CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * ISSUE 200 * THREE DOLLARS

200TH ISSUE * SPECIAL PIANO ISSUE * BILL EVANS * KENNY DREW * KIRK LIGHTSEY * JOANNE BRACKEEN * CRITICS CHOICE * PIANO VARIATIONS * IN PERFORMANCE * AROUND THE WORLD

BILL EVANS
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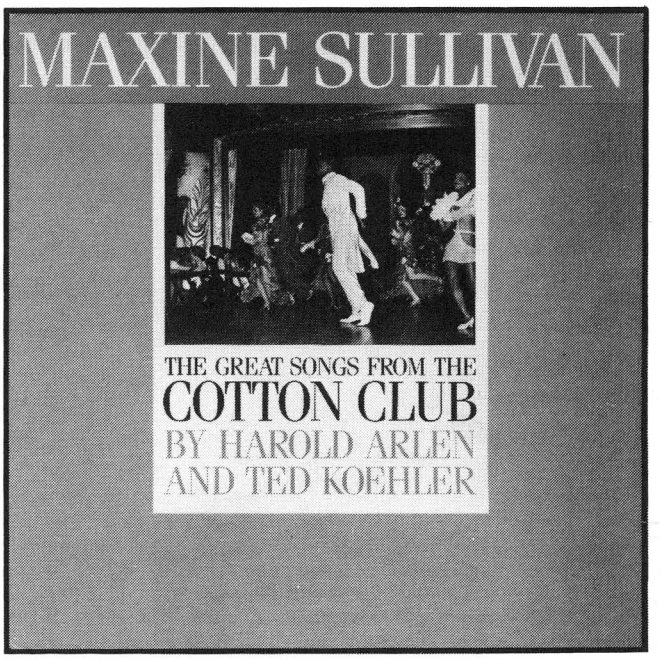

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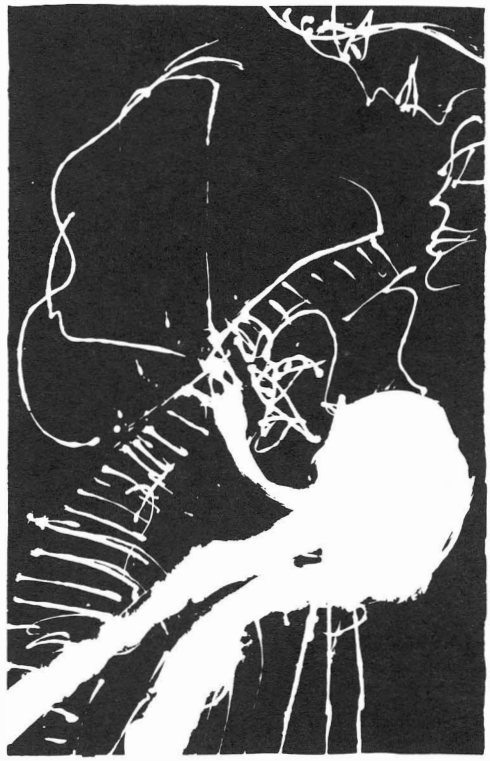

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

CODA MAGAZINE will investigate the magical world of JOHN COLTRANE.

An overview of the career of JOHN COLTRANE will be presented by BARRY TEPPERMAN.

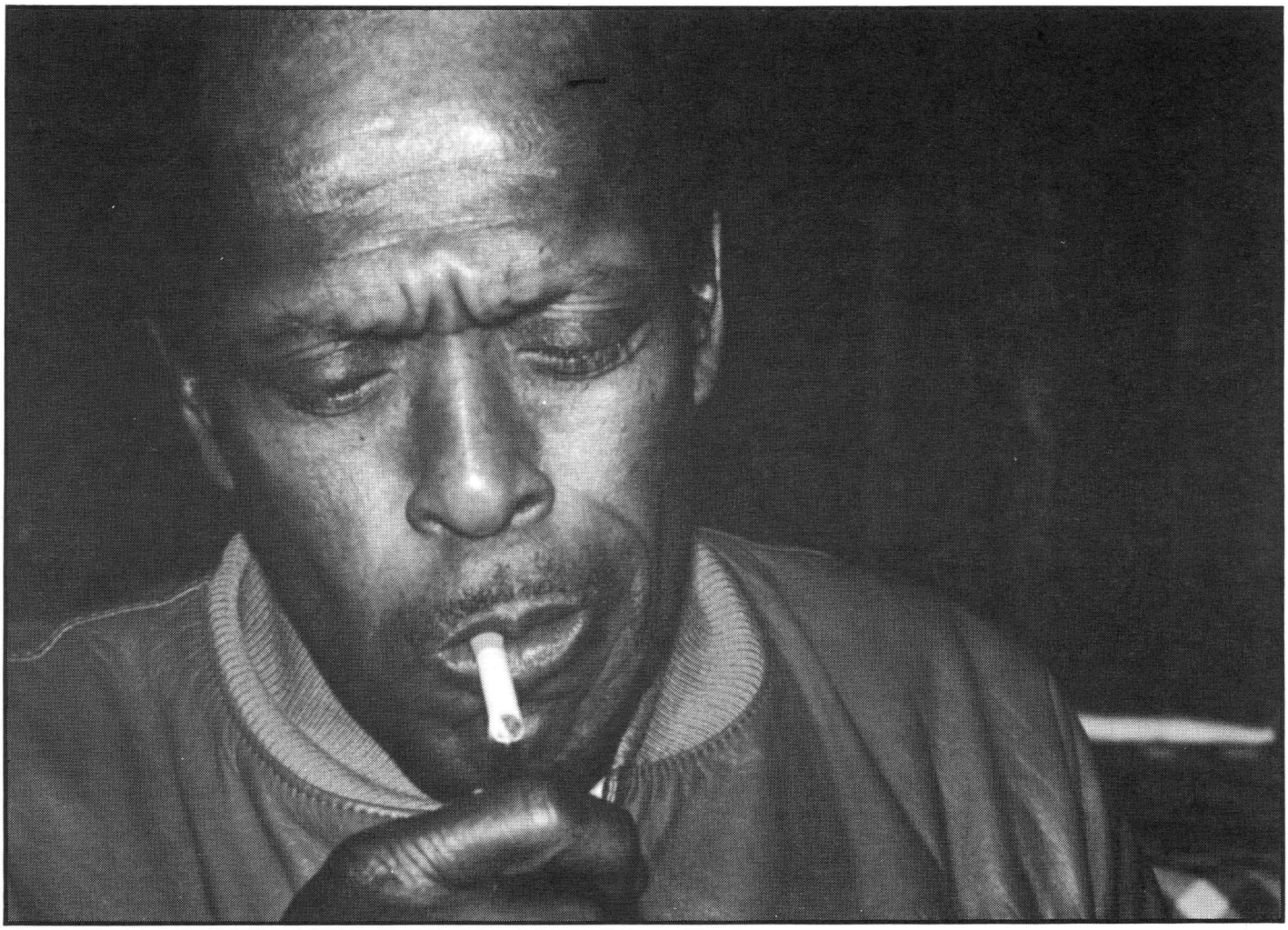
Editor BILL SMITH reflects on his youthful introduction to JOHN COLTRANE and incorporates his opinions of the Atlantic reissues.

Montreal writer PETER DANSON interviews DAVID MURRAY.

And JOE McPHEE talks with BILL SMITH about his life in the world as an artist.

CECIL TAYLOR is profiled by BRIAN AUERBACH, DAVID LEE and DON LAHEY, based on recent European releases of his music by Hat Hut and Black Saint.

Plus a RECORD REVIEW section will concentrate on the numerous recordings that have been produced in the last year. And among the regular features will be BLUES NEWS, IN PERFORMANCE, and much more. Subscribe now to avoid missing all the fantastic information...



KENNY DREW

AN ARTICLE BY JOHN NORRIS

A European tour with the cast of 'The Connection' (a play by Jack Gelber about the making of a film of jazz-orientated drug addicts) was a fortuitous occasion for Kenny Drew. It opened up an alternative way of life which simply hadn't seemed possible before.

"Except for road trips with bands such as Buddy DeFranco, Lester Young and Charlie Parker I had worked more frequently in recording studios than on the job. In 1961 I was offered the job with 'The Connection' and went to Europe. At the end of the tour I simply decided to stay. At that time I didn't have any long term plans. I just knew that I could work in Paris and took it from there. I opened at the Blue Note opposite Bud Powell and spent three years there before moving to Denmark in 1964.

"It was the beginning of a new world for me. Living and working in New York was such a rat race and just trying to survive becomes the main objective of everyone. It is still like that today because even though I don't work in the States I go back there frequently to see my family, check up on the music and see the guys. But there is such a negative feeling. Everyone is still scuffling — afraid to be away from the phone in case they miss a job. I was having a discussion with a very prominent musician recently who was really discouraged with the situation. The only way to get musicians to rehearse is to pay them and he felt that the music was continually being suppressed.

"It was so different when I was growing up even though the states has never come to terms with the idea that jazz is primarily a black man's music. There were plenty of places to play and an audience who was enthusiastic. As a kid I was taken every Saturday afternoon to The Apollo Theatre to hear and see the shows. I heard Chick Webb, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Andy Kirk and his Clouds of Joy as well as comedians, chorus girls and a feature film, etc. Later on I became more interested and got to hear the giants at Minton's and on 52nd Street. Jackie McLean and Sonny Rollins grew up in my neighbourhood and Bud Powell lived there for a while. By the time I was seventeen I had taken part in my first jam session and was determined to be a musician."

As a child Kenny Drew had studied piano with a classical teacher from the age of five. But career possibilities in that field were impossible in his day so it was a natural gravitation to the world of jazz. This training, though, has given his music a technical foundation which has helped him to blossom artistically.

"Undoubtedly my training played an important role in the direction I have taken. The first pianist to completely fascinate me was Art Tatum. It made me see how I could use the skills I had been

KENNY DREW (photograph by Bill Smith)

taught in a positive manner and I applied myself in that way."

All these skills were never fully realised during his years in the U.S. even though he was an active musician throughout the fifties working with many of the top musicians. Kenny considers living and working in Europe a privilege. "I was fortunate enough to be recognised for my talents and to be given the opportunity to develop and grow in a healthy environment. For several years I was the resident pianist at the original Montmartre in Copenhagen where I worked with Dexter Gordon, Ben Webster, Johnny Griffin, Stuff Smith and other resident or touring American musicians. It was such a period of growth to be able to go to work month after month at the same place and feel the joyousness of the music.

"People talk about the starving artist in the garret producing masterpieces while suffering for his art. That's bullshit! He might struggle harder just to get out of the garret but he will produce much more if he can concentrate on his art and not have to worry constantly about where food and rent money are going to come from.

Europe gave people such as myself, Horace Parlan, Johnny Griffin, Dexter Gordon, Thad Jones, Ernie Wilkins and the others who have settled there the chance to live normal lives and build careers. They'll all say the same things. The attitude there and in Japan is so different to the States. We are recognised as individuals and our talents are regarded accordingly. We are given the respect we are entitled to. Unfortunately the music is still as suppressed as ever in the U.S., just as the people are, and there doesn't seem to have been much change in the situation over the years. I believe that jazz has become an international music and musicians from many different countries can play the music but in the States it is the white musicians who receive most of the attention. Take the examples of Dave Brubeck and Herbie Mann, for instance. They were exploited by the media and the business people out of all proportion to their talent while the rest of us had to run around wondering where the next job was coming from.

It would never have been possible for me to do all the things I have done in the States. I am associated with the Danish Radio Big Band and have written music for them as well as performing on many occasions. In 1979 Sahib Shihab and I formed Matrix Records and so far we have released four records. Can you imagine doing something like that in the U.S.? I wouldn't even have gotten as far as the door of the bank. There is a continuity to what you can do in Europe so you can plan ahead and build the cornerstones of a successful life. I now have a very close and rewarding association with RVC Records in Japan where I have recorded six LPs on their Baystate label and have toured there many times with the trio with Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and Ed Thigpen. We have played concerts, done TV shows and performed in smaller clubs for jazz organisations.

"In January 1984 I went to Japan to receive an award for helping expose jazz music to a larger segment of the Japanese population. This was a special award from Swing Journal magazine and the only previous recipient was Duke Ellington. It was quite a compliment. This would not have been possible except through the rapport I have with the people at RVC. After making several trio records I felt the time had come for something different. I proposed an album by the trio with strings and woodwinds added. Naturally they were hesitant because of the costs involved but they finally came around to an agreement. I wrote one chart and Ernie Wilkins wrote the rest and conducted the Royal Danish Chamber Music Orchestra. Because of the success Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and I had in Denmark playing Danish folk tunes we decided we should do the same in Japan. We were sent a selection of Japanese folk songs along with an explanation of what they were about. From these we selected something which suited us and put it on the record. We sold over 35,000 copies of the record in Japan!"

