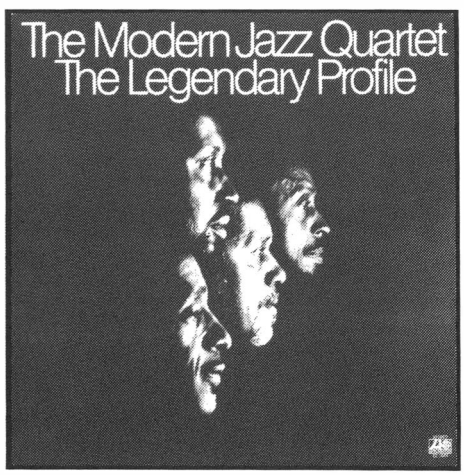

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The 12-page booklet includes a personal reminiscence by Brownie's widow LaRue, an essay by Ira Gitler and rare and unpublished photos by Bill Claxton and others.

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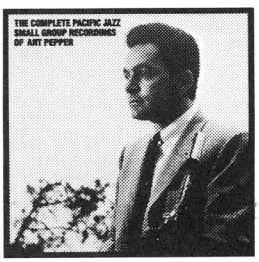

The mid fifties found Art Pepper at his creative peak, as these 4 Pacific Jazz sessions will attest. This collection of 26 performances brings together 2 sextet sessions co-led by Art and Chet Baker, Pepper's nonet date arranged by Shorty Rogers and 4 saxophone encounters with Bill Perkins, which have been restored to their original unedited length. Of particular interest is the first sextet session with 6 titles that had been scattered over 5 albums, one tune previously issued only in shortened form and an unissued version of "The Great Lie." Sidemen include Phil Urso, Richie Kamuca, Pete Jolly, Carl Perkins, Jimmy Rowles, Russ Freeman, Curtis Counce and Shelly Manne. Along with Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker, Art Pepper created some of the most vital and lasting music to come out of the west coast era.

The 8-page booklet contains an essay by Michael James, photos taken at some of the actual sessions in the set and newly discovered discographical information.

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