CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * THREE DOLLARS * ISSUE 201 * APRIL/MAY

JOHN COLTRANE * KENNY CLARKE * CECIL TAYLOR & MAX ROACH * VIC DICKENSON * RAY DRAPER
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cover photograph
JOHN COLTRANE
By Bill Smith

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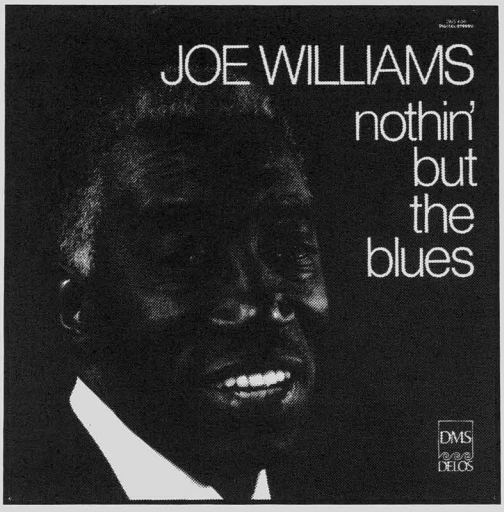

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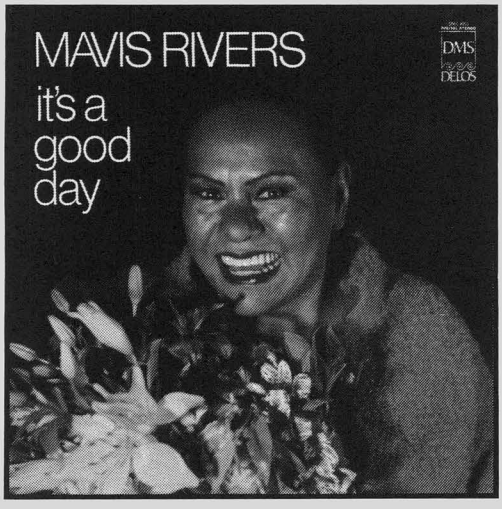

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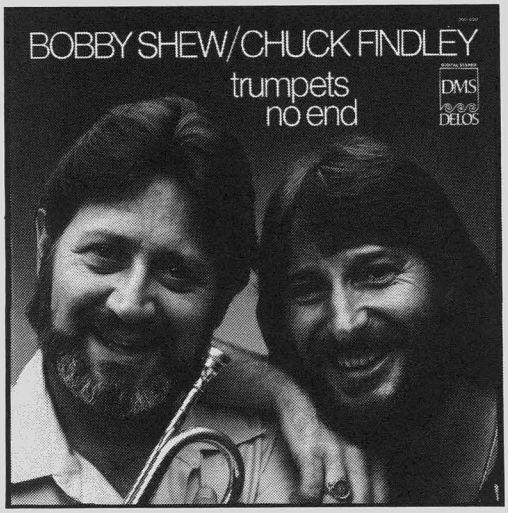

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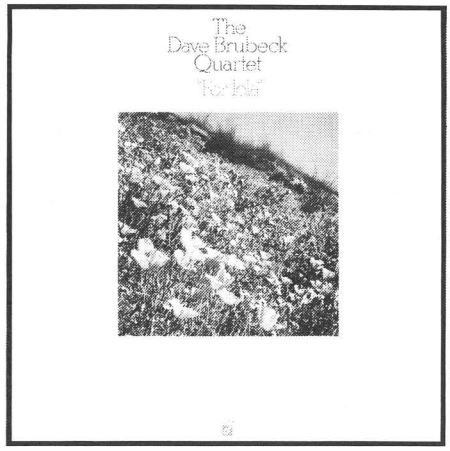

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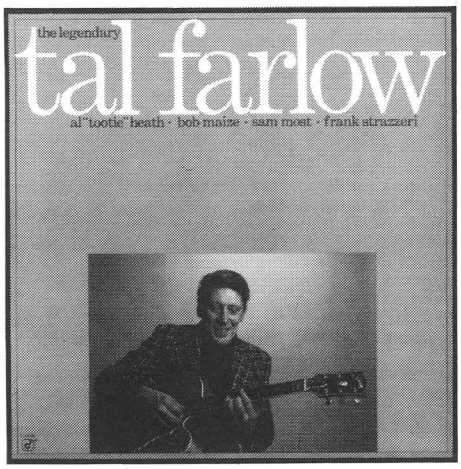

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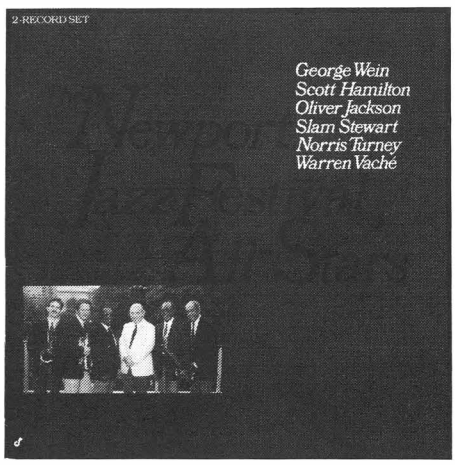

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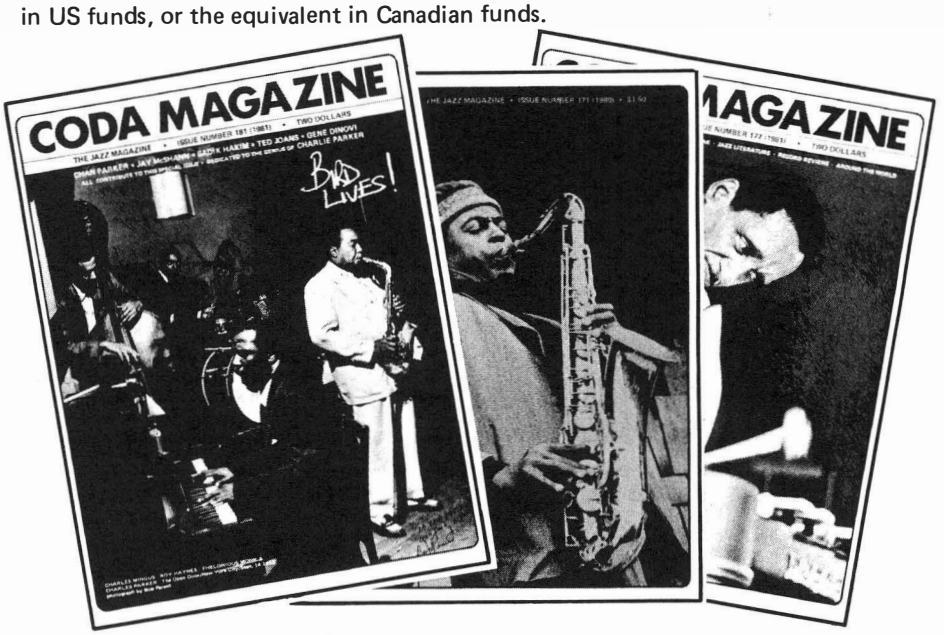

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CODA

We investigate the world of the alto saxophone. Features will include interviews with the legendary **Art Pepper**, Panamanian saxophonist **Carlos Ward** and the genius of the Duke Ellington band, **Johnny Hodges**. Record features will include bebop music, and an in depth look at the Atlantic reissues of **Ornette Coleman**. Plus all our usual features.... Subscribe now, so as not to miss a single word of this great issue....

JOHN COLTRANE

AN OVERVIEW BY BARRY TEPPERMAN

In jazz, the quality of innovation is often the appearance of complete heterodoxy – that is, the choice of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Because of this, of the five artists who revolutionized improvised music in the 1960s – Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane, and Sun Ra – John Coltrane is the one most frequently cited as leader and influence, but least often as innovator. Precisely because Coltrane occupied a well-defined niche before the change broke, and because his every step was readily related to what he had done before and what the surrounding influences were, the most astute observers of the early 1960s saw him as little more than henchman to Ornette Coleman – "the new generation's paid assasin of bebop".

Coltrane was in fact no less adventurous than the others. Because his own stylistic transitions involved both the erection of new structures and the methodical destruction of their predecessors, he was the most public iconoclast of all. For Coltrane, Dolphy, and (less readily available to the listener) Sun Ra, there was a deliberate, palpable, rational pattern to their flight from total orthodoxy into freer, more profound and intense realms of personal expression. The same may have pertained to Coleman and Taylor – but to public ears and the record audience, they appeared initially fully-formed and heterodox, so that their pathways to that conclusion had inherently less impact on other musicians, audiences, or the inherently conservative marketplace.

In turn, Coltrane was set apart from Dolphy by his singleminded purposefulness. One could watch Dolphy in transition, even at close range, comfortably because every performance recalled his last. This retrospection and hesitancy allowed other musicians the liberty of following Dolphy's musical leads just so far as his needs or comfort were suited. (Thus Dolphy's importance only to those who followed him from bebop into freer expressions to varying degrees – Jackie McLean, Phil Woods, and a few others. Also thus the lack of a definable impact on the course of improvised music comparable to that achieved by Coltrane, Coleman, or Taylor.) Coltrane's music demands commitment. You must keep your ego safely distant for comfort. Commitment as player or listener meant moving when he did, as far as he did, and only afterward stopping to draw your conclusions. As younger players moved and grew with him, he in turn drew energy and inspiration and his bounds widened explosively. His final search, the explosive accrual of energy, was both sparked and doubly reinforced by feedback from artists who had followed his lead and found alternative outlooks at each step – Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler.

Among the five founders, Coltrane shared only with Sun Ra an unquestioned ability to lead. Both musically and personally, he was truly charismatic in a way that, of his contemporaries, only his erstwhile mentor Miles Davis shared. His aura was difficult to understand, and evokes a wide range of personal responses for each listener. His attraction lay in intensity, purpose, the sweep of his lyricism, his search and resolve – all possibly paradoxical unless one perceives their all taking root from his spirituality. Rather than Sun Ra's extravagant cultism, Coltrane's experience of belief anchored the purpose of his art, both demanding that he strip his soul and leaving him shining in the conviction of his destiny. This impulse became a deliberate tangible only in his last years (1964-1967), but it was the acknowledged driving force behind all the ramifications of his music during his last decade. All his stylisitic twists and seeming contradictions passed naturally from his purging search for purification.

In his last decade, Coltrane had begun to look to the music of Eastern cultures, finding there not just new interpretations of musical practices, but a different social context for music – as a medium for meditation. This allowed him a path from impression to raw expression. Early in his career, the fascination of his music lay in the tension he built, as representative of life stresses, and in his ability as the listener's surrogate to play them through to an ultimate resolution – one which far transcended the daily trivia of most lives. During the days after "A Love Supreme", the same singular amalgam of intensity and sensitivity fulfilled other vicarious needs for many listeners – those for meditation and penance.

The facts of Coltrane as leader and as performer are inseparable. His own instrumental technique was perfected – a full, even, rounded voice with little vibrato through the full range of his horns, whose sweep stressed the upper overtones of each note without strain while remaining rich in the base. The listener is affected first by the majesty in the power of his voice. He was instantly capable of every musical effect he demanded of his medium, and at all times this prowess intermeshed admirably with imagination and conviction.

The ensembles he conceived for himself had always this sound to complement. Thus, as he refined his command and expressive needs in new directions, the demands made of his colleagues changes and so did the makeup of his bands. Elvin Jones' multidirectional rhythms functioned admirably under Coltrane so long as the resubdivision of the beat (something accomplished by the polychordal "sheets of sound" in the late 1950s, and retained until after "A Love Supreme") remained a major preoccupation. Once Coltrane became engrossed with the vocality of his instruments – a process which either generated its own heartbeat or rendered it superfluous – and with textures that became more the product of ensemble interaction than drum tonality, Jones' approach lost relevance. At the same time, McCoy Tyner's astute but insistent chordal/modal feeds were no longer as necessary, as heart and voice replaced chord and scale, and the need for a more mobile and lyrical counterfoil far greater. Conversely, each of his colleagues from the time of the classic Quartet (1960) on had developed highly personal syntheses of their instrumental traditions, and at no time was there a question of a leader's demands compromising the expression of others. Thus courses naturally tended to diverge. Coltrane's direction of the ensemble, always informal, moved primarily by the needs of the music itself.

Coltrane viewed his colleagues in performance as fellow creators whose insights and leadership he craved. He might not have so readily abandoned the bebop he had so thoroughly trounced had not Miles Davis demanded modal insights as well. Although it lacked direct or immediate impact, Eric Dolphy's presence alongside him in the early 1960s anticipated Coltrane's own rethinking of harmonic process. In their expansive reinterpretations of their elder's style, Archie Shepp and Pharoah Sanders contributed as much to his final evolution

as he did to theirs. This extended as well to those who never participated directly in Coltrane's career. Ornette Coleman ("Free Jazz") suggested new forms and frameworks for improvisation. Sun Ra's concept of the ensemble for freedom anticipated both Coleman and Coltrane by several years. In addition he directly implied – with different trappings – the spiritual search the tenorist was to embark upon, and in the rarefied environs of the Arkestra his "sideman" John Gilmore attained hardened linear inflections and a modal/polyphonic command that moved slightly ahead of Coltrane into the same realms. (Coltrane himself acknowledged the impact of Gilmore on his 1961 "Chasin' the 'Trane".) Davis, Ra, Ravi Shankar, and Yusef Lateef all affected his search for alternative cultural sources.

The impact of Coltrane the leader far exceeded the confines of his own ensembles. Many elder jazzmen, and a generation of young improvisers, were affected by his spiritual and musical intensity, and his persistent advocacy of individual search for unique solutions. Both the younger men who joined his working groups (Shepp, Sanders) and those who waited in the wings (Ayler, John Tchicai, Marion Brown, Carlos Ward, Donald Garrett) benefitted from his interventions on their behalfs with promoters and producers.

In music as metaphor, Coltrane's influence was also felt far beyond the musicianly community. His predominance in the 1960s coincided with an era of accelerated turmoil in American society. While his works as such were apolitical, they served as actuators for a widespread awakening of consciousness among the disaffected who heard him, who saw in his quest for self, the power and inner drive underlining every step, and his synthesis from other cultures into his own distinctive voice, the metaphor for their own searches.

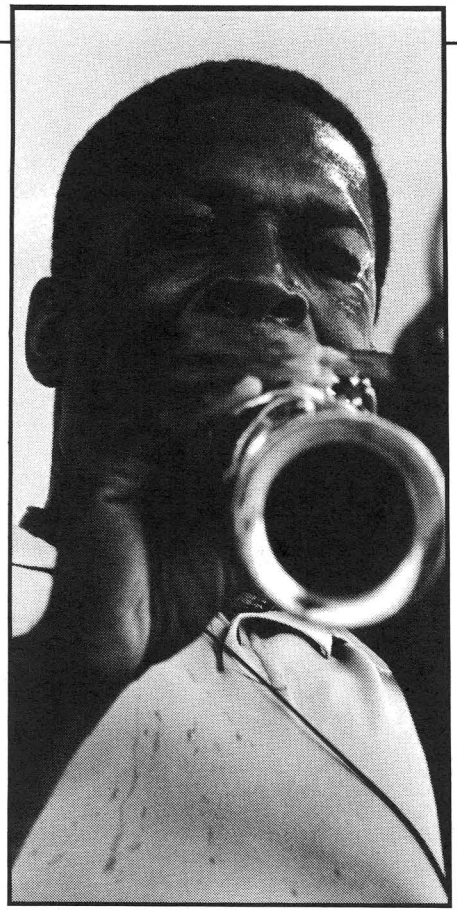
As driven as they were by his own quest for self-realization, Coltrane's innovations and syntheses varied incessantly, each occasion revealing new insights. Coltrane was not only a great original musical thinker. He grasped the essence and validity of many other approaches, and created from them an amalgam whose identity was personal rather than eclectic and whose power far exceeded the summed resources of his inspirations.

Coltrane's idiomatic attainments, like Charlie Parker's, have grown to permeate American popular music. These can be grouped for discussion into two broad areas – individual and ensemble.

The young Coltrane first gained prominence for singlehandedly playing bebop/hard bop into a cul-de-sac. This he did through the evolution of a style demanding an intricate and fleet execution of chord changes and substitutions with scalar passing tones – the so-called "sheets of sound". Apart from setting new standards in the jazz community for proficiency of command, this idiom laid the groundwork for fully scalar performances as the next logical step in the development of improvisation, and demanded a complete rhythmic reorientation within the music to be fleet rather than ponderous. To realize fully his preconceived ideas, Coltrane had to play solos lengthy by then-current standards, and requiring a continuing shift of linear accentuation resulting in a smearing of textures. Conventional rhythm sections could cope with this smear only by further subdivision of the beat, from eighth notes into sixteenths. Through his later years, this recurring preoccupation with rhythmic texture dictated the format of his ensembles – a closely-enmeshed system of accompanying polyrhythms underlining and enmeshing with the saxophone's complex lines. Ultimately in its development, the issue left specific metres and subdivisions, and became a collective pulse responding to the needs of both soloist and ensemble. For some time Coltrane was matched by Elvin Jones, whose personal approach to the drum kit depended upon to-and-fro feeds with the band swirling around, and on his ability to maintain, blend, and resolve multiple simultaneous metric patterns. At the turn of the 1960s, looking at these musical preoccupations, Coltrane was described as a regressive innovator, one who assassinated the musical past as Coleman and Taylor, vaulting to new hypotheses, looked to the future. In retrospect, the tenorist was simply laying the groundwork for the visible evolution he was later to bring about.

Having mastered the harmonic idiom of his predecessors in a highly arpeggiated style, Coltrane exhausted the old methods in pursuing his personal expression. In the late 1950s he encountered two complementary directions for exploration. One was scalar improvisation, to which he had been introduced by Miles Davis. Davis had been one of the seers of modal improvisation ("Swing Spring", 1954), but had not returned to it until the period immediately before "Kind of Blue" in 1959. While viewed at the time as revolutionary, in retrospect scalar improvisation was the logical step out of Coltrane's harmonic intricacies, much as was the use of tone clusters by Cecil Taylor and his followers. In entering this form, Coltrane was guided by various Third World musics which used scalar structures almost exclusively. The impact

JOHN COLTRANE (Photograph by Bill Smith)



of Indian classical music on him was most frequently cited in his lifetime, but even in his most extravagant polyrhythmic explorations Coltrane never took up the addictive metric structures of that art. His modal inventions seem rather based on the acquisition of more universal non-Western musical principles – whole tone and pentatonic scales ("Giant Steps"), superimposed tritone harmonies (Balkan music, George Russell), and quarter tones – rather than on a direct borrowing of structures. Early on, he was drawn to Moorish and flamenco musics ("Ole", reworked from the folk "Venga Vallejo"); and African influence is mainly seen in his use of rhythm and some of his late mythologizing ("Kulu Se Mama"), and is best seen as a superficial similarity rather than a directing force.

Looking for other avenues at the same time, Coltrane discovered the soprano saxophone, reserved at first exclusively for his modal improvisations (the many incarnations of "My Favorite Things"). Played in that setting with the full, woody, almost vibratoless sound he favored against polyrhythmic accompaniment, the texture of rags could be simulated for unsophisticated ears. But the impact of his paired advances was telling. Not just that modal improvisation quickly entered the everyday vernacular of jazz orthodoxy and the recording studio; but the soprano saxophone abruptly became commonplace in the command of improvisers and arrangers wanting a mobile high reed voice, overlapping the role of the alto saxophone in some bands, and finally obsoleting the clarinet as a "jazz instrument". Neither transformation could have taken place without the impact of an innovator of Coltrane's magnitude.

Moreover, these new ramifications of Coltrane's harmonic and tonal practice presented a demand for major change in his ensemble practice. Previously, despite the complexity of the "sheets of sound", his lines had remained compatible with the then most advanced bass usage (Paul Chambers, Wilbur Ware). With the step into polyrhythms and modes, the walking bass – no matter how gifted – was inadequate. Given the bassist's conventional role as a running underpinning for both rhythm and harmony – under attack by Coleman but accepted by Coltrane – more elaborate exploitations of the bass were necessary. Coltrane solved this at first (in the early quintets and again in 1965-6) by the use of two basses, each playing separate harmonic feeds around common rhythmic roots. He also found the superposition of the various timbres of the bass – arco under pizzicato especially – a useful textural resource. By late 1961 he had found Jimmy Garrison. Garrison's personally elaborate harmonic conception, making use of anticipated and retarding patterns; his extravagant "flamenco" technique allowing double- and triple-stop accompaniments; and his full tone all fulfilled the demands of the saxophonist's musics, first as harmonic voice and later as equal ensemble participant, in total sympathy.

The last, apocalyptic, sounds were musical syntheses of all that had gone before. The major innovations here were one the level of group interaction. While performances by the 1961-1964 Coltrane quartet and its successors had always depended on communal inspiration, after 1965 there was a concerted move toward collective creation not just as an isolated entity in the artistic landscape (as was Coleman's "Free Jazz"), but as a new and living dialect in ensemble language. Previously, this had been hinted at in the screaming intensity of "Chasin' the 'Trane" and "Impressions" in late 1961; but in both cases the strength was invoked by Coltrane and Jones to the virtual exclusion of other ensemble members, and was not an ongoing concern at other times. All these works reflected, at a distance, the influence of Sun Ra; in the early 1960s, through his philosophic guidance to the yearning Coltrane and the saxophonist's frequent practice sessions with Ra's tenorist John Gilmore; later, through collective forms borrowed wholly but executed with personal variations from the realm of the Arkestra. Coltrane had long since found the extended improvisatory format essential to his full expression, as a means for capturing the fleeting spontaneity of his muse.

The touchstone to this area of Coltrane's music is "Ascension", which – despite stylistic dissimilarities between the members of the expanded ensemble, despite the very direct emulation of "Free Jazz" in its format (alternated improvised ensembles and solos), and even despite blocking and unsympathetic tendencies on the part of some participants – achieves a questing urgency unprecedented in the AfroAmerican musical legacy. At its best, "Ascension" was a thesis of the musical tasks to be solved by the final expanded ensembles – a fused identity that could, in a simultaneous synergistic interaction of all participants (including the listener), attain a level of power unthinkable in earlier idioms. The depth of these resources, with the individual performer subservient to ensemble needs, was first plumbed in "Meditations". This quest for intensity is also seen in the abrupt shift in Coltrane's usage of the tenor saxophone, to emphasize its upper reaches and especially the vocality of its so-called "false register". This had been used occasionally for special effects – showmanship and screech – by other players, but only one – Eric Dolphy – had consistently exploited this register of his instruments for legitimately expressive purposes. In so doing, Coltrane and his disciples brought yet another resource into the required vocabulary of every power player.

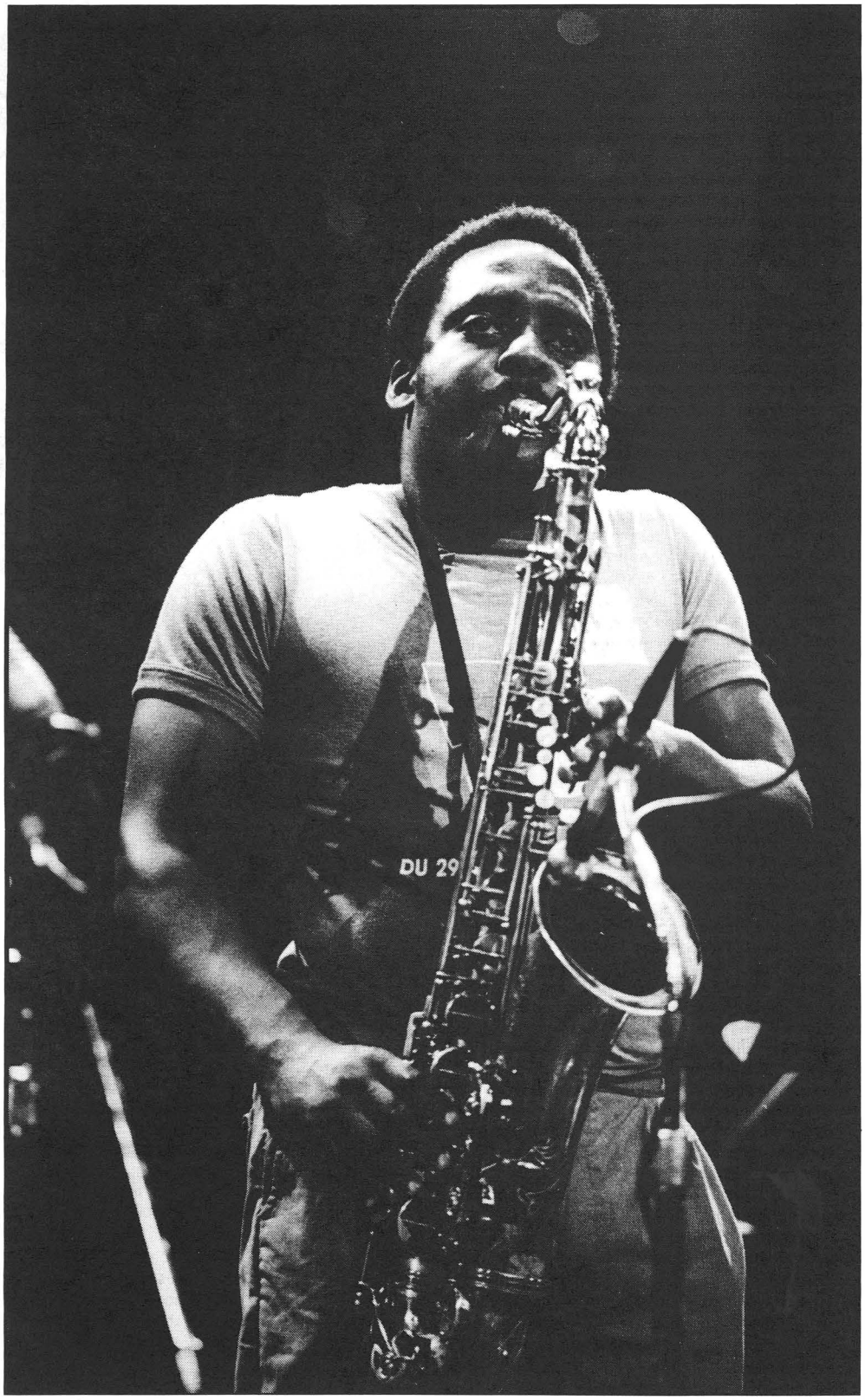
"It's not about sounds any more... it's about feelings". (Ayler)

Although a single spiritual quest moved Coltrane and his art throughout his career, different times in the music reveal a different man. In his last three years, his art was volcanically intense with only occasional respite for his impassioned lyricism to shine. Form was the direction the music took, and the demands it made of him and his colleagues seemed occasionally superhuman. Before that time, through its evolution his music had a humaity which in its more stressed moments bordered on anguished pathos, and a steel resolve through which the occasional glint of sardonic laughter showed. His art was never without discipline. As he left the traditions of one expressive model behind, the discipline to which his lines were subservient became increasingly personal, but it was still present to hear.

JOHN COLTRANE (Photograph by Joe Alper)

DAVID MURRAY

AN INTERVIEW BY MONTREAL JOURNALIST PETER DANSON



DAVID MURRAY (Photograph by Peter Danson)

Both your parents were musicians. In what ways were they important influences?

The first music that I ever heard probably came from them. My mother was a very good pianist who would play every morning, every day. She would perform in church four or five nights a week and then all day Sunday. She would also be called on for different convocations, different larger meetings where certain preachers would want her to play behind their preaching because she had a certain kind of feeling.

My father was less of a musician than my mother. He was kind of a folk musician. I guess you could say like B.B. King-gone-to-church. He was the kind of cat who would turn the guitar around and play lefty, but didn't turn the strings around. So he learned in an unorthodox manner, but he could play. To this day he still plays. In fact we're going to play together on Monday; he's coming to New York.

My parents didn't really push me towards jazz though. They pushed me to play music, because everybody did play music. In that family situation, and church situation, music was not really as important to me as it is now. It was just a matter-of-fact thing. You find with a lot of ethnic people that there's always a certain kind of talent in the family and that talent is always taken for granted because you just assume that people can do it. I have a brother, Donald, who plays the piano and now he's playing for two or three churches. He's got the spirit my mother had. My other brother played clarinet and he could play alto saxophone. He could come to New York, but he's still selling cars. It's like they taught us music, but they taught us to keep it in only a certain context. When I decided I was going to be a professional musician and come to New York and play jazz they didn't think that was such a good idea. Even now, even though they see interviews or records, to them I'm just their son and they don't believe all of it. My father has never really come to any of my concerts; the only place he's ever heard me play is in the church, which is cool.