It has been suggested that American musicians lose their edge when they live in Europe permanently. The special flavour of New York is believed to be an essential part of the environmental charisma of the music. Kenny doesn't see it that way, however. "In fact, I work most of the time with American musicians and over the past thirty years, since a number of us have settled in Europe, the number of talented European musicians has grown considerably. In Denmark we have many fine bassists, especially, and Niels-Henning is a world-class player. Has been, in fact, since I first played with him twenty years ago! That has been a wonderful association which still continues today. We always enjoy playing together, hanging out together and enjoying the life of a musician together.

"Then, too, many musicians come to Europe each year to play the various festivals so it is quite easy to keep in touch with what is going on. As I said earlier, I also go to New York quite frequently so I don't feel that you lose anything by not being in New York. In my case I have gained so much more over the years that looking back, it would be hard to imagine what I would be doing today if I had stayed there.

"When I look around, so many of the musicians I knew have left the scene. Some died and others have given up playing regularly. Jackie McLean, Larry Ridley and Richard Davis, for instance, are among the many who have become teachers in colleges. It is a frustrating reality that they can be more successful doing that than performing. And we need them to carry the message to the coming generations, both as players and teachers. I was fortunate enough to learn directly from the masters – the originators – by playing with Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Charlie Parker and Ben Webster. They were the people who created the music and that experience is becoming a thing of the past. In fact, jazz is becoming a thing of the past as fewer and fewer people get to hear it. We are being swamped by the mass media and there is little space within which young people can discover anything other than what is being shoved at them. Of course they have to like it. It's all they are offered. They'd even like jazz if it was pushed at them 24 hours a day!

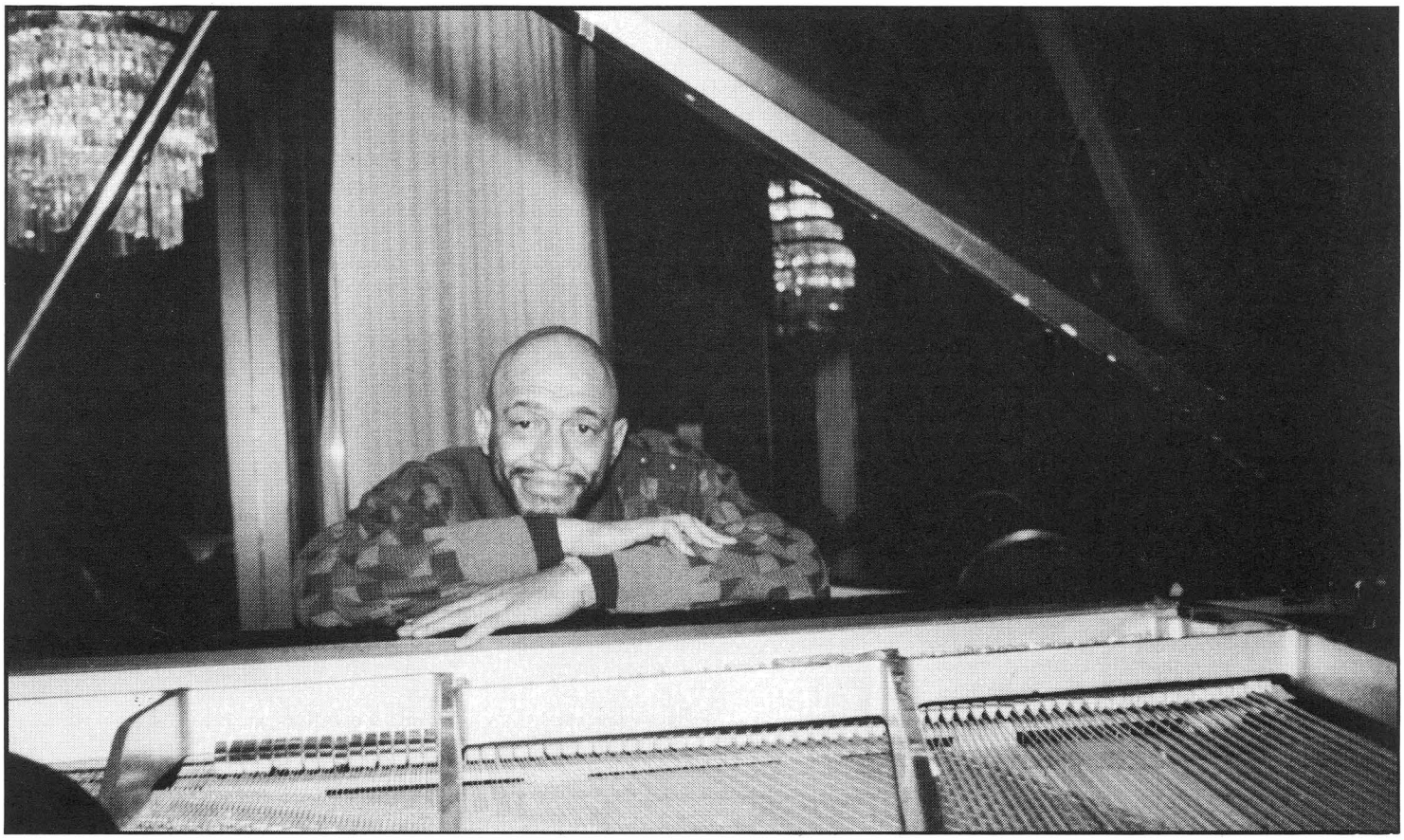
"It must be very frustrating to be standing in front of a chalkboard in a classroom when you have so much talent. I think I'd rather work in the post office than do that!"

But for Kenny Drew and the other expatriate Americans that is not an alternative which concerns them very much. Most of them spend a fulfilling life performing throughout Europe in clubs; at festivals, for TV and for private events. For others it is the security of work with one of the radio orchestras on a contract basis. Herb Geller has been doing that in Hamburg for twenty years, Art Farmer was associated with the Vienna Radio Orchestra for quite a while and Benny Bailey was associated with several radio orchestras. In those jobs only a small proportion of the music performed is directly related to the style which made them well known originally.

In Kenny Drew's case Europe has become home. He is well established, can choose the jobs which interest him and pursue the other activities which make up his fulfilling life. He finds time to run his record company, fulfill his responsibilities as musical director of a club in Copenhagen (called "Grock"), which has a Bosendorfer grand piano, participate in such hobbies as radio controlled model planes but, above all, continue playing superlative jazz piano. As Kenny observed, "That's the most important thing. I still practice at home and I'm always excited about the prospect of performing!"

KIRK LIGHTSEY

INTERVIEW BY BILL McLARNEY * PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL SMITH



Occasional 'prodigies' like Tony Williams or Wynton Marsalis notwithstanding, jazz is not an art for youngsters. The full expression of a musical persona is usually not achieved until well into middle life. Still, it is surprising that pianist Kirk Lightsey, at 46, is getting attention as a "new star." He was an excellent, and highly individual, pianist when I first heard him in 1962, performing as half of a duo with bassist Cecil McBee at the Hobby Bar on Detroit's Linwood Avenue.

Some musicians fail to achieve early prominence because of personal problems. Others are frustrated by an economy and society which are basically unfriendly to serious artists. Neither applies to Kirk Lightsey. In his case, it is a concern for quality and a sense of responsibility which have kept him out of the limelight. One of the first questions I asked in a June, 1984 interview at Sunnyside Communications in New York was the following —

BILL McLARNEY: ***Have you deliberately gone slow on promoting yourself?***

KIRK LIGHTSEY: Yeah, I think so. When I was living in New York before, I was working with singers mostly, and it was by my own choice, because at that time I didn't think I was far enough ahead in my development of what I had to give to the music, of what I had to present at the time. And I had a young family and a lot of responsibilities, and I didn't see being able to take care of them playing the music, playing jazz. So that's where I started playing with singers, and it provided a steady income and more work than I could even handle.

Lightsey is still cautious about presenting a product he can't be completely proud of. A few years ago, I ran into him in Boston, working with Dexter Gordon, and approached him on behalf of a friend who was booking such pianists as Hilton Ruiz and Joanne Brackeen into a small club on Cape Cod. Despite his desire to see Cape Cod, he declined, feeling he wasn't ready to appear solo. So I was surprised when his first two records on the Sunnyside label ("Lightsey 1," Sunnyside 1002 and "Lightsey 2," Sunnyside 1005, recorded in September 1982 and October 1983) were solo efforts. I asked him what had changed.

At that time, I was thinking along different lines as far as a solo format was concerned. But when I realized that solo playing was going to be one of the major roads of recording, a major way of exposing your pianism; I had to think about it from another point of view, and I came up with another approach which seemed to be more comfortable for me. Now I'm perfectly willing to do solo things.

You'd go into a club and play solo all night if that happened to be the opportunity?

Sure. I feel great about it now — although I'm still developing it. That's the great thing about the music — that you're always developing something.

To date, on Sunnyside there are the two solo records and a two-piano record of Wayne Shorter's compositions, shared with Harold Danko ("Shorter By Two," Sunnyside 1004). All three share a certain delicacy (which has caused some critics to disparage them as "cocktail piano"), a penchant for strong melodic lines (both in the improvising and in the selection of tunes) and a meticulous attention to craft encompassing details as diverse as Lightsey's precise use of the pedals and the excellent recording quality. I asked him to tell me a little about Sunnyside records and his association with the label.

One of the reviewers for "Shorter By Two" called Sunnyside "a teeny-tiny little record company with excellent taste." That really sums it up. It's Francois Zalacain and his wife Christine Berthe. They're from Paris. They've been here about four years, I guess, living in New York. They were executives in IBM; she still is.

The people on the label are Harold Danko (he's the reason I'm on the company), Lee Konitz, myself... Roslyn Burrough (a singer featured on one track on "Lightsey 2") is about to be recorded. Harold is coming out with a solo album. Rufus Reid has recorded on Sunnyside. Jay Leonhart has recorded with Harold and Lee. And Red Mitchell is about to record an album of his own songs and his piano playing.

The "excellent taste" referred to is manifest in the attention to coherent linear improvisation by most of the Sunnyside artists (a characteristic also common to many of Lightsey's musical employers and influences). I asked if there were any other unifying theme to Sunnyside.

Well, it's the people who Francois thought were reaching a peak of some kind in their musical production and had never been recorded what he thought was properly. And as yet there hasn't been any drums on any of the records. Which doesn't say that he doesn't like drums, or that the company is anti-drum. That's just the musical approach that's been used up till now and we find it to be really pleasing. Thnre ***will*** be drums on my next project. That'll be the first time.

Ever since 1962, I have heard two aspects to Kirk Lightsey's music. His music on Sunnyside to date concentrates on thoughtful, reflective music, reconciling tenderness and irony in a manner reminiscent of Bill Evans. This is the side of Lightsey one usually heard at the Hobby Bar, though seemingly incongruous in a loud ghetto bar, which finally surrendered to organ trios. My other early exposure to Lightsey was when he would sit in with the Terry Pollard Trio at Trent's, a few blocks away on Livernois Avenue. Often the leader would switch to vibes, and the result was usually hard swinging, cooking jazz. This is the aspect of his art which has most often been on display in his recent work with Dexter Gordon.

Am I correct in perceiving two aspects to your playing — the gentle, "soft" pianist and the fire-eater?

Yeah, that's correct. What you hear on "Lightsey 1," "Lightsey 2," and "Shorter By Two" is mainly because I just wanted to make some very nice listening music, music that people could enjoy, have a record for their ears' sake. You know, some ***love*** music.

You have this project with a drummer in mind. Do you plan to present the cookin' side of Kirk Lightsey?

Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Actually I have a couple of albums that were done in trio, done in Amsterdam last year. One is called "Isotope" — you know, the Joe Henderson tune — and it's a little stronger, harder, more aggressive approach to the music. It's on the Criss Cross label, with Eddie Gladden and Jasper Lundvall, a wonderful Danish bassist. The other one is on Wim Wigt's label, Timeless. That one is with David Eubanks, the bass player that was with Dexter the last time you saw us, and Eddie Gladden. Chet Baker is guesting on a couple of tunes.

I'm just increasing the velocity bit by bit. The next project I was mentioning on Sunnyside will probably also include a horn or two. It'll just be an expansion and a bit harder approach.

Tell us a little about your background, your early musical experiences.

I was born and raised in Detroit. I was born February 15, 1937 on Brush and Superior, across the street from Grace Hospital and three blocks away from Hastings Street.

Mainly my early exposure to music was because of my mother, who had this fantastic jazz record collection, with all of the singers, a lot of the pianists — Fats Waller, Art Tatum, The Cats And The Fiddle. She loved Dinah Washington. She didn't have very much Billie Holiday. She thought Billie Holiday was too sad; Billie had such a sad life to sing about. She listened to Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, those people.

My family would give these parties every Saturday — pokino parties. Pokino was a little game you play with chips and cards, almost like bingo. They would have this party and all these people would fill up the house and they had this piano. By that time I was studying piano. At about four years old I asked to study piano. My mother finally found a teacher for me when I was about five. They would have one of two pianists come over and play for the party. Both of them were stride pianists. One of them's name was Eddie Hines and the other one's name was Leroy... Johnson, I think. My favourite was Eddie Hines, because he could make the whole house just swing, just dance, and everybody would have a ***great*** time, just dancing to solo piano music. And I was a little guy; I was supposed to be in the bed, but I would sneak up and sit on the piano stool next to Eddie Hines and watch and hear him play.

And that was my greatest influence to playing the piano, and jazz and swing and all of that. He would play all the 'piano tunes' of the day — ***Sweet Lorraine, Liza, Just One Of Those Things***. Even though I had been listening from a baby to this great record collection of my mother's, the greatest influence at that time was sitting on the piano stool next to Eddie Hines.

My first piano teacher was Tommy Flanagan's brother, Johnson Flanagan, and I studied with him until he became too busy. He was travelling and just couldn't give me enough time, so he suggested I go to Gladys Wade Dillard, who at the time was teaching Tommy and Barry Harris, at the Community Music School.

Was the instruction you got from Gladys Wade Dillard and Johnson Flanagan mostly in European classical music?

Right. So I developed a sound that comes from a pianistic approach to the instrument more than an approach to jazz music. I think it's a touch quality in playing the instrument, more than an outlook as far as playing the music is concerned, although that is involved, too.

Were you actively encouraged to become a performing musician?

Yes. You remember the Paradise Theatre? It was like the Apollo Theatre used to be. All the big bands would appear there — Andy Kirk, Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, and some of the small bands, too. Like Louis Jordan — he was one of the big acts at the Paradise Theatre. "Cleanhead" Vinson — so many people. There was always a singer with the band, always an m.c. who danced and did other things. There was always a dance team. Also always some stars in the band, like Ray Nance with Duke Ellington, who would not only play the trumpet, but play the violin, sing, dance, do a comedy routine. And people you'd never expect to do something, who would just knock you out.

My mother would take me to the Paradise Theatre every Friday. That was when the show would change; that was the first performance of whoever it was. She would pick me up at school and we'd go straight to the Paradise Theatre. I saw every show that appeared at the Paradise Theatre for years. Oddly enough, the only one I missed was Charlie Parker, that just happened because we were on a vacation. But I got plenty of him later, and so did my mother. I put him in her record collection.

So your mother encouraged you to perform by taking you to hear other performing artists?

At that time my mother was truly culture-conscious. I guess she realized I had some talent. I was also involved in another culture group that was one of the things with young families in Detroit that were trying to get culturally oriented. Children were studying dramatics, ballet and different things that went along with it. I was twirling a baton, ballet roller skating, that kind of thing. Every year for a number of years I was involved with The Jabberwock, and we performed on the big stage at the Art Institute. The same group did other performances during the year; there was always something to work for. I realized that I was not a bad performer, and over the years it linked up to my performing the music.

Back to the piano. Gladys Wade Dillard believed in performing and having her students play recitals, as many as you could get ready for.

When did you first get into performing music in public, other than student recitals?

I guess it was in high school. We were always having dances. Everybody was into dancing — and dancing to ***jazz*** music, dancing to Charlie Parker, big bands, whatever. Dancing. Holding your partner close and doing ballroom kind of dancing. I mean really exquisite steps. That's where I first approached performing music professionally.

But my first professional job was with Harold "Beans" Bowles. He called me up one day and said "I want you to be in my band." And I was just astonished, because I didn't know what I was going to do at the time and I didn't think that the music could support me. I thought that it was a great ***idea***, but I was selling shoes, and trying to do college work and trying to find out what I was going to do.

Actually I wanted at one time to be a concert pianist. But I realized that was a fairy tale. The odds against my doing that were very great — against my making any kind of a dent in that world or being able to concertise to any degree.

Just because of the hard lines that the people in European classical music had set. They wouldn't believe that black people could know anything about classical music, about European music. No matter how we performed or played or what we knew, the most we'd get was a bit of "equal time." We were never taken really seriously.

So when I really realized that and digested it, I had to find another way, because Juilliard

was my whole direction at one point. I was practising long hours and just involving myself completely to that point. And to find out that it would be to no avail just put me ... way off.

So that's when I just jumped into jazz with all four feet, so to speak. That's when my greatest understanding came, from that time when I was staying up all night softly practising, trying to learn this music, learn how to improvise, learn all of Charlie Parker's solos, learn at least the tunes that were current so at least I could play at the sessions. Trying to get with a group so I could really learn from a group situation. And that first group was Beans Bowles's, with Albert Aarons, Joe Henderson, Clarence Sherrill and Joe Brown.

That was my first job in a club — that was serious stuff then. It was my first steady job that was in some way professional. I had to get a union card, had to falsify my age for real to get into the club. I dropped out of college, gave up my scholarship.

We played at LaVert's Lounge for a year and a half, went to Idlewild, came back and went to the Frolic Show Bar. That was one of the greatest times in my development.

I guess you were working on your own style by then. I may imagine it, but I've always thought there was something identifiable in pianists from Detroit; that there's a certain tradition there. For example, Barry Harris is pretty conservative in what he will play...

You're more "modern" than Barry, but I hear some quality I can identify as Detroit in both of you. Am I off the mark there?

No, I've thought so, too. Of course I was very influenced by Barry. Ira Jackson, Lonnie Hillyer, Charles McPherson and me — we would be over at Barry's house every day. But I'm sure Barry was influenced by Tommy Flanagan, and Tommy really has that liquid sound.

That's what I mean, the way the phrases just flow, one into another. Where does that come from? Does Tommy Flanagan get the credit, or does it go back further?

Well, for me he does. But I think it goes back further, too. I could never really put my finger on it, with the exception that most of us — Tommy and Barry and Hugh Lawson, Terry Pollard, Johnny Griffith, Howard Lucas, the McKinneys, myself — I think it was the people we looked up to. All of us looked up to Hank Jones and thought of him as a wonderful person to set your sights on pianistically.

So it goes back to Hank Jones and it goes back to several other pianists around Detroit that most people don't even know. Abe Woodley and Terry Pollard, and before them Willie Anderson, had that quality. They were into that same kind of flow, from what I can remember. I think it was because of somebody who had in mind a pianistic approach to phrasing, to playing lines.

In fact, Howard Lucas, who is one of my favourite pianists, right now has a very clinical approach to playing lines. It's always been kind of natural to a lot of Detroit pianists, but he's taking it to a new extreme, making a compact kind of explanation for this quality (I don't even know if he sees it in this way; he approaches it more from a classical, European approach to line and harmony).

Of course, Barry, Tommy and all those people were in tune to Bud Powell, too. Barry and Alice McLeod (Coltrane) were more into Bud Powell than anyone else; they set their sights exactly to Bud Powell. But Barry, Tommy, Alice, Johnny Griffith and I all studied with Gladys Wade Dillard at the Community Music School. There we had various classical pianistic influences like Ruth Watts, who also taught there, and Juanita Farr, a great pianist who was studying with Gladys Wade Dillard. Also we always heard whoever was playing their lesson while we were waiting to play ours. I think that had a lot to do with it — just the pianistic influences that were there in those places that we frequented.

What happened after the Beans Bowles group and before I came to Detroit and heard you?

Oh my. Many things happened. I went on the road for the first time, with the Idlewild Revue, with the same group that Beans Bowles had, but with Frank Morelli on baritone. We played for Della Reese, who was the star, T-Bone Walker, The Four Tops. Alberta Adams was a blues singer who used to do the show sometimes. There were some dancers from Chicago. It was a real show business type of show, almost Vaudeville, almost like the old days of the Paradise Theatre.

When we came back we started playing at the Frolic Show Bar, with Betty Carter, Dinah Washington, lots of blues singers, lots of shake dancers ... that's when I quit my job of selling shoes and became a full-time musician. Well, I paid a lot of dues because I was married and had a child. I had a nice apartment. I ***had*** things because I was ***doing*** many things for money. That's when I started to play for a lot of singers and going out of town.

Who are the main singers you've worked with, apart from the ones we've already mentioned? Is there a positive influence from so much work with singers?

Well, I worked with Damita Jo for five years. I followed Albert Dailey on that job. Then I was pianist and music director for Ocie Smith for five years. After that I was with Lovelace Watkins for about five years. That's fifteen years right there!

Well, it led to a comfortable existence in music, a lot of exposure, and I was still able to do other things. And working with singers lends to my pianistic approach. It becomes more orchestral — my thinking, too.

I also realised my potential as a conductor and accompanist with Damita Jo. I'm conducting and playing on about three or four of her records. That was my first time in the studio recording on a really big-time label.

During that time Herman Wright, Roy Brooks and I did that series of five albums with Chet Baker and George Coleman on Prestige, which is the basis for my being known at all in the jazz world. **(These records demonstrate Lightsey's comfort with linear, lyrical horn players, which could also be said of his Concord Jazz date, "Mapenzi," with Harold Land and Blue Mitchell).**

There were some records before that, right? I remember a Motown date with George Bohanon, but* nobody *has a copy of that.

My mother does.

And there was a Sonny Stitt date...

But the first record I ever made was with Bernie Peacock, Cecil McBee and George Gold-

smith. That was a little self-produced (I think) record. Bernie was teaming up with one of the local companies around Detroit. He came out with this song ***Jewel***, which was his wife's name. We recorded this and a few other things and it was actually played on the radio! I was amazed, because I was finally on record.

How did you find your way back into full-time jazz playing?

Well, I got drafted into the army. I played the clarinet in the army band for two years, plus played the piano on every kind of thing that was imaginable to play. My first marriage had broken up by then; Rudolph Johnson, Cecil McBee and myself formed the nucleus of a band that was kind of constant in the army. **(The partnership with Johnson is documented on his record "The Second Coming," Black Jazz BJOD/11).** We really did well in the Army. We were 'silent rebels' — as long as we could practice the music that we wanted to, we were fine.

I got out of the army about six months after Cecil and we both went to Detroit (he's from Oklahoma) and worked that gig at the Hobby Bar for about two years. That's when we got 'discovered' — Cecil by Paul Winter, who took him to New York, and me by Melba Liston. She was working at the Bluebird, and her piano player had a baby. I walked in, and they put me up there. It all jelled and the next day I was in New York with "Melba Liston and Her All-Girl Band." Oh boy, the jeers, the jokes they put on me about that. I had four mothers; they all wanted to be my mother.

During that time, Lightsey was in and out of Detroit, playing clubs with mainstream jazz groups, concerts with the Detroit avant-garde, supper clubs with a trio, road trips with pop singers, and even keeping up his classical clarinet repertoire. More than most musicians, he has faced a diversity of audiences. I asked him how he felt about the audience's role.

I'm always conscious of the audience. I think I'm there to relate to them through this medium.

I've always thought that one of the positive influences of 'jazz' — of the African and other non-Western influences on American music was to loosen up audiences a little bit, to break down this attitude of "You must sit still and be very quiet" that you get with Western concert music.

If you're in earshot of music, I think you should respond. There should be some response, even if you get angry and walk out. At least that's a response and I can relate to it. But my hopeful response to my music is that it will deliver some kind of good feeling, some happiness — or some sadness, if that's what it's about.

A lot of performers just operate the instrument and hope it all comes through. I think it's also visual; there's a rapport that should happen. I guess that goes back to those early touches with performing as a child.

I like to talk to audiences. I think that people are there to be entertained. When you take the microphone you're free to do anything you choose to do to relate to the audience. Then it's up to your creativity.

It's happened to me that I've gone to places to perform and there was no instrument there for me **(laughter)** ... the idea comes up "Who are you when you're not around a piano?" Do you still make the gig to do you just cancel? Well, the piano should be only one side of my performing. Maybe I could play the clarinet, do a dance, do a talk, even try to sing.

You say this* has *happened. What did you do?

Well, the time I'm talking about, I had my flute along. **(Lightsey is heard on overdubbed flute on one track on "Lightsey 1").** I'm not a 'flautiste,' but I can tootle on the flute. So I did.

You mentioned entertaining the audience. Where is the line between art and entertainment? What's the difference between a musician who plays his own original compositions, from the heart, and the comedian who gets paid to tell a joke somebody else wrote, for a laugh?

I think the art is in the timing. It's like the guy who tells a joke that somebody else wrote. Like Bob Hope. He didn't write the joke, but his delivery, his timing, is so incredible. That's what he's about — delivering timing. I think that is apparent in the improvising musician; he has a certain way of weaving things, of approaching and delivering on time.

Some of my best experiences in listening have been in hearing someone like, say, Sonny Stitt in front of a black audience. They'd make noise but it would* enhance *the music.

Like when the audience is so involved in the music that they're spurring the musicians on, urging them to play more and more and more. Remember when they used to have the saxophone 'duos?' I mean 'duels.' They would spar against each other in playing ***Cherokee***, or whatever, as fast as they could and it would be a match of wits and the people hearing this would be encouraged to shout and yell and spur them on.

If you're playing and somebody yells "Yeah, Kirk!", you feel okay with that?

Oh, that's great! I love that!

I remember once being in a club listening to Bill Evans. You know how he never would say a word, or even acknowledge an audience. He had just finished one number, the applause had died down and, before he could start the next number, a young lady in the audience shouted "Bill Evans, you're dynamite!" And he looked up with the most beautiful smile.