I started off on alto saxophone. I started playing it because we had everything except the saxophone, so it was real logical. My brother was on clarinet, my cousin was on trumpet, everything was covered pretty much, but we didn't have a saxophone. So I got an alto and that night I played it in the church and could play the songs. I knew the songs already because I had been playing piano, so it was no big deal. I just kind of slid in and all of a sudden they just noticed I was in the band. Nobody really noticed that I couldn't play or anything like that. I think I could always play the saxophone.

Did you play R&B [rhythm and blues] as a kid?

Sure. The R&B we played was probably something like The Meters with a Chicago-type of horn section: a lot of fireworks going on in the horns and a lot of heavy rhythm on the bottom. The band was called The Notations of Soul and we used to back up various singing groups in the Bay area. But after a

while it got to be a real drag for me. Singing groups don't care about the band really, and there would always be some funky stuff going down. You would be playing the last song and the guy would be going out the door with the money.

Were you into Junior Walker back then?

Oh yes, Junior Walker was definitely one of the people that I heard as a kid. He and Maceo Parker were on the funk side. In fact at one point they used to say "Murray-O, come blow your horn, give me no trash, give me some popcorn, give me some popcorn." You have to understand that growing up in the Bay area you heard these people more than you heard Sonny Rollins. I had to seek the music.

I think I have always played jazz, because even in the church we played songs and I would improvise on the chord changes of the songs, and we would get more and more intense depending on how the service was going. Then when I was about twelve or thirteen years old I had a little trio and we used to play at Shaky's Pizza Parlour. There was an organ player named Charles Green and a drummer and we played stuff like ***A Taste Of Honey*** but we were singing, it wasn't that we were really cognizant that we were playing jazz. We were just kind of doing it. By that time, of course, Sonny Rollins was my idol. I had seen him play in Berkeley at a jazz festival. He was actually the one who inspired me to play the tenor. After I heard him at that festival it was obvious that I couldn't play the alto any more. It didn't have enough body to it. So I came home and told my father we had to get a tenor.

So influences such as Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Paul Gonsalves and Lucky Thompson came later?

Yes, I remember in my early teens consciously studying Rollins, as well as Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins. I came to admire the others later in my teens when I became a man, when I went away to college and I met Stanley Crouch. He had all these Duke Ellington records. He would turn me on to all these different people; just listening to the records and getting the scope of what was happening in New York. I've never really thought about them as influences; I thought about them as guides and teaching patterns. It's the institution of studying the tenor saxophone. If you really want to learn to play it you have to study everybody that was great, or who you think is great, or who you like maybe. You can't study everybody. For example, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis was someone I focused in on. At that time it wasn't like the Berklee School of Music where all the solos were written out. You had to take them off the record. Bobby Bradford was very influential in just relating the fact that that was the best way to really do it. Those cats, as soon as a Bird record came out, they would run into the store to get it and wear it out. But then they would retain all that knowledge in their heads. I think that's the best way. If you get the sheet music to it, that's fine too. But you really learn it if you have it by ear.

Did you go to Pomona College because of Stanley Crouch?

They had a program called Black Pre-Freshmen Day and I went up there. I had read a book of poetry by Stanley, plus I had met this trombone player, Ray Anderson. He was in the Bay area and had met Stanley because his sister went to school at Pomona. I met Ray through this group called Mixed Company, and in various horn sections, because of all the horn section work I was doing. He told me about this weird guy named Stanley Crouch who wrote poetry, had a theatre ensemble, taught ***Moby Dick*** and was a really out guy and knew all these other musicians who were really fantastic.

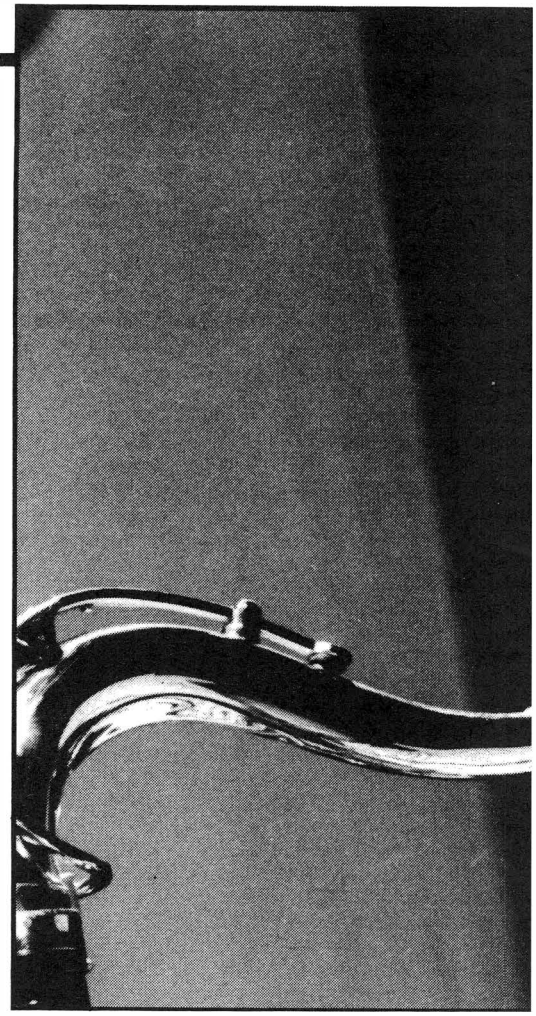
So I'm looking for a place to go to school. It's between the University of the Pacific, Stanford, Pomona and UCLA, so I got to these four different places to check out what's happening. Basically, all of them are good schools, so I wasn't really worried in terms of which school was going to be good enough for me in terms of standards. I was looking for the extra-curricular activity. So I went to Claremont and kept asking, Where's this Stanley Crouch person? So someone took me over to his house, where they were having a rehearsal, getting ready to do a record which Stanley was producing. I walked in there and there's Stanley with this weird set, Bobby Bradford, Walter Lowe, Arthur Blythe, James Newton, Butch Morris, Wilber Morris and Charles Tyler. Damn, I walked in on that! I started taking out my horn and Stanley said, "Nonononono!" So I listened to the rehearsal: out of sight. Then after the rehearsal I said, Well, can I play now? He said okay, so I started warming up: "Oh, this guy can can play." That was when I started up a lot of musical associations that are really prevalent even now.

Butch Morris once referred to the West Coast scene as being pretty vibrant, with people like Bobby Bradford, John Carter....

Oh yes, some great teachers there. Even before I met them, I had great teachers in the Bay area. My high school band director got me into this Catholic high school for my last two years of high school because they had a really excellent band. A lot of people in that band went on to become excellent musicians. One piano player, just to mention someone, was Rodney Franklin. Bob Barrett actually taught me how to write music legibly before I went to college. So I had a lot of resources there. Junior Cortney, Nathaniel Cortney's father from New Orleans, had a group called Junior Cortney and the Cavaliers. They played those country club gigs with maybe twenty-one pieces; Nat would be playing drums and saxophone. This cat sounded like Lester Young when he was twelve. I mean, this guy could come to New York and blow Scott Hamilton completely away. But he's fixing cars. That's what he likes to do.

You obviously developed an important association with James Newton.

When I met James on the day of that rehearsal, he had been playing the flute for maybe a year or a year and a half, something ridiculous like that. But he could play the hell out of it already; he was a real natural flute player. He had played the bass before that in some funk groups. We would challenge each other all the time; study certain parts and try to solo on certain changes faster than the song would go. We experienced a lot of information at the same time from Bobby Bradford musically,



Stanley Crouch philosophically, John Carter technically, Arthur Blythe. We were just learning from those people, we really benefited from them being there. Even now in New York, James and I talk, although mostly about business. In fact we've even reached the point of getting a group together which would focus on the California players — Arthur Blythe, Bobby Bradford, John Carter, Billy Higgins.

You went to New York in 1975....

I was waiting for everybody to come with me but I said, Man, I'm ready to go. You guys are taking too long. I've got to get out of here.

After Arthur went to New York, I felt I was the next to go. I thought I had learned as much as I could learn at the time, and it was time to move on.

Stanley Crouch came to New York about nine months after I came, and we put our money together and got this loft on top of the Tin Palace. It was a good vehicle, because it was a big loft; you could get an audience of 100, 150 people up in there. A lot of cats came through there. The first thing I produced in the loft was "An Evening of Two Great Poets: Stanley Crouch and Ted Joans." It was nice. That was the beginning of us doing the concerts there. Musicians would come from California and we would showcase them. It was like an artists' collective, but I guess I took all the risks.

Any special memories of Studio Rivbea?

I have very warm memories of first meeting Sam Rivers, who has always been very nice to me. We got into a little spat at one point,

but only because I think he and Stanley had a spat. All the time people make this mistake. Stanley always had arguments with different people, you know, so they would always put me in it. And I would be somewhere else, wouldn't be involved in it at all. But just by association that happened to me a lot of times. So I've kind of backed off a bit. But I remember Sam Rivers was one of the first cats who gave me a gig in New York and I always really appreciated that from him. And he continued to give me things. I think he's a fine person and a great musician, a great writer and saxophone player. I listened to him as a kid; you know, some of the stuff he did with Tony Williams.

Fred Hopkins once said that at that time, you could make more money at the door of a loft gig than you could make at a regular club date.

That's probably true. When I got to New York in 1975 it was just at the end of the energy period. There were a lot of organizational problems. There were very few big bands for young musicians then. Around 1976, '77, a lot of other people started coming to New York from St. Louis, Chicago and California. That's when the loft scene, the Tin Palace and all this stuff really started to take off. So you could probably make a lot of money at the door. People were excited. People came from Japan; we started getting a lot of press. The next thing you know, we could give a concert anywhere. Once the loft owners realized that, they started to charge more money. With the exception of Sam Rivers and Joe Lee Wilson, the loft owners became greedier than the club owners. So after a while it wasn't really feasible to play in the lofts. The music had to go somewhere else, and so there were a couple of years, after the "Wildflowers" sessions, where the music didn't do anything.

Also, a lot of things changed when the Five Spot closed. I think it was the end of 1975 when the Termini brothers lost the Five Spot, and that was the only place that really hired the new music. Cecil Taylor would play in there for three weeks, Sun Ra would be in there for three weeks, the Art Ensemble. I used to be down there almost every night checking it out. I went down to listen to Cecil every night for three weeks and he finally let me sit in on the last set. It was great.

Was the group with Butch Morris, Stanley Crouch, Fred Hopkins and Don Pullen just one of those short-lived things?

It was a short-lived group because after we finished those recordings Stanley hung up the drums. He stopped playing.

You see, being a jazz critic and a drummer is not the easiest thing. You leave yourself wide open for a lot of criticism. Either he was going to have to become a Max Roach technically on the drums or else he was going to have to put them down and just write. His approach to the drums was more free-styled and he was criticizing drummers who had all the rudiments and everything together. So it was a dichotomy. I think he made the best move, because Stanley has always been a prolific writer and poet and, although a lot of people don't know it, he's a great playwright, director and actor. There are a lot of things to this man's personality, and playing the drums was just an extension of that.

You first went to Europe with Phillip Wilson and Olu Dara in 1976. What were your first impressions?

I really dug it. That was the first time I had played for a lot of people. And people had heard about me, they just wanted to come and touch me. It was really weird at first. But it was nice to be playing night after night, because other than working in a funk or church situation I'd never really played a jazz gig from night to night to night. I hadn't really done that in New York at that point. That's what I liked about Europe the most, and that's what I thought was most beneficial to me in terms of my playing. I got to play fourteen nights in a row and my playing went up to another level. I noticed it and other people noticed it too. I'm at my best when I'm playing from night to night.

That's the interesting thing about recordings, because you can catch a guy playing three months later and he's doing something else. People always talk about my progression and the fact that I have twenty-nine albums. I think I should actually have about forty albums by now in terms of the difference in the way my sound changes from day to day, week to week and month to month. For instance if you listen to Sonny Rollins at the beginning of 1957 he sounds different than at the end of 1957. You have to know when to document a person. Most of my records are pieces of time for me, in that they represent a certain type of progression, or decline, or whatever, in my playing. And I feel there were certain periods where they didn't catch me.

Can you talk about Johnny Dyani?[South African bassist living in Europe]

Every time I play one of my songs to him he says, "That sounds like something we play in my homeland." We don't see each other very much but there is a very strong bond between us. Almost like being brothers; he feels like I'm his brother from some distant life. It's really easy for us to play together. Right now I'm doing some big band arrangements for some of his songs, and I'm trying to get someone to sponsor a concert for South Africans in exile. Musicians get into a situation where they take, take, take, take a lot of times. And nobody in life does that. Even though you may be playing beautiful music and giving in that way, you can't be a taker all the time. You really have to respect people. I know that a lot of times, traveling around Europe musicians get into a fantasy where they just try to abuse people. Whenever I've noticed that in my band I've tried to nip it in the bud. There's no reason to treat people like that — these people are your fans.

Getting back to Johnny Dyani — he has all these people coming up to him in exile, and these people are really serious. A couple of people I've met — Africans — are coming to me with their songs now. I've done about four arrangements. This way I feel I'm giving something to their people, because the situation in South Africa has really got to change. Black people in America have been really stupid about that. I think they've let the powers-that-

DAVID MURRAY (Photograph by Werner Panke)

be convince them that all the chanting for South Africa, that the cause itself, was a fad. They act as if it went out with the dashiki. These people are still getting fucked over down there. So people have got to wake up. Nobody wants to talk about black pride. That's why Jesse Jackson is so important right now. We have a situation where the black people of the United States need to regain the momentum that they had when Martin Luther King and Malcolm X were alive. So here's Jesse Jackson stepping out because nobody else will, because they're afraid of biting the dust like the rest of them. So it's a hell of a situation. It's just a matter of trying to wake people up.

You mentioned a period when the energy music had come to an end. A dead end.

The thing about the energy music is, I liked it. I was drugged that it had left. When I first came to New York I was playing with Ted Daniels' Energy Band. This is where I met Olu Dara, Hamiet Bluiett, Lester Bowie, Frank Lowe, all the cats. I met them all in one day. We had a rehearsal, there were about ten people at the rehearsal, and then we did the gig and there were about twenty-five people playing. So I met all the cats I associate with now. It was like a big party. We just blew until our mouths got tired. Now you know just being the kind of cat that likes football, I liked that stuff. It was sad to see the stuff go. When these guys started coming and playing this cocktail stuff I said, Oh man, is this what we got to do for the next ten years? So my whole idea was to make a mesh between them and mix all that stuff up; a melange. There are some things you can learn from the energy period, which is something I really think Wynton Marsalis ought to do. He said something about how there was nothing at all happening in the 1970s. Well, he wasn't there. He wasn't in New York in the '70s, so he doesn't really know. To me that's just a young guy blurping off. That's just a young upstart talking, and all I know is that I was there. I remember doing a clinic down in New Orleans, and I remember him as a kid sitting down in the band. He must have been about fourteen, I don't know. But I mean, that was the beginning of the World Saxophone Quartet. So I know there was something happening, regardless of what anyone says.

How did the World Saxophone Quartet come together?

Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett and I had all been playing together in different situations, and Ed Jordan, the head of the Music Department at Southern University in New Orleans, wanted us to come down there. He liked all of us individually, so he said, "Why don't you all get together, come down, and we'll put a rhythm section together for you down here." We did the gig and the clinic, and that was the beginning of the World Saxophone Quartet.

Since then, the Quartet has become one of the main things that I do. It's like a big diamond that's just waiting to be chipped and cut. I really don't understand why people haven't jumped on that. That group, visually, musically, we could take it to almost any level. I don't know what the record industry is thinking. We could get a rhythm section, we could do things with orchestras, we could do anything. There are no limitations on that group. And it's a joy to be around all the cats in the saxophone quartet. We've learned to live with each other, which is really nice. At first it was a lot of confusion, but we realized, "Hey, man, we're not going to let our personalities mess up this diamond. It's not worth it." I think that's the key to the group, even moreso than the music.

Hasn't the Quartet become an important vehicle for Julius Hemphill's writing?

I think so, because of the volume of Julius's writing. You can't keep up with him. I mean, I couldn't match it, and probably one of the problems of the group is that it's very hard for us to match his output. He keeps going and going. At the same time, I think the rest of us are concentrating more on our own groups. But that's going to change because I'm going to start writing more for the Quartet, once I've got some more of my personal stuff off the ground.

I was going to ask you about that. There are certain tunes which you first recorded with the World Saxophone Quartet and then with your own octet. But for other tunes, the sequence was reversed.

I think first of the tune itself, and then of the arrangement. Everything I do has always been in a growth pattern. I'm constantly studying. The fact is that the saxophone sounds in the saxophone quartet help me when I'm writing for the octet, and vice versa. They both help me.

What about a tune such as* Dewey's Circle*? You recorded it very early in your career, and then completely rearranged it for the World Saxophone Quartet.

Arrangements are like kids; they grow up, they change and mature... especially with the octet. After playing through these same songs for years and years you get more ideas about them. Then you want other people to play this stuff that you've thought of. The next thing you know, you've got an arrangement.

Can we talk about Giovanni Bonandrini [producer of Black Saint and Soul Note Records]?

He's been very important, especially now because I'm on a contract with him until May. We had a two-year deal at two records a year. When we first started together, it was okay. Then I guess he started noticing that my records were starting to sell a little more than the other records. Then a couple of years ago it got to the point where my records were probably selling about the same as the sax quartet's. I was actually thinking about going to Gramavision, but I guess it didn't work out with Gramavision. So I went with Bonandrini.

We had already established a relationship, and it's gotten better since I signed. It would be out of sight to be with a big company, but I'm not going to sit and do nothing and wait for that to happen. I'm going to continue to produce my music, and Bonandrini gives me the opportunity to do my own records, to do everything I want to do. He's in my corner, and he's a person I really respect. He's a good person, plus he's very thorough with his business. He sends you your money on time, he does everything that all these other jerks out there ought to do. So that's why I'm with Bonandrini.

What about your new quartet with John Hicks, Reggie Workman and Ed Blackwell?

It's happening. I want to get on the road and work with that band. When you start bigger things people don't want to see your smaller things. But as far as I'm concerned, my quartet with those people is just as exciting as my big band thing. Also it's more playing for me, so I like that.

Anything else on the agenda?

I thought I needed to work on some string writing, because I thought of that as my weakest link. So I got myself a string ensemble and tried to do a concert. I need to do about two more and then I'll be really ready to put some strings down on wax. But by doing this I found out that I need more strings; I need at least twenty-five. You see, string players are a little reluctant to just jump out of their instruments. The orientation of it is different, I guess. It's so restrained in a way, although it doesn't need to be. You think of Ornette Coleman's ***Skies Of America***, which I think is a major work. There are sixty or seventy people on that album and it sounds like it. It's not that the harmonies are that intricate; it's just really magnificent. It's like clouds opening up in the heavens or something.

Are we going to get a chance to hear the big band outside of New York?

I'd like that. I would have liked to have brought it up here actually. It's not that much bigger because right now it's a small big band, eleven pieces — three saxophones, two trumpets, a trombone, French horn and tuba, rhythm section and conductor (Butch Morris). So it's just three more pieces than the octet, but the way we're doing it, it sounds like ten more.

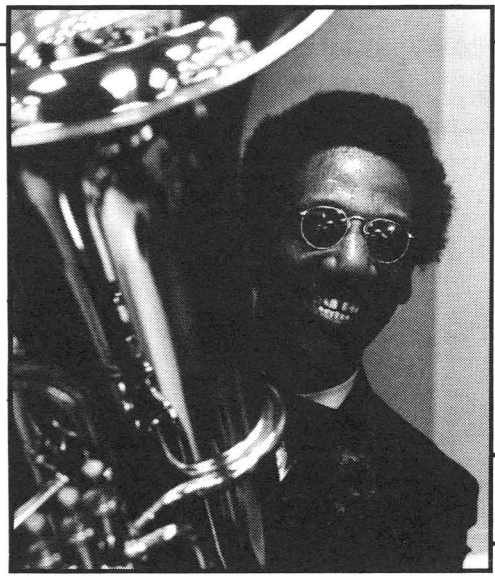
There seems to be a renewed preoccupation with compositional form and structure, as well as acoustic purity and "the tradition." All of these things seem to be coming together in this period.

A lot of writers of the, quote, "avant garde," when I came to New York, the stuff they were writing sounded like it was way down in the mud somewhere. It sounded okay but you know I'd rather get it up on the sidewalk at least. I can't really distinguish what is happening way down there. I'm into clarity. If your composition is clear then you have a clear mind as to what you want to improvise on, and I like to give people different options. That's why there are so many lines intertwined in my music. You have a lot of options, and you can use them or not use them.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

As a leader
Wildflowers volume 4 (Douglas)
Flowers for Albert (India Navigation)
Low Class Conspiracy (Adelphi)
3D Family (Hat Hut)
Ming (Black Saint)
Home (Black Saint)
Murray's Steps (Black Saint)
Morning Song (Black Saint)
With the World Saxophone Quartet
Steppin' with the WSQ (Black Saint)
WSQ (Black Saint)
Revue (Black Saint)

RAY DRAPER (Photograph by Raymond Ross)



Ray Draper Memorial

Two years have passed since the unexplained murder of Ray Draper – considered, at the time, to be "just another murder" on West 111th Street in Harlem. The circumstances continue to remain somewhat unclear. The killer still cannot be found.

The fatal shooting of Ray Draper, jazz musician, "reformed" drug addict, seemed to culminate a life of failure after failure, for a man who was essentially a very gifted artist.

Within his brief forty-two years, Ray Draper was able to realize the possibilities of using the tuba as a vital expressive voice within the jazz idiom. The beauty of his playing was added to that of such internationally-known jazz artists as John Coltrane, Jackie McLean and Max Roach.

But during the waning years of jazz music in the United States, as has been the case for so many jazz artists, failure to find work led to increasing depression and to increasing drug usage. It became a "Catch 22" situation: because of drugs Ray Draper became unable to work at his music; leading to deeper depression; needing more drugs to forget; unable to find the energy to seek work.

Howard Johnson, leader of Gravity, was helping Ray Draper to find his way back. He brought him home to live with him, and gave him the opportunity to feel some sense of accomplishment from his playing. Only the week before his death, Ray Draper had played with Gravity at Sweet Basil's in Greenwich Village.

At various times throughout his life, Ray Draper had delighted in playing around the world in many different contexts. He was a composer as well as a gifted player on the valve trombone, baritone, bass trumpet and piano. During the nineteen-sixties he recorded with Mick Jagger, toured Europe as musical director of the Arthur Conley Show, and was Music Director for Ronnie Scott Directions in London. He played with such artists as Walter Davis Jr., Eric Clapton, Michael Henderson, Don Cherry, Dr. John, Archie Shepp, Sweetwater Canal, Red Beans & Rice, Quincy Jones, Horace Tapscott and Big Black.

The nineteen-seventies found him playing again intermittently with Dr. John, and Kathy Chamberlain. He briefly taught theory and harmony at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, and received a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. His albums include "Sonny's Dream" with Sonny Criss on Prestige and "Who Knows What Tomorrow's Gonna Bring" with Jack McDuff on Blue Note.

As has been a tradition with funeral services for many other jazz musicians, Saint Peter's Church at 54th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City was the setting where memebers of the jazz community gathered on the morning of November 6th, 1982, to mourn the senseless murder. But more importantly, the services made a profound statement: "Celebration for the Life of Ray Draper."

During the service, artists came forward to offer musical gifts to the memory of their friend. Accompanied by Chessie Tanksley, Daniella sang an original tune by Ray Draper, *Little Orphan Boy*. The solo alto saxophone voice of Arnie Lawrence expressed a hauntingly complex *As Time Goes By*. Joe Daley's Tuba Quartet performed *Abide With Me*; instrumental interplay which seemed to intone an eternal plea. Evelyn Blakey and Bertha Hope individually sang of stirring beauty, followed by the James Allen Gospel Chorus.

Separate eulogies were read, paying tribute to different dimensions of Ray Draper's life. Richard Sudhalter's impassioned and poignant writing set the emotional tone. Pastor to the jazz community, John Garcia Gensel of Saint Peter's Church spoke gently: "We felt privileged to be available to Ray during his lifetime, and to the bereaved family, particularly Ray's mother, Mrs. Gwen Draper....."

Shocked by the murder, members of the jazz community combined their efforts to make some provisions for two orphaned children. Mark Morganelli provided the legendary Jazz Forum (now no longer in operation) for a benefit concert produced by Sandia Whenkel, coordinated and hosted by Rob Crocker with Rhonda Hamilton. In addition to the many artists who wished to participate by offering their music as gifts, word of the benefit was carried hurriedly to others, who continued arriving at the Jazz Forum all through the night, until 4 A.M. Some musicians even came to join in after having completed a full evening of playing other engagements. Among the artists were Toby Altman, Newman Barker, Gary Bartz, Walter Bishop Jr., Evelyn Blakey, Cecil Bridgewater, Rahn Burton, Bob Cunningham, Albert Dailey, Daniella, Walter Davis Jr., Mrs. Gwen Draper, Sonny Fortune, John Hicks, Charles T. Hudson, the Erica Lindsey Quintet, Victor Lewis, James Lovelace, Jimmy Madison, Junior Mance, Charles Persip and Superband, Charlie Rouse, Bill Saxton, Keisha St. Joan, Jerry Segal, Woody Shaw, the John Stubblefield Quartet, Howard Johnson and Gravity, Richard Sudhalter, Chessie Tanksley, Arthur Taylor, Micky Tucker, Harold Vick, the Monty Waters Quartet, Reggie Workman, and Joe Lee Wilson. Of all the inspired and profound music that night, perhaps the most heartrending moment was when Ray Draper's mother sang solo – as though calling through all eternity – *If You Could See Me Now.*

– Flora Wilhelm

CECIL TAYLOR AND MAX ROACH

MAX ROACH AND CECIL TAYLOR
Historic Concerts
Soul Note SN 1100/1

I tend to greet with arched eyebrows any album or group that proclaims its abilities with P.T. Barnum-style hyperbole. "World's greatest...", "The legendary...", and "superstar" are worn sobriquets that shine brightest when viewed through the myopic end of a promoter's telescope. Too often "all-star session" is used to adorn groups of leaders without leadership, an attempt to excuse directionless blowing on lukewarm standards. And by now it's an established fact that a direct correlation exists between the incompatibility of two musicians, X and Y, and the number of exclamation marks that append the phrase, "X and Y, Together at Last".