Oh, sure. For him to play with Miles Davis for as long as he did, I'm sure he came in contact with every kind of audience. Miles doesn't talk on the stand, either, but the people who followed Miles Davis at that time were people who would do that, who would just say "Yeah!" and just shout out their happiness, and of course Bill Evans was aware of that.

Bill Evans was into a European concert kind of approach to performing. Which is all right. You can do that in concert. But when somebody breaks the ice and says "Yeah!" to some wonderful phrase that you just played, that's great. You realize somebody cares.

You don't shout "Yeah!" at a Keith Jarrett concert.

Well, all people aren't driven by the same gasoline.

Bill Evans was an influence on you, wasn't he?

I always dug him because he was such a musical person. In fact, I did a memorial to him on my second album. All the tunes on the second side are on a line or a theme that was a tribute to him **(including Phil Woods's *Goodbye Mr. Evans*)**. Evans was very European, yet he could enhance Miles Davis's music. You have to admire him.

Detroit in the sixties was a very polarised place, and the jazz community did not escape this. Lines were drawn between young and old, black and white, avant-garde and bebop musicians, artists and entertainers — almost any distinction you could begin to define was grounds for an argument. It was not an easy place for a black pianist influenced by Western Classical music, who was at the same time associated with the local avant-garde; who could define himself as both artist and entertainer, and laughed at Bob Hope jokes. Yet few musicians were as universally liked and respected as Kirk Lightsey in Detroit at that time.

He had suffered a second marital breakup and moved into an ample but desolate flat not far from Twelfth Street. One of my strongest memories of Detroit in the sixties is of walking down a street littered on one side with trash and fallen winos. On the other side was a railing and a sheer drop to the John Lodge Expressway. Out of an upstairs window, in a flat bare except for a mattress on the floor, a few folding camp stools and a grand piano comes Kirk Lightsey's practice music — not the 'fingerbusters' some pianists favour for exercises, but the ***Gymnopédies*** of Erik Satie — a world away from inner city Detroit, yet part of it.

One ambitious effort he made during this time was to found an inner city pan-arts group called the "In Stage," which gave one concert featuring improvisations on jazz themes and music of Ravel, modern dance, poetry and visual arts. Being an inner city group, the In Stage was predominantly black, but I and a few other whites were members.

I recall one of the early organisational meetings. In attendance was a small clique of musicians who affected some of the more obvious traits of the Black Muslim orthodoxy. A motion was made to throw out white members. Kirk, as chairman, made a counter-motion:

"We should resolve that this organisation will never in any way discriminate against any one for reason of race, nationality, age, sex or religion. All in favour say 'Aye'."

A chorus of "Ayes."

"All opposed can leave."

A handful of people walked out.

"I don't think we'll ever need to discuss that issue again."

Eventually Lightsey went back to New York, where he now lives. Most of his travelling in recent years has been with the Dexter Gordon Quartet (the chemistry of the first Gordon rhythm section to feature Lightsey — with bassist Rufus Reid and drummer Eddie Gladden — is documented on Reid's trio album "Perpetual Stroll," Theresa TR 111). When not on the road, his 'bread and butter' work these days is in New York's 'duo rooms,' such as Bradley's, Zeno's, Green Street and the Knickerbocker. I asked him about the audi-

ences in such places.

People come to these particular places — well, because they have good food — but because the music is there, because they have this atmosphere that's created by this music that they like — or that they ***love*** in some instances. But often they come to have a meeting, a business meeting. It isn't always to listen intently. So sometimes your music is background, sometimes it's atmosphere.

Do you feel that, without compromising yourself as an artist, you can move into this kind of situation; play for that kind of audience?

I think so. I think it's very challenging to bring an audience that's there for a different reason to a point of being totally quiet and listening to what you're playing. Then you've broken through all the talk and the business meetings and the cigar smoke. It's become a performance.

When I heard you at Greene Street you played a Wayne Shorter tune for an audience who may never have heard of Wayne Shorter. I remember way back in Detroit in the sixties you were one of the first people to point out Wayne Shorter's importance. There are Shorter tunes on both your solo albums, and of course there's "Shorter By Two." What is the particular attraction of Wayne Shorter's music?

To me, it's his richness of colour. It's a different approach to the music from almost anyone who was writing at the time he was writing his best — or I should say my favourite — compositions. His was the most up-to-date music. It covered great thematic material. It has the greatest sensitivity — things like ***Iris*** and ***Nefertiti***. It has some of the deepest built-in swing — like ***Witch Hunt***. It's so emotional. The things he's written cover so many feelings.

He says each note to him is a person, and he personally visits each note. And it is that way when you get inside of his music.

Is that something to aspire to?

Oh, I'd love to feel that way! But I'm just developing to that point. Wayne was at that point many years ago. To just approach his level in composition would be great to me.

You know a lot of my early listening experience was to bebop. Jazz, and bebop in particular, has historically been made mostly by urban people and it seems like such an urban music. I'm not from an urban background, and I look for other things. Wayne Shorter's music seems to me to relate more to the natural world. Have you had the same thought?

I guess that's why we lean in Wayne's direction a lot in the records that we've done. His music covers a broad scope of colour. Some of the music is from a softer approach, which lends to a forest kind of atmosphere — not urban, but a country kind of feeling. He covers a broad scope, for me.

I look out the window here in New York, and I don't see much "nature." I see straight lines and square corners — artifacts of Western man, but not pretty like nature.

No, it's kind of like avant-garde classical music — very angular, very brash, even harsh. The angles ... angular music ... I think of it like that in the harder approach to the music — it's more straight lines and square corners. More to the point — a more pointed kind of music. The softer approach is with the natural, or nature, in mind. Greater emotion in mind.

Do you feel restricted, here in the city, especially as a piano player, who can't even practice out of doors?

People who live in New York City — I find that some of these people never get to the country. The trees that they see are in Central Park or on Riverside. If they go on a vacation someplace, usually they'll stay in the hotel and look at television. For me, it's a quest of some kind to be close to the ground — not through concrete, but to walk on actual soil and to smell grass and that kind of thing.

Being brought up in Detroit, I was always close to that. I always lived across the street from Grace Hospital, which had this enormous lawn and the trees. Detroit always had this natural kind of connotation.

When I was very young my grandfather had a vegetable garden. We'd go twice a week and we'd dig in the ground and plant things and pick things and eat them right off the vine. This has always been very special to me.

The thing I can think of as the perfect surrounding, a perfect place to live, would be with a body of water to my front and some wonderful trees to my back. And close enough to New York City to stay in touch.

What do you do now to get in touch with nature?

Well, I've taken up scuba diving. I've been able to dive on the coral reefs in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Okinawa, and see all the beautiful fish and marine creatures.

How do you place your music in terms of labels like 'jazz' or 'classical,' or in an East-West context?

Music by the term 'jazz' ... strictly, most of the music played today isn't that any more. The term has been used for so many things. I'm not a bebopper. I don't play a lot of blues, but I play bluesy. I think my music is very influenced by European music. All of my formal studies were in that. I think it comes out in a more orchestral approach to the piano when I'm playing well. It's like the way all the people get together in this country — eclectic. I'm a 'jazz' player ... yeah. My music has been danced to.

Any special future plans?

I've been thinking of bringing something like the In Stage together here in New York. I just did a thing the other day with some poets (that was the gig with no piano).

I saw a concert a couple of months ago in Rome — completely free improvisation with tuba, a reed player, flute, tenor, soprano, cello and trumpet — and dancers. That's what I'd like to do — a concert kind of production with a lot of improvisation. The dancers would improvise. Everyone would improvise.

DISCOGRAPHY

"Lightsey 1"	Sunnyside 1002
"Lightsey 2"	Sunnyside 1005
"Shorter By Two" (with Harold Danko)	Sunnyside 1004
"Everything Happens To Me" (with Chet Baker)	Timeless 176
"Isotope"	Criss Cross 1003

JOANNE BRACKEEN

Joanne Brackeen was born in Ventura, California, and is largely a self-taught pianist. In the latter half of the 1950s she worked in California with such artists as saxophonists Dexter Gordon, Teddy Edwards and Charles Lloyd. The late sixties and into the seventies saw her in the bands of such diversified talents as Woody Shaw, Dave Liebman, Joe Henderson, Art Blakey, Sonny Stitt and Stan Getz. She is a featured performer now in her own right. Her music can be heard on Pausa, Choice, Timeless and Antilles. The following interview was originally a radio broadcast and has been edited for clarity.

HAL HILL: *It has been said that you studied with Lennie Tristano biweekly for about three years. What was that experience like?*

JOANNE BRACKEEN: First of all it didn't happen and secondly I wonder where the story originated. I did take a couple of lessons from him around 1972.

That was late in his career. Had you listened to him much?

I had a couple of records I liked – with Warne Marsh. Some of those first records I wasn't doing much so I took four or five lessons but it was like taking lessons with anyone – I didn't seem to be getting anything out of it. What he did was say: "You have to sing Bird (Charlie Parker) songs." And I said: "Well, there's nothing to that – that's what I've been doing." He didn't believe me so I came back with four or five Parker songs and he said: "You have to sing them without the record." Well, that's just how I learned to play in the first place. So he asked me what I wanted to do so I suggested singing Ornette Coleman's solos. I had thought he might have some way of teaching or looking at the keyboard that would be a little different – something you could put your hands on. He gave me a bunch of voicings for the left hand – a hundred at one time and all it would be was what you would get from a computer figuring out all the possibilities. On the subway on the way back home I memorised everything. But nothing happened – I didn't use those voicings, I thought that was a very intellectual way of looking at something that didn't need intellectualisation.

Every time I went to take lessons – from the time I was nine – I always figured somebody knew something to get you to a point where something was simple – either in rhythm or harmony – something that I didn't know because I hadn't studied.

Are you a self-taught person?

Yes – now it turns out that's the only way, it's very easy and you get what you want.

But you have used the inspirations that have been around you.

Oh everything and everybody – and not just piano players or even just musicians.

I loved Ornette Coleman's music when I first heard it – with Billy Higgins and Charlie Haden and Don Cherry, and Paul Bley was playing at the Hillcrest Club in Los Angeles around 1958-59. That was the first music I found very inspiring. It was a total type of feeling. Ornette plays with an extremely large emotional range. Lennie Tristano's voicings were fine but they didn't go far enough – it was just a fragment of the total.

What was your first musical interest?

Just the sound of the piano. No particular artist. Radio or movies or something.

I was about eleven years old when I first started copying solos off records. Before that – we just didn't have a piano. It took me six months to learn how to play – then I started doing talent shows. I sounded like a professional after six months. But the only things I could play were the six or eight tunes I had copied off records, that Frankie Carle (a popular pianist from the fifties) had recorded with the trio. I could play that from beginning to end – that was all I cared about.

It was just the sound of that piano – and *that* record. I didn't even care for the way he played on later records.

I really don't have any influences. I haven't listened to music in ten years. I never have. I listen to music but not in the form of sound. The sound is inside.

You go out to concerts?

Well – when I go out to clubs to socialise. I very seldom go to hear music because the music I hear comes in a silence.

Do you have a record collection?

Only what's left over from twenty years

JOANNE BRACKEEN (photograph by Mark Miller)

ago — which my kids listened to. If someone puts it on I enjoy it but it just seems there is so much else going on in my life right now. If I listen it's more to the feel than the sound, because the sound comes out when I play. I know every sound you can get from the piano — but there are other sounds that come to me that include the sound of the piano — but much more, and I don't care for the sound of the electronic. It's okay, but there's something about the vibration — it's not natural. The sound of the piano is really great.

When you go out on the road I expect you usually take your own bass player and drummer. But when you come to Toronto all of a sudden you find yourself with a bass player you may only have heard of — does that put you into a position of asking yourself if you are going to have to play standards to make it easier for them?

No — music is music. What I do is take what I can do and do that.

Have you found them conducive to what you have been exploring yourself?

Yes, definitely. But I have been playing with some people who absolutely can hear what I've been doing the same as though they had written it. Billy Hart or Jack DeJohnette or Eddie Gomez have a name because they have a certain awareness of melody and sound and all the different layers. In North America it seems people are less aware of percussionists or drummers, and bassists, because they are both rhythm, of the different ways that rhythm is. It is not just one tempo going on. There should always be three. They know this in Africa. Past the age of six or eight they probably know ten different rhythms for each of these three. One is on the beat, one is under the beat and one — the ultimate — is over the beat, but not interfering with the next beat. You've got this tremendous range. But in our countries the percussionists and drummers for the most part are not even aware that this exists. I used to think I was crazy but never verbalized it. Then I went to Cuba and later South America. There you hear just anybody — even unknown musicians playing on hotel jobs — aware of these different flows of rhythm. My music happens to incorporate all of these rhythms so I do have a problem. I can go ahead and do as much as I want as long as I don't get overcome by the volume of the bass and drum so that the spirit of the music isn't as articulate. It will still sound good but there are a lot of ways to move around — sometimes people don't even realize they know. So I can play a certain way, and they can play what they've been doing, and there is an interplay.

You can't expect someone to know something they've never been presented with. In South America they've got all the drummers — but the horn players don't sound anything like ours. Ours are much better. I know the way I play does seem to be complex — because of the various elements. It's not just the rhythm or even the idea, it's the way it's played — the consciousness it's played in.

I was completely drained after two sets your opening night. It's a long long time since I received such an emotional feeling — and I had been exposed to a lot of fine musicians that week. Prior to that was Wynton Marsalis — a shock wave in itself.

He's really something, isn't he? He took what Miles did and it seems as though he started out from there but I suppose he's had a history — he's all the way through Don Cherry by now — phrasing the different ways that Miles learned — no other trumpet player does that — Woody Shaw does in certain moments. When Wynton lets go all of that — just imagine what will come out — and such a wonderful sound on the instrument.

At times you make the piano sound like an orchestra. Rumour has it that Bill Evans was responsible for assisting you in some of your original recordings with Eddie Gomez and Jack DeJohnette.

He was assisting me? He didn't know a thing about it!

Did he not talk to Helen Keane and get you to record with him?

Nothing could be further from the truth. What happened was, Bill kept telling me to call Helen Keane, saying she would help me. So finally I did — at which point she didn't want to hear from me. I had just about decided to hang up but I had to tell her the only reason I had called was Bill Evans begged me to. Then she was very nice and we got together.

A couple of months later Eddie Gomez got the job at Bradley's and called me to work with him. Then it was my turn — I got the call from Bradley's and when I hired Eddie, Helen Keane said: "You can use him." This was my first experience with managers and I didn't realize she meant Eddie had been working with Bill — but not right then. I had worked with Eddie way back in '75 or '76 with Jack Wilkins. I didn't even know Jack DeJohnette had played with Bill Evans. I don't have any records and I seldom go out to hear people play. The reason I used Jack was from hearing him on a Chick Corea record from 1968 called "The Brain." He had played the same way with Miles and I called him hoping it would work — and it did — all the stuff he had been doing plus what I wanted. He was everything.

Sometimes I think a musician of that calibre finds a marriage in ideas with another artist and those one-shot things come off very well.

Eddie kept telling me, "The music is so hard, Joanne — we've gotta rehearse." I mailed a tape to Jack, and Eddie came over for ten minutes. Finally we got together for a rehearsal and it lasted about twenty minutes.

Do you have favourite players to work with?

Well, Eddie and Jack, Billy Hart and also Victor Jones, a bass player Clinton Houston, Cecil McBee and Calvin Hill. And I had a couple of nights with Victor Lewis who did some remarkable things. Another not-so-well known drummer who plays the music very well is Ralph Penland from California.

Do you manage yourself?

I guess that's what you call it. I really would like to have someone handling my affairs but until I find someone who would handle my affairs the same way I handle my music I'll have to do it myself. I'd work a lot more — I did before when I was under management. I'd like to find someone who is fulfilled doing what they do as I am with my music. That's what I'm looking forward to.

Interview * Profile by HAL HILL

PIANO VARIATIONS

Only a handful of musicians have the originality to create styles which are so overwhelming that they become a part of the usage of other performers. It has always been that way in the arts but for jazz, as a Twentieth Century phenomenon, the process has been accelerated through ever-quickening communications. The phonograph record, while capturing permanently the different sounds of these originators, also froze their improvisations – their spur-of-the-moment creations – into crystallised frames. Earl Hines, Art Tatum, Fats Waller, Erroll Garner, Bud Powell and, to a lesser extent, Teddy Wilson, were spontaneously gifted extemporisers. Recordings simply captured one of their interpretations.

As jazz matured it became more organised – and more predictable. Jazz pianists formalised what had once been spontaneous. Most prominent and successful of these was **OSCAR PETERSON**. He absorbed and used elements from many sources to create a style which was instantly identifiable. Perhaps more than any other pianist he developed the concept of "grooving" a performance.

Peterson's concepts have become so familiar to musicians that he rarely has problems working with new associates. **"The Good Life" (Pablo 2308.241)** is a second collection of tunes from 1973 performances at the London House by the then new trio of Peterson, Joe Pass and Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen. It defines the working parameters of Peterson's approach. Each tune has an orchestrated opening of several choruses before the piece is opened up for improvised solos. Peterson, characteristically, is full of fury laced with finesse and he throws all his considerable pianistic skills at the listener while Pass and NHØP keep out of his way. They had yet to forge the degree of interaction which has always marked Peterson's groups. On ***Wave***, especially, you can hear the beginnings of a 'tightness' which working groups develop. ***On A Clear Day*** is harmonically an excellent vehicle while ***Wheatland***, drawn from Peterson's ***Canadiana Suite***, gets a tremendous workout. The blues line (***For The Count*** – but referred to as ***Miles*** in the liner notes) gets a soulful introduction and the gospel feeling underlines the guitar solo of Joe Pass before gradually fading with the onslaught of Peterson's furious lines which frame several choruses with locked hands. Peterson uses the blues as a vehicle for virtuosity rather than as an emotionally expressive statement. He displays more of the latter in a lyrical ballad and "The Good Life" is a definitive example of Peterson's approach.

Oscar Peterson's system has made it possible for hundreds of pianists to perform successfully in the jazz idiom and **JOHNNY O'NEAL** is the most recent of these. His stint with Art Blakey attracted attention but before that he had worked with Milt Jackson, Lockjaw Davis and Clark Terry. He is a facile, fluent improviser who on the evidence of **"Coming Out" (Concord CJ-228)** has totally absorbed Peterson's approach. Even the funky gospel opening of ***Joan's Gospel Blues*** has been a device used by Peterson. Master bassist Ray Brown, perfect for this style, gives O'Neal the kind of boost any young musician would be happy to receive.

OLIVER JONES grew up in Montreal where he fell under Peterson's spell and, like several others from that city, adopted many aspects of his style. They are on display in two recent recordings which capture the essence of his approach. The studio date **(Spectroscene 1708)** with bassist Charles Biddle in many ways is the more appealing. It has thoughtful, interesting improvisations on six well-known (jazz) standards while the club date, **"Live At Biddles" (Justin Time 1)** captures the electricity this trio can generate. But the music is predictable, both in its repertoire and in its execution. Biddle is a fundamentalist whose bass lines lock the pianist into one dimension.

Oscar Peterson's influence is international and **MARC HEMMELER** is a French manifestation of this reality. He is best known through his recordings with Stephane Grappelli but on **"Feelings" (Rexton PEB 2001)** he runs through well-executed lines which are largely an illusion. He links together rhythmic and harmonic devices into a system that generates a groove which sounds like jazz music. Bassist Peter Frei and drummer Alvin Queen complete the trio.

NORMAN SIMMONS's reputation is primarily as an accompanist. He enjoyed lengthy stints with Carmen McRae and Betty Carter. He is also a fluent jazz piano stylist whose experience in this capacity dates back to Chicago in the fifties. **"Midnight Creeper" (Milljac 1001)** is a trio outing with bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Al Harewood. Once again Peterson's vernacular is evident but there are also touches of Erroll Garner, the understated ideas of Ahmad Jamal and the elegant flow of Hank Jones inside Simmons's approach. But this pianist has something else going for him. He is an imaginative interpreter of the blues. The title selection and ***Blackout*** from the trio LP are textbook exercises in the idiom while the quintet LP **"I Am The Blues" (Milljac 1002)** is entirely focused within the idiom. Clifford Jordan and Jimmy Owens share the spotlight on the three quintet titles and Vernel Fournier is the drummer. Al Harewood and Lisle Atkinson rejoin Simmons for trio versions of ***I'm The Blues***, ***Juicy Lucy***, ***I Ain't Got Nothing But The Blues*** and ***Why Try To Change Me Now***. This music breathes with the essence of jazz and Norman Simmons should be better known. He is soulfully articulate and avoids harmonic clutter in performing music which swings consistently but avoids being metronomic.

HUGH LAWSON is the most underrated of the Detroit pianists of the fifties. Despite his credentials – he left Detroit with Yusef Lateef and subsequently worked with Stanley Turrentine, Roy Eldridge and Sonny Rollins – he has remained an obscure name in the jazz lexicon. Once again, it is an European company who has documented his music. His last outing was a 1977 session for Jazzcraft (which is currently available on Storyville) and now, in **"Colour" (Soul Note SN1052)**, we have a 1983 session which is full of the lyrical originality which permeates Lawson's approach. His gracefully flowing lines, which have their roots in Bud Powell, are incorporated into a blues-dominated feeling which gives the music its appealing continuity. Five of Lawson's originals, a pop

OSCAR PETERSON, NIELS-HENNING ØRSTED PEDERSEN, JOE PASS (photography by Henry Kahanek)

tune called *If* and *Pictures Of An Exhibition* make up the excellent program by a pianist who displays the talent and maturity to justify his position as one of the better pianists to exemplify the Detroit sound of the fifties.

Two masters of that style are **HANK JONES** and **TOMMY FLANAGAN**. They joined forces in Villingen, Germany in 1983 to perform on two concert grand pianos where their essence has been captured on **"I'm All Smiles" (Verve/ MPS 817.863-1)**. Detroit's piano lineage stretches back, at least, to Hank Jones in an uninterrupted line and the harmonic sophistication, intricately improvised choruses and rhythmic pulse tied to the Teddy Wilson/Art Tatum bass patterns are fully in evidence here. The material is drawn from the common reservoir of the jazz idiom — *Relaxin' At Camarillo*, *Au Privave* (Parker), *In A Sentimental Mood*, *Rockin' In Rhythm* (Ellington), *Con Alma* (Gillespie), *Afternoon In Paris* (Lewis) — as well as two popular songs — *Some Day My Prince Will Come* *I'm All Smiles* — which have been adopted by jazz musicians. The two pianists complement each other's lines so effectively that the music becomes intertwined into a single cohesive performance of the highest order. The energy level is high and they really sparkle as they romp through Duke's *Rockin' In Rhythm*. You have to listen closely to separate each player's contribution (only with headphones is this really clear) to the overall texture. This is an instant classic from two virtuosi demonstrating the intricate art of jazz piano.

If you want to hear a master of the art of swing who performs the blues with economy, originality and eloquence you should listen to **"For The Second Time" (Pablo 2310.878)** by **COUNT BASIE**. This trio LP is a follow-up to his earlier collaboration with Ray Brown and Louis Bellson ("For The First Time" — Pablo 2310.709) and is just as good. What a shame we had to wait eight years for its release. Basie is noted for his economy of notes but each one is played for maximum effect. Crucial to the success of Basie's approach is the walking bass pioneered by Walter Page and here handled to perfection by Ray Brown. Page made it realistic for Basie to lighten the left hand figurations of the stride and blues players but he could still handle those elements of the music with ease when this recording was made. His blues ideas still utilise patterns developed by Pete Johnson in Kansas City. Johnson was a pioneer at swinging the blues and Basie and Jay McShann have kept his contributions alive. Basie demonstrates this style in *Blues For Eric* but it is also evident in such standards as *One Hour* and *The One I Love Belongs To Someone Else*.

The space given bassists by Basie never eliminated his left hand patterns but his successors made further changes. **RED GARLAND** was one of the first and most influential stylists to only stab a few chords with his left hand. Listen to *A Little Bit Of Basie* from his recently released LP of tunes recorded in 1959 when he was still at the height of his powers — **"Satin Doll" (Prestige 7859)**. The tune is a paraphrase of *One O'Clock Jump* but all the work is in the right hand. Garland's patented locked hands conception came from Milt Buckner and Erroll Garner and it is in evidence throughout the five performances released here. The Basie tribute, *Satin Doll* and *The Man I Love* come from a studio session of August 12, 1959 while *It's A Blue World* and *M Squad Theme* are from The Prelude Club on October 2, 1959. They are further reminders of Garland's considerable achievements as well as emphasising the disappointment of his later performances.

The genesis of Basie's approach was the Harlem stride music of his youth. It was an orchestral approach to piano music and its legacy is the set pieces composed by its greatest practitioners — James P. Johnson, Willie The Lion Smith and Fats Waller. Stride devices were common elements of the next generation (Teddy Wilson, Herman Chittison, Marlowe Morris) but have now virtually disappeared except for a few gifted interpreters (Don Ewell, Ralph Sutton, Dick Wellstood) who worked through the learning process to become stylists in their own right. They had an advantage **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and other young performers of this music will never enjoy. They were able to sit beside the masters and perceive the reality that stride is a style and not a repertoire. Judy Carmichael is still at the stage where she is playing the repertoire but at least she has worked out her own versions rather than remaining true to transcriptions or sheet music. Already her own personality is evident in these performances on **"Jazz Piano" (Progressive 7072)**. And that may partly explain the vitality of her work. She is still learning but she comes to this music honestly.

Even though **DAVE McKENNA** can dash off stride passages with ease his consummate solo piano style is harmonically different. His bass patterns reflect his absorption of Bud Powell and Lennie Tristano while his articulate linear improvisations go beyond the melodic parameters of familiar tunes. His **"Celebration Of Hoagy Carmichael" (Concord CJ227)** was recorded at two May 1983 concerts in Bloomington, Indiana for the Carmichael Jazz Society. Much of the repertoire was unfamiliar but McKenna still plays with resourcefulness, conviction and more than a touch of the outrageousness which is part of his musical makeup. He rips through *Riverboat Shuffle* without once letting us know his basic unfamiliarity with one of Bix's recorded classics. The repertoire is a nice mix of well-known and lesser Carmichael melodies. The composer's lyric sense and harmonic balance have long appealed to jazz musicians and McKenna makes the most of them in this delightful collection.