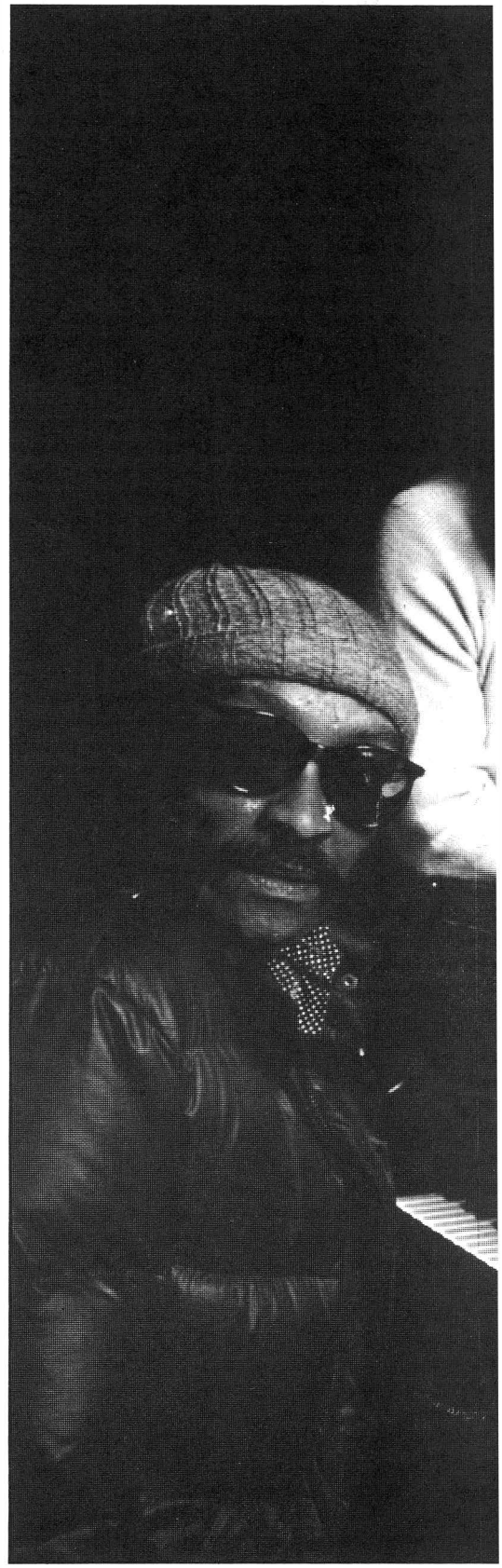
That said, there can be no better title to describe this double album of duets by Max Roach and Cecil Taylor than "Historic Concerts". By any measure, the two concerts recorded at Columbia University on December 15, 1979 document an historic meeting, a meeting of two musicians who, in very different ways, have had a profound influence on the way that jazz is played – and heard – today. Max Roach, a shaper of bebop, the master of hard bop and a restless seeker whose music has remained fluid for more than 40 years. Cecil Taylor, the demonic pianist of the avant garde, single-minded pursuer of a personal music that has evolved from, and with, staggering technique. Roach, the exemplar of melodic percussion, an orchestrator of drums, a deft juggler of colour, pitch, timbre and dynamics. Taylor, the percussionist of piano, a magician with lightning technique, a banger of ear-splitting intensity but also a coaxer of unrestrained beauty.

Cecil Taylor is a demanding musician, uncompromising in his vision. His music is idiosyncratic and demands total involvement from both his fellow musicians and his audience. There is only one way to approach Taylor's music and that is to dive right in and submerse yourself, or risk being beaten back by its ferocity. Impossible speed, dense, knotted clusters, elbowed chords; Cecil Taylor does not play a piano, he possesses it. A phalanx of sound confronts the listener. It is abrasive, impenetrable, as unyielding as granite but, like rock, it reveals more with inspection. The pianist's music has colour and texture; it has patterns, beauty and depth. A performance by Cecil Taylor is a composite of a thousand particulars; crowded, but it all fits. Those who ask for its logic have missed the point. Taylor's music is about sound and emotion; it is the turmoil and conflict of life, the laughter, the solitude, the calm and the rapture.

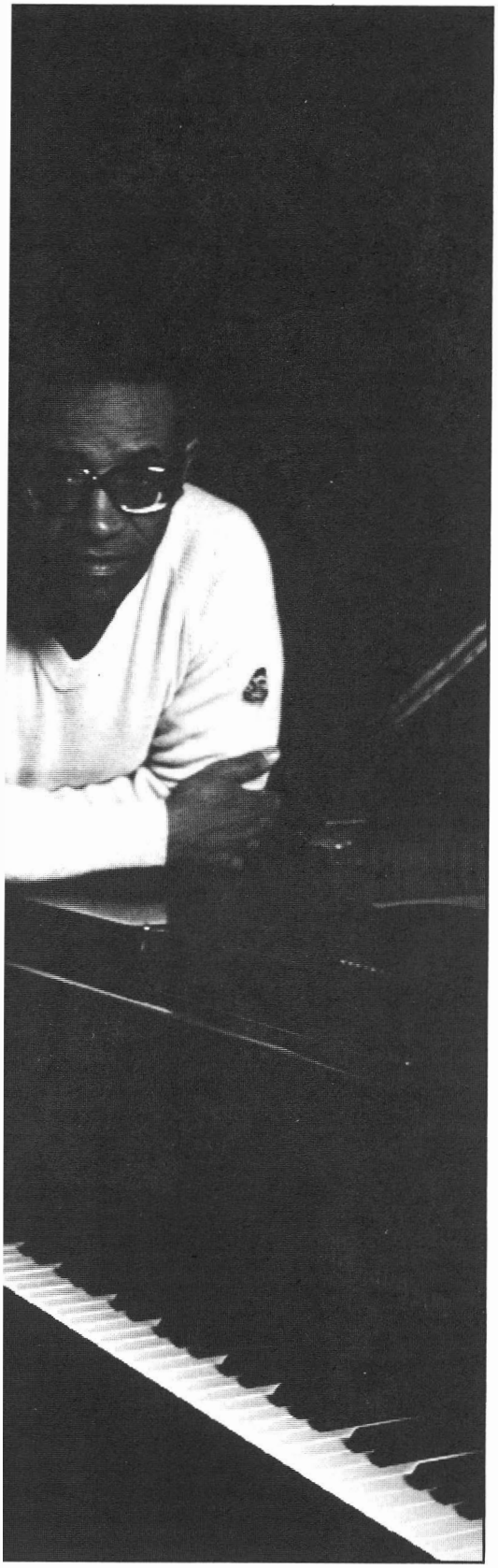
To play with Cecil Taylor is to play by the pianist's rules, on his own ground (witness the debacle of the Taylor / Mary Lou Williams session). Few musicians have played Taylor's music and those that have have tended to stay, for the pianist presents a challenge that must be confronted head-on with a great deal of determination. Taylor presents a special challenge to drummers since his own playing is so percussive and because he leaves so little space. Yet, like Coltrane, Taylor has a special empathy with drummers; his best dialogues have always involved strong percussionists who can feed off and elevate his own propulsive energy. As Taylor's best drummers have found, time must be abandoned in favour of a flexible skeleton of rhythm in which the music can flow, a net where time is free and rhythms are transitory.

Max Roach is no stranger to the duet format and has proved himself a versatile accompanist in the past. This man has ears and a genius for getting inside of his partner's playing to understand the complexities of its musical character. Roach is an accompanist in the truest sense for his playing offers rhythmic support and fills that enhance the soloist's statement. He is quick to pick out patterns – the favorite licks and musical tics – and assimilate them into his own playing. He is able to anticipate a soloist's direction, to feed it and subtly alter it; to anticipate the somersaults and fall into step. That telepathic link enables him both to cushion and extend his partners, to absorb and amplify the anguish and slave-ghost terrors in Abbey Lincoln's vocals, to deduce and extrapolate the theorealism of Anthony Braxton and to temper injustice with a pride of history in Archie Shepp's source-seeking missives.

On the face of it then, it would seem that the meeting of Max Roach and Cecil Taylor would present a lopsided challenge with the burden falling on the drummer to find a way to fit in. Such is not the case here. Taylor does set the pace and wastes little time in diving into a thicket of notes, but Roach quickly establishes himself as a sure-footed fellow traveller. The drummer follows at first by playing off Taylor's energy, shadowing him with tumults of cymbals, tom toms and snare. As the pianist gathers steam, Roach envelops him in a bed of percussion. Long streams of press rolls, splashes of cymbal,



HISTORIC CONCERTS



the manic chick-chick-chick of the high hat and a staccato bass drum are wrapped around the pianist. Gradually the rolls begin to crack with the snap of a snare, the clack of a rim and the lashing out at cymbals as the bass beat grows in insistence.

Taylor's world continues to grow as he draws light from well-placed sparks. Frantic dancing fingers rush the upper register swelling, subsiding, swelling again, then a sudden pirouette and three quick forays into the bass notes. Roach is there already with rumbling thunder that darkens and explodes, propelling Taylor's notes out of the thicket and into the air.

Without slackening the pace, the music begins to open up as pianist and drummer eye new horizons. Taylor gulps lungfuls of fresh air while surveying acres of leafy green. A catalogue of colour unfolds under his hands, accentuated by fisted chords that play light against dark. The drummer moves in waves rushing forward to engulf then receding in swirling eddies. In the breakers, Taylor's notes crackle with friction; in the lulls, they sparkle with brilliance.

And so it unfolds. Max Roach swoops with long rumbling rolls with Taylor riding the crest, supplying an echoed response to the drummer's call. Roach descends through long cascading patterns notching cymbal footholds for the pianist's rapid ascent. Roles are reversed as Roach explores his high hat and Taylor hovers in the lower depths, creating a brooding backdrop to sizzling stick work. The pianist thunders and is answered by Roach's tireless bass drum. A sudden release as pressure drops; speed gives way to space and a pensive Taylor emerges. The charging rhythms subside to murmers, whispers, and then the piano is alone.

What Roach describes as the coexistence of two musicians evolves over the 80-minute performance into a communion. Taylor the dancer is fluid motion on the stage of Roach's orchestral set. His leaps, filled with surprise and grace, find firm footing in the drummer's responses. Roach crackles, roars, scorches and purrs, nudging Taylor onto higher levels. Both play with the freedom to accompany, diverge, digress and re-unite. This is a dialogue that blends approval with rebuttal, concurrence with staunch individualism, where brief solo spots provide contrast, relief and a chance to marshal energy. Max Roach's brief use of hand percussion provides the only lapse, an interlude of rococo ornamentation on a solid Black structure. But even that is forgiveable because the risk was taken. **Historic Concerts** documents an encounter between two master musicians who have found in their individual experiences a common wavelength. It is a musical give-and-take. From Taylor, Max Roach has received a degree of freedom that he has seldom achieved, while he has provided the pianist with a rare opportunity to converse with an equal.

—Don J. Lahey

MAX ROACH/CECIL TAYLOR DUETS
PARTS I – IV
Black Saint 1100/1

Cecil Taylor is an enigmatic figure in African-American Classical Music. His music is a vast treasure house filled with the riches of his people's culture and history. It is not an easy affair listening to Taylor's wealth of expression. It is necessary to take part in the event, fully, with some background or basis in his particular idiom. The music is ripe with references to the sources and mysteries that feed his creativity. They are at once subtle, obscure, blatant, frantic and soft (to name a few). The dialect is unique and pure but wholly a part of the African-American Classical Music tradition. As with all masters of this tradition, Taylor is not content with just music, as in dots, lines and spaces. Feeling and pulse are the material of his architecture. The thrilling and astounding leaps and graceful falls of the dancer, the elastic wrists and stamina of the drummer. The metaphor of Cecil Taylor is that of a dancer. The dancer's instrument is the body and the environment, encompassing the rhythm and melody of form, the harmony of relationships. Most importantly within the act of the dance is the spontaneity of improvisation, the ability to receive and transmit the impulse of life, with meaning (feeling).

Where Cecil Taylor represents the mystery, Max Roach is the light. His music is an open door accessible to an initiate or casual visitor. His vocabulary is as broad as music itself, endless – without limit. Just say the name Max Roach and every descriptive word or phrase is relevant in terms of creativity. Mr. Roach is a singer. A voice of such phenomenal quality, range and texture as to defy gravity in the least and most definitely within the stream of the universal spirit.

The union of these two masters presents a challenge of sharing different perspectives within the same language; an exchange and interweaving of natural vocabularies. To hear the recording of

CECIL TAYLOR AND MAX ROACH (Photograph by Collins H. Davis Jr.)

CECIL TAYLOR AND MAX ROACH

this live concert, presented December 15, 1979 at Columbia University, is to take part in everything that has gone on before in terms of tradition, with the insight and vision that only these two contemporary masters can provide.

The Precious Momentum
Singer and dancer reach hardwood floor and skin.
Feet down – boom; skin begins to vibrate – mmmm.
Transmutated instrumentalists gliding together
In a world of sound and song.

The language of culture spoken between masters.
The element of body/heart union expressing rhythm.
Choreographed fingers stroke the keyboard floor;
Amplified heart, handclaps, hisses, shout implore.

Sound symbol in transmission. New blood boiling,
Offered as transfusion. Keyboard dance and singing
Drum; a medicinal herb, a sensuous rub.
The forest
Draws its energy from the sun.

Crest of the wave rolling forward, crashing down
Against the shore. A ripple and sway produced
From the throbbing ocean's floor.
Fire heats
Water to a molten degree. RISE UP – RISE UP!
And reach.

All qualities contain aspects, hidden strata layered below the terrain of being. By nature some are more fertile and more cultivated than others. Of the number of African-American Classical Music recordings actualized and released in a given year, recordings such as this deserve special attention and support due to the overwhelming cultural and historical significance. This music was realized in its completeness (and recorded superbly, by and through the foresight of the artists) in December 1979. Of course it is completely timeless music. But out of respect for the artists and their work, purely market oriented considerations should be secondary. It is one of the continuing tragedies of American culture that African-American Classical Music, the one classical form that is truely American, is not accorded the same considerations, particularly in the market place, as other musics.

It is not surprising that this concert would be released on Black Saint, an Italian label. They and a handful of others (including some Americans) make it quite clear that there is an interest in the music and that producers are willing to make it available. The level of sophistication in production values are high. One hopes that this small group of record companies continue to release this challenging music. This recording is inspiring, brought forth by the creative powers of two of North America's greatest living artists creating through an ever-regenerative spirit.

—Brian Auerbach

CECIL TAYLOR
Calling It The Eighth
Hat Musics 3508

Cecil Taylor, piano; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; William Parker, bass; Rashid Bakr, drums

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Garden
Hat Art 1993/4

Cecil Taylor, solo piano

In a sense, it's a privilege that one is not paid for writing for a magazine such as *Coda*. The unfortunate fact with most music journalism is that paid writers are also told what to write by the people who are paying them; and that, in turn, the only reason that the money is being generated for payment is that commercial considerations, not artistic ones, are behind the editorial decisions. When one is not being paid, the distractions of commercial journalism – the necessity of, in one season, making an intelligent statement about the music of Jumaaladeen Tacuma, in the next season fitting Wynton Marsalis into the accepted picture of jazz history, in the next defining whether or not Herbie Hancock's new video is really jazz – do not necessarily apply. In rare instances this is a mixed blessing. For example, asked to review these two records, I find that I am delighted to be writing about Cecil Taylor but, after years of listening to and reviewing his music, can't really think of anything more to say – not without repeating myself or the statements of other writers who have been enthused to describing or making definitive statements about his music. In issue 185 of this magazine (August 1982) I even wrote a reasonably intelligent review of a concert by the quartet from "Calling It The Eighth." However, if I take the assumptions of that review – that rather than trying to describe the music note-for-note, the writer is better occupied in describing the interior dynamics of the music and the ensemble, and the significance of the performance as an event, perhaps I can offer perspectives on the music on these two records that, because they are taken from my own experiences, have not already been offered by the generations of writers who have covered Cecil Taylor's music (I say "generations" because, with few exceptions, jazz journalists come and go even more rapidly than trends in the music).

I first heard the Cecil Taylor Unit, with Jimmy Lyons and Andrew Cyrille, at York University in 1975. The concert started with just voices offstage, then the ensemble moved gradually into the light. Lyons playing just the keys and wind sounds of his alto, Cyrille playing the floor and walls of the stage, Taylor dancing and darting over to strum the strings of the grand piano, before each focused on the *playing* of their instruments. From the first moments of the performance, a steady procession of non-listeners trickled out of the auditorium. I stayed. I wasn't completely sure what was happening, but I knew that it was something – that something was going on here. At that time, I felt a critical need for new information, both as a listener and as a player myself. So it was precisely the unfamiliar aspects of the performance that were important to me, and that forced me to redefine, at that time, what I wanted out of music. In being immediately attracted to the Unit's music, I had to decide if I wanted music only to be "accessible" – or if purity, honesty and adventure were what I was looking for in the art. That decision eventually became one of the most important decisions of my life; not only musically.

It didn't take very much investigation, after becoming interested in Taylor's music, to learn that he is from New York, that he lives in New York, that he has lived virtually in poverty for much of his career, and that from his first recordings he has undergone a continual refinement of his style and technique; forging a new style of music not by assuming "new" ideas as he went along, but by steadily discarding old ones, to create a music of singular purity, but not simplicity. The more I learned, the more the image I created of Taylor became as important to my appreciation of his music as was the

actual sound of the music. This was important because, after all, of our great artists we are not only looking for works that please or enlighten us – we are also looking for ways of living. I think this process occurs in all kinds of music; the exaggerated importance given to "image" in popular music, in its own way, testifies to the degree that the audience's perception of who the performer *is* affects their appreciation of what the performer is doing.

Another anecdote: early in March 1977 George Hornaday, who later came to work for *Coda*, and I drove from Toronto to Vancouver to hear Cecil Taylor. In fact, that's how I met George. He used to come to the Jazz and Blues Centre when it was operated by *Coda* and I worked there; on one of those visits it came up that I was planning to get a driveaway car to go out West and see my folks. George was mildly interested in coming out, and I needed someone to share the driving, but he had doubts about leaving his job at that time. Then a notice came in the mail that Brian Nation was putting on a spectacular jazz series in Vancouver. If George came with me in the driveaway car he could hear the Cecil Taylor Unit with Lyons, David Ware, Raphe Malik and Beaver Harris. He agreed immediately. We drove for two and a half days, only stopping to eat or gas up, taking turns sleeping in the back seat – arrived in Vancouver totally wasted, walked over to Black Swan Records and went to hear Cecil that night in an old Legion Hall on Fourth Avenue. For various reasons this was not one of his greatest bands, but in its own way still monumental.

The year after that, George and I went to Montreal to hear the first concert by yet another Unit. Public transportation between Toronto and Montreal is still pretty primitive. We left very early in the morning and staggered off the train in Montreal around noon, exhausted, searching blearily for the right exit. In doing so we passed the Cecil Taylor Unit, just off the train from New York, equally in fact maybe more exhausted. We heard them in the Rising Sun that night; a very ragged ensemble gradually coalescing into its own kind of velocity. Lyons, Malik and Taylor with Ramsey Ameen, Sirone, and Ronald Shannon Jackson. I remember I fell asleep during the first set and awoke refreshed; a curiously relaxed and enjoyable nap in a forest of music, or in a garden.

I offer these reminiscences not to avoid talking about the excellent music on these two Hat records, but to describe in literal terms what this music has meant to me; in the hope that some of its essence might be conveyed this way.

I remember hearing Cecil again in the New Yorker Theatre, and in the Horseshoe Tavern in Toronto... at the Moers Festival in Germany, 1978... David Prentice and myself and two friends driving for eight hours down to Woodstock one New Year's to hear Cecil with Lyons, Ameen, Jerome Cooper and Alan Silva... filming "Imagine the Sound" in Toronto, when Cecil spent several days in town, mostly practising... hearing the Unit with Lyons, the very powerful William Parker and Rashid Bakr, Andre Martinez at Lush Life in New York, "jazz and cocktails" in 1982; later that summer *Coda* filled a bus with people in Toronto to go hear the Unit in Lewiston at Artpark....

I have never been disappointed by a Cecil Taylor performance. This is not to say that his concerts, and his ensembles, have not varied in quality; only that a dynamic process has always been at work. The popular Western myth is that of the artist who peaks in his youth, then steadily declines both personally and artistically as he matures and grows old. This myth is nowhere more prevalent than in music. Taylor's career refutes that myth; in a sense the music on these records is the same music as on his first records from twenty-five years ago. The difference is that the music has become stronger and more beautiful with time. In this review I have tried to illustrate, rather than describe, how Taylor and his music has affected me; in the hopes that these recordings might be regarded as simply the most recent flowering of a very important inspiration. **– David Lee**

CECIL TAYLOR (Photograph by Bill Smith)

JOE McPHEE • VISITATION

Joe McPhee is one of those improvising musicians who seems to be something of a mystery. In this period when there is so much talk pertaining to the lack of venues for creative music, Joe has developed his own areas of performance by moving about the planet, and discovering not only new places to play, but also new players to play with. Because of this attitude, one that I share, we became friends. He has performed mostly in Europe at such festivals as Willisau, Moers, Nimes and Nancy, and although appearances in his own country have not been extensive, he has managed to find his way to Toronto to participate in performances with my ensemble. On one of these occasions, which included two concerts and a recording session that produced the newly-released "Visitation" on Sackville Records, the following conversation took place.

For over eighteen years Joe supported himself, and his music, by working in a factory in his home town of Poughkeepsie, a medium-sized city situated two hours' drive from New York City. He has waited patiently for an audience to develop for his music, and in this period it seems as though his wait is producing rewards. This year he is performing more often than ever in the United States, Europe and Canada, and in the fall we will tour Holland, Belgium and England with a quartet that is completed by David Lee on bass and the English percussionist Roger Turner. The date of this conversation was November 6th, 1983.

– Bill Smith

B.S. It seems really unlikely to me that someone who has been playing music since he was eight years old, can actually only play maybe two or three gigs per year in the country that he lives in, and twenty or thirty gigs a year in foreign countries.

J.M. Of course it's possible to play other types of music. I've had offers to play other kinds of music. It's difficult in the United States to do any kind of creative music because the environment is sealed off; it's controlled by commercial interests.

B.S. You have a very large amount of records available to the public, on Hat Hut, and a lot of people know who you are, so why is it so difficult to interest people in what you do?

J.M. First of all, it's probably not true that a lot of people know who I am. I suppose we would have to examine the reasons for that. First of all, it's very difficult to get any of that music played on the radio – there's not the exposure to the music, not only my own, but anything that's outside of what would be called popular, commercially viable music. Creative music in general has been systematically removed from the public. The FCC [Federal Communications Commission] have a mandate to make sure that all types of music are heard. For example, AM radio is commercial radio, designed to sell soap, underarm deodorant, cars and TV and whatever. FM radio, which originally was supposed to be some kind of alternative to that kind of situation, offering

DAVID LEE - RICHARD BANNARD - JOE McPHEE - BILL SMITH - DAVID PRENTICE (Photograph by Dusan Klimes)

a wider variety of musics, has become very much like AM radio, so there is still no possibility of exposure.

B.S. So it's more attached to a product than it is with an evolving process. It's not anything to do with an evolving art system or....

J.M. It has nothing whatsoever to do with an evolving art system. It has to do with evolving commercial interests. If someone decided that this type of music that we are involved with, creative music or whatever title you want to give it, could sell cornflakes, could be used to sell jeans, then it would be used. But somewhere along the line it's been decided that it's not the music of the masses, so there's no interest, so it's removed.

B.S. But there have been several decisions in the past pertaining to jazz music, where they have decided that it is possible to align this with popular tastes, and certain players have even had hit records, because someone has decided that it's possible to promote it. ***Take Five*** by Dave Brubeck; ***Watermelon Man*** by Herbie Hancock; ***The Rumproller*** by Lee Morgan: these records were in the Billboard charts. So if someone takes an interest in it, it is possible to align it with popular taste, because popular taste means what is presented to the public in a mass way. The public don't create "popular taste." So, there is a fear in America that jazz music is sociologically to do with negroes.

J.M. I think it would be naive to think that. It's not even at that level. If it were purely a social phenomena, I would say that it would be dangerous; it isn't even that. It's simply a commercial situation. You mention ***The Rumproller*** and ***Watermelon Man*** — well, it is just economically feasible in some periods to promote jazz music since it costs less to produce than certain pop musics. At that time, in the sixties, that might have been the case and of course they could always be written off as tax losses. There was no real interest in the music, even then.

B.S. Let's take what you just said, about producing improvised music (jazz). Because the artists operate their music in a very spontaneous manner, through the practice of cooperative music, it's very quick to produce. Considering that this afternoon we made a record in four and a half hours, it seems that because of that ratio, they would be even more interested in it. Even a tenth-rate rock band gets three hundred hours of studio time, in a huge studio, with multiple track overdubbing, etc. So it seems to me that somebody is not exactly understanding the principles of what all this means.

J.M. On the contrary: they understand precisely the principles, and what it means. They know that in periods of economic recession, it is more economically viable to produce jazz to keep something happening, while they coast and wait for other periods. During the sixties, at a time when rock groups were filling stadiums, other musicians whose music was perhaps borrowed or stolen by these rock musicians, blues musicians, were forgotten, dying as a matter of fact for lack of interest. The rock people were riding around in limousines and flying around in planes and the originators of the music were not even thought of. A sort of mass popular music/culture was exploited by the record companies. They were used for as long as they were to the advantage of the record companies, and when it became otherwise, of course they were dropped. What does it cost to produce a rock album; how much time does it take?

B.S. Well, if we are talking about three hundred hours in the recording studio at $200 an hour, that's only the mechanical part of it. Then we are dealing with all the other peripherals like transportation, the way that people are supposed to live in that kind of world, and the fees that are paid. I suppose it costs half a million dollars or some silly figure, to produce a hit record.

In the rock world, certain kinds of groups that I know about like the Rolling Stones, and Cream, actually acknowledged the sources of their material and made some blues singers quite rich from the royalties of the sales of their music. So even if the companies were initially exploiting the origins of the music, at least some of the performers who were borrowing the history did pay some of it back, and made Willie Dixon a wealthy man because of the tune ***Spoonful***, and certainly Muddy Waters, because they acknowledged the history. So the actual musicians who are involved in certain elements of popular music are not necessarily sharing the intentions of the corporations who promote them.

J.M. I suspect the intentions of the corporations, I'm not saying necessarily that I suspect the intentions of the musicians. I'm sure some were respectful of those whose musics they used.

B.S. We seem to be focusing on the idea of capitalism versus art. Now in this period we're exaggerating the idea of capitalism to this incredible extreme. This extreme right wing attitude which is all over the world. In this period also, it seems to me that the record companies that are controlled by capitalism are not interested, at this point, in documenting anything that's of any importance. They are really involved, as you have said, in selling soap. It seems also in this period, that this is the lowest ebb, that I can remember for a long time, in creative music, or certainly publicly it is. The musicians have not stopped. So it would seem that people who run corporations are not really taking care of their own business, because they should be aware on a much wider scale. They keep on recording boring, repetitious classical music, that there are already five hundred recordings of. So why would they put their money into that, instead of something that would be useful for them in the future.

J.M. I would say that they are not interested in something that they have to take a chance on. They know that there is a market for European "classical" music indefinitely. They don't have to develop it, they don't have to put any money into research and development. It's there, it's going to be there. There is no incentive for them to try to develop any kind of creative music. The so-called "popular" thing, they control anyway. So they can set it up and tell you it's popular, it just plugged into you. They don't have to worry about that. Whatever comes from that concept feeds itself. It has nothing to do with art, it has nothing to do with anything except selling product, so they create a market for their product. They have a large gullible audience, with very little education because the education systems are bogged down; there's no money, so the first things that are cut out of the school systems have to do with the arts. We don't need culture, what do you need that for; you don't have to think about that sort of thing. So we end up with a kind of society that's wallowing in ignorance and stagnation. They have nowhere to look; they're not interested in looking. I suspect that the same people that produce this music, or whatever it is, this culture, also produce these video games et cetera, that keep you occupied with electronic wizardry, all geared to aggressive war games, so you don't have to worry about the other things, you just plug yourself into that and you're happy, you're satisfied, somebody is stroking you for a moment. No questions. So where should the questions come from. Why should you be asking me these questions? It seems to me that the public should be asking, "Why is all this stuff being foisted on us? Who said this is popular?" I don't hear any of those questions.

B.S. It's popular because it sells lots of articles, so again it's chasing its own tail. Why really worries me is why these products sell so many. The reasons for this seem to be that corporate enterprises are allowed, by government powers who are elected by the people, to actually take control of the governments, and in that kind of way they can dictate any kind of fashion or mode that they want. The alarming part of the whole thing is that governments allow the corporations to create this kind of power, to the point where they control the source, like the government, and they control the people. When in actual fact, under socialist principles, the idea that a large company can exist without the workers is bullshit. Without the workers they are nobody. What bothers me so much, as I am one of the people who escaped from the worker/boss syndrome, is why more people don't understand this. Even people who I know are afraid to jump out and do what is really inside of them. If everybody did what they really wanted to do, we have been convinced that chaos will ensue. Now I don't believe that: I think that people naturally come together, given the chance. People of like intent often join together, but they are not controlled by an outside element that is nothing to do with them. It seems to me that in discussing record companies, the outside element is the corporate record company — yet they are controlling what the artists do.

J.M. There seems to be no hunger, no need in a lot of musicians, to deal with these problems. If there was that kind of hunger and need they would be doing what you are doing here in Toronto. I don't see that happening in New York. It's not happening in many places around the United States that I know of, it's not happening in the city where I live; I can't play in the city where I live. And why not? I play, I do what I do, and I don't have a problem with it that way. I'm not in a rush.