MARTIAL SOLAL takes the harmonic route in his explorations as a solo pianist. He rarely states the rhythm but relies on his inner time clock to give pulse to the music. His starting point is the solo concept of Bud Powell but he long ago found his own way to perform this music. **"Bluesine" (Soul Note SN1060)** is the third stunning collection of solo music he has recorded in the last decade (the other two were on MPS) and the naturalness of the recorded sound does justice to the brilliance of his touch. His pianistic clarity is mirrored by his musical clarity as he rewrites standards (*I'll Remember April*, *Lover*, *The End Of A Love Affair*, *Have You Met Miss Jones*), jazz standards (*Round About Midnight*, *Yardbird Suite*) and three originals into fascina-

COUNT BASIE (photograph by Brock May, Outside Exposure)

ting examples of his mature conception.

BOBO STENSON is Swedish and **"Sounds Around The House" (Caprice 1286)** is a solo piano LP that is rhythmically softer and more decorative than Solal but is harmonically rich. It is pensive in mood, rarely joyful and finally submerges itself in its lack of momentum. While Solal's two handed playing gives the listener density Bobo Stenson dashes off long lined phrases which are briefly answered with left hand punctuations in the manner of Keith Jarrett and Herbie Hancock but without the intensity the Americans sometimes bring to their performances. Ornette Coleman's ***Peace***, Monk's ***Crepuscule With Nellie*** and two of Ellington's more impressionistic pieces (***Melancholy***, ***Reflections In D***) are changed rhythmically to suit Stenson's personality.

RANDY WESTON's most recent recording (1983) sits somewhere between Solal and Stenson. **"Blue" (1750 Arch S-1802)** is harmonically rooted, full of the dissonances of the blues and yet is impressionistic. Its sombre mood is as one-dimensional as Stenson's and listener involvement is crucial to releasing its inner beauty. Missing is the joyfulness, the catchy themes and pulsating rhythms which usually make Weston's music so scintillating. Perhaps solo performances turn his music in this direction.

Introspective harmonic decoration dominates **KIRK LIGHTSEY**'s second solo recording **"Lightsey 2" (Sunnyside 1005)**, just as it did his first for Sunnyside. The prettiness of his ballad interpretations is mirrored by such originals as ***Water Bearer*** and ***Everything Is Changed***. Perhaps that song title is prophetic as a fresh generation of pianists gain maturity and seek different avenues of expression. Lightsey's return to jazz performance was an explosive force with Dexter Gordon but only on ***Oleo***, the Sonny Rollins line, does he try to inject energy and movement to the music.

Lightsey's duets with **HAROLD DANKO**, **"Shorter By Two" (Sunnyside 1004)** are a different proposition altogether. The vigour, the force, one looks for in this music is evident throughout. The music, all Wayne Shorter compositions, is extremely well thought out and the two pianists function together as a unified team. Their stylistic and tonal compatibility suits this situation admirably. Classical piano studies are now so much a part of the accepted background of jazz pianists it is little wonder that tonality and articulation have changed. This is evident here where both Danko and Lightsey blend together in an exceptionally fresh, imaginative look at one of the music's major composers. The moods shift from the jaunty interaction of ***Lester Left Town*** and the skittishness of ***Witch Hunt*** to the evocative lyricism of ***Iris***. Only ***Ana Maria*** dates from more recent times. The abstractions of Weather Report, it seems, are not a conducive environment for the composition of music which will last. Lightsey and Danko remind us here of the qualities of Shorter's compositions and show us the teamwork of their approach to this music. It is joyful and exhilerating as well as being an intellectual experience.

AL HAIG was a key figure on 52nd Street in the forties. His background was perfect for the harmonic explorations being favoured by the new generation of that time. His well trained ear enabled him to catch quickly the nuances of the lines being executed by such innovators as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. These qualities overshadowed the sparseness of his conception and the rigidity of his rhythmic sense. **"Manhattan Memories" (Sea Breeze 1008)** is a representative example of his later work. Side one is from a trio date with Jamil Nasser and Jimmy Wormsworth and the voicings used in ***Come Sunday*** epitomise his ability to turn a moving melodic statement into a decorative piece of harmonic embroidery. Guitarist Eddie Diehl joins the trio on the second side and the music takes on a brighter stance. But the overall lack of rhythmic momentum (which is the legacy of Haig, Tristano and Bill Evans) is never more apparent than in Bud Powell's ***I'll Keep Loving***. Whereas Powell always played ballads with hard-edged tension Haig is almost romantic in his approach. It is a fundamental difference in concept which is a watershed in jazz piano performance.

LENNIE TRISTANO never overcame the 'cult' which surrounded him. Ultimately he was smothered by his students and supporters who worshipped him as unequivocably as the revivalists revered Bunk Johnson. And this was a pity for Tristano withdrew from public performance and little of his distinctive piano music was recorded. Now, the archives are starting to open up and the performances released here for the first time as **"New York Improvisations" (Elektra Musician 60264-1)** are from Tristano's private collection. The unending flow of intricate lines deriving from the chord changes of popular songs is a fundamental part of Tristano's world – just as it was for Bud Powell and would be later for Barry Harris. Listening to this music puts you into a time warp. It has a freshness, a continuity and coherence of line as well as giving an impression of spontaneity. What is so extraordinary is how so few of Tristano's students display any of his qualities. In fact, a pianist such as Dave McKenna, who is much more melodic in his conception, comes closer to Tristano than many who have spent a lifetime studying with him.

BILL EVANS is one of the major jazz pianists. For more than twenty years he was a dominant force whose concepts touched most pianists of succeeding generations as well as affecting many of his peers. It is evident from listening to his early work (1958) on **"Everybody Digs Bill Evans" (OJC-068)** that he could improvise aggressively even though his lines lacked the fluidity of Powell and Tristano. Even then it was apparent that his forte was in the exploration of tunes which were strong both harmonically and melodically. This kind of material was eventually to dominate his repertoire. What set Evans apart from his followers was his rhythmic strength. Even at his most languid (***Young And Foolish***) there is a hard edge to his playing which keeps you rivetted. Sam Jones and Philly Joe Jones work well with Evans in a trio which is more traditional than was soon to be the case. This music was last reissued as part of Milestone 47024.

Evans's classic trio with Scott LaFaro and Paul Motian set the standard for all the various trios which followed. None were ever the same. Chuck Israels had the unenviable task of following in LaFaro's footsteps. He recorded frequently with Evans and the music collected in **"Time Remembered" (Milestone 47068)** is from two nights of performance at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood in May 1963. Half of the selections were on Riverside 487 but the balance of the performances are issued here for the first time. As Chuck Israels points out in his perceptive liner notes, this was a trio in transition. Much of the material was new to the group (Larry Bunker having only just joined) and the sense of exploration is always evident as both bass and drums endeavour to respond positively to Evans's skill at spinning out fresh approaches to the popular song. In many ways this is a textbook example of the methods utilised by Bill Evans as a creative jazz pianist. It is also worth mentioning that the naturalness of the recorded sound is a delight.

"Empathy" (Japanese Verve UMJ-3032) was Bill Evans's first recording for Verve and was made August 14, 1962. It is a studio date with Monty Budwig and Shelly Manne. By Evans's own standards it is not one of his major accomplishments. The three musicians work hard at interacting but rarely find a cohesive groove. There are playful dialogues between piano and drums which soon become a tedious listening experience. A tentative air pervades too much of the music for it to be entirely successful. Evans and Manne, of course, are consummate professionals and they function with great skill. But it is only an interesting curio for followers of Bill Evans.

As the music's giants pass from the scene they are not being replaced with enough newcomers who possess the power and individuality to command the attention of listeners. Perhaps this is why so many compilations of unissued studio material and concert performances are now being released. Bill Evans is one of the artists to receive this treatment and **"From The 70s" (Fantasy 9630)** assembles selections left over from four different sessions (***Up With The Lark***, ***Quiet Now*** and ***Gloria's Step*** are from Shelly's Manne Hole in November 1973; ***Elsa*** comes from a Village Vanguard performance of January 1974; ***Nobody Else But Me*** and ***Orson's Theme*** are from a studio session of May 1977 while another version of ***Nobody Else*** is from the May 1976 quintet session with Harold Land and Kenny Burrell). This music is a representative cross-section of the period when Eddie Gomez was the bassist. It is full of brittle, cleanly articulated lines which flow smoothly and there is no doubt that Gomez was a tirelessly restless partner for Evans but his almost fussy way of playing contrasts sharply with the clarity of the pianist's ideas.

The kind of empathy Evans was always searching for is to be found in his final trio. Bassist Marc Johnson and drummer Joe LaBarbera blend into the pianist's thoughts to produce group music of the highest order. This is the second of two well recorded concerts from Paris in November 1979: **"The Paris Concert – Edition Two" (Elektra Musi-**

cian 60311-1). Better than anything else, they capture the brilliance of the pianist and his cohorts as Evans emerged into a revitalised period of his life. The sparkling drive of ***34 Skidoo*** is an example of this new-found vitality and only the extended version of ***Nardis***, which concludes the recording, detracts from the tight unity of the performance. It contains the kind of solos from Johnson and LaBarbera which are obligatory in concert but are tedious on record. Nonetheless this is an exceptional document from Evans's final period.

Bill Evans's influence pervades today's scene. He has touched such diverse individualists as Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett as well as being responsible for the proliferation of pianists who have concentrated on the harmonic aspects of his work. What so many of his successors seem to have overlooked, though, is his rhythmic agility and much of his basic jazz feeling. It has certainly made it possible for pianists lacking much of his emotional commitment to find a way to perform expertly constructed music.

The style of Bill Evans is well captured by the **BOB RAVENSCROFT** Trio. Bassist Brian Bromberg and drummer Pete Magadini make up this Arizona-based group. There are three Evans compositions (***Turn Out The Stars***, ***Very Early***, ***Peri's Scope***) and three Ravenscroft originals which are evocative of Evans on **"Trio '83" (Pro Indie 1001)**. The music is played with professional ease. It is a convincing replica which will please those needing performances within Evans's horizons.

Evans has also touched **ALAN BROADBENT**, **BILL DOBBINS** and **BILL MAYS** – all of whom are heard in the rhythmically exposed framework of piano/bass duets. Broadbent, of the three, is the most challenging. His lines, on **"Continuity" (Revelation 40)**, have some of Tristano's linear urgency and are closely tied to the bop tradition. The rhythmic intensity and virtuosity of Bud Powell (or even Tete Montoliu) is not to be found here and Putter Smith is a fundamental bassist who is too naked in this setting. Best of all is a Broadbent solo interpretation of ***If You Could See Me Now***.

At least Broadbent has movement to his music, unlike the rhythmically static lines of Bill Dobbins and Bill Mays. Both pianists have technique to spare but their playing rarely transforms the material. Red Mitchell is the bassist for both these players and the Dobbins set, **"Where One Relaxes" (Omnisound N-1041)**, was recorded live at Bradleys while the Mays session, **"Two Of A Mind" (ITI JL004)**, was done in a studio. At best the music of both these players is a decorative reworking of Evans's fundamental concepts.

Yugoslavian pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** is more eclectic. He has technique and a classical percussiveness but has yet to develop a true personality of his own on the evidence of **"Cast Your Fate" (Palo Alto PA-8042)**. Oscar Peterson's organisational concepts are noticeable as are his generic voicings. Jon Hendricks and Herb Wong believe that Vuckovich is a successor to Bud Powell but the evidence of his performance of ***I Want To Be Happy*** shows us that he has a way to go to match the explosive rhythmic vitality which made Powell's recording of the tune so memorable. Best of all is the heartfelt vocal by Jon Hendricks (an ad-lib performance) of ***Sweet Lorraine***. It glows with a warmth missing elsewhere on this recording. Hendricks performs his patented scat on ***Walkin'*** and ***Reza*** with the remaining tunes being performed by the trio. ***– John Norris***

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JAY McSHANN

Just A Lucky So And So
Sackville 3035

Jim Galloway, out of Scotland, and Jay McShann, out of Kansas City, might, in other circumstances, be considered strange bedfellows. But drawn by a common love of jazz, one drawing out of its traditions, the other a part of that tradition, they have proved to be a felicitous team. But McShann, whose rousing romping stomping piano style should be familiar to fans by now (if not, shame on you!), springs a pleasant surprise on this album: he appears prominently as a singer.

McShann sings quite often now, in live performances, though it isn't essential to his career. But his rough-hewn warbling, full of blues nuances and vocal "stride," is a natural extension of his playing and as appealing. He thus joins a long line of jazz instrumentalists who extended their improvisational skills to singing, from Armstrong, Waller and Teagarden to Nat Cole and Ray Charles – both great jazz pianists.

Like them, McShann picks several pop tunes to display the true improviser's art of transforming them into his own image.