B.S. There is a reason that you spend so much time on Hat Hut records, and playing with all these different musicians. That's what I'm interested in, what motivates you to do all that. Because you can't actually compete against the other media, and it's a waste of time even to try.

J.M. That's the point, it is a waste of time to try, and there is the key to a possible solution. In fact, if it were up to me I would take everything away, I would certainly have to begin on my own, and anyone who would be interested in joining this idea would be welcome. Take the music away, and anyone who would be interested in joining this idea would be welcome. Take the music away, why offer it to those people, to that media, to those companies. To take it totally away and control it yourself. It would take an organization and a unity which is sadly lacking now, but it's possible. It calls for alternatives in terms of distribution, an audience clearly exists, that's unquestioned. So we have to find those alternatives — we as musicians, and take our music to them ourselves. Not wait for someone to do it, the corporations or whoever. Refuse to give it. The most important tool we have is actually ourselves. We must take every opportunity to present our art, our music. We don't have to beg for space; in some instances we have to take space.

I'm not talking about acting like guerillas and grabbing everything, but about taking every opportunity to play and to be honest with yourself and play music, your music the way you want to play it. To do your art the way you want to do it, without compromise. Perhaps that's easier said than done, if you have a wife and family to support and bills to pay. You are very fortunate to have a wife like Clo and a wonderful family around you to inspire you. I'm overwhelmed by all this. But I know it's not easy. It would be terribly simplistic and stupid for me to say that all you have to do it go out on the street corner and play. That won't make it either.

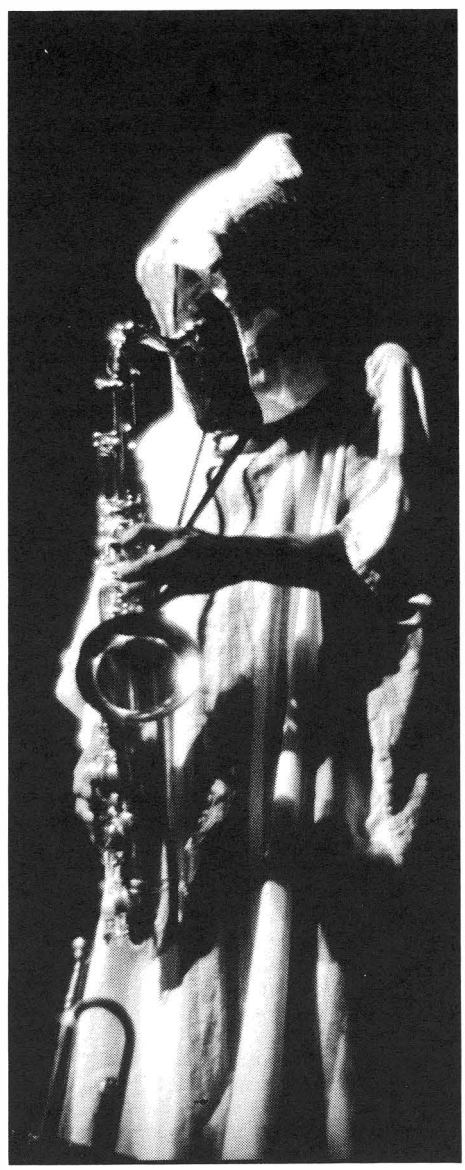
B.S. Jazz fans who live outside of the USA assume that there is this bubbling, effervescent pouring out of this incredible music here, that is exported to foreign countries.

J.M. If there is a vibrant art it resides in me and I take it wherever I have to take it. I have out of necessity become more of an international musician, which to me is a larger and more important aspect of what I would like this particular aspect of art to be. Jazz — we know where it came from, but basically what we are involved in is music and art and love and people. And those things are wherever you are and you take them with you. It's been possible for me to go to France and Germany, to play with people sometimes who are not even speaking the same language verbally. But we are communicating on the proper level so that we can produce this art.

B.S. In a way you have made yourself a bit mysterious; you don't play in all the normal places that people expect to find improvised music. You seem to have developed a whole process of your own, often with musicians who no one else has even heard of. Why do you keep meeting all these people that no one else knows about?

J.M. Because we are drawn to each other. There is no problem there. We, and when I say "we" I mean you and me and David Lee and David Prentice and all the people we have come in contact with, we have found each other because it's a biological necessity. Like breathing. We have no choice in it. We never had a choice. We are attracted to each other, we can't deny this kind of thing that has happened between us. It had to be. It's not something that we can control, or should worry about. This is only the beginning of a new period in the music. It's going to be as exciting and vibrant as the things that happened in the October Revolution in 1964. It's going to be healthier, because it's going to be built on much more stable ground. It won't involve ego. We are talking about something that has nothing to do with nations; we are talking about something that has to do with humanity. A continuum. This may sound like a whole bunch of flowers blowing in the wind, but I really think people are going to take control of their destinies in ways never thought of or heard of before. When you see all these people marching against nuclear weapons, it's going to be different. Somebody is going to say to governments — Stop your shit.

A discography of Joe McPhee's records, compiled by Gustave Cerutti, is available from Jazz 360, Ave. du Marche 8, CH-3960 Sierre, Switzerland.



Vic Dickenson

AN APPRECIATION BY JOHN NORRIS

According to Sir Donald Tovey's definition, Vic Dickenson was a true romantic. He invented new ways to play the trombone. These methods then became a standard – and thus attained classical status. So Vic was both a romantic and classical in what he did. He was, of course, an artist.

Confronted with all this Vic would have given the statement a quizzical appraisal and said little. Even his fellow musicians were often bemused by his brevity of speech. But there was always warmth and delight in his eyes when meeting old acquaintances on the club circuit. Vic was a loner – but rarely alone. He often chose a different hotel for he liked to cook his own food and knew the low cost establishments which catered to his needs. His self-sufficiency was legendary. It had to be, for he had barnstormed his way across the country in the 1930s with Speed Webb, Zack Whyte, Thamon Hayes and Blanche Calloway, before moving on to the bigger leagues with Claude Hopkins, Benny Carter and Count Basie.

Vic's development into a major soloist took place in the 1940s – an era when many of the music's important performers outgrew their membership in the big bands. Vic combined a self-made technical fluency with a marvelously adroit and personal way of interpreting a piece of music. It became something new as he altered the melody line, blurring the harmony and rhythmically changing the mood and feeling. His tonal slurs, his use of mutes, and his humour created a highly personal approach.

His individuality grew through the years as experience added to his fundamentals. His playing achieved greater depth and maturity enhanced all of his skills. He built upon his past rather than becoming a caricature of early triumphs.

Vic Dickenson's career was long and artistically rewarding but he never received the financial stability his talent deserved. His efforts, like those of other pioneers, paved the way for later generations to profit from his inventions. Vic's leadership qualities lay within the music rather than as an administrator. Ad hoc groups of musicians are a familiar sight at jazz festivals but if Vic Dickenson was on the stand it would have some shape by the time the set was over. On one occasion, at Nice, he assumed the musical direction of the music in a program of W.C. Handy tunes in a subtle but firm manner. He set the riffs, got the tempos organised and inspired his cohorts.

Vic co-led the Saints and Sinners with Red Richards in the 1960s. It was an ideal combination and the band became one of the most popular attractions of the day in a touring circuit which included Toronto, Pittsburgh and Cleveland. The trombonist was comfortable with the band's approach and developed a lasting rapport with many listeners. They loyally returned to hear him play – whatever the setting.

Bobby Hackett, one of Vic's staunchest admirers, took the trombonist under his wing in the late 1960s and they worked together in New York on several occasions. Hackett saw to it that Vic was properly rewarded for his talent. There was a period following this when Vic was part of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, where his supple lines complemented the more robust Ed Hubble.

Then it was back to freelancing. His Toronto gigs in the past decade included several delightful meetings with saxophonist Jim Galloway, but the last occasion was more of a struggle. His health was slipping when he appeared as guest with Jim Buchman's band at one of the airport hotels. Neither the band nor the environment suited him but he made the best of an uncomfortable situation with the support of his many admirers.

One of his last major appearances was at the 1983 Kool Jazz Festival in New York. He joined his peers in a musical salute to Lester Young. His solos were one of the high points – among them a version of *D.B. Blues*, which he first recorded with Pres in 1947.

Vic Dickenson's spirit lives on through the diversity of sound possibilities employed by such trombonists as Phil Wilson, Bill Watrous, Ray Anderson and others who have been touched by his music.

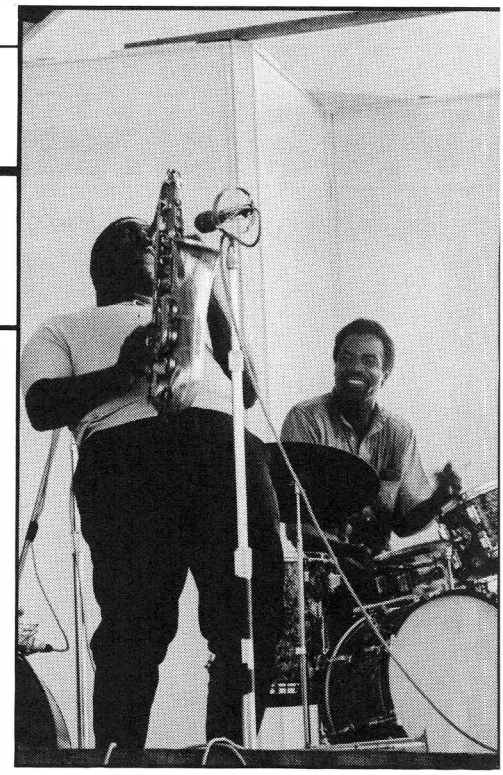
His legacy is the recordings and these are some of the best:

Vic Dickenson Showcase (Vanguard)
Vic Dickenson Quintet with Buddy Tate (Storyville)
Vic Dickenson's Boston Story (Storyville - U.S.)
Vic Dickenson's Quartet (Mahogany)
Saints and Sinners (Cav-A-Bob and MPS)
Sidney Bechet at the Brussels World Fair (Columbia/Vogue)
James P. Johnson's Blue Note Jazzmen (Blue Note)
Sammy Price's Bluesicians (Jazztone)
Eddie Heywood Sextet (Commodore)

VIC DICKENSON (Photograph by Bill Smith)

GIANT STEPS

Time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future, and time future contained in time past. If all time is eternally present all time is unredeemable. What might have been is an abstraction remaining a perpetual possibility only in a world of speculation. What might have been and what has been point to one end, which is always present. (T.S. Eliot - FOUR QUARTETS - Faber edition.)



JOHN COLTRANE AND RASHID ALI (Photograph by Bill Smith)

Somehow I have always managed in my writings to constantly refer to London, Amsterdam and New York, as inspirational centres that have been responsible for my great love of improvised music; as though it could be conveniently centralized, just in the same way media information makes us assume certain narrow stances regarding all histories.

There has always been a certain amount of mystery involved with one becoming fascinated by jazz music, simply because its form and content are not based in the repetitious concept of popular art. Considering how slippery its movable history has been, how difficult to grasp one decade before another arrives with a new set of innovators thrusting forward their ideas of the day, it is amazing that jazz is the only music form that has moved through history parallel to the intellectual and political forces that govern our futures, clearly illustrating that its force, which is also sometimes a mystery, is so strong and focused that its history is constantly inspiring its future.

There was no idea in my mind when I was a teenager to become enraptured by jazz. No premonition that it would gradually envelope me until it simply became my complete way of life. Although, much of it happened because of the inherent boredom of my natural working class environment. There was the need for exotica.

In a vague way, the promise of jazz seemed to be all around us, for a substantial part of our entertainment came from attending dances, where the social order introduced us to young women, dancing, beer and live music of two distinct genres. Ironically the traditional jazz style, which was the closest in imitation of the original, was not the music that inspired me to investigate jazz further, but rather the modern dance bands that played in the larger hotels. They seemed, at that time, to be similar to the kind of music that my friends collected on records. A style performed by American west coast musicians such as Shorty Rogers, Art Pepper, Shelly Manne, Gerry Mulligan, et al. You get the picture. Their style even influenced our clothes, haircuts and dark glasses. We were cool.

In the centre of Bristol, situated in a small side street, was Brown's Music Store. Its backroom was to be the Saturday morning closet that contained the recorded music that my inquisitive mind required. You walked through the main store, that my memory recalls as always being filled with drum kits, into a tiny room with a record player and the latest recordings from America.

Miles Davis was our newest hero, and this was due directly to Alan Close, who tended the store every Saturday. Alan was *the* modern trumpet player in Bristol in those days, and it would be fair to conclude, from listening to him so many times, that as a musician he idolized Miles as much as us fanatical fans. Because of him and *the* drummer, Ian Hobbs, I became educated about a world of music that could have easily eluded me. They taught me not only about the recorded genius of Miles, Bird, Max Roach, Bud Powell, Horace Silver and Dizzy Gillespie (to name but a few), but also introduced me to a new kind of life style that was not connected with the normal idea of work and pleasure. They lived completely in, and for, their music. I was nineteen years old and ready to be amazed.

The record was "Relaxin' With the Miles Davis Quintet". And there, quite suddenly, I had discovered the music of John Coltrane.

(from "Coltrane; A Biography" by C.O. Simpkins, page 85):

"Late 1958 or very early 1959 John [Coltrane] left Prestige. Orin Keepnews, head of Riverside records, who had been eager to sign him two years earlier, was one of the first to approach him. But negotiations with Riverside reached an impasse. John's position was that he should get a one-thousand-dollar advance per album, which few "jazz" artists were getting. He also felt that he should make four or five albums a year. Keepnews agreed to the thousand dollars but felt that only three albums a year should be made stating that John couldn't come up with enough fresh material, in a year's time, to produce five albums of value.

"Concurrently negotiations were progressing with Atlantic records. Harold Lovette, who was Miles' attorney, also took John's legal affairs. John stayed close to Lovette, consulting him for even the most minute legal transactions, such as buying a car or any matter in which money was involved. Lovette introduced him to Nehusi Ertegun, head of Atlantic records. They agreed to $7,000 each year or year-and-a-half. Another important step was taken by the establishment of a publishing company under John's name. The company was titled "Jowcol" for John William Coltrane. Through the publishing company he received benefits from radio stations which paid each time one of his records was played on the air. This also gave him control over how his music was used. Lovette became John's manager and arranged to have Shaw Artists' Corporation, which had handled Miles' group, also book John, with Jack Wittamore as his agent. The first album with Atlantic was recorded on January 15th, 1959, with vibraphonist Milt Jackson as co-leader."

Although John Coltrane transferred to his new record company in January of 1959, this did not end his association with Miles Davis, which seems to have continued on until 1961. The main advantage in this move to Atlantic was that it allowed Coltrane to develop the ideas that were collecting in his mind, to make his own statements away from the influence of Miles. In this series of reissues there is little variance in the formula for recording, and with the exception of **Ole** (Atlantic 1373), and the collection of previously released material – **The Coltrane Legacy** (Atlantic 1553) – all these records feature Coltrane in the rather

standard format of horn and rhythm section. This does not however make the music one-dimensional, because we are dealing not only with an amazing saxophonist, but also one who was continually searching for ways to develop his unique concept of music. In this period his music was considered by many people as too complex, and some writers even went to the extent to call his music anti-jazz; of course, it's quite simple to be knowledgeable in retrospect, but it does seem strange that music, such as is contained in **Giant Steps** (Atlantic 1311), could cause writers and listeners alike to recoil in shock. One opportunity that did not occur for Coltrane, as a member of the Miles Davis quintet, is righted immediately on **Giant Steps**. Up until this point he had not, within the context of that band, presented any of his original compositions. He did say in a conversation with Nat Hentoff, that he learned from Miles how to make sure that the song was in the right tempo to be at its most effective, and in this recording that contains several original compositions by Trane, he seems to have learned the lesson to perfection. It's also startling to realise that almost all these compositions, in the ensuing 25 years, have become jazz standards, (**Giant Steps**, **Cousin Mary**, **Countdown**, **Spiral**, **Syeeda's Song Flute**, **Naima** and **Mr. P.C.**), and have also appeared countless times in the Coltrane repertoire. The rhythm section, with the exception of one piece, is Paul Chambers (bass), Tommy Flanagan (piano) and Art Taylor (drums). Wynton Kelly and Jimmy Cobb appear on **Naima**. A superb record, that all the readers of Coda should already own!

"**Coltrane Jazz** (Atlantic 1354) (and I couldn't think of a more apt description of what he does) was recorded immediately after **Giant Steps**, with the exception of one track, (**Village Blues**, recorded later), and in many ways represents a continuation of the ideas and concepts presented in the preceding record. The five Coltrane originals on this album could almost – note the *almost* – be called "more of the same", in as much as two of the tunes make good use of the pedal tone and/or the ostinato bass (actually three, because **Harmonique** has a B flat running through the bass line almost constantly), and one has the characteristic **Giant Steps** changes in the bridge. But somehow, the treatment is different. There is something else in there. Even the three standards (and notice that Trane manages to pick the seldom-done ones to record) sound different." (Zita Carno – liner notes)

Once again I have the advantage of viewing the music a quarter of a century later, and although Zita Carno's observations are accurate, it seems to me that this record has neither the energy nor the adventure that is so clear on **Giant Steps**, and that the most significant element is that the rhythm section on **Village Blues** is McCoy Tyner (piano), Steve Davis (bass) and Elvin Jones (drums), and serves as a small introduction to what was to become forever a legend.

The next three recordings in this reissued series – **My Favorite Things** (Atlantic 1361), **Coltrane Plays the Blues** (Atlantic 1382) and **Coltrane Sound** (Atlantic (1419), all recorded in October, 1960 – present the most important step forward in John Coltrane's career, for now he has his own group, allowing him to develop his system, no longer as just a saxophonist with a variety of rhythm sections, but as a leader who could utilize the talents of McCoy Tyner, Steve Davis and Elvin Jones to search for variety in his material; it also allowed him to develop different forms and to research the possiblities of playing outside the standard song concept. His search with this quartet led him into investigating the Indian raga form, and into a mode of improvisation that was based on a minimal amount of chord structure. It also presents him for the first time on record playing the soprano saxophone. **My Favorite Things**, which became his "national anthem", and **Summertime** (Atlantic 1361), show clearly the future direction his music is to take, and on the album **Coltrane Plays the Blues**, the new rhythm section, which is far removed from the bebop style, presents information for his fertile mind that had not previously existed. The main elements being Tyner's heavily chordal and somewhat romantic style of piano playing and Elvin's loose, gangly concept of rhythm and dynamics. This album, also highly recommended, serves to disperse the notion that Coltrane was a cold technical player, for here his dark sensuous music weaves in one's mind, the dreams that jazz is made of.

The last of the three recordings – **Coltrane's Sound** – was never one of the records that received "legendary" stature, but by now one has to realise the fully developed personal sound that he had on both tenor and soprano, and it seems as though this series of records is the style that has been emulated by so many players. The quartet recorded these three records over a period of six days, so one has to marvel at the amount of variety that was created. **Coltrane's Sound**, unlike the other two records which are based on certain concepts, has a nice mixture of compositions, including the two standards, **The Night Has A Thousand Eyes** and **Body And Soul.**

"I like to play long – the only thing is, I feel that there might be a need now to have more musical statements going on in the band. I might need another horn, you know. I ran across a funny thing. We went into the Apollo and the guy said, 'You're playin' too long, you got to play twenty minutes.' Now, sometimes we get up and play a song and I play a solo maybe thirty, or at least twenty minutes. Well, at the Apollo we ended up playing three songs in twenty minutes! I played all the highlights of the solos that I had been playing in hours, in that length of time. So I think about it. What have I been doing all this time? It's made me think, if I'm going to take an hour to say something I can say in ten minutes, maybe I'd better say it in ten minutes! And then have another horn there and get something else." (John Coltrane)

Ole Coltrane (Atlantic 1373) was the last record Trane made for Atlantic Records, and the preceding conversation with Ralph Gleason took place some months before this session was recorded. His idea to expand his band was obviously in his mind, but to expand the band in this manner was amazing, for it initiated the next stage of his development. He added to his existing band of Tyner, Davis and Jones, the genius Eric Dolphy; one of the most virile and inventive trumpet players of the time, Freddie Hubbard; and doubled up the bass chair by adding the phenomenal Art Davis. Now that's a band, and of course the music is of the quality and inventiveness that one would imagine it should be. The title composition, **Ole**, with its Spanish figures, is eighteen minutes in length and for me there is always, as I listen to it, a sense of disappointment when it ends. **Dahomey Dance** and **Aisha**, the two pieces on side two, are equally marvellous. Here, then, is the perfect Coltrane – strong, lyrical and surrounded at last by players who are totally equal to the task that he has developed and finally presented. Fantastic music.

It becomes, at this point, quite difficult to review **The Coltrane Legacy** (Atlantic 1553), because although it contains one piece from the Ole session, material from the first Atlantic recording with Milt Jackson and two pieces by the quartet, I have as always, while listening become emotionally involved in the wonderful music that has surrounded me for the past 25 years of my life. We can't have Coltrane back among us in body, but his spirit will be with us forever, this gentle man who gave to the music all of himself. Many are called, but few are chosen. John Coltrane – born September 23rd, 1926 - died July 17th, 1967 – surely one of the chosen. – *Bill Smith*

KOWALD/BROTZMANN/CYRILLE

The Rivoli, Toronto
February 12, 1985

Peter Kowald, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums; Peter Brotzmann, reeds

"Broadly speaking, in each of its phases the music has been created by black musicians and then taken up by white musicians and the music industry and turned into 'easy-listening' music." — Ian Carr

I quote Carr because I happen to be reading "Miles Davis: A Critical Biography" at the time I'm writing this review and this line caught my eye, because the statement applies to "free jazz" as much as it does to any other type of improvised music. Simply compare Ornette Coleman playing Ornette Coleman compositions with Pat Metheny playing Ornette Coleman compositions for an example. Already, the "principles" of free jazz are listed in text books and taught in universities. Even here in Toronto we have our contingent of academics who play their version of improvised music; a contingent noticeably absent from the audience when the real thing comes to town, as it did with this trio.

But using Carr's statement as a starting point: if it is taken as generally true, then it must be assumed that there are exceptions to it. For example, there are also black musicians who have turned "free jazz" into easy listening music, but Andrew Cyrille is not one of them. And in Europe, especially in England, Holland and Germany, there have always been musicians who have adapted American jazz styles to their own purposes, to make very clear and individual music. This phenomenon is now so well-established in Europe that musicians such as Peter Kowald can come to New York City for several residencies, as he has done, and bring to that city's music community a very unique and welcome attitude towards playing the bass, and towards playing improvised music. He is one member of a large European community of musicians who have taken the essence of "jazz", as an attitude towards playing music, and made it into something so individual and strong that it can return to its original source and provide information and inspiration.

For example, even very good "free" players often take improvisation as a means simply to exercise all the hot licks they've learned, without regard for their fellow players, or for the overall musical effect they are conveying. Saxophone players especially tend to succumb to this; due perhaps to the particular hyperventilating temptations of the saxophone there are countless examples of the saxophonist who blows loud and long and will just not stop playing. Peter Brotzmann clearly comes out of this tradition; however as a European he is also keenly aware of this syndrome and rather than falling prey to it, he exploits it for musical and dramatic effect (I say "as a European" because Willem Breuker is the only other saxophonist I can think of who has purposefully used the "saxophonist-as-bore" character to good effect in performance).

Brotzmann, then, often acted as a devil's advocate to his fellow musicians. Whenever Cyrille (the great power of his playing is conveyed with almost frightening ease) and Kowald (who is one of the great bassists of free music, combining the facility and imagination of Maarten Altena with the depth and percussiveness of Fred Hopkins) entered areas of interplay that were too intricate — whenever the sensitivity of their playing threatened to become too tasteful Brotzmann entered, squalling on one of his several horns, to assure the audience that he, at least, was there to challenge artistic standards, not to create them. In doing so however, he never acted as anything more or less than a full member of the group, very aware of his relationship to the other players, and often providing very responsive and imaginative music himself.

The result of this was an always engaging, often delightful evening of music, with three superb musicians displaying the cohesion, and the tension, that makes great music. Most of the music heard in town lately, regardless of quality, has not been especially adventurous, and this trio — all men in their forties — is all adventure. The club was full, one of the best audiences for "free music" ever seen in Toronto, and stayed full all night. Much more conventional jazz by famous names has often drawn much smaller audiences lately, so perhaps this trio is also offering us a new definition of "jazz." — ***David Lee***

FREE MUSIC PRODUCTIONS

Though the role of improvisational musical forms within the ongoing political struggles of African-Americans has been well documented, it has been overlooked, for the most part, in English-language forums that the German free music movement has similar overtones. Yet, as is the case with African-American music, a full appreciation of this potent musical movement can not be realized without a familiarity with the political envirnment that nurtures it.

Essential to this analysis is the concept of Germany being a divided country occupied by two opposing armies, each, in the course of forty years, establishing a self-perpetuating political status quo for its sector. So entrenched is the idea of a permanently divided Germany within the respective strategic establishments in Washington and Moscow that a movement "from below" — a people's movement — for reunification is theorized to be a flashpoint for theater warfare that would, presumably, escalate to nuclear proportions. Hence, dictated by m(utually) a(ssured) d(estruction) logic, missile inventories are upgraded, Erich Honegger's strings are yanked, aborting his Bonn visit, etc.

In December, 1983, as American Pershing missiles were being deployed throughout Western Europe, this writer spoke informally with **Alexander Von Schlippenbach**, **Albert Mangelsdorff**, and **Paul Lovens**, who are among the avatars of free music in Germany. Their protests of the deployments were forceful, articulate, and, morally, correct: the superpowers inch towards using Germany as a testing ground for intermediate range weapons and limited nuclear war theories, sending reverberations throughout West German political and economic life, of which reduced government support for the arts is a by-product.

Cuts in 1984 government subsidies for the arts halted the recording activities of Free Music Productions, based in West Berlin. For fifteen years, the prolific FMP catalogue has meticulously documented free music, generally, in Western Europe, with particular emphasis on German improvisors. Though FMP continues to distribute its catalogue and those of other, artist-produced concerns, as well as produce concerts, the suspension of new recording projects came at a politically sensitive time in West Germany. Scandal plagues the government of Helmut Kohl, Ronald Reagan's staunchest continental ally, at a time when currency rates are not favorable to the mark, the backbone of the problematic West German economy. Obviously, the West German government calculated that the cuts would produce little political backlash; but what is less obvious is whether or not the government perceives subsidies such as FMP's as seed money for future political opposition on a broader scale.

Self-determination struggles require a cultural underpinning of political constituencies; the spiritual epitomizes the cultural underpinning of the American Civil Rights Movement in the 1960s. Political solidification is the agenda of post-war German avant-garde art forms as diverse as Joseph Beuy's social sculptures and **Schlippenbach's** Globe Unity Orchestra. Heard in this context, German free music begins to take on the socio-political dimension found in such classic African-American compositions of the early sixties as ***Freedom Now Suite***, ***Fables of Faubus***, and ***Alabama***. Perhaps, in the face of the emerging Green Party, the missile deployments, and political scandal, this is what the government heard in the music.

Regardless, FMP's suspension is potentially permanent, and it is the musicians' task to provide alternatives, and generally to do more with less. Certainly, no single artist-produced label will match FMP's output in the near future, as even well-established labels like Lovens and **Paul Lytton's** Po Torch are currently geared to one or two new titles a year. Even if FMP resumes recording, (indications are that a reduced production schedule is imminent), it needs more assertive distribution in North America, a rational reprinting policy, and graduated artist royalities scales that will facilitate future projects (a way of doing more for less, particularly for the emerging musician).

Regardless of FMP's fate, most of the label's established will continue to record, if only on a less frequent basis. Japo, having already released three Globe Unity albums, should be in a position to maintain a modest release schedule with the poll-winning "big band." **Schlippenbach** and **Lovens** also have Po Torch for an outlet, particularly for the quartet featured on "Anticlockwise." **Mangelsdorff's** stature is such that his more accessible output for labels such as MPS — "Solo" (00682187) and "Triple Entente" (0068293) are recent titles in this vein — and cooperative efforts like "Two Is Company" (Mood 28 634), a duo set with pianist **Wolfgang Dauner**, will keep his music adequately docu-

mented. Yet, major exponents of the movement such as **Peter Brotzmann** and **Peter Kowald** could be effectively muted for indeterminate lengths of time (Kowald has recently recorded with two American free music groups, Borbetomagus and Cool and the Clones).

So, as 1985 begins with a bang in Heilbron, this recommended sampling of German artists on FMP's last releases may bring the real struggle into focus:

PETER KOWALD / MAARTEN ALTENA
Two Making A Triangle
FMP 990
Between the obligatory scratchings and overpluckings, there is a surprising amount of indigenously inspired materials here, serving as the basis of this summit between Europe's most uncompromising bassists. Kora-like ostinatos, deltaesque shuffles, and Oriental pentatonics punctuate essays in textural interplay. Altena's doubling on cello is an added facet, as the Dutch bassist's melodic sensibilities come more to the fore.

ANDREW CYRILLE MEETS BROTZMANN IN BERLIN
FMP 1000
Recorded during the 1982 workshop Frei Musik, this encounter between Brotzmann and the masterful Cyrille underscores the free music axiom that energy creates structure. While Brotzmann's ***Wolf Whistle*** is a vivid foray in flat-out intensity, it is Cyrille's ***Quilt*** that contains the program's most memorable moments; the opening section, featuring Brotzmann's facile multiphonics dancing over Cyrille's deceptively simple hand percussion, is particularly striking.

SCHLIPPENBACH QUARTET
Anticlockwise
FMP 1020
The edges of Schlippenbach's trio/quartet music have gradually feathered over the past dozen years, a process benchmarked by "Anticlockwise." Evan Parker's careening tenor prompts a dramatic sweep from the group that echoes Coltrane's last period, as on ***Ore***; his multiphonic-oriented soprano style elicits a more spiky rapport. The exceptional American bassist Alan Silva makes an intriguing debut with the quartet, his incisive phrasing and nuance-filled arco technique serving as a lynchpin between Schlippenbach's densities and Lovens' assymetries.

PETER BROTZMANN GROUP
Alarm
FMP 1030
This 1981 Brotzmann nonet includes Frank Wright and Willem Breuker rounding out the reed section, trumpeter Toshinori Kondo, trombonists Hannes Bauer and Alan Tomlinson, Schlippenbach, the late bassist Harry Miller, and drummer Louis Moholo. Clocking in at thirty-seven minutes, the title piece affords a wide contextual variety for solo and collective statements; even so, the fireworks seem to end too soon. Wright's jubilant blues *Jerry* is included as a rousing encore.

— Bill Shoemaker

CYRILLE/KOWALD/BROTZMANN

Bibliotheque Nationale du Quebec, Montreal
February 14, 1985

After a rather uneventful winter, the Montreal jazz scene is about to pick up again. Certainly, the coming of three major exponents of free improvised music was a sure way to break the winter blahs — at least that was my initial reaction. Moreoever, the presence of multi-instrumentalist Peter Brotzmann was an added incentive to be there. Having read more on him than being actually acquainted with his recordings, I can only say that it's all true: he's a powerhouse who can blow just anybody offstage.

Yet, for all the energy displayed in his extended saxophone solos, Brotzmann more often than not displayed all the subtlety of the proverbial sledge-hammer. Cathartic motion indeed! Mind you, I do not really object to a musician who displays great intestinal fortitude, but when my ears start begging for some silence, something's not right. I always had a problem with musicians who tend to blow themselves out every time they take a solo. Dizzy Gillespie could not have said it better: "It's not what you put in that counts, it is what you leave out!"

Despite such musical musings on my part, Brotzmann can also muster up some imaginative moments. On soprano and clarinet, his playing relied less on the predictable high energy no-holds-barred approach that he favours all too much on tenor and alto. At his most subtle, he blew wistfully through one of his mouthpieces, thus blending in with the shifting textures of the drums and bass.

Peter Kowald, known for his long-standing association with the Globe Unity Orchestra, gave us some equally inspired moments. By stretching a loosened string with one hand while bowing it with the other, he demonstrated how "flexible" the unwieldy bass can be. Unfortunately, his playing tended to be drowned out at times, especially when his compatriot was in full flight. I have always felt some sympathy for the bass player in those situations, and it sure is a challenge to be heard in the most hectic of moments.

Between Brotzmann's pyrotechnics and Kowald's own brand of eclecticism, Andrew Cyrille set the pace for the evening with his masterful playing. The range of his dynamics is just amazing: whispering with his brushes, he could suddenly surge forth with a hard hitting series of cymbal crashes, assertive yet never obstructing. In each set, he provided the audience with a masterful demonstration of solo drumming. Few drummers can claim to be melodic in their approach and Andrew Cyrille certainly fits the bill. One can appreciate his debt to Max Roach in his ability to structure his playing, both in texture and in rhythm. Of the three musicians, Andrew Cyrille ebbed and flowed with the music, never over-indulging in gratuitous decibels but always pushing it forward.

Ever since the mid-'sixties, free form music has challenged our most basic assumptions of what jazz (and music) is. In the meantime the music has survived its most strident detractors and has landed on other shores. Now firmly entrenched in Europe, free jazz has achieved a more broadly-based appeal among an artistic intelligentsia. Despite its migration to a more conducive intellectual climate, the music has lost something of its original intent, namely the socio-political protest of the black man in America. As the music of Coltrane, Coleman, Ayler et al were shaped by a uniquely American social context, it is hard to conceive that the same experience can be replicated by musicians who are outsiders to it. Therefore, one could never hope to find the same depth in the European free jazz experience. It's no surprise then to see some European musicians examining their own traditions and integrating some extraneous vocabularies in their personal choices. In many cases, however, there are players who came up in the sixties who openly defied the traditional jazz styles by espousing the New Thing. In so doing, they could only play a ***style*** of jazzz, divorced from the social context that fostered it. The sad thing about all this is that these same musicians, who claimed to be doing their own thing, did nothing more than exchange one conformity for another.

Looking at the American scene of the nineteen eighties, the new generation of musicians have seen fit to absorb free playing into a more encompassing language in which compositional forms coexist. In a way, free jazz has lost the immediacy (i.e. its socio-political impact) it had in the sixties. Worse than that, it has been reduced to a certain number of stylistic cliches. Fortunately, we have people like Andrew Cyrille to give some freshness to the music, when it's badly in need of it.

Afterthought: thanks to Patrick Darby of Traquen'art Productions for offering some of the music you don't hear on the radio... at least for the time being.

— Marc Chenard

PETER KOWALD (Photograph by Bill Smith)

BLUES

A COLUMN BY DOUG LANGILLE

In this installment there is a mix of reissues and new releases, plus coverage of some live performances.

First, some mention of Rosetta Reitz's **Rosetta Records** Women's Heritage Series. This ambitious reissue series is dedicated to the coverage of early women jazz and blues vocalists and instrumentalists with recordings coming primarily from the thirties and forties. Releases include varied anthologies, several of which are thematic in thrust **("Women's Railroad Blues" RR 1301, "Red, White and Blue" RR 1302** and **"Piano Singer's Blues" RR 1303)**, and artist-specific LPs by **VALAIDA SNOW** and **IDA COX**, the latter of particular interest as it features a 1961 session with Coleman Hawkins, Sammy Price, Roy Eldridge, Milt Hinton and Jo Jones. All Rosetta releases have detailed discographies and liner notes and generally a good sound.

GEORGIA WHITE "Sings And Plays The Blues" (RR 1307) is a recent Rosetta offering. White was a rather laid-back classic blues vocalist and pianist. She was well-represented on the Decca label with the sixteen cuts included here coming from that source dating from 1935 to 1940. Accompaniment ranges from her piano with guitar through piano, guitar and bass to a more period classic blues/jazz sound with Jonah Jones on trumpet and Fess Williams on clarinet. Given my preferences, I tend to favour the basic prewar blues work with guitarists like Iky Robinson and Lonnie Johnson. In particular there is nice piano/guitar work on ***You Done Lost Your Good Thing Now***, ***Crazy Blues***, ***Biscuit Roller*** and ***The Way I'm Feeling***.

Mind you, those with more sophisticated tastes may prefer Jones's sometimes smoking trumpet on ***Jazzin' Babies Blues*** and ***Late Hour Blues***. Check out Jones and Williams on the lamenting ***Panama Limited Blues***. Nice atmospheric stuff. It is really on the blues like this that the soothing quality of White's relaxed vocal style is exemplified. She is certainly one to ease your mind and this Rosetta package serves as a good intro to her many prewar sides (Rosetta Records, 115 West 16th Street, New York, NY 10011).

Next is a 2-volume reissue of **BIG MACEO** Bluebirds on Arhoolie's Blues Classics series. These two should not be missed by any serious piano blues/boogie aficionado, especially if this material was missed when it was around in the seventies as a RCA double LP in the USA and as a single in France. **"Big Maceo Vol.1" (Blues Classics 28)** focuses on his earlier recordings made in 1941 and 1942. Tampa Red's presence on guitar is quite apparent with further ensemble support from Alfred Elkins on bass and Clifford Jones on drums. The sixteen cuts are mainly slow blues with the classic ***Worried Life Blues*** being the cornerstone. Other gems include ***Tuff Luck Blues***, ***Poor Kelly Blues*** and ***Why Should I Hang Around*** – prewar blues at its best. **"Big Maceo Vol.2" (Blues Classics 29)** features post-Petrillo ban material cut in 1945 through 1947. Again, Tampa Red's slide is prominent with additional backing coming from a variety of drummers. Included are four cuts made in 1947 after Maceo's disabling stroke, with Maceo's vocals and Eddie Boyd sitting in on piano.

On Vol. 2 there is more of a balanced program with a heavy dose of stomps. In this vein, ***Chicago Breakdown*** has yet to be matched for its shattering left-hand drive. Included as an extra is a rather scratchy ***Flyin' Boogie*** (not on the RCA twofer). On the blues side there are satisfying readings of tunes like ***Winter Time Blues*** and ***Big Road Blues***. Actually, all of his titles are definitive statements of the prewar genre.

Both volumes serve to illustrate what a significant piano/guitar duo Maceo and Tampa Red were. In particular, it is clear from the strength of his instrumental and vocal expression why Big Maceo Merriweather is considered a pillar of Chicago blues. Remember he left his imprint on Johnny Jones and Otis Spann – just to mention a few.

While considering classic Chicago blues, let us move on to the anthology **"Chicago Slickers Vol.2, 1948-1955" (Nighthawk 107)**. This constitutes producer Leroy Pierson's fourth excellent compilation of early and predominantly rare Chicago ensemble sides on his Nighthawk label. Although some of this material has appeared elsewhere (more recently on Charly's Chicago Bluesmaster series), Pierson has once again demonstrated an ability to compile a selective program of strong material. The program opens with the old 1948 Little Walter Tempotone cut ***Blue Baby*** featuring Walter and Muddy in a slow John Lee Williamson vein, and closes with a mellow harp instrumental – ***Floyd's Blues*** – featuring Snooky Pryor with Floyd Jones. Other titles that really hold my interest are Lazy Bill Lucas's 1954 reading of ***I Had A Dream*** with Homesick James, Grace Brim's 1951 recording ***Goin' Down The Line***, Johnny Shines's ***Living In The White House*** with J.T. Brown, Willie Nix's stomping ***Just Can't Stay*** featuring a full ensemble sound with Sunnyland Slim, Pryor and Eddie Taylor, and J.B. Hutto's classic Chance rocker ***Combination Boogie***. Other featured artists in this sixteen-cut collection include Johnny Young, John Brim, Floyd Jones and Robert Nighthawk. Nighthawk's cut is from his first postwar session – a 1948 Chess title called ***My Sweet Loving Woman*** with piano support from Ernest Lane and bass from Big Crawford. Sound quality is quite good with excellent liner notes. An obvious purchase to complement your other Nighthawk anthologies and the Blues Classics Maceo releases.

Also from **Nighthawk** is **"Downhome Delta Blues 1949 to 1952" (109)**. This anthology covers off sixteen early cuts by Memphis/Delta area artists. Included are Earl Hooker's first release ***On The Hook*** (1952) and four cuts he did in the same year as a sideman with harp player Little Sam Davis. Besides Hooker's instrumental, the collection's real strengths are Joe Hill Louis's 1949 cuts ***Jealous Blues*** (Rockin') and ***Joe's Jump*** (Columbia); Luther Huff's downhome guitar duet with his brother Percy on the Tommy Johnson-inspired ***Dirty Disposition*** and ***1951 Blues***; Big Joe Williams's rare 1949 Bullet coupling of ***Jivin' Women*** and ***She's A Married Woman***; and guitarist Bobo Thomas's percussive ***Catfish Blues*** with excellent harp by Sonny Boy (Rice Miller) Williamson. There are also some good ensemble sides from the Arkansas/Delta connection including harp blower Sunny Blair and guitarists Junior Brooks and Baby Face Turner, plus a jumping workout by Pee Wee Hughes. Although there is some unnecessary duplication with other worthy reissue anthologies, "Downhome Delta Blues" is a package certainly worthwhile investigating.

From **Storyville** comes another straight reissue in the form of the predominantly acoustic anthology **"Mississippi Blues" (SLP-4035)**. This thirteen-cut package was put together with recordings Pete Welding made of some well-known artists like Big Joe Williams and Johnny Young, and some more obscure artists such as John Henry Miller, Ruby McCoy and Avery Brady. Although the recordings were made in the North, the artists all have historical and strong stylistic ties with Mississippi. Although the odd cut is marred by some crude rural harp, there is enough strong material to warrant a closer listen. I really like Avery Brady's solo guitar/vocal piece, ***I Don't Want You No More***, Johnny Young's solo ***Pony Blues***, and his duet workout with Big Boy Spires, ***21 Below Zero***, with Spires taking the vocals. Big Joe turns in a strong variant of ***Big Road Blues*** with some nice harp backing by one Coot Venson. For a real Tommy Johnson flavour check out the solid guitar duet on ***Down Here By Myself***, by John Henry Miller and Jimmy Miller.

Another straight **Storyville** reissue is **"I Ain't Gonna Pick No More Cotton" (SLP-4037)** featuring guitarist/singer **JOHN HENRY BARBEE** in a satisfying solo acoustic program. Barbee, whose real name was William George Tucker, lived a rather bizarre and tragic life. Aside from a single recording made for Vocalion in 1938, this LP of material cut in 1964 constitutes the bulk of his output. His vocals are relaxed and soothing without being too folky. He mixes some nice clean bottleneck in with some uncluttered conventional work. Familiar titles include ***Dust My Broom*** and ***That's All Right***. These are featured along with some strong original titles such as ***Miss Nelly Grey***, ***Early Morning Blues***, and ***Hey Baby***. Strongly recommended to rural blues fans.

On the urban side, it is a pleasure to review the next two Chicago releases. The first is the **CARRIE AND LURRIE BELL** release on **Rooster Blues Records, "Son Of A Gun" (R 2617)**. Recorded in 1982 and held in the can for two years, Carey and Lurrie along with their young, working band of the day (Eli Murray, guitar; John Ervin, bass; Dino Davies, drums) lay down a tough modern Chicago sound. Carey blows harp with his usual high degree of finesse,

harking back to the strong amplified sound of Little Walter. Specifically for harp fans there are three showcase instrumentals. Carey also turns in some solid vocals on the slow blues ***I'm A Fool*** and ***Highway Is My Life***. While Lurrie demonstrates a real maturation as a featured artist, both his lead guitar and vocals are notably strong. Catch him on ***Worried Heartache Blues*** and ***My Baby***. A real treat on this LP is the very contemporary and driving reading of ***Rollin' And Tumblin'***. "Son Of A Gun" is a must, and the O'Neals should be given a vote of thanks for putting this monster of a Chicago blues session together. Mix and pressing are also very good.

The other Chicago gem is **SON SEALS**'s fourth and strongest yet **Alligator** release, **"Bad Axe" (AL-4728)**. Son heads up a solid, businesslike rhythm section featuring Sid Winfield on organ and Carl Snyder on assorted keyboards. Productionwise, Son is freed of horns and allowed to get back to some basic rawness. However, Son is a continually evolving artist, and has taken steps to refine and expand his basics. Son's vocals seem to be getting stronger, while he keeps expanding his guitar lick repertoire. This is evident both on "Bad Axe" and in recent live performances. With a solid, responsive bottom, Son is able to do some really nice work with his keyboard players. "Bad Axe" also has a very diverse program to help showcase Son's expanding horizons. On fast shuffles like ***Just About To Lose Your Clown***, he conjures up the raw ghetto bar excitement of his first release, while the slow ***Friday Again*** represents a more urbane approach. With Billy Branch on harp, Son turns in a pleasing and soulful Brook Bentonish, C&W-sounding ballad, ***I Can Count On My Blues***. "Bad Axe" is recommended listening, and its basic beauty is that Son can recreate it all on a funky, barroom stage.

Speaking of Son Seals live, his show is still an exciting one to catch. He recently showed up in Edmonton, Alberta at a place called Jasper's (November 27 to December 1) with a tight, responsive and professional unit featuring Carl Snyder on keyboards, Larry Burton on guitar, Charles Taylor on bass (Koko's nephew), and Rick Howard on drums (ex-Freddy King). Son is still very much a central figure on stage with clear, gripping vocals and raw lead work, characterised by his expanded repertoire of licks. With this particular band he seems better able to navigate through the full range of changes and moods that characterise his expanded program. His repertoire still includes classic Son Seals originals like ***Your Love Is Like A Cancer***, some Junior Parker, and of course Albert King, plus a heavy dose of titles from "Bad Axe." Son still delivers a tough, raw urban blues program, and is well worth a night out.

Malaco Records of Jackson, Mississippi is shaping up to be the Stax of the 1980's. Their catalogue includes the late Z.Z. Hill, Johnnie Taylor, Latimore, the funky Denise LaSalle, and now **LITTLE MILTON CAMPBELL**. Little Milton's latest, **"Playing For Keeps" (Malaco 7419)** is in the league of Milton's stronger Stax and Chess releases. The production is characterized by that classy, commercially-viable soulful sound with a rock bottom funky bass, stinging lead guitar, churchy keyboards, punchy brass, and a touch of strings and backup vocals. This tasteful combination helps the blues crossover and promotes much-needed commercial airplay. I really like this release, right from ***The Blues Is Alright*** (a definite before barbeque aerobics theme) to Milton's testifying B.B.-style blues ***Nobody Sleeping In My Bed*** and ***I'll Catch You On Your Way Down***. Mind you, I can leave the silky ***Goodnight My Love*** and ***Misty Blue***. Both are a bit too "nice" for me.

In summary, "Playing For Keeps" has Milton in top form vocally and on lead guitar, with some really good lyrics firmly planted in some strong arrangements. A much stronger release than his recent MCA package.

Also from **Rooster Blues Records** comes a strong first release by a relatively new artist to the Chicago blues scene. **VALERIE WELLINGTON**'s **"Million Dollar Secret" (R2619)** is indeed a treat. Although Ms. Wellington is only in her mid-twenties, she comes from a varied musical background, including soul, the lounge scene, blues, gospel and the stage, playing the part of Ma Rainey in the theatre production of "The Little Dreamer (A Nite in the Life of Bessie Smith)". Her program on this release includes Helen Humes, Roy Brown, Howlin' Wolf, Bessie Smith, Lefty Diz, and two well-crafted originals — ***Independent Blues*** and ***My Baby Treats Me Like A Stepchild***. Valerie ably covers this wide program with fire and grit, conjuring up a younger Koko Taylor. Sidemen include Sunnyland Slim, Magic Slim's Band, John Primer, Johnny Littlejohn, Billy Brance and Casey Jones helping to reinforce the variety in the programming. The only weak cut on the LP is ***Cold, Cold Feeling***. While Wellington is good, the band seems unrehearsed with some very flat guitar and harp and some bum notes popped in as a bonus. Aside from this, this first release of Wellington's is fresh and exciting, suggesting more good things down the road a piece.

Now for some full force Chicago ghetto bar blues. **MAGIC SLIM**'s **"Grand Slam" (Rooster Blues Records R2618)** is the hottest thing he has done in the studio since the "Mean Mistreater" single. It may even be a few degrees warmer than his life Candy Apple and Blue Dog releases. Memories of good times at Florences and the 1125 Club are rekindled. Slim's Teardrops provide a tight, unrelenting drive for his brand of Chicago blues shout and cutting lead guitar. Guitarist Peter Allen adds some taste and muscle to the Teardrops sound. (Along with Michael Robinson, Allen is one of the young, rising stars on the competitive Chicago blues guitar scene. It is certainly an experience to catch Allen and Robinson jamming together). Catch Allen's featured work on the instrumental ***1823 South Michigan Ave.*** There is nothing dull about this program. Slim et al put the uncompromising Teardrop stamp on Hound Dog's ***Give Me Back My Wig***, the W. Williams/Big Mac ***Rough Dried Woman***, Rufus Thomas' ***Walkin' The Dog***, Magic Sam's ***She Belongs To Me***, Elmore's ***Make My Dreams Come True***, and Buster Brown's ***Fannie Mae***. Slim also comes up with a lyrically interesting original: ***Early Every Morning***. To round things off there is a remake of Slim's old ***Scuffin'*** single, and a driving set closer, ***Slammin'***.

In summary, this is likely Slim's best to date. It is not recommended for the weak of heart or the nervous. The mix and the pressing are very good — so play it loud and party!

FENTON ROBINSON's **"Nightflight" (Alligator AL 4736)** is superb. The album was recorded in 1984 in Chicago for the Dutch label Black Magic, and released in Europe as "Blues Is Progress." Fenton is beautiful — nice relaxed vocals, and very, very fluid guitar work. Fenton continues to evolve, and came to this session with a guitar case full of new tricks. He is backed by the Burton brothers, with Aaron on bass and Larry on guitar. Fenton and Larry are an ideal match of serious, meticulous, yet soulful guitarists. Leo Davis lays down some strong piano and organ tracks, while Roy Robertson is on drums. Junior Wells guests on harp for Fenton's reading of Walter Jacobs' ***Can't Hold Out Much Longer***. There is also a good functional horn section arranged by Reggie Boyd to return Fenton to his Duke roots. To this end he redoes ***Crazy Crazy Lovin'*** and ***School Boy***, and Bland's ***The Feeling Is Gone***. Fenton also shows a preference for his Texas/West Coast guitar schooling by doing Fulsom's ***Sinner's Prayer***. The rest of this fat, mellow program is filled out with some tasty Robinson originals, the most exciting being ***I Found Out Yesterday*** and ***I Lost My True Love***. Fenton really stretches out and lays down some flowing, melodic runs full of surprising twists and turns that keep the senses damned alert. This is also true on the instrumental title cut that allows Burton to break out with some nice contrasting lead work, and Davis to get a workout in the Jimmy Smith vein.

Fenton is certainly a guitar player's guitar player. He is one of the more inventive of the Chicago guitarists, and in contrast to many of his peers, has a refined, laid back relaxed style. Jazz guitar fans should look into his work, and especially check out this therapeutic release. Alligator et al have come up with a superb mix and pressing to enhance Robinson's artistry.

MAGIC SLIM (Photograph by D. Shigley)

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KENNY CLARKE (1914-1985)
As Simple As That

Kenny Clarke, one of the premier figures of the bebop movement, died recently in a Parisian suburb at the age of 71. It was Clarke who revolutionized drumming in the early 1940's by emphasizing the melodic and harmonic possibilities inherent in his instrument. He earned the nickname "Klook," an abbreviation of "Klook-a-mop" for his penchant to drop a double-bomb as a percussive accent, intended to catalyze the big bands he worked in during the late Swing Era. Clarke later recalled: "It was time for jazz drummers to move ahead. I took the main beat away from the bass drum and up to the top cymbal. I found out that I could get pitch and timbre variations up there, according to the way the stick struck the cymbal, and a pretty sound. The beat had a better flow. It was lighter and tastier. That left me free to use the bass drum, the tomtoms and snare for accents."

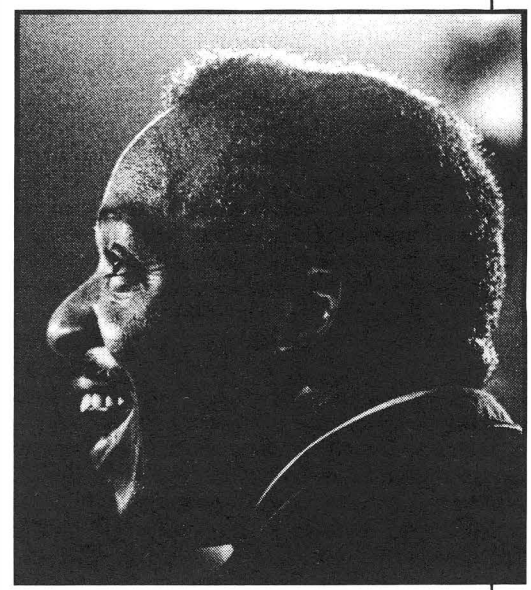
Liberating the drummer from the constraint of maintaining the 4/4 beat, Clarke opened up the range of expressions allowable for percussionists and inspired younger musicians such as Max Roach and Art Blakey.

Kenny Clarke was the leader of the house band at Minton's Playhouse in 1941, during the legendary jam sessions that produced the revolutionary music known as bebop. Clarke persuaded the house manager at Minton's, Teddy Hill, to allow him to hire the young Thelonious Monk as his pianist. Hill had led a big band which included Clarke and Dizzy Gillespie – and soon the great trumpet player began to show up regularly to jam with his old friend, Klook. One night, Monk and Clarke went to another jazz club, Monroe's, to check out a new alto player, Charlie Parker. "He was into figures I thought I'd invented for the drums," Clarke recollected in later years. "I invited him to the pad I shared with Doc West, another drummer and a good cook. We set him up to meals." With the addition of Bird, a night at Minton's became a truly extraordinary experience. Klook, Bird, Dizzy, Monk and the brilliant guitar player Charlie Christian produced much memorable music and set the style for modern jazz. Placing those evenings in a cultural context, Ralph Ellison remarked, "It is to modern jazz what the Cafe Voltaire is to the Dadaist phase of modern literature and painting." Great swing musicians like Roy Eldridge were driven off the stage in frustration by the playing of Clarke's brash young turks. In the smoky atmosphere of this small uptown jazz club, the old order of Swing was brushed aside. Working at a feverish pitch, Clarke modernized drumming and helped to write two bop classics, Monk's *Epistrophy* and Gillespie's *Salt Peanuts*. Clarke also found time to gig with Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Carter, Henry Red Allen and was co-leading a band with Coleman Hawkins on 52nd Street when, in 1943, he was drafted into the army.

After the war, Clarke joined Dizzy Gillespie's innovative big band which toured Europe in 1946 and 1948. Speaking of his collaboration with Gillespie, Clarke pointed out, "The cymbals and the trumpet have something in common, they're both brass. It's a perfect blend, and when the cymbals are played according to what the soloist is playing, something that corresponds, it's really beautiful." Clarke said of his friendship with Gillespie, "Here's one man I never disputed with, never had any contrary thoughts about."

"Klook" Clarke convinced Gillespie to hire an old army buddy, John Lewis, as an arranger and pianist for the band. Eventually, in 1951, the rhythm section of Gillespie's big band (Lewis, Clarke, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath) split off to form the Modern Jazz Quartet. Clarke was a founding member of this group but quit after five years, and was replaced by Connie Kay.

In the post-war period, Clarke spent a good deal of time shuttling between New York and Paris. He had played in Europe as early as 1938 as a member of Edgar Hayes' swing band. The pressures of being a black – particularly a fiercely intelligent and vociferous one – must have been great during this era in the United States. Clarke would withdraw to Europe only to be drawn back by the chance to work with the exciting new players emerging on the New York scene. He drummed on part of the Miles Davis/Gerry Mulligan "Birth of the Cool" sessions. With Milt Jackson, Monk, and Percy Heath, Clarke played on Miles' classic rendition of *Bags' Groove* in 1954. Eventually, the situation grew to be too extreme for Clarke. His session work grew so demanding that he decided



to go away to Vermont for a weekend. At the sound of knocking at his door, he hid in a closet while he instructed his then-wife Carmen McRae to tell Miles Davis that he was already gone. "When you have to hide from a cat offering you a job, something's wrong," Klook concluded.