Hoagy Carmichael's ***Lazy River*** and ***Georgia On My Mind*** immediately recall Louis Armstrong, who made definitive jazz versions (back-to-back on OKeh and Parlophone) in the thirties. McShann has reworked them to his own style, with Jim Galloway, as usual, giving added impetus with his own creative facility.

The schmaltzy ***Red Sails In The Sunset***, turned into a jazz classic by Louis (though Henry Allen's trumpet-vocal version, about the same time, was an equally impressive improvisational feat), becomes a McShann tour de force; he plays circles round the melody and joins Jim Galloway in creating another minor jazz masterpiece.

When I Grow Too Old To Dream and ***Once Upon A Time*** are more schmaltz turned to stimulating tonal tonics by McShann and Galloway, the latter's singing soprano giving just the added zest to this sparkling jazz cocktail.

There's a Duke Ellington number, ***I'm Just A Lucky So And So***, and the venerable ***Basin Street Blues***, for more jazz orientation, but they are launching pads for McShann and Galloway's flights of fancy; McShann extending into Erroll Garner, Galloway to Hodges.

There's a more contemporary ***On A Clear Day You Can See Forever***, a tune somehow unpleasantly associated with New York's air pollution, but which gets a refreshingly reworked treatment from this latter-day dynamic duo. It is so startlingly clear, in fact, you can't even see Barbra Streisand in the distance. Sackville stalwarts Don Thompson (bass) and Terry Clarke (drums) offer optimum rhythm support throughout. You can't ask for more except, perhaps, an encore. ***– Al Van Starrex***

TETE MONTOLIU

Face To Face
SteepleChase SCS-1185

There'll Never Be Another You/I Love You/I Fall In Love Too Easily/Lover Man/Salt Peanuts

Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and Tete Montoliu: these two superb musicians have played together so often over the years that anything less than perfection would be a surprising disappointment. There have been, perhaps, recordings displaying greater compositional originality ("Tootie's Tempo"), or more harmonically challenging material ("Tete"), but this session is enjoyable if for no other reason than the opportunity to hear two totally compatible craftsmen fashioning artistic magic before an appreciative audience.

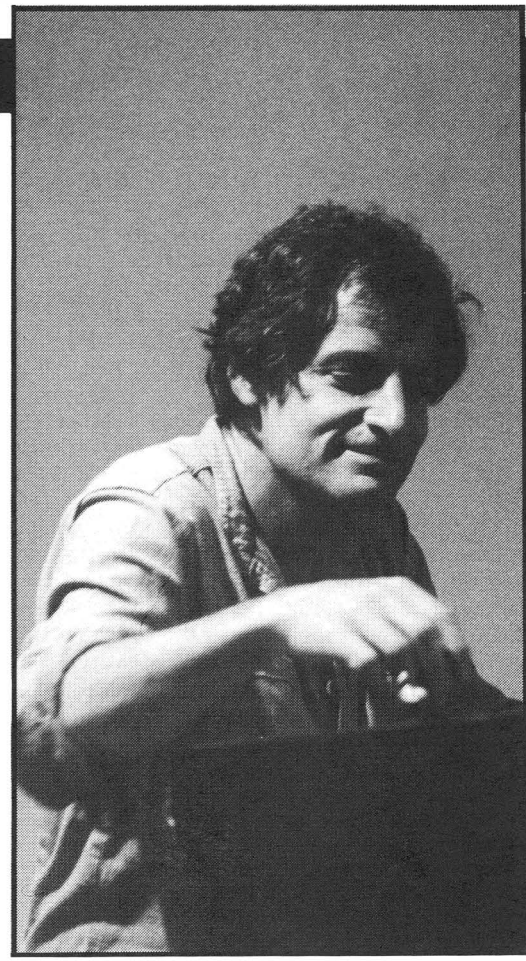
Montoliu has a unique way of getting inside the melody of a familiar tune, exploding it in a varied range of manifestations, playfully challenging both the listener and his own musical cohorts to keep up with his flights of delightful fancy; yet his interpretations remain always lyrically centred. On ***Another You***, for example, he literally ravages the keyboard while NHØP matches him note for note, walks the bass around the strewn fragments of melody; nevertheless, there are no slurred voicings here; each note is carefully and clearly articulated,

even on Tete's torrid Tatum run which abruptly terminates the piece.

Familiar as the numbers themselves may be, their treatment here reflects another quality of Montoliu's approach: a remarkable ability to enhance a performance through unexpected shifts in tempo which alter mood but which seem contextually natural and unobtrusive. ***I Love You*** begins as a tender ballad only to gain a swinging momentum that belies a simple duo, sounding for all the world like a much more expansive aggregation; the hauntingly beautiful ***Lover Man***, intricately explored, evolves suddenly into a raucous, rolling rendition of Gillespie's ***Salt Peanuts***.

Montoliu and NHØP are so sonically attuned, share such a musical empathy, that they are like two halves of a single organism. Hence, on ***Too Easily***, NHØP shapes the number faithfully at first with Tete plugging the interstices; when the roles are reversed, the result is hardly noticeable, so fluid and mutually supportive are these musicians.

Montoliu has the power of a Tyner, the rhythmic freedom of a Powell or Tatum, the angular surprise of a Monk, the inventiveness of a Hines. How any such player can be considered for so long a peripheral figure by North American jazz audiences remains an enigma to me. ***— John Sutherland***



KENNY DREW QUARTET

And Far Away
Soul Note SN 1081

Kenny Drew, piano; Philip Catherine, guitar; Niels-Henning Ørsted-Pedersen, bass; Barry Altschul, drums.

BURTON GREENE QUARTET

One World Music
Cat LP 49

Burton Greene, piano; Fred Leeflang, soprano, alto and tenor saxes; Raoul van der Weide, bass; Clarence Becton, drums.

These two releases by expatriate American pianists demonstrate that geography is no arbiter of talent. Kenny Drew left for Europe more than two decades ago and settled comfortably in Copenhagen where his abilities have continued to develop, judging by the recordings that have made their way back to North America over the years. "And Far Away" shows Drew at his best, a musician with a solid command of his instrument, comfortable in his art without complacency, continuing to hone already well-developed talents to a keen edge.

Drew's unselfconscious attention to detail has resulted in a touch that is light but firm and a mastery of dynamics that originates at the keyboard, not in the mix. That deftness and a warm, personal style have given him an ability to convey a broad range of emotion. Drew's subdued reflections on the title track become understated dignity on the appropriately titled ***Serenity***, and he is the expansive celebrant on the unabashed ***Blues Run***. Notes dance and sparkle on Cole Porter's ***I Love You*** with the joyful bounce of someone unmistakably head over heels in love. On ***Autumn Leaves***, the pianist rides the crest of a press roll chasing the dark spirits of a somber prelude, ***Twice A Week***, with a smart blues that has Altschul and Ørsted-Pedersen in hot pursuit as willing accomplices.

Guitarist Philip Catherine, who completes the quartet, possesses an adaptability rare among modern guitarists. He is fleet but selective, playing clean, fluent lines with unhurried ease, hinting at but avoiding the lightning chops flaunted by too many guitarists. On his own composition, ***Rianne***, he shows how it's done, caressing a note to make it say more than the dense clusters preferred by others. Nimble runs are spliced with bluesy asides and chopped chords catch like a sharp intake of breath. His solo on ***Autumn Leaves*** has the flurry of a September wind, yet each note falls with unhurried grace. His accompanying is equally gracious as he drops quiet notes into the spaces in Drew's solos. Teasing single notes, adding short clusters and comping soft murmurs of chords, Catherine often serves as a third hand to the pianist.

Ørsted-Pedersen's bass playing virtually permeates the recording with a sound that supports the quartet by enveloping it. His mastery of the bass has long been a truism in jazz and his many recordings with Drew have led to a special communication between the two. His two solos here are both well-constructed but his ensemble playing is breathtaking. Altschul's drumming does not fare as well as it is often buried in the mix. The drummer is more subdued here than on other recordings, including his own ***Irena***, done for Soul Note nine days before this session. His timing is impeccable throughout but Altschul seems more comfortable on the album's second side where he delights in nudging Catherine through the latter's solo on ***Autumn Leaves*** and his exchanges with Drew on ***I Love You*** leave the pianist invigorated.

Burton Greene's endeavours have not received the same notice as Kenny Drew's. Greene is best remembered for his involvement in Bill Dixon's 1964 October Revolution and his subsequent recording for ESP. In 1969, he was one of the American avant-garde to receive a hero's welcome in France and to be recorded by the prolific BYG Records, whose frantic pace of recording documented, in the space of a few months, the works of Archie Shepp, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Clifford Thornton, Andrew Cyrille, Don Cherry and Sunny Murray among others. And since then?

"One World Music" is the first recording I've heard from Greene since 1969. On the strength of it, I wish I'd heard more in the intervening years. Greene has emerged from the giant shadow of Cecil Taylor, acknowledging the debt but seeking a different direction. Along the way he has picked up elements of Latin American and Arabic rhythms, absorbed the lessons of the European avant-garde and re-examined bebop roots. In a distinctly European way, these elements have coalesced and yet remained identifiable. His playing is a Mulligan stew where chunks of angular rhythm are likely to bubble up in a lyrical broth, where heavy chords stack block-like one atop another only to topple into a Latin dance.

At times this stylistic juggling seems random and disoriented, particularly since Greene's compositions bear a similar multi-sectioned schizophrenia. No sooner does the band settle into a comfortable groove on ***Portuguese Impressions*** than the rhythm section drops out leaving saxophonist Fred Leeflang to go it alone. ***Round Robbin'*** marries a Latin ***Un Poco Loco*** to a 13/4 rhythm. Yet just when things seem irretrievably out of hand, Greene dissolves to the familiar, snatching you from the brink by the collar and informing you, with a wink of the eye, that it's all just good fun.

Greene's fellow musicians are equal to his moods. Leeflang is a strong blower out of Rollins and Shepp with a pungent sound on alto and tenor. Raoul van der Weide is an inventive bassist with a beautiful arco style and uncanny intuition. On ***Cokertme***, a traditional Turkish melody, he steals the spotlight from Greene with a bowed accompaniment that starts out as discrete shadow to the pianist's solo and ends up as improvisational mime. The resulting telepathy between pianist and bassist is a high point on the album. Drummer Clarence Becton plays melody on rhythm in the manner of Ed Blackwell, creating a polyrhythmic safety net whose coloration enhances each soloist.

Of the five compositions on the album, only ***When You're In Front Get Off My Back***, with its hip recitation, fails to compel further listening. "One World Music" may not be the beat we all move to but it deserves a fair hearing. ***— Don J. Lahey***

BURTON GREENE (photograph by Gerard Futrick)

The BILL EVANS Interview

PREFACE AND INTERVIEW OF BILL EVANS BY TED O'REILLY

I was as shocked as anyone when Bill Evans died on September 15, 1980. He was only 51 years old – too young for anyone, but especially for a musician who, it seemed, was entering what might have been his most important phase. And that from a man who had already done as much as any other pianist to influence the course of jazz.

I've been doing a jazz radio show in Toronto since early 1965 on an educational radio station, one which allows me complete freedom in choice of music and interviews. I talk with whom I want, and for the length I wish. Of the many hundreds I've done, some naturally stand out: a couple with Charles Mingus, Eubie Blake, Mary Lou Williams, the straight-on honesty of Art Pepper, and maybe most of all, Bill Evans.

He was a relatively frequent visitor to Toronto, and when I would learn he was coming, I'd start anticipating both his performances and the talk we would have, since they were so much alike – intelligent, thoughtful, and quietly passionate. I never came away from an interview with him without feeling I had learned something, or that he'd made me think about the music, and the investment he (and others) made in the art.

With music, this particular talk went on for an hour and a half, almost, and though we had talked often before, and the talks were always increasingly illuminating, this one was the best. Maybe he was trusting me more, or with some sort of prescience felt he wanted to explain what he was doing, or this then trio (with Marc Johnson and Joe LaBarbera)was exciting him anew. I don't know, but it is an important chapter in The Educating Of Ted O'Reilly. I know Bill enjoyed it: it was done on a Wednesday afternoon for broadcast at about 10:30 that night. When I dropped into the club that night it was between sets, and Bill was in the dressing room with Marc and Joe, listening to himself talk, with the same intensity he might listen to a tape of his playing: analysing, commenting on what he said, and in general approving. Joe LaBarbera later told me it was probably the last interview Bill had done, certainly the last major one. Sixty-eight days later he was dead. The following interview took place on July 9, 1980.

TED O'REILLY: ***I think, Bill, the trio you have now is beginning to match the trio of Scott LaFaro and Paul Motian.***

BILL EVANS: I'd say the same thing. It's definitely related, like they're joined, and while everything that happened in between has its own worth and quality, it does not have the same kind of organic feeling or the same kind of inner growth that this trio has been manifesting. So I agree with you.