Michel Legrand's uncle, Jacques Helian, offered him a job playing in a band in Paris in 1956. Clarke left, married a Dutch woman named Daisy and settled in France. He led a house band at the Parisian Blue Note Club, which imported top jazz acts, for three years. For over a decade, he led a big band with pianist Francois Boland. Author-critic Michael Zwerin met him during the late '50's in Paris and wrote "Klook is home about fifteen days each month, flying to work the rest of the time. He doesn't have to hide in closets. He can choose his life. He is a star."

The road from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to Paris, France – from a swing drummer to an expatriate jazz musician – is quite a long one for any man. "Klook" Clarke followed his own path from his days at Minton's to his final years in France. He described his philosophy concerning bebop to professor Al Fraser as follows: "There was a message in our music. Whatever you go into, go into it intelligently. As simple as that." Intelligence must seem simple to a man with integrity. R.I.P. Kenny Clarke.

– *Marc Glassman*

STRING VARIATIONS

BASICALLY BASS

THE WORLD BASS VIOLIN ENSEMBLE

BASSically Yours
Black Saint BSR 0063

PETER KOWALD / BARRY GUY

Paintings
FMP 0960

Jimmy Blanton, Wilbur Ware, Paul Chambers, and Charles Mingus would certainly have to be on the list of creative musicians that have strengthened the sound and improved the status of the acoustic bass, but Brian Smith is in the process of making a lusty addendum to that list with his latest project, The World Bass Violin Ensemble. Stemming from the success that the World Saxophone Quartet has had with their reeds-only pyrotechnics, Smith's six-member band have their roots in Henry Threadgill's X-75, a voice, reed, string experiment which first brought together the basses of Fred Hopkins, Rufus Reid, Leonard Jones, and Smith himself. With the addition of Phil Bowler, Greg Maker, and Bob Cunningham, the rolling energy that the basses provided in X-75 has been carried over to the WBVE, making Smith's romantic writing bounce where need be, and sustain a level of concentrated enthusiasm throughout all of "BASSically Yours."

The record runs the gamut from textural examinations of tone and timbre (the middle passage of ***Dr. Norma***) to some sweeping romantic statements (***And We Thought We Were All So Different***) all with the band maintaining a collective composure that has been the high-sign of success throughout the history of jazz. In a dedication to Oscar Pettiford, the WBVE sets up a seven part bebop groove (Rick Rozie added for one cut) and after their unison-line head, they start a full blown jam session allowing each player to dovetail solos together, bowed, strummed, and plucked, all while Thurman Barker adds sparkling high-hat punctuations. The terrain that is looked over on ***A Lease And A Link*** allows for shifting moods and colours to be brought forth with great black awareness, beginning with the sound of bowed thunder, and after a dignified walk, finding its way to a pastoral insight on the blues. As the record continues it becomes obvious that even though it's the uniqueness of the setting that stands out initially, it's Smith's writing and arranging that not only provides the bassist's with the firm ground whey stand on, but also gives the situation its lasting credibility.

The recently issued series of duets between Peter Kowald and Barry Guy give us a West German perspective of conversations between bassists. Kowald's long been known as a risk taker who is as concerned with the structure of sound as he is with 'jazz,' his work with Leo Smith, and Gunter Sommer being evidence, and on "Paintings" this approach remains intact. Recorded live at the Floz in Berlin four years ago, the record documents a meeting and exchange of ideas between two brothers of the bass who stress improvising as a raison d'etre; as a lifestyle. Side one is divided into short pieces, two Kowald's, two Guy's, that give the listener a chance to shift gears with the players, the curtness helping the music by acting as an editor. The rich pointillism of Guy's ***Hier Ist Noch Immer Alles Fliessend*** has antecedents in Fred Hopkins's ***G.v.E.***, but the superb tone and knowing interplay give it a life of its own. Kowald's piece for Marcel Duchamp has a subsonic bowing stratum, and a high octave exchange of lines that only come together occasionally. The side-long title cut unleashed a spontaneous conversation that goes through severe passages of microtonal ruminations, sort of a non-swinging, bare-bones "Pithecanthropus Erectus." The interplay between the two is settled and apparent, but the ground that's being broken (or the language being spoken) is far from universal. Both the WBVE and Kowald/Guy are out to redefine what we hear when it comes to the bass, but the approach from different sides of the Atlantic is evident.

— Jim Macnie

CHARLIE HADEN

The Ballad Of The Fallen
ECM 23794-1

Gary Valente, trombone; Steve Slagle, Dewey Redman, Jim Pepper, saxophones; Paul Motian, drums; Mike Mantler, Don Cherry, trumpets; Jack Jeffers, tuba; Mick Goodrick, guitar; Shar on Freeman, French horn; Carla Bley, piano; Charlie Haden, bass.

Fifteen years ago Charlie Haden, one of the most influential bassists of the sixties, recorded "Liberation Music Orchestra" (Impulse AS 9183). Now in 1984 'free jazz' has been co-opted by academics, the record industry is in a slump, it's harder than ever for musicians to tour, and most of the original jazz masters are dead. Charlie Haden's message is still the same, and the lyrical beauty and depth of meaning he finds in Hispanic folk music is still intact, and like a handful of major figures in these times, his response to adversity has been to regroup and reinforce his original purpose. Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, Don Cherry, Paul Motian and Dewey Redman were all in the original Liberation Music Orchestra. Gone is some of the deliberate anarchy of ***Circus '68 '69*** seguing into ***We Shall Overcome***. The music here is more sombre in tone; the statements of artists forced back on their own resources to create their own optimism. In 1969 the American future hardly looked sunny, yet it would have seemed a joke that in 1980 a right-wing Hollywood B movie actor would become president of the country. ***Circus*** still applies to their political conventions now as it did then.

"Ballad Of The Fallen" at the very least is a refreshing restatement of artistic integrity. Where in recent years the trend in jazz has been towards giving listeners "what they want," the Liberation Music Orchestra has retained the quixotic egoism artists need in order to make important statements.

Everyone sounds good here — even Mick Goodrick, formerly one of ECM's faceless house guitarists of the seventies, steps forward with some lovely statements on acoustic guitar Like all the other soloists on the record, however, his role as an improvisor is primarily to color the orchestra arrangements. Don Cherry's playing, for example, is definitely not his best, but he makes some beautifully dramatic entrances and exits through the orchestral palette. Carla Bley has gained an incredible grace and assurance as an arranger and leader; her orchestrations, the beauty of the melodies, Haden's resounding contrabass tone, and the contributions of the individual players combine to make this an outstanding record. Music of great intentions is, to say the least, not necessarily always great, but when its quality is this high, you should definitely consider buying this record.

— David Lee

CHARLIE HADEN (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

CHARLES MINGUS

Music Written For Monterey, 1965
East Coasting JWS 0013, 0014

On September 25, 1965 the Charles Mingus octet performed in concert at UCLA all of the music it was prepared to play — but was unable to, for whatever reason — at the Monterey Festival a week earlier. Mingus recorded the concert and a year later released the music (except for ***I Can't Get Started***, which is apparently lost) on two discs through Charles Mingus Enterprises, a mail-order service. It sold two hundred copies. That same material is available once again, and again by mail order, this time from East Coasting Records, PO Box

866, New York, NY 10023. It is a limited, numbered edition, although the number of copies available is not noted.

No major record company would have released this material twenty years ago; none would release it now. Only a private concern dedicated to preserving the Mingus legacy would issue these two records of wonderful music, accompanied, as it is, by false starts, Mingus' asides to his fellow musicians, and other diversions. East Coasting wisely did not delete the seemingly extraneous material. The leader's patter places the music in context and displays his mind in the process of creating.

The music begins with a splendid performance of ***Meditation On Inner Peace***. Howard Johnson's repeated two-note tuba figure provides a firm foundation for arco bass, trumpet, and alto solos. As good as the soloists are, the highlight is the composition itself. The tempo increases and then subsides until it is almost dirge-like, a feeling that the haunting bass and tuba interplay reinforces. The texture is predictably dense.

The group next attempts ***Once Upon A Time, There Was A Holding Corporation Called America***, a new Mingus composition. Unfortunately, four of the musicians falter and Mingus dismisses them (Johnson, French hornist Julius Watkins, and trumpeters Hobart Dotson and Jimmy Owens). The remaining quartet (trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, drummer Dannie Richmond, and Mingus) light into another new composition, ***Ode To Bird And Dizzy***, which includes numerous snippets of bop classics by Tadd Dameron, Denzil Best, Oscar Pettiford, Bud Powell, Max Roach, Fats Navarro, and others. ***Salt Peanuts*** receives the most sustained treatment. McPherson, one of Bird's direct descendants, plays engagingly, as does Hillyer. Best of all, though, is the two-man rhythm section, with Richmond especially effective, both backing soloists and in his own solo statement. In all, a dynamic performance and a beautiful tribute to the founders of modern jazz.

The octet reconvenes for the ambitious but undistinguished ***They Trespass The Land Of The Sacred Sioux. The Arts Of Tatum And Freddy Webster***, a feature for Dotson, comes next. His pinched sound is reminiscent of Kenny Dorham's. Unlike the Bird and Dizzy piece, this one pays homage by title and spirit only, not by emulation or allusion. The octet then again attempts ***Once Upon A Time***, this time successfully. It has shifting rhythms and good solos by Watkins, who apparently learned the tune quickly under pressure, and Hillyer. Mingus's impressionistic piano enhances the trumpeter's solo considerably.

The satirical introduction to ***Muskrat Ramble*** is deceptive. The musicians quickly enter into the chestnut's spirit and wail. If this is not as exhilerating a modern interpretation of a dixieland tune as Barry Ulanov's All Star Modern Jazz Musicians' ***Tiger Rag*** (1947), then it comes close. Music can be fun, after all.

A fairly lugubrious ***Don't Be Afraid, The Clown's Afraid Too*** (solos by Dotson and pianist Mingus) precedes ***Don't Let It Happen Here***. The leader tells us that it portrays the apathy that greets the slaying of innocents, such as Jews and Catholics. It is also a rousing performance that is similar in spirit to Mingus's 1961 "Oh Yeah" for Atlantic. It concludes the album perfectly.

But there is more. Accompanying the two-record set is a seven-inch 33 1/3-rpm previously unissued recording of ***They Trespass The Land Of The Sacred Sioux*** by the same octet at the Monterey Festival, September 18, 1965. It features Jimmy Owens, on flugelhorn, and McPherson. It is no great performance, but it is good to have, if only because it is the only recorded document from Mingus's abortive Monterey set.

Not all of the music on this album (including the bonus record) is masterful. It nonetheless constitutes a significant document, primarily because of Mingus's writing. We have here the first, occasionally rough recordings of six of his originals (***Meditation On Inner Peace***, known by various titles, was then a year old), some of which are splendid indeed. The soloists are more than adequate; Richmond is spectacular. Mingus is ever present, be it on bass (arco or pizzicato), piano, or talking with the other musicians and the audience. In all, this release should not be missed. — ***Benjamin Franklin V***

AROUND THE WORLD

REVIEWS AND NEWS COLUMNS FROM CANADA, AMERICA AND EUROPE

IN PERFORMANCE

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET
Great American Music Hall, San Francisco
Thursday, February 7, 1985

"Such is the stuff of which blues musicianship is made. It is not a matter of having the blues and giving direct personal release to the raw emotion brought on by suffering. It is a matter of mastering the elements of craft required by the idiom. It is a matter of idiomatic orientation and of the refinement of auditory sensibility in terms of idiomatic nuance. It is a far greater matter of convention, and hence tradition, than of impulse.

— Albert Murray from "Stomping the Blues"

It is always a great occasion when the **World Saxophone Quartet** comes to San Francisco, their visits being too few and far between. This group represents the optimum in African-American creative music. **David Murray** (t.s., b.cl.), **Julius Hemphill** (a.s., s.s.), **Oliver Lake** (a.s., t.s., s.s.), and **Hamiet Bluiett** (b.s., a.fl.), four leaders in their own rights, set aside ego and create thoroughly beautiful, complete music; outward reaching yet respectfully linked to their music's tradition.

The linkage to this tradition is what makes **WSQ** a unique group. Each member represents solid and innovative accomplishment in different aspects of what makes up the whole music. Drawing from the well-endowed tradition of the African-American saxophone from Coleman Hawkins through Bird to Ayler, David Murray sings with a voice in all its colors, sizes and shapes; songs of reality, the feelings of the moment. Julius Hemphill is a composer of incredible range. I feel his favorite vehicle is the blues. Dead serious, down home and with great humor, Hemphill's southwestern U.S. perspective adds a grounding force to the music. Oliver Lake reflects the amalagam of world Black music in its essence. His music is angular, cross-sectioned, with respect to Eric Dolphy, stripped down to the essentials. He blends these influences into a very modern sound. Hamiet Bluiett brings in a serious connection to the spiritual element by projecting an almost purely gospel feel. Roots running deep. The ability to bring together these diverse viewpoints speaks to a grounding in the complete tradition that is historical with the encouragement to look forward. The element that has kept African-American creative music alive and growing.

The WSQ played without microphones when they came to the Great American Music Hall. This is a perfect venue for the performance. An ornate, mini-concert hall with high ceilings, balcony, mirrors bordering the first floor, with excellent acoustics and a layed back manner. The place was packed for the event. WSQ filled up the hall with a sound impeccably balanced and dynamically rich. Balance is the key component for this group. The ensemble is tight in terms of togetherness yet there is a joyful looseness as all sorts of orchestral movement takes place, the roles of lead voice, bass, rhythm, melody shifting in liquid fashion. The strength of the ensemble work is felt especially during the collective improvisations which are executed with a zen-like quality. No one was overpowering, the clarity of each player was unmistakable.

From the moment they took the stage huffing and puffing their theme ***Steppin'*** we were totally absorbed in a subtly shifting wave of energy. The sets were comprised of recorded works such as ***Revue***, ***Fast Life***, ***Ming*** and new material. It was an evening of blues, ballads, spirituals and the caribbean as well as the modern.

They were up there cheering each other on; surprising themselves and that is the stuff of great performances; when the artists and the audience join in the intimate experience of creating art via shared expression. One example: David Murray, an expert in the ballad form, led on a tune that I did not recognize. Time seemed to have frozen, enveloped in the stark beauty of his solo. It was unimaginably long, chorus after chorus, the others stopped, listened, a magical unity took place as this man bared his soul with an openness that is generally not encouraged in this society. If you could just imagine uncoiling the spring of your heart and carefully stretching it out straight. This was something of what took place that evening.

It is this emotional power and technical brilliance that make the WSQ standard bearers of African-American creative music. A tradition built on these qualities, is now, taken higher, made broader and richer with an even more solid foundation.

— Brian Auerbach

WYNTON MARSALIS QUINTET

Lincoln Theater, University of Hartford
February 7, 1985

Concert halls and clubs in the Hartford area rang in the New Year with two months of intense musical activity, highlighted by the **Wynton Marsalis** Quintet's February 7 concert at the University of Hartford's Lincoln Theater. Playing to a house sold out two weeks in advance, the quintet executed head arrangements with a precision you seldom hear outside the recording studio. The musicians work together with a tightness that borders on the telepathic and bolsters their strength as soloists. At twenty-three, Marsalis improvises with a maturity and confidence that most musicians don't acquire until their thirties. Whether interpreting a languid ballad like ***Lazy Afternoon*** or a finger-tangling flyer like ***Airegin***, he makes even his most intricate passages sound effortless. The trumpeter features a dry, flugelhornish tone and a fresh sense of phrasing. During the three-hour performance, he rarely fell back on traditional melodic patterns and when he did, he turned them in new directions in less than two measures. His brother **Branford** solos on tenor saxophone with a warm tone reminiscent of an older generation and a biting edge that links him to the more intense contemporary sylists. His soprano work is clean and lively. **Kenny Kirkland** contributes to the quintet's crisp, contained sound as a composer, as well as a keyboard man. His compositions ***Fuchsia*** and ***Parable*** balance an ethereal sensibility with a down-to-earth warmth. His strong, evocative pieces should become a respected part of the jazz repertoire. As a soloist, Kirkland plays dense, muscular lines that ripple between the mainstream and the vanguard — and bow politely toward the baroque, as they did when he and Wynton closed ***Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise*** with a duet coda. Bassist **Charnett Moffett** drives the rhythm section with his massive tone, aggressive timekeeping and strong lines syncopated with the confident accents of a Jimmy Garrison. Drummer **Jeff Watts** plays with force, inventiveness and an abundance of good taste.

The Marsalis concert was not only a musical triumph, but a personal and organizational triumph for Annette Lawrence, the University of Hartford's African-American Students Association and the Artists Collective, who worked together to bring the stellar trumpeter and his quintet to Hartford as part of the University's observance of Black History Month.

— Vernon Fraser

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADIAN NOTES — Toronto is to have a major international jazz festival this summer. The five day event takes place June 18 to 22 in various locations in downtown Toronto. The headline events will take place at Roy Thomson Hall and a gala opening night featuring **Oscar Peterson** and **Rob McConnell's Boss Brass** has been announced. Nightly events will take place at Roy Thomson Hall, the new Metro Toronto Convention Centre Theater, the Sheraton Centre and at least six clubs on Queen Street between University and Spadina. The fourteen festival stages will present all manner of jazz styles, ranging from Mississippi blues to the avant garde. There will be special series for solo piano, vocalists and films. At presstime detailed information on the artists, ticket prices and venues was not available. Festival president **Dan Gugula** will make public this information in early April when everything has been finalized. The festival's office is located at the Sheraton Centre, 123 Queen Street West, Suite 454, Toronto, Ont., M5H 2M9.

On May 17 **Ted O'Reilly** celebrates twenty years of hosting "The Jazz Scene" on CJRT-FM. It was back in 1965 that Ted built the program into its present level of popularity. At least twenty-four hours of jazz is programmed each week and the eclectic mix of jazz styles is a reflection of Ted's own wide-ranging interest in the music.

Central to the program's success has been the hundreds of interviews with musicians and personalities involved with jazz on an international level. As early as 1966 Coda began transcribing and publishing some of these interviews. Among the more recent conversations to be published are those with **Barry Harris** and **Bill Evans**. The Jazz Scene has showcased the varying talents of Toronto's jazz community over a ten year period in a concert series produced by Ted O'Reilly at The Science Centre for broadcast over CJRT.

Twenty years of continuous programming of jazz music on one radio station is an achievement and Ted's dedication and commitment to the music and his willingness to disseminate information relating to the scene has made the Jazz Scene a focal part of Toronto's jazz community.

Back in 1965, The Jazz Scene was an alternative option for jazz radio listeners and now, twenty years later, the major option for the established leadership of Ted O'Reilly in jazz radio in this city is the various programs offered by CKLN. Their jazz programming includes five mornings (Monday to Friday) of music presented by various staff members as well as evening specialty programs by Anton Leo, John Jones, Hal Hill and Bill Smith.

Jack Cole, another veteran jazz radio broadcaster, can be heard Monday to Friday nights between 11:30 pm and 5:45 am (!) on CHWO, 1250 AM in Oakville. You can also listen to John Nelson's program on CING (108 FM) on Sunday mornings beginning at 7am and Brian Turner continues to broadcast jazz from Coburg.

Recent musical highlights in the clubs reflect the broad base of the music. Veteran blues guitarist **Homesick James'** reputation rests on his ability to play slide guitar within the stylistic framework of **Elmore James**. At the Rivoli on January 17, where he was unencumbered by a band, he displayed a wide variety of blues guitar styles and used the slide sparingly as he reprised many of the better known blues songs in an authentic manner. He is not a creator of original blues lyrics or lines but he can certainly interpret other people's creations with conviction. His guitar work offered us the kind of variety which has always made **Robert Johnson** such an important figure. It seems impossible that his talents have been hidden for so long.

Over at East 85th, Toronto's new community centre, trumpeter **Woody Shaw** appeared for two weeks with **George McFetridge, Neil Swainson** and **Jerry Fuller**. The music was exceptional and Shaw carried the weight of a tough assignment in grand style. What was most surprising and pleasing, was the greatly increased reliance on a repertoire which explored standard material. The harmonic depth of these songs has always been a challenging vehicle for jazz performers and their replacement by modal rhythm lines has not been an improvement. Woody Shaw dug back into ***his*** past as he unfolded solos rich in melodic and harmonic variation and all delivered with a finesse and sparkle which lifted the spirits. The content and organization of his solos was remarkable. There was little room for show. It was all music.

A few music notes: Bassist **Neil Swainson** left Toronto at the end of February for a five week European tour with **Woody Shaw**. Soon after his return he leaves again for a three week tour of Western Canada with **Peter Leitch**. Pianist **Fred Henke** and drummer **Terry Clarke** complete the quartet who will get their repertoire together the first week of April at George's Spaghetti House... **Jim Galloway**'s gig at George's in early March featured the guitar of **Reg Schwager**, who will be a participant in **Oliver Jones'** next lp for the Montreal based Justin Time Records. **Fraser MacPherson** is another of the guests on the recording which will include some of Oliver's own tunes... Some of the largest crowds in the two year history of Cafe des Copains' Jazz Festival turned out for **Oliver Jones** whose dynamic solo performances captivated everyone. He followed behind three equally strong performers: **Harold Mabern, Junior Mance** and **Ralph Sutton**... **Jim McHarg**'s **Maple Leaf Jazz Band** took part in a Mardi Gras Ball February 15 at The Sheraton Centre... **Rob McConnell's Boss Brass** made one of its infrequent appearances March 31 at Mayfield Secondary School in Brampton.... **Paul Cram** and **James Young** presented a "Report from the Zebra Zone" March 14 at ARC.... **Tim Brady's Quartet** were at The Music Gallery February 8 for a concert of the guitarist's own music. **Rob Frayne, Jack McFadden** and **Barry Romberg** were the other musicians.... Skreef is a new band whose members are **Mike Murley** (reeds), **Richard Underhill** (reeds), **Jim Vivian** (bass) and **Stitch Wynston** (drums, etc.). They made their local debut January 22 at the Cabana Room. The following night they were at Hart House and a week later did a one nighter at the Rivoli... A jazz documentary video was produced recently by Tim O'Brien and Greg Dummett. Entitled "The Reed Men", it features Murley, Underhill and Wynston as well as **Dave Parker**. It's an in-depth look at the struggles inherent in trying to play jazz on a full time basis by these young musicians. The 18 minute video is now available and more information is available by contacting the producers at (416) 961-3349.

The Brunswick House has been a major venue for blues artists for several years. Now they are trying to organise a blues society to give greater focus to the renewed interest in the music. A preliminary meeting of interested people took place February 20 and further organisational meetings will be held. Contact Derek Andrews (694-5624) or David Barnard (962-4841) for more information. Upcoming at The Brunswick is a first Toronto appearance for **Fenton Robinson** (April 15-20) and **Son Seals** returns (April 29-May 4). **Mose Allison** and **Etta James** were both at the club in March.... Serge Sloimovits' Blues at the Rivoli series was scheduled to continue March 28-30 with performances by Washington, D.C.'s **Flora Molton**.

In mid-January CKFM altered the broadcast time of its popular "Toronto Alive" jazz show. The program, featuring the **Jim Galloway Quartet** and special guests, is still being recorded Saturday afternoons at the Sheraton Centre's Trader's Lounge but is now heard Sunday evenings on CKFM at 7 pm.

The Canadian Collector's Congress is being held in Toronto this year on April 27 at the Alder Place Hotel. The one day event will include seminars, jazz films and an appearance by **The Rainbow Gardens Orchestra**. More information is available from Gene Miller, 90 Prince George Drive, Islington, Ont., M9B 2X8 (416)-231-4055.... PRO Canada Young Composers' Competition (open to composers under 30) will be open, for the first time, for those who write for jazz ensembles of five or more players. April 30 is the deadline for submission for this year's competition.

Drummer-composer **Franklin Kirmayer** has moved to Toronto from New York where he lived for several years. The Montreal born musician, who has recorded some of his original music with **John Abercrombie** and **Don Alias**, is working on projects in the Toronto area which will involve these musicians.... Cassette recordings are an easy way for performers to circulate their music. Franklin Kirmayer has done this and vocalist **Moreen Meriden** is another.

The Edmonton Jazz Society presented **Lew Tabackin's Trio** in January at the Yardbird Suite and both **Joe Farrell** and **Mark Murphy** were in residence in February along with the **University of Alberta Big Band** and **Al Jacobsen's Sextet**.

Vancouver's Western Front presented six outstanding pianists in March. **Gordon**

WYNTON MARSALIS (Photograph by David Wild)

Monahan (8th), **Anthony Davis** (9th), **Al Neil** (22nd), **Michael Petrucciani** (26th), **Paul Plimley** (29th) and **John Mackay** (April 5) were the participants. *— John Norris*

BOSTON — An unusually high number of musicians converged on the Boston area in February, making it one of the busiest and most rewarding months in many years.

The January 30 concert by **Sathima Bea Benjamin** and **WindSong**, sponsored by Studio Red Top, met with only partial success. Sathima's voice was in top shape, gracefully shaping the songs and gliding over and around the melodies. She still has one of the warmest, most direct, and appealing sounds of any jazz singer. The program was generous and well paced, with some confidently performed up-tempo tunes interspersing the ballad material she excels at. However she seemed nonplussed by the rhythm section, which wasn't familiar enough with her very personal style. Drummer **Idris Muhammed** turned the graceful South African rhythms into choppy lumbering and overwhelmed some of the tunes by playing too loudly. Bassist **Ray Drummond** couldn't get the smooth, light touch that **Buster Williams** usually supplies. Only **Hilton Ruiz** attempted to get inside the music, executing some appropriate accompaniment and tasteful solos. **Sharon Freeman** on french horn, an addition to the usual quartet format, looked and sounded lost quite often, but added a clarion nobility to the ***Liberation Suite*** and soloed well on ***Every Time We Say Goodbye***.

The **Saheb Sarbib** quartet, with the leader on bass, **Rashied Ali** on drums, **Danny Mixon** on piano, and special guest **Archie Shepp** played the 1369 Jazz Club for two nights on February 8 and 9. Shepp, who arrived late opening night due to the weather, didn't really get it together in the set I heard. His joyful cries and angry wails didn't reach their usual emotional highs, his tone lacked its usual fullness, and he wandered off stage, frequently letting the rest of the band finish the numbers without him. Some of the Shepp power was evident on ***Night In Tunisia*** and ***Round Midnight***, but on the whole he sounded ragged. The rest of the band obviously enjoyed themselves. Ali proved to be an imaginative and swinging bop drummer, Mixon quoted cleverly during his solos and was especially lyrical on the trio feature ***Lover Man***. Sarbib propelled the band, but remained responsive.

The **George Adams / Don Pullen** quartet with **Cameron Brown** and **Danny Richmond** came into the 1369 on the following two nights.

The Tuft's Jazz Festival Jazz Now series presented six bands over two nights in the most important event of the year. Percussionist **Jerome Cooper** opened the festival with a solo. The performance started with bowed cymbal and dancing and evolved through bowed saw, chirimia and bass drum, a balaphon blues with sock cymbal and bass drum, and finally drum kit over the course of an hour. Cooper forces nothing, letting the instruments dictate the inner logic and development of the music. He is in love with pure sound, the eternal, satisfying throb of the bass drum, the cry of the chirimia, the blues inherent in the balaphon. Subtle textures, patterns both simple and complex, inevitability, surprise, primitive impulses are called out and guided and shaped by his intellect, powered by his subconscious. It was beautiful.

The **Jimmy Lyons** quartet, **Karen Borca**, bassoon, **William Parker**, bass, and **Paul Murphy**, drums, came to tell us the dark secrets of little known lands. You always sense the need to play, to bear witness, the abandonment to unknowable, mysterious currents, a moment to moment awareness in the spontaneous shaping and melodic explorations of this group. Lyons disturbs our complacency with his edgy probings, Borca with her throaty cries. Parker was always supportive, but never subservient; Murphy a firestorm.

The Butch Morris Ensemble brought the first night to a more contemplative, but no less intense, conclusion. Butch on cornet, **Karen Borca** again on bassoon, **Curtis Clark** and **Wayne Horvitz** paired on piano, **Eli Fountain** on vibes, and **John Betsch** on drums were joined by Bostonians **Joe Morris** on guitar, **Mimi Rabson** and **Thal Alward** on violins, **Glynis Loman** on cello, **Dan O'Brien** on bass, and **Lewis Porter** on alto sax. Morris appears to spontaneously arrange the previously rehearsed sections of the compositions, cuing instruments in and out and shuffling the order of the sections to recreate the pieces as they are played. The tunes have dense rhythmic and chordal centers over which is layered the melodies played on the strings and the soloists (in this case primarily Lewis Porter with interjections from Borca and Butch Morris). The music is lush, but doesn't cloy, and magically implies both stasis and forward momentum simultaneously. Why isn't it recorded?

The **Joe Morris** trio, Morris on guitar, **Sebastian Steinberg** on bass, and **Laurence Cook** on drums, played at their usual high standard, with one or two minor problems on the opening set of the second night. Morris played ukelele and mandolin on two pieces which echoed kora music and bristled with rhythmic possibilities, but failed to ignite Steinberg and Cook. ***Sweep Out***, however, brought out some good three way interplay, and Morris' playing was saturated with blues timbres and feelings. When this band is at its best, you can really hear something new and exciting happening in the compositions, between the musicians, and in the soloing.

Leo Smith's seven piece ensemble, **Marty Ehrlich** and **David Bindman** on saxes, **Mikell Navazio** on guitar, **Bobby Naughton** on vibes, **Wes Brown** on electric bass and **Thurman Barker** on drums, played intricate solos over a steady rock beat. Naughton, when he could be heard over the amplification, as usual added interesting textural details. If the beat was simpler and more direct, Smith plays complex and allusive solos, and Ehrlich's forays were satisfying also. Naughton, Ehrlich, Smith and Brown did play one rhythm units piece which sounded more like the Leo Smith units of the past.

Jemeel Moondoc closed out the night of the 13th with his long time associates **Roy Campbell** on trumpet and **William Parker** on bass along with newcomer **Gerard Faroux** on drums. They played a set of jazz standards by Mingus, Ornette, and two originals, one from Campbell, one from Moondoc, with a loose familiarity. It was a set of energetic, lyrical, serious music.

Many thanks to organizers **Chris Rich, Lewis Porter, Joe Morris**, their hard working crew, and **Judy Swartz**, who did a superb job with the sound, for an exciting two nights.

Elsewhere around town, Charlie's Tap in Cambridge insituted a weekend jazz policy which promises to have a major impact on the music scene in the Boston area. In February, the **Jemeel Moondoc** quartet played on the 15 and 16, the **David Murray** quartet, with **John Hicks, Fred Hopkins**, and **Ed Blackwell**, sold out three nights on the 21 to the 23. In March the **Marty Ehrlich** trio, **Hilton Ruiz**, the **Donald Brown** quartet, **Ricky Ford** and **Ran Blake**, and the **Joe Morris** trio all have two nights, and the **ROVA Sax Quartet** make a special appearance on the 14. The **Roy Campbell** trio was at Brandeis on the 21, and **Leroy Jenkins** and **Sting!** did a set as part of the Tensil Strength music festival on the 23.

In March, the 1369 will feature **Ricky Ford** on the 5 and 6 and **Harold Mabern** on the 20 and 21.

Andrew Cyrille, Peter Brotzmann and **Peter Kowald** blew the roof off the Somerville Theater on the afternoon of February 16.

—Ed Hazell

HARTFORD — Wesleyan University's Center for Afro-American Studies included in its observance of Black History Month a February 9 concert featuring vibraphonist **Jay Hoggard** at Crowell Concert Hall. As a sideman with Anthony Davis and Bill Barron, Hoggard has always displayed his thorough grasp of the jazz mainstream. As a leader, he blends electronics and funk with his mainstream background to form a potent musical brew. The Wesleyan alumnus and his quintet opened the concert with a medley of originals that fused balladic moods, loping 4/4 tempos, funky backbeats, spacey electronic meditations and heavy rhythmic vamps into a fluid whole. Although Hoggard was the dominant soloist, he encouraged extensive, even explosive, interaction, like the chases between his vibes and **Vernon Reed**'s guitar and the piercing interjections of **Onaje Allen Gumbs**' synthesizer.

JIMMY LYONS

For his second set, Hoggard added **Dwight Andrews** on bass clarinet and saxophones, **Jarawa Mwalimu** on congas and **Asher DeLerma** on timbales and percussion to the nucleus of Reed, Gumbs, electric bassist **Jerome Harris** and drummer **Pheeroan Ak Laff**. ***The Guiding Spirit***, a Hoggard original that lasted a good part of the set, began with a light latin rhythm that evolved to a point of tension between the original pulse and a walking four, with Andrews' bass clarinet ostinato and the additional percussion adding textures that sustained the tension. As the piece developed, Andrews and Gumbs flowed into a duet between soprano saxophone and acoustic piano. Their haunting lyricism took on ominous overtones before fading into a spacey ensemble mixture of bird calls, wind chimes and synthesizer gales. Gradually, Reed emerged with a long solo that built to a slashing climax. Andrews followed in a more lyrical vein on soprano, then Gumbs surged forward on synthesizer. Gumbs' solo sputtered into an ominous descending vamp that bass and guitar repeated while Andrews took a squawking yet hypnotic bass clarinet solo. The piece closed with a powerful unison statement.

Although Hoggard did include an impassioned rendition of ***Lush Life*** in his performance, he obviously prefers not to be a purist. His music blends several traditions of Afro-American music seamlessly and effectively, while respecting their continuity.

The Hartford Jazz Society continued its excellent season with three Sunday night concerts in January and a concert and a dance in February.

Carmen Lundy's January 6 performance at the Jazz Society was a lesson in taste and timing. With a touch of dryness in her voice, she communicated the emotional essence of ballads like ***In A Sentimental Mood*** without lapsing into sentimentality. On upbeat standards like ***I'll Remember April*** and ***This Can't Be Love***, she soared above her accompanists, giving the material a lively melodic twist with her stunning range or a little extra bite in her bittersweet tone. She sang the blues with power and restraint, adding sophistication without sacrificing the funk. ***Hello, My Love***, a pop-oriented original, could bring Lundy commercial success. If it does, I hope she continues to apply her outstanding talent to more challenging material.

Lundy's accompanists provided her with excellent support. **Mulgrew Miller**'s articulate keyboard lines bolstered her vocal flights and weaved intricate solos on several trio instrumentals. Her brother, **Curtis Lundy**, laid down solid bass lines with a deep tone that rivals Sam Jones' in its expansiveness. **Louis Nash** is a propulsive, enthusiastic drummer.

January 13, **Toots Thielemans** brought his youthful trio of **Fred Hersch**, piano, **Marc Johnson**, bass, and **Joey Baron**, drums, to the Hartford Jazz Society to romp through a repertoire of standards, jazz tunes and popular songs like Paul Simon's ***I Do It For Your Love*** and Stevie Wonder's ***Isn't She Lovely***. On the latter, a tune working its way into the jazz repertoire, Thielemans launched a harmonica flight that dipped and soared with a bluesy lyricism. On ***All Blues***, Thielemans soloed with wit and vigor over the rhythm section's supple interpretation of 6/8 time. He switched to guitar for ***Bluesette***, whistling along with his lines in a variation of the George Benson gimmick, then gave ***The Mooche*** a humorous cabaret vamp. Thielemans' inventiveness, versatility and humor notwithstanding, the high point of the evening was Marc Johnson's bass solo on ***C Jam Blues***. The solo was an agitated rumble, akin to Mingus in flavor and fury, in which Johnson used an octave-doubling device to augment his lines while he jumped octaves and strummed double-stops with an articulation so precise that it almost belied his intensity.

Jimmy McGriff's ten-piece rhythm machine rocked the house January 27. Always a local favorite, the organist's blues-based material ensures him a return visit and a standing room only crowd. Guitarist **Wayne Boyd** is the band's strongest performer, an agile soloist who doubles as vocalist. He plays with fire and drive and sings with pleasing clarity, as he did on ***Easy Like Sunday Morning***. He's adept at singing along with his guitar lines a la Benson. Unfortunately, the gimmick has lost its novelty for me. Boyd has his own strong voice. He doesn't need to borrow from someone else's bag, no matter how much it wows the audience. However, McGriff and altoist **Marshall Keys** are superb soloists with no-nonsense style.

Jon Hendricks' quartet of vocalists cleverly recreated the orchestrations of Ellington, Basie and other artists at their February 17 Jazz Society outing. ***Blues To Be There*** rang with Ellingtonian voicings. **Stephanie Nakasian** scatted Russell Procope's clarinet solo on the piece and **Judith Hendricks** vocalized the trumpet lines of Ray Nance. **Avery Brooks**, a recent addition to the group, sang ***Come Sunday*** with a vocal and theatrical richness that called to mind Paul Robeson. A vocal orchestration of ***April In Paris*** conveyed Basie's distinctive flavor. The group also interpreted ***Sing Sing Sing***, with drummer **Clifford Barbaro** thumping the tubs in a Gene Krupa vein. Hendricks proved himself a clever lyricist and a brilliant scat singer on ***The Opener***, a retitling of Horace Silver's brisk ***Room 608***. The backup trio of **David Leonhardt**, piano, **Murray Wall**, bass, and Barbaro provided solid support for the unique quartet of vocalists.

The Jazz Society's Annual Mid-Winter Dance took place February 23 at Hartford's Holiday Inn, with **Houston Person** and **Etta Jones** the featured performers. The proceeds from the dance will provide money for the Bessye Proffitt and George Malcolm-Smith scholarships, which the Society awards to music students in the Greater Hartford area.

The Hillside in Waterbury opened the New Year with **Mario Pavone**'s quintet of saxophonists **Tom Chapin** and **Mark Whitecage**, trombonist **Peter McEachern**, guitarist **Mike Mussalami** and drummer **John Betsch**, performing January 4 and 5. The group featured challenging front line arrangements, especially on ***Well, You Needn't*** and ***Sharpville***, a recent Pavone composition. McEachern's solo on ***Well, You Needn't*** exemplified his pointedly melodic approach, while Pavone's bass solo extended Monk's concept of using space to structure an improvisation. ***Sharpville***, named for a town in South Africa, expressed Pavone's social concerns with a humanity and emotional complexity not always present in programmatic social protest pieces. The dirgelike theme led them to an impassioned duet between Chapin and Whitecage over Pavone's throbbing pizzicato drones and bowed harmonies. Whitecage has grown into a gruff, dramatic stylist who bluffs and barks his way to the climactic moments of his solos. Chapin, on the other hand, juxtaposes symmetrical and asymmetrical phrases, layering his solos with a logic more linear than Whitecage's. Despite the differences in their approaches, their duet revealed their similarities. Each alto man climbed the other's scale, blowing canonic lines that built a step higher than the other's, and worked to a shared frenzy that balanced between the apocalyptic and the absurd. They shrieked at each other through their horns, mocked themselves by shrieking with voices alone, then peaked with a duet of eerie space squeals before settling back into the theme. The audience response to ***Sharpville*** was the most enthusiastic I've heard for a Creative Music piece played in a club.

The Hillside also featured **Melvin Sparks**, **Nat Reeves**, **Ernst Bier**, **Simon Nabatov**, **Joe Fonda** and **Mark Whitecage** during January and February.

Hartford's 880 Club opened 1985 with an expanded jazz policy. Owner Al Casasanta added the **Top Brass Big Band** on Tuesdays and the **Bruce Feiner Quartet** on Wednesdays to the Sunday night jam sessions, the Thursday night All-Star Jazz series, the Friday night jazz-rock fusion of **Street Temperature** and the "Saturday Night Special" of vocalist **Connie DiNatale** with **Matt Emirzian's Quartet**.

Emirzian opened the 1985 All-Star Jazz series January 3, filling in for vibist **Steve Nelson** at the last minute. While his fast-moving mallets seemed to shimmer above his vibraharp, Emirzian's long, inventive lines sizzled over the propulsive accompaniment of the **Don DePalma Trio**.

If you ever thought Trane had a lock on ***Mr. P.C.***, disabuse yourself of that notion. **Harold Vick** staked his own claim to it during his January 10 engagement at the club, starting in his customary relaxed manner and building with steady intensity to top-range screeches and the gut-wrenching whinny George Adams has perfected. The first time I heard Vick, about eight years ago, I considered his playing too laid-back for my taste. Either he's changed, I've changed, or both; this highlight piece was typical of the tenor saxophonists's pitched performance.

Equally intense was **Bill Saxton**. With his first album finally reaching the record stores, Saxton was downright exuberant in his playing and his stage manner. His obvious pride and pleasure propelled him into a blistering tenor solo on ***Beneath The Surface***, the album's title tune. On ***Simone***, a triple-meter original that appears on the album, Saxton took the strongest solo I've heard him play; fast lines snaking into ebullient shakes and explosive screeches, all unfolding in a scorching symmetry. But intensity isn't Saxton's only strength; he has a virile, sensitive way with ballads like ***Body And Soul***, whose a capella intro began with a quote from ***Takin' A Chance On Love***. Saxton's joyous mood made his January 17 set even more of a joy to hear.

Carter Jefferson's lean, rasping tone breathed a joyful fire into the itinerant musician's customary repertoire during his January 31

performance at the club. Deviating from the repertoire with Roland Prince's ***Antiqua***, the tenor saxophonist displayed the strongest feel for jazz calypso I've heard this side of Sonny Rollins. Then, making a dedication to the late Albert Dailey, Jefferson took ***Dearly Beloved*** off the back shelf and dusted and polished it with a long solo that shifted fluidly between latin and walking rhythms.

Also appearing in the 880 Club's All-Star Jazz series were the **George Sovak - Mario Pavone Sextet**, **Chuck Wayne**, **Randy Johnston**, **Melvin Sparks** and **Tom Chapin**.

Chapin played New Year's Eve with the **Charles Gigliotti Trio** at Shenanigans, a downtown Hartford club that recently expanded its jazz policy. **Kent Hewitt**'s solo piano warmed the intimate club on Thursday evenings in January. Shenanigans brought in **Adam Makowicz** (January 13), **Judy Carmichael** (February 10), and the duo of **Kenny Barron** and **Harvie Swartz** (February 24) for a special series of Sunday night concerts.

The Jazz History Narration Performance Series continues to present the music in Hartford area schools. This winter they featured the **Emery Smith Quintet**, with saxophonists **Judson Watts** and **Harold Holt**. Smith's trio performed February 9 at the Community Renewal Team's Craftery Gallery and February 19 at the University of Connecticut Health Center in Farmington. The pianist's extended duo engagement with bassist **Earl Wormack** at Raffa's in Glastonbury ended January 31. February 4, Smith performed solo, with a choir and in duet with **Charles Greenlee** at the Winchester Square branch of the Springfield Public Library in observance of Black History Month. Smith also worked with the **Archie Shepp Quartet**, which gave a February 7 concert at the Smithsonian Institute for Afro-American Music History in Washington, D.C. February 25, Smith gave a solo performance at Hartford's Union Baptist Church, which hosts a monthly concert series. Pianist **Charles Dodge** performed in the church's series January 28.

In observance of Black History Month, **Charles Greenlee** performed in a number of Springfield, Massachusetts public schools.

Vocalist **Bobbi Rogers** performed in the Friday evening series sponsored by the First Baptist Church in Waterbury. Pianist **Chic Cicchetti** and bassist **Don Doucette** accompanied her.

Cicchetti's big band continues its Monday night engagement at DePalma's Rockinghorse Cafe in Hartford.

In January, Algonquin musician **Mixashawn** provided the music for an exhibit of native American art at the Connecticut Commission on the Arts.

Ralph Towner and **John Abercrombie** presented their New Age music for guitar at the New Harmony Coffeehouse in Caton, February 9 and at the Iron Horse Coffeehouse in Northampton, Massachusetts on February 10.

Leo Smith brought New Dalta Ahkri to Toad's Place in New Haven on February 7.

The Charles Best Quintet, with **Bill Lowe** and **Ralph Duncan**, continues its Sunday evening gig at A Touch of Class.

Last, but certainly not least, **Tony Bennett** sang February 8 at the Palace in New Haven.

— Vernon Frazer

NEW YORK — First, I would like to apologize for missing a few issues of reporting in the latter half of 1984, and I would like to start here from December '84.

Ray Anderson made a rare appearance these days, playing solo trombone at Roulette on Dec. 4. He divided the program into short segments with titles and closed the evening with an Ellington medley including ***Mood Indigo*** and ***Creole Love Call***. He made complete use of a whistling, train-like sound on ***John Henry*** and also of nice comic mute-work on a piece dedicated to Fats Waller. His phrasing was really strong, yet clearly different from that of an equally-explosive player such as Craig Harris.... **Bobby McFerrin** performed an exciting solo concert Dec. 6 at the Ritz, a big disco, where many folding chairs were brought in for the occasion. It was, I believe, his first solo appearance in New York.... The next day at Cooper Union, **Billy Bang** played solos and duos with **Rrata Christine Jones**, dancer, and **Dennis Charles**, drums. Their music was enhanced by the projection of slides which Bang had taken while touring in Japan and Europe.... Blue Note, a club which usually books very conservatively, presented a double bill of the **Cecil Taylor** Unit and **Jack DeJohnette**'s Special Edition Dec. 11 to 16. **Frank Wright** was back in the Unit playing next to **Jimmy Lyons**. Also, **Cecil McBee**, instead of regular bassist Rufus Reid, played bass with Special Edition.

The Alternative Museum, on December 15, booked **Akbar Ali**'s Black Swan Quartet consisting of **Abdul Wadud** and **Dierdre Murray** cellos, **Reggie Workman** bass and a special guest, **Milford Graves**. Ali, with his distinctively full-sounding violin, was very effective in leading this string quartet, and the material varied from a cute little piece to a thirty-minute-long suite on which Graves was featured nicely.

There has been a noticeable increase in the number of galleries, performing spaces, etc. in the East Village, and a week long mini-festival was held at one of them, the Shuttle Theater. The **Jemeel Moondoc** Orchestra conducted by **Butch Morris** and the **Jim Pepper** Quartet played on Dec. 19, and **Juni Booth** solo. **The Jazz Doctors** and the **Peter Kowald** group, among others, followed.

The Caravan of Dreams Touring Theater presented "Celestial Navigation," a play co-produced by **Kathleen Hoffman** and **Ornette Coleman** with onstage music by Coleman and Prime Time, at CCNY Dec. 20 and at Tower Gallery Dec. 21 and 22. Although the play was somewhat naive in content, Coleman was in top form and Prime Time was playing great music, mostly from their current repertoire. The audience responded so enthusiastically at the middle of the play when Coleman stepped out to the front of the stage area, playing alto, that the play was stopped for a while. One of the most striking discoveries at this event was his effective use of trumpet or violin-led sections.

Mal Waldron's All Star Quintet closed the year at the Village Vanguard (which was celebrating the start of its fiftieth year), and the **David Murray** Octet returned to Sweet Basil in January, which turned out to be the first music I heard in the New Year. A week after Murray, **Old And New Dreams** followed with a rare appearance. Although it was rumoured that this could possibly be the unit's last performance, they sounded very hot and spirited, possibly the best I have ever heard them play in New York. **Dewey Redman** played fine aggressive solos, and **Ed Blackwell** was superb. It was as if all those simple patterns he has been playing were played just a microsecond differently, and the rest of the band jumped on it. It was very impressive and even touching, especially when one thinks of how important Ornette's music has been to Blackwell. ***Lonely Woman*** for example, has now turned into a showpiece for the authoritative bass of **Charlie Haden**, with the addition of a long, melodic solo interlude into the tune. Coleman seems even to have provided a few new pieces to the group and was even present in the audience on Friday. He was also seen at The Kitchen the previous night when **Mari Okubo**, a Japanese soprano living in New York, sung a repertoire mostly composed and arranged by Coleman. Her band included **Henry Threadgill, Lew Soloff, Charles Ellerbee** and **Kamar Savir**, among others.

Terumasa Hino brought in his quintet there the following week and another Japanese trumpeter, **Sunzo Ono**, performed at the Manhattan Healing Arts Center on January 25, when **Gil Evans** joined as a guest of the group, which will tour Japan in the spring.

From January 28 to February 11 another "Music is an Open Sky" series was held at Sweet Basil. This year, it was the tenth anniversary of the series for **Horst Liepolt**, its director, who originally started it in Sydney, Australia.

Gunter Hampel and his Galaxie Dream Band started the series with their hard big band sound. **Bob Stewart, Bill Frisell** and **Marvin Smith**, among others, were new additions to the band. **Marty Ehrlich** took **Anthony Cox** and **Pheeroan Ak Laff** to the stage the next night (the same trio heard on his first album as a leader), alternating sets with **Fred Haun** and the Afro-Asian Music Ensemble. Showing the mastery of each of his instruments — alto saxophone, clarinet, and bass clarinet — Ehrlich and the trio played some prettily constructed music. Haun was new to me, but the ensemble's tight, well-rehearsed arrangements, led by his thick-toned baritone saxophone, grabbed the audience the moment the first phrase was played. The front line of alto, tenor and baritone was jumped on a solid rhythm section including **Kiyoto Fujiwara**, bass, who also played with Hampel's big band.

Under the title "Collaboration," Peter Kowald assembled an extraordinary quartet composed of **Bill Dixon, David S. Ware** and **Andrew Cyrille**. Ware, with his big thick tone, played an abundance of phrases in his energetic style while Dixon's lines were occasional bursts of piercing high notes into the microphone. Kowald sustained high bowed notes on the high register of his bass, to highlight the propulsive sounds of Cyrille, who played effectively in his quick, precise style. On Feb. 6, **Peter Brotzmann** organized a trio with **William Parker** and **Milford Graves**. Although with a powerful tone and attack similar to

that of Ware, Brotzmann's approach to the music is very different. While Ware would start playing slowly and softly to build up to his (intended) height, Brotzmann steps out onto his height from the very first note, always aiming for his limit. This was an unusual trio, and one of the few occasions when Milford Graves really put his efforts into heated exchanges with other musicians. His performances are always heated in the best sense, but usually more controlled, in a more personal area. He extended the throbbing, heartbeat-like patterns strongly over the solid foundation of Parker's bass, and Brotzmann responded fiercely. It was interesting to note that, out of eleven performances, this trio, and the World Saxophone Quartet, produced their performances the most professionally.

Milford Graves flew to Japan, so Brotzmann's trio, this time with Pheeroan Ak Laff, and Kowald's trio, the same group less Bill Dixon, performed at Carnegie Recital Hall Feb. 18. The music took on a slightly different quality due to the changed surroundings; i.e. the acoustics, time limitations, audience, etc., and probably the sets at Sweet Basil were more condensed. But the final sections, when all six musicians played together, was really fun. Just watching Cyrille lying flat on the floor and hitting the rim of his bass drum, etc. while Ak Laff played from the chair was delightful.

Back to "Music is an Open Sky"... **John Carter**'s trio with Anthony Cox and Andrew Cyrille played January 31. Some of the very soft effects Carter achieves through the use of clarinet overtones were hard to hear from the back of the club — nevertheless, the performance was beautiful. Cyrille and Cox were a fine team to back him up and Carter's command of his instrument, utilizing the maximum possible extremes of loudness and register, was really something else. The **World Saxophone Quartet** played Feb. 1 to 3, for full houses every night. Their ensemble sound, performed without amplification, comfortingly and excitingly surround all the people in the club, even in corners located far away from the stage. It is quite different than hearing them in a large hall.

Gunter Hampel played the second Monday of the series, and **Tim Berne** played the next day. His regular quintet was augmented by **Bob Stewart**, whose tuba sound blended nicely with that of Ratzo Harris on bass. This is a very consistent unit and all that they need — this could be said of almost any group in this series — is more exposure or, more precisely, places/chances to be presented.

Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy, **Olu Dara** and Okra Orchestra and the **Anthony Braxton** Quartet followed. Again, both Brass Fantasy and the Okra Orchestra were really fun. **Marilyn Crispell** was really strong in Braxton's quartet and there was a beautiful soft, wandering passage, thrown into a hard-playing section, by Braxton on alto and **John Lindberg** on arco bass.

During that series, the Kitchen also scheduled an interesting series, including the Mari Okubo concert, and **Butch Morris** presenting his "Current Trends in Racism in Modern America," an improvisational composition.

He assembled a variety of people including **John Zorn, Tom Cora, Curtis Clark, Christian Marclay, Frank Lowe, Brandon Ross** and **Yasunao Tone**, and conducted their performance. His direction of the ensemble could possibly raise a few questions about the meaning of "process" itself, however in this case it is more important to judge the event by the result itself. I am definitely sure that Morris, and John Zorn, for example, given the same group of musicians and a space to perform in, would and could create a completely different world, which would in itself justify their methodology. It was excellent, and Peter Kowald followed with his trio of **Somalia**, violin, and **Ron McBee**, percussion, which laid out a variety of sounds rather than driving them.

February 12 through 17, the David Murray Quartet, the same group heard on their latest "Morning Song" album, rocked Lush Life, and the **George Adams - Don Pullen** Quartet drove hard at the Village Vanguard. Also, Ekay, a group led by **Abdullah Ibrahim** (Dollar Brand) made a successful two-week stay at Sweet Basil. The **29th Street Saxophone Quartet** performed Feb. 15 at the Jazz Center of New York, swinging hard and nicely. Their ensemble work was excellent — more conservative than the World Saxophone Quartet, they are more like a progressive extension of a big band reed section.

Butch Morris took his ensemble to Greenwich House Feb. 16 for the "Jazztrack" series. This time, his group consisted of trumpet, trombone, French horn, tuba, piano, guitar, synthesizer, marimba, vibraphone, drums and occasionally himself on cornet, playing more conventional original compositions. Morris has retained a set of musicians for his projects and together they have developed some excellent mutual reactions/responses which should be put on record sooner or later.

— Kazunori Sugiyama

NEW YORK — We are becoming increasingly more aware that sincerely created music by gifted individuals — played anywhere in the world, at any time — can reach respondent chords in others. We all seem to be emotionally and biologically affected by certain tones, harmonic and melodic phrasings, and rhythms. Our responses may be within a circumscribed but diverse group of actions, culturally and genetically determined, but we must respond!

For a number of years, the United Nations has authorized the direct beaming of musical programs into South Africa, in an attempt to enable *all* residents of that area to hear creative Jazz performed at the United Nations in New York.

One early evening, invited guests entered the small gem-like Dag Hammarskjold theater within the United Nations complex to hear sensitive musical interplay between **Art Taylor**, **Ron Carter**, **Walter Davis, Jr.** and **Jimmy Heath**, in tribute to the memory of Bud Powell. These musicians seem to intuitively breathe together — sensing when it would become necessary to change revealing sound qualities, rhythmic impulses, alternately resonating chord progressions building in intensity, or slow gentle and reflective use of space, within timeless Bud Powell compositions, including: *Parisienne Thoroughfare*, *Glass Enclosure*, *Strictly Confidential*, *I'll Keep Loving You* and *Blues In The Closet*. This concert is to be credited to The United Nations Jazz Society, and was initiated by virtue of Art Taylor's grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Among performances taped for future airplay under the auspices of United Nations Radio Service have been the combined artistry of **Mal Waldron**, **Woody Shaw**, **Reggie Workman**, **Charlie Rouse** and **Eddie Moore**; **Mal Waldron** with **Steve Lacy**; **Vishnu Wood** and **Safari East**; and **Benny Powell**, **Hilton Ruiz**, **Bob Cunningham**, **Randy Weston** and **Hugh Masecala**.

BUTCH MORRIS AND FRANK LOWE (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

Several days later, at Max Gordon's legendary Village Vanguard, **Art Taylor** was an intrinsic part of a quartet led by **Slide Hampton** with Ron Carter and **Micky Tucker.** This music was like a series of incredible conversations, that every music lover would want to always remember, with uncountable nuances; each note essential for even partial understanding.

Opening night began with a sincerely expressive ***Falling In Love With Love***, and then ***Along Came Betty***, dedicated to the memory of **Count Basie.** Ron Carter's contrabass yielded heavily muted overtones progressing to definitive rhythmic statements. Slide Hampton provided trombone solos around, above, and through complex improvising by the other players.

Milestones offered a vehicle for Micky Tucker's keyboard wizardry, producing almost insurmountable pinnacles before returning to warmer, fuller registers. **June Christie** happened to be in the audience during the second set and **Slide Hampton** invited her to perform; she chose ***Summertime***.

As part of ongoing concern about events in South Africa, Local 802, AF of M, Associated Musicians of Greater New York has continued to "Protest South African Apartheid Policy — With Music." On a bitterly cold afternoon, in front of the South African Consulate on Park Avenue, John Glasel, President of Local 802 was joined by representative members of the Union's Jazz Committee to demonstrate with a "mini-jazz concert." Among those present were: **Benny Powell, Sonny Fortune, Buddy Tate, Bob Cunningham, Micky Tucker, Chico Hamilton, Rudy Lawless** and **Mark Morganelli.**

At the conclusion of the concert, John Glasel elected to be arrested together with Benny Powell, Sonny Fortune and Buddy Tate. Although the arrest was but a legal formality, with everyone released immediately, an overt position was taken. Bob Cunningham, Chairman of Local 802's Jazz Committee, noted that it had been "commendable to see so many musicians come out in this weather to make a positive statement against apartheid in South Africa...."

Local 802 is also deeply committed to lobbying for a change in New York's Cabaret Law, which discriminates against 75 categories of musicians, who are denied employment in non-licenced establishments. The present law mandates the employment of "not more than three persons playing piano, organ, accordion or guitar or any stringed instrument or by not more than one singer accompanied by himself or a person playing piano, organ, accordion, guitar or any stringed instrument...."

Thus far, a Preliminary Hearing has been held before the Consumer Affairs Committee of the City Council, stressing the need for Amendment # 691. Testifying for Local 802 at this hearing were John Glasel, Judge Benjamin Altman, Chico Hamilton, Warren Chiasson, Bill Eldridge, and Cheryl Pyle. Members of the Union were prepared to demonstrate musically, at the hearing, that legally permissible electronic music can create a greater volume of sound than categories of acoustic instruments which are presently forbidden. It was deemed inappropriate, however, to have such a demonstration within the municipal setting.

At this writing, plans include a press conference to be held on the steps of City Hall, with sponsoring Council members to speak on behalf of Amendment #691. Accompanying the press conference will be an open-air Jazz concert. The event will take place at lunchtime, so that the invited public may attend.

For close to one full week, the West End Cafe featured an improvised group led by **Harold White**, providing almost unlimited space, noting the inexorable passage of time. In an original composition by Larry Willis, ***To Wisdom The Prize***, his keyboard artistry seemed to be creating crystal chimes emerging from a complex meshwork; notes rising with delicacy and forcefulness. ***I Concentrate On You*** opened with the muted trumpet of **Brian Lynch**, joined by tender pure tenor sax solos of **Ralph Moore**, building in intensity to fullness and warmth. ***My Funny Valentine*** began as a piano solo, soon combined with **Dennis Irwin**'s throbbing bass, and Harold White's soft exploratory brushes, before becoming combustable. Several tributes to Blue Mitchell, ***Blue Silver*** and ***A Tribute To Blue***, brought **Brian Lynch** to the point of almost "blowing out his heart", while **Ralph Moore**, totally absorbed and hearing only the music, played beautiful tenor solos to embrace and soothe every soul. This quintet was broadcast live over WKCR-FM by Phil Schaap.

The Burgundy Cafe, a relatively charming gourmet restaurant and jazz room, offered **Kiesha Saint Joan**'s vocals with **Vic Juris** on guitar.... Among the artists performing at Fat Tuesday's have been **Barney Kessel** with **Tal Farlow** and **Emily Remler.** On another night, **Sheila Jordan**'s voice blended with the bass of **Harvey Swartz**, creating timeless music that could have been performed in other time sequences by other combinations of players, but never again in quite these ways. ***Alone Together*** and ***Embraceable You*** found Sheila Jordan singing with vivid memories of Charlie Parker. She then introduced **Janet Lawson** and her group through song, remembering days at Page Three, a Greenwich Village jazz room. Janet Lawson's ***Out Of This World*** with **Roger Rosenberg, Jimmy Madison, Bill O'Connell,** and **Ratzo Harris** began with softly spaced proportions, developing into a massive concordance of sound.

Art Farmer, Clifford Jordan, Mickey Tucker, Rufus Reid, and **Akira Tana** at the Village Vanguard represented a refreshing breath of reality. ***I'll Never Be The Same*** and Charlie Parker's ***Passport*** brought changes to "pull at one's heart." Clifford Jordan offered perfectly attuned measured sequences of sound, and Art Farmer played as though during the last moments before an apocalypse — a Daliesque landscape of melting time. Rufus Reid's ***You Make Me Smile*** and Thelonious Monk's ***The Necessary Blues*** created beautiful high-energy rhythm, and Clifford Jordan's tenor gave an almost purifying experience: sweet warmth; solo flights; the comfort of being protected from falling. ***— Flora Wilhelm Bush***

A LETTER

Dear John and Bill,

Thank you for publishing the eulogy for Symphony Sid in its entirety (Issue 200, February, 1985). Many facets concertning Sid's career may have never been properly researched by present jazz scholars. In addition, as is true all too frequently, "legendary" public figures tend to become the subject for public myths, sometimes created for purposes of enhancing the image of those who repeat various forms of hearsay. Or perhaps, as in the film "Rashomon", each teller further elaborates upon, and recreates the truth, so that it eventually becomes increasingly difficult to distinguish what is history, from primary sources.

Four years ago, I inherited the role of Symphony Sid's biographer from Jim McLendon (now, unfortunately, also deceased). During this time, I've gathered considerable material concerning Symphony Sid's remarkable role in relationship to music, entertainment, and radio programming.

On November third, I presented the eulogy for Symphony Sid as part of memorial services at Saint Peter's Church (54th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City). Pastor John Gensel, Pastor to the jazz community, officiated. Among those who gave eulogies in Sid's memory were Ahmed Ertegun, President of Atlantic Records, who focused on the warmth and love Symphony Sid brought to the music. Dan Morgenstern, Director of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University in Newark, spoke of the sense of fun while listening to Symphony Sid's programs, and the still available "live" recordings with Sid's voice introducing historic moments at the Royal Roost, Birdland, Bop City and Carnegie Hall, which "will be there forever...."

Many friends could not be at Saint Peter's Church, and sent regrets, including George Shearing, who created a marvelously droll tape of his message and music together with a recording of Symphony Sid's voice, which was played as an integral part of the services. Francisca Vanasco performed the exquisite Cello Suite in C Major by Johann Sebastian Bach. Jane Jarvis, on piano and then organ, played the Preludes and Symphony. Among the friends and family members who gathered together at the services were: "Symphony Sid" Grivitz and Nelson Falcon of WKCR-FM, Lysle and Karen Atkinson, Juggy Gayles, Mona Hinton, Rose Murphy, Carlos Ortiz, Ray Mantilla, Joanne Pagon, Loretta Comes, Peter Ramos, Warren Chiasson, and Doris Parker, the widow of Charlie Parker. Andre Strobert taped the services for future reference. Noted jazz photographer, Ray Ross, made a pictorial record of the evening.

I feel obliged to mention one brief misinterpretation concerning the photograph of Symphony Sid, published with the eulogy. The original photograph was sent to me from Islamorada, Florida, by Sid, during the last year of his life. Sid did not identify the photographer. I would be pleased to learn who should receive credit. If anyone can give me this information, please urge them to reach me in care of Coda.

Sincerely yours,
Flora Wilhelm Bush

PARIS NOTES — Steve Lacy's "Futurities". The long-awaited world premiere of Lacy's ballet based on twenty poems by **Robert**

Creeley took place at the packed Lille opera house on November 15 and 16 as part of the Festival de Lille. Lacy's ideas spellbind more than ever in this piece; the very high caliber of the musicians, the poet, the dancers, the painter and the light designer combine with such force that the viewer and listener is almost a little stunned.

As ever with his songs, Lacy has mulled over the poetry's inherent music to spin from it melodies that remain, that echo through the singing mind with a particular precision. Lacy's own music comes out differently each time, according to the poet he is hearing. Yet always, no matter how his songs may vary from each other, one recognizes the traditions he has come through.

"Futurities", for Lacy, is a series of marriages, among the different media and artists involved. The songs are about life and living, simple things, in Creeley's special wistfulness. Accordingly, the contributions of each medium are simple, but shimmering nonetheless. And none more so that Kenneth Noland's huge translucent chevron that he painted expressly for this show; poised like an altar in the middle of the stage, the Noland canvas comes alive under John Davis' inspired lighting, changing hues and shifting moods dramatically.

Dancing together for the first time, Douglas Dunn and Elsa Wolliaston welded a strange beauty from their own contrasting styles. Where they went with the dance was always surprising, though there was something familiar, almost ritual, about their movements, simple gestures. There seemed an inner grace and logic to their interactions, non-narrative yet right on the poems, pointing ways.

The poet is well served by **Irene Aebi's** voice too, since the precision she has developed in singing Lacy's music enables her to swing Creeley's syntax through all its rich ambiguities. Her singing carries the lead throught the ensemble of eight instrumentalists; comprised of Lacy's regular group, the ensemble also includes Jef Gardiner replacing Bobby Few on piano for this work, as well as intermittent collaborators George Lewis and guitarist Barry Wedgle, plus harpist Gyde Knebusch. With the welcome new textures of the harp, the group flies; in the open field Lacy's music has woven, each musician adds his turns to the song.

Not long after these performances, the ballet was performed in the south of France and the songs were subsequently recorded for a record on Hat Art, due out in the spring. When I had first heard a few of these songs, I thought the poems so beautiful I ran out and bought the book. You get the picture. Look for it. Lacy's settings of Creeley's poems are a landmark in the marriage of jazz and poetry.

Harrissa. Formed two years ago by American saxophonist **Mike Ellis**, Harrissa's is a music that hops like the hot sauce for couscous that it's named after. With trombonist **Mark Sims** and bassist **Bob Drewry**, both Americans, as well as Moroccan drummer **Raouf Jasouli** and French percussionist **Jacques Leroy**, Ellis has recently produced the group's fine first album himself, on which he sticks solely to soprano.

The group has good instincts for mixing catchy heads with some very free playing, charged by a strong rhythmic foundation. Their sound is well-balanced, between the soprano and trombone leads with the bass right behind them; in fact, two of the compositions on the record are Drewry's. Using this instrumentation, Harrissa's style shares terrain with such artists as Steve Lacy and Glenn Ferris, in their bright boppish colors and the range of expression they're capable of. They know how to take apart the lines and put them back together again with spirit and good taste.

Apparently, Ellis and Sims (who between them have worked with such people as Alan Silva, Mal Waldron, Randy Weston, etc.) are often separated from the rest of the group who live in Montpellier, where Drewry and Leroy work with the symphony orchestra there and Jasouli works with dancers and choreographers. Ellis sometimes puts together a local Paris version of Harrissa as well. Still, it's a very promising start and Harrissa should be heard.

Harrissa's first album is available from **Mike Ellis**, 34 rue de la Glaciere, 75013 Paris, France.

— Jason Weiss

ODDS & SODS

Bruce Lundvall came to the scene in a hurry. His tenure at CBS was the first time he attracted real attention in the jazz world. Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw, Charles Mingus and Ornette Coleman were among the contracted players during that period. He also instigated an interesting reissue program under the Contemporary Masters series. From there Lundvall went to Warner-Elektra and created the Elektra Musician label. In this case, except for the Parker and Gillespie issues and the two lps by Sphere the results were musically not too successful. And Sphere never received the kind of promotional support necessary to elevate it into a continuously working entity.

Now Lundvall has moved on again. He works for Capitol-EMI — the company which eliminated the classic Blue Note catalog from the U.S. market five years ago, following an unsuccessful (by their terms) series of two-record sets and close to forty single "Blue Note Classics" which were never issued originally. All these "Blue Note Classics" were available in Japan with different covers — in the style of the original Blue Note designs by Reid Miles along with at least twenty lps which have not been made available elsewhere. Much of the Blue Note catalog has been reissued in Japan in its original format — the superb sound quality of the original recordings has been enhanced by the excellence of the Japanese mastering and pressing, making them the most desirable of all the various worldwide reissues. The thoroughness of their program is amazing. In less than two years they reissued the entire 1500 series as well as many from the 4000 series. More recently an extensive (but not complete) reissue program has taken place in France.

It is these French reissues which seem to form the foundation of Blue Note's revitalised U.S. activity. In a recent Billboard article coordinator **Michael Cuscuna** stated that this new U.S. series is direct metal-mastered by Teldec, pressed in Europe and are physically different to the existing French lps. However, all 21 titles are part of the existing French catalog, and Blue Note's advertising is specific in its statement that the records are pressed in France.

According to Cuscuna, the entire existing French Blue Note line is being deleted, and Japan will be the only other country to have the rights to manufacture Blue Note material. As it is Cuscuna's intention to only release material not in the Japanese catalog, many great Blue Note lps will disappear from widespread circulation again. The Japanese lps are only to be found in the most specialised of stores in Europe and North America, and they are very expensive.

An extraordinary amount of money (for jazz music) has been spent on advertising this project. Superificially, it sounds as though a major breakthrough has occurred. But closer examination reveals that there is little that is new or exciting for the hard core jazz enthusiast. Previously unissued lps by Hank Mobley, Lee Morgan and Jackie McLean are the major highlights. An lp of Clifford Brown alternates will duplicate the Mosaic box set, so there's nothing new there. The newly recorded material, like the Elektra Musician productions, reflect the broader base of popular music rather than the committed uniqueness of the label's originators. New lps by Stanley Jordan, Stanley Turrentine, Charles Lloyd, George Russell and Kenny Burrell/Grover Washington make up the first releases.

The advertising program has had an effect. There was a clip on TV's "Entertainment Tonight," major U.S. magazines have hailed the return of Blue Note as a major event, there have been two-page advertising spreads in certain magazines, and a concert was held February 22 at Carnegie Hall in New York, where many musicians who had recorded for Blue Note took part in a special concert. Significantly, **Horace Silver** chose to avoid the event despite his long association with the original label. Even the Toronto Star, which rarely acknowledges that jazz exists and never reviews a jazz record, found space to mention the return of Blue Note in the midst of its weekly summation of the hits and misses of popular entertainment (records, videos).

On its last go round the Blue Note Jazz

Classics failed to generate more than a few thousand copies in sales — a major disaster for a company such as Capitol. This time there has been a much heavier financial commitment to the project, and it will be successful if they manage to reach the new audience for jazz records. Fantasy have discovered this with their OJC series, but a major difference between the two programs is Capitol's decision to offer their reissues as full-priced records rather than as attractively priced budget items.

It is encouraging to see such a large amount of money being spent on publicity by a major corporation. Apart from Wynton Marsalis, there has been no major label commitment to any kind of jazz music in a while. It is wishful thinking, perhaps, to hope that some of the return from this investment could be turned into new recordings by musicians who reflect Blue Note's traditions (the traditions of jazz) rather than still more of Billboard's version of jazz music.

Finally, so you won't be confused. It is totally untrue of Capitol to claim that they have "21 long unavailable masterpieces" in their first quarterly release. Not only have the French lps enjoyed wide circulation on a worldwide basis, but many of these same lps are still to be found as cutouts from when Capitol dumped them several years ago.

*

In the **New York** area: the **David Bond Trio** was heard at Brooklyn Public Library January 26.... **Henry Threadgill's Woodwind Ensemble** gave a concert February 3 at the Alternative Museum.... **Kim Parker** was at Mikell's Feb. 5 and 6.... Blues fans were regaled by **Honeyboy Edwards, John Cephas, Phil Wiggins, James "Son" Thomas** and **Archie Edwards** February 10 at Borough of Manhattan Community College.... **The Rory Stuart Quartet** were at St. Peter's Church Feb. 24.... March 1 and 2 were the dates for Town Hall concerts by **Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Red Norvo, Louie Bellson, Freddie Green, Remo Palmieri** and **George Duvivier**. Book of the Month Club plans to issue recordings from these concerts.... **Gunter Hampel**'s Orchestra was at Seventh Avenue South March 4.... **Amina Claudine Myers** and the **Olu Dara Quartet** were at the Public Theater March 4.... Vocalist **Grace Testani** was in concert March 4 at the Jazz Center of New York; other March events at the Center included **Bill Barron**'s Quartet, the **Major Holley Trio** and a special tribute to **Trummy Young** on March 29 produced by **Benny Powell. Al Grey, Jimmy Knepper** and **Steve Turre** were the special guests.... **Dave Jasen, Frank Foster, Tiny Grimes, Charles Williams** and **Turk Mauro** were among the featured artists participating in winter concerts organised by the International Art of Jazz.

The Creative Music Foundation announces that **Karl Berger** will offer his "Elemental Music" workshops next August/September over four weekends in Woodstock. More information is available from P.O. Box 671, Woodstock, N.Y. 12498.

Sathima Bea Benjamin, along with special guests, the **Semenya McCord Quartet**, were heard in concert January 30 at Sanders Theater in Cambridge on the campus of Harvard University.... Boston's **Herb Pomeroy band** was busy in March with an extended engagement at the Wilbur Theater.... Pianist **Bob Winter** can be heard Tuesday through Friday at Devon On The Common, 150 Boylston Street in Boston.... The University of Massachusetts at Amherst is presenting a Workshop in Improvisation July 22-26. The **Billy Taylor Trio** and special guest **Max Roach** will perform and the faculty includes Taylor, **Keith Copeland, Ted Dundbar, Victor Gaskin** and **Slide Hampton**.

B.B. King and **Gato Barbieri** were at Buffalo's Tralfamadore in March.... Artpark's summer schedule includes a return trip for **The Preservation Hall Jazz Band** (August 9), **Dave Brubeck** (August 21), while gospel singer **Shirley Caesar** will appear August 11.... Chung's Restaurant in Cleveland presents **The Classic Jazz Quartet** (April 24), **Ernie Carson** and **Butch Thompson** (May 23) and **Ray Bryant** (June 27). Call Larry Booty at 216-835-2773 for further information..... Eclipse Jazz, the concert organisation at Ann Arbor's Michigan State University presented **Bobby McFerrin** (February 16), **Roy Brooks'** The Aboriginal Percussion Choir (March 12) and **Abdullah Ibrahim**'s Ekaya (March 22).

The seventh Women's Jazz Festival took place in Kansas City March 21-24 at the Folly Theater just across the street from the Vista International Hotel, the headquarters for the event. **Judy Roberts, Rare Silk** and **Toshiko Akiyoshi's Trio** were the featured artists at the final Sunday night concert. The Friday night event featured Deuce led by **Ellen Seeling** and **Jean Fineberg; Joyce Collins** and vocalist **Ida McBeth**..... The Lamont School of Music's 11th International Guitar Week is being held June 8-16 in Denver. June 9 is devoted exclusively to jazz with programs under the direction of **Johnny Smith**.

Middle Passage is a Bay area group consisting of **India Cooke, Anthony Brown, George Sams** and **Cash Killion.** They appeared February 9 at the New College of California in San Francisco.... KJAZ Radio's spring swap and festival takes place April 21 at Golden Gate Park in the Hall of Flowers.

The 1985 Spoleto Festival USA in Charleston, S.C. will feature concerts by **Sarah Vaughan** (May 29), **Jaki Byard** (June 3), **Abbey Lincoln** (June 5) and **Oscar Peterson** (June 7).... Trombonist **Bill Watrous** was the speaker February 19 at a North Texas University lecture.... The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival will run from April 26 through May 5. On April 26 **Miles Davis** and **Wynton Marsalis** will share the spotlight in a special concert.... The Houston Festival will host New Music America 1986 (April 5-13) and is open to all artists and musicians living and working in the U.S. Submissions and information are available from New Music America, 1964 W. Gray, Suite 227, Houston, Texas 77019.... The Tucson Jazz Society presented saxophonist/singer **Vi Redd** March 3... Other jazz activity in Arizona includes the work of Jazz in Arizona Inc. or "Jazz in Az." They organise concerts and events in the Phoenix area as well as publishing a newsletter. You can become a member by writing to them at P.O. Box 13363, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

On tour: **The Artie Shaw Orchestra**, the **Maynard Ferguson Orchestra** — both doing one-nighters across the U.S..... **Ran Blake** hit the

road with an appearance March 9 at the Grenoble Festival followed by a visit to Fayetteville, N.C. March 19... **The Jay Hoggard Quintet** left New York February 27 for an extensive goodwill tour of North Africa, the Middle East and Southwest Asia. Guitarist **Vernon Reid, Onaje Allan Gumbs** (piano), **Jerome Harris** (bass) and **Pheeroan Aklaff** (drums) complete the lineup. They plan to record in Woodstock upon their return in late April... **Richie Cole**'s band performed in Havana, Cuba during the second Plaza Jazz Festival February 14-20.

Ed Hazell reports that the Boston Jazz Coalition is co-ordinating a trip to the Umbria Jazz '85 festival in Perugia, Italy from July 5 to 14. Profits from the trip will go to establish a visiting artists concert series in the Boston area high schools. If you are interested in more information, contact Caroline Kelly at (617)-457-3118 or write to the Coalition at P.O. Box 1498, Cambridge, Mass., 02238.

Tenor Tonic is the name of a new band featuring **Alan Skidmore, Paul Rogers, Paul Dunmall** and **Tony Levin** which is now active in England. Also from England is "First Light", a quartet of young musicians who were winners of the third IJF European Jazz Competition. **Martin France, Django Bates, Ken Stubbs** and **Mick Hutton** are the musicians involved... The Incus Festival takes place April 22-28 at the Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street in London. **George Lewis, Phillip Eastop, Mick Beck, Maarten Altena, Han Bennink, Kenny Wheeler** and **Paul Lytton** are among the participants in an event organised by **Derek Bailey** and **Evan Parker**.... Jazz Services has organised UK tours for saxophonist **Bobby Watson** and **John Surman** in March and April respectively... Radio Denmark was the recipient of a large quantity of Ellington tapes donated by **Mercer Ellington**... **Bill Dixon** was in Vienna in February.

European festivals start earlier than ever: The Burghausen Jazz Week was held March 6-10. **Dave Liebman, Lee Konitz, Steve Lacy, Katie Webster, Herb Hall, Harry Edison, World Saxophone Quartet, Toots Thielemans** and **Woody Shaw** were among the headliners.... Salzburg played host to jazz musicians March 15-17 with **Phil Minton, Laren Newton, Tristan Honsinger, Peter Brotzmann,** and **Muhal Richard Abrams** among the participants.... **Regio Emilia**'s Jazz program this spring featured **Enrico Rava/Albert Manglesdorff, Peter King Quintet, Woody Shaw Quintet, Davie Liebman** with **John Scofield, Steve Swallow** and **Elvin Jones** and the **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**..... The jazz segment of the Montreux festival takes place July 16-18.

Mike Hennessey had been commissioned to work with **Kenny Clarke** on his autobiography. Now that the drummer has died his wife wishes Hennessey to continue the project. Because of the changed circumstances, Mike would like to hear from anyone with anecdotes, narrative material, reminiscences... anything of relevance which will help make the biography as comprehensive as possible. He can be contacted at 128 Greencroft Gardens, London NW6 3PJ, UK.... **Bob Rusch** of Cadence magazine is interested in contacting people who might wish to participate in oral history projects of musicians previously undocumented in this manner. Write Bob at Cadence Building, Redwood, N.Y. 13679.

Scarecrow Press has announced the release of "Erroll Garner: The Most Happy Piano" - an oral history of the pianist along with a discography by James M. Doran. Also from Scarecrow is "The Piano Player's Handbook" by Ray Spencer... The Ashley Mark Publishing Company in England has announced the publication of "Wes Montgomery - a biography/discography" by Adrian Ingram... The Sheet Music Exchange, P.O. Box 3009, Paducah, Ky 42001 brings together people interested in this aspect of music collecting.... Even though it's a little late we did want to make mention of an extremely attractive 1985 jazz calendar published by Storyville Records. The original artwork by German artist **Johannes Vennekamp** depicts twelve classic jazz personalities in an original setting. The calendar is still available from Storyville Records, Box 1205, S-181 23 Lidingo, Sweden. Cost is Skr 40. plus mailing.... Handbook of Musical Terms by Henry Papale is a concise dictionary of tips and terms for the student and music lover. It costs Can. $4.95 and is available from Epoch Universal Publications, 6315 Shawson Drive, Suite 17, Mississauga, Ont. L5T 1J2.... Louisiana State University Press has published a third, revised edition of Al Rose and Edmond Souchon's book "New Orleans Jazz". The new edition includes additional photographs as well as replacements for earlier shots which were not of particularly good quality. Updated information on the musicians is also included.

"The Third Decade" is the title of the **Art Ensemble of Chicago**'s newest ECM recording... Incus 45 features **Evan Parker, George Lewis, Barry Guy** and **Paul Lytton**. It's a concert recording titled "Hook, Drift & Shuffle"..... Cadence Records has released a limited edition box set of 500 copies devoted to the work of **Bill Dixon**.... Other new releases from Cadence include lps by pianist **Bob Neil** and baritone saxophonist **Glenn Wilson**... Palo Alto has new live recordings by the **Maynard Ferguson Band** and **Phil Woods' Quintet**.... Choice Records are now available exclusively through Bainbridge Records, 2507 Roscomare Road, Los Angeles, CA 90077. The newest release comes from England and features the **Vic Lewis** band with **Shorty Rogers** and **Bud Shank** as guest soloists.... Sunnyside Records newest releases are "Alto Ergo" by the **James Williams Sextet** and "There's Gonna Be Trouble" with **Jay Leonard** and **Joe Beck**.... Musicraft has released a further volume of early **Sarah Vaughan** classics... From Parkwood (Box 174, Windsor, Ont., N9A 4H0) comes two lps featuring the piano of **Dick Wellstood**. The first is a duet session with **Bob Wilber** while the second is a quartet session under **Doc Cheatham**'s leadership entitled "The Fabulous" and also features **Bill Pemberton** and **Jackie Williams**.... JSP Records has a new lp of modern blues by **Eddie Campbell** as well as a collection of **Jimmy Rogers** material plus a second volume of **James Brooker** and a new **Buddy Guy** session. In the works is a reissue set from the 1930s featuring the Spirits of Rhythm with guitarist **Teddy Bunn**.... **Bobby Naughton**, who runs Otic Records as well as performing regularly as a musician, can now be reached at P.O. Box 528, Woodbury, Ct. 06798.... **John Shaw**'s second release on Aisha Records (Box 643, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708) is titled "Spirits Fly with the Wind".

— John Norris

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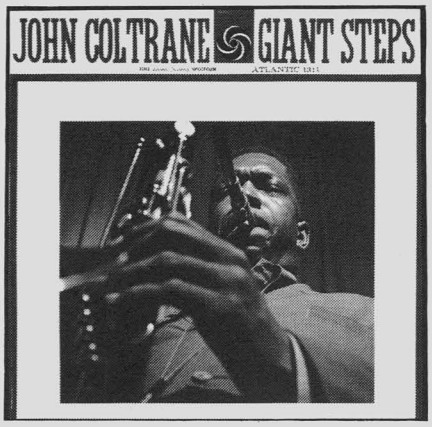

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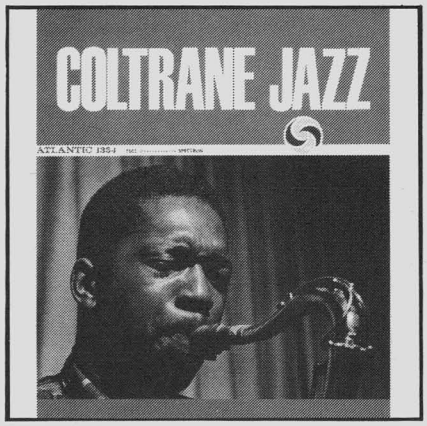

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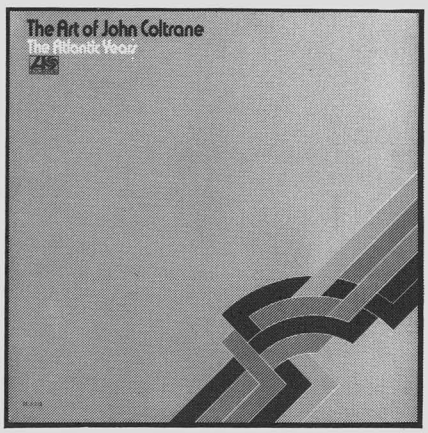

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