I must say, too, to take some of the responsibility, that at this particular period of my life I am much more ready to contribute to the kind of trio this is than I was in the years that Eddie Gomez was with me. I don't think I was ready to be as alive and on the inside of the music as I am now. We tried to really be resourceful and in no way would I put those trios in a lower category. But I tended to stay with a similar way of doing certain things for a long time. I played ***Polka Dots And Moonbeams*** in F for years with about the same type of opening chorus with a lot of the same figures in it. When I decided to play ***Polka Dots*** with this trio I started in C and use an entirely different approach.

Without really considering it, ***If You Could See Me Now*** just automatically became a long line. In other words I played eight to a measure instead of four and two. It stretches out and hangs. That just happened. When we get to the blowing chorus we would play the regular meter. The evolution of certain songs in the repertoire that had remained rather static, where the improvisation was fresh and resourceful, had been changing. In ***My Romance*** now we trade choruses with Joe LaBarbera and he has a function of changing the tempo at the end of each of his choruses. We use a sub-division of the previous tempo which makes the next tempo a bit slower or faster. And he can choose how to do that so that each chorus is at a different tempo.

Nardis is a tune that has evolved slowly through the years. I started to play it in about 1959 when Miles wrote it for a Cannonball Adderley date which featured Blue Mitchell (trumpet) on his first recording on Riverside (1) with Sam Jones (bass) and Philly Joe Jones (drums) and myself. I did it with my original trio and I have been playing it through the years. But it has now evolved into something which is absolutely unique in our repertoire. There is a long solo section in the front that I play, then we state the original chart, and then we do a little send off chorus. Joe plays a long solo and then we re-state the chart.

We are all using the form very strictly, we're playing within the form, we don't vary it and it's always there. But we have found a kind of freedom on it that, I would say, if three or four people a year know that we're using form I might be surprised, because we really get off of it, rhythmically and harmonically in every way. But I think relating to the form gives the content of what we're doing more fibre. It would be ideal of course (and that's where you get the total meaning of what's happening) if the listener knew, specifically at every moment how we're referring to this strict form but still, if he doesn't know that, what's coming out is being determined by that form, will have more meaning to the listener as well. That tune is like therapy for us. We play it almost every night, we all play almost totally new solos on it. They are stylistically similar but the ideas and the development are different.

I don't know what resourcefulness Marc Johnson draws upon but he comes out with such fantastic solos on it. They're like finished works of art. It's almost like the greatest bass virtuoso in the world was practising a piece for two years and now decides to play it in public. Yet it is always a new solo. Every time. I almost wish, sometimes, I could line up about twenty of our performances of it and put out a four-album set. They take fifteen minutes each. Just so that the jazz listener knows the extent of the resourcefulness of some musicians. I don't think they fully understand the challenge: that a jazz musician is trying to work on as pure a level as he can accept.

Mostly we go in and do these recordings cold, not having really organised the material very much. Sometimes I have not even selected all the material. There's a kind of higher level of professionalism where we throw together a routine – of keys or intervals – however we are going to approach each performance. The amazing thing is that it almost always seems that the recorded version hits the essential conception for this trio of that particular thing. If we play it for years it develops but still comes off that kind of conception. So it's kind of interesting from that standpoint.

And the freshness is good. It's not only a challenge but it allows us to be dealing with the material very freshly. Like the track from "Affinity" (2) with Toots Thielemans. All this music we got together in the studio. Toots brought in some things including a ballad of Paul Simon's which he had realized the potential of. I play ***I Do It For Your Love*** all the time now, it's really a wonderful ballad. Of course, Toots's treatment of it modified and sophisticated Paul Simon's original (on a musical level) and I added some more to that. I've heard the original, and it's a very plain statement but the song is there.

This Is All I Ask is a Gordon Jenkins standard and at one point Toots asked whether I knew it and I said, "Gee, I don't think so." He knew this was my kind of tune, and he brought out the sheet music. I looked at it for a minute and made some modifications.

What do you mean when you say you made some modifications?

Well, the sheet music goes like this [sings a phrase]. Now, right there, the music goes back to the key tone. You're in F, it's an F chord with an F in the bass, so I modified the structure. It takes a lot of experience working with popular songs and really getting into the structure on a high level of sophistication to be able to look at a piece of sheet music and know what should be changed. You have to see the total structure and see how it should move, and in a fundamental way, not just looking for

strange sounds, or substitutions, and get it to where I felt this is the way I would like to handle the structure.

So basically you're going to change it harmonically?

It would be the basic theoretical structure of what I'm going to do. Now once Marc Johnson and I understand that, and the soloist, whoever that might be, then you work within that, moving towards these strong structural points and handling it with different sonorities and so forth. But you know what direction you are heading for and why. It's a kind of a technical thing and I'm sure it doesn't matter, and should not matter, to the naive listener. All he wants to do is hear the music. But if you heard the sheet music and then heard the way we do it you might appreciate that this gives it some kind of a better dimension.

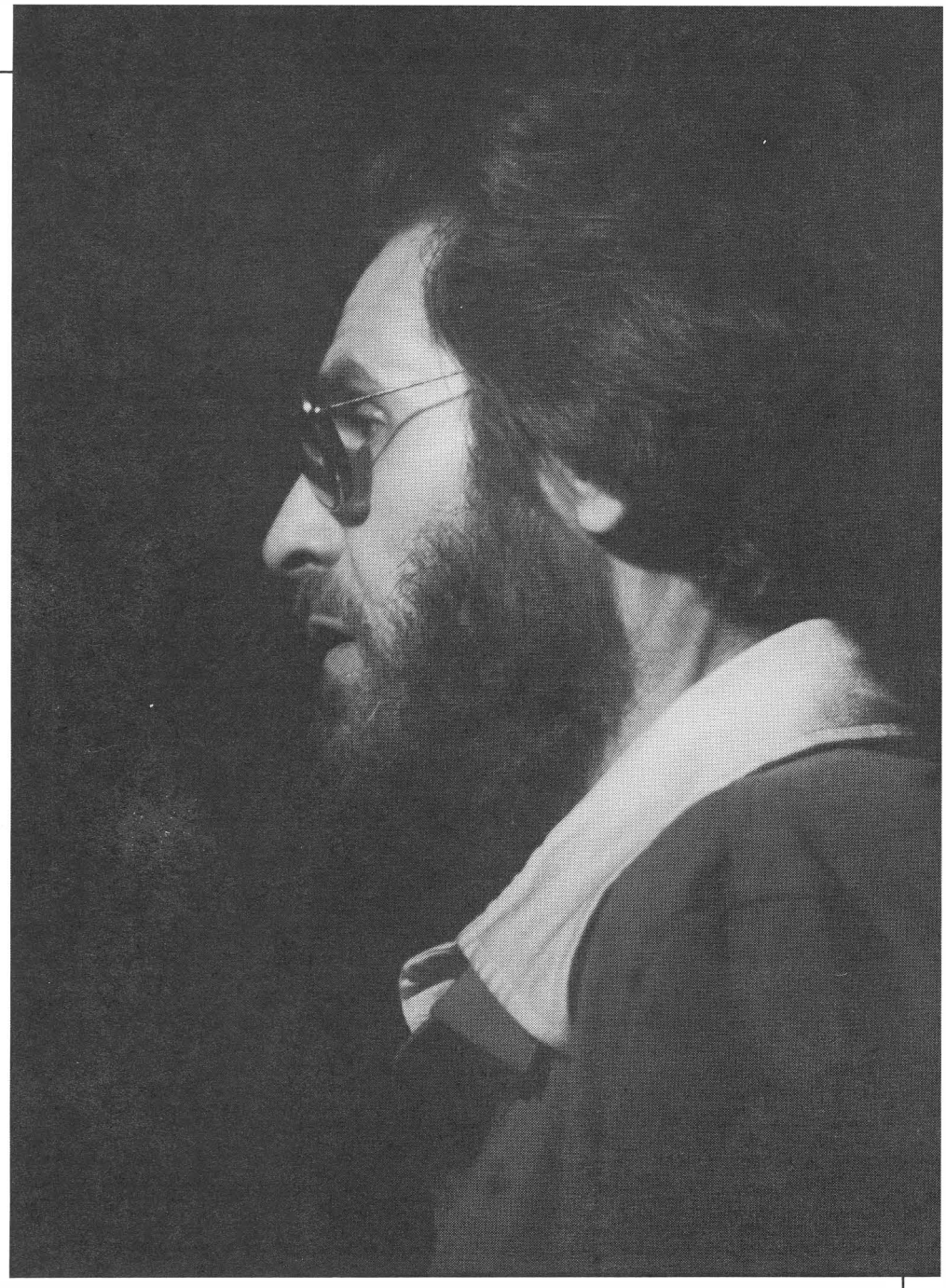
You were talking about the way you used to make records...

Well, this particular day we did a complete Chet Baker LP (3) and the rhythm section was Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones and myself. We started playing a little trio thing at the end, just for kicks, and Bill Grauer, who was Orrin Keepnews's partner at Riverside, came piling out of the booth and said, "Why don't you guys do a trio record now, while you're here?" We looked at each other and we thought — another cheque! However, it's a shame because that particular trio, who were with Miles Davis at that time, is not represented on record except for "Jazz At The Plaza" (4) which we didn't know was being recorded. It was potentially such a wonderful thing and to throw it together like we did, not getting anything together, wasn't fair. We just went ahead and said let's do this tune and Bam! that was it. Now, after all these years and with Paul dead, Orrin Keepnews convinced me from the standpoint of historical interest and so forth it might justify putting it out (5). I feel that some of the music isn't bad but it's a little much doing two LPs in one day. What it ***could*** have been is what bothers me. If we had the chance to come in a little rested, and think about a concept, we might have done something which would have been a treasure to me, at this time.

Do you always try to approach recordings — and you've made hundreds — without too much preparation?

Generally, I approach records pretty much that way. When we made "Affinity" (2), the only thing I had in mind was to do some duets with Toots, perhaps one or two trio numbers, some quartet things and then to add Larry Schneider on soprano and tenor to make a quintet for a few tracks. During the course of the day we just selected things, got a little routine on them, saw how they sounded and just went ahead and did it.

There is a trio record in the can at Warner's (6) with Eddie Gomez and Elliott Zigmund (from 1977) where we went in and did that. I found ***Gary's Waltz*** (a.k.a. ***Gary's Theme***) from looking through the fake book [a music book which has the melody and chords of popular tunes and jazz standards]. We still play it and it's a lovely thing. ***Sometime Ago*** was in the same book and Tommy Lipuma (A&R and co-producer) got a lead sheet for the theme to ***M.A.S.H.*** which I have always liked and we threw together a routine which is fun and we still do it. There was an original of mine that I had written for my brother called ***We Will Meet Again***. Another version of that tune was recorded later as a solo piece for the new quintet LP (7) which is now out. We also did Jimmy Rowles's ***Peacocks*** and that's a tune we had never played. That's the kind of professional challenge that jazz musicians do, and have done, most of the time when they make records.



You've been a professional musician for thirty years now, and are now producing music much more challenging than anything you ever did before. This is the opposite of most people who make their biggest contribution during the first decade they are performing.

I don't know precisely the reason but I do recognise that a year or two ago was the beginning of a period I recognise as the best creative and performing period of my life. Jazz is much like professional sports — don't look back, they're gaining on you. There is a lot of young energy coming onto the scene all the time. Of course I had young energy when I was eighteen. I was the king of locked hands! But whether you carry that thing forward into the area of maturity, and scope of expressivity, and make a contribution to the tradition of the music that you're working in is another question.

You always hear young talents that come on the scene who you say have got it all covered already.

Of whom would you say that these days?

I'll give you an example of what I mean. Herbie Hancock came on the scene when he was eighteen and was really playing it all.

There's an example, though, in a sense of a commercial corruption which the United States makes.

The United States didn't make it, Herbie made it. Now there may be a reason. He's a great player. But with all that, having the scene

BILL EVANS (photograph by Bill Smith)

covered and all, perhaps his real inner commitment to a lifetime of that particular commitment wasn't there. Or maybe in his own mind he recognised, or chose, that he didn't want to drive forward within that area. I don't know why particularly. He would certainly have his reasons. That happens, and I often refer to that as something that young talents might perceive, because I used to feel discouraged. I didn't have the kind of facility, the liquid approach, that real thing of just sounding like you're playing. I had to put it together stone by stone. I would say I was a late arriver. Because I put it together stone by stone I ended up with something which I completely understood, could work with, discard, add to, extend, because I understood everything about it, right down to the bottom. But still, at certain points, you hear other musicians of your age that have this kind of fluidity. And you might feel — gee, I just don't have that natural thing.

I've come to appreciate what I call late arrivers. More than anybody, I think Miles Davis is a late arriver. You knew he was on the scene and everybody that could perceive talent ***knew*** from the beginning. But you can hear Miles very cautiously (on some of those first recordings) playing the flatted fifth and dissolving and developing and developing. But he wasn't projecting that much. When he hit the scene in New York, with the quintet, in about 1956, that was a different Miles. He found it and just put it all together. And nobody's played that kind of beauty before or since. That way, he's a late arriver — somebody who digs away and develops and develops and develops and then they bust through.

Tony Bennett is somebody I appreciate that way. I couldn't understand his thing, really, when I was young. I thought his vibrato was bad, his voice was thin, and yet Tony is the kind of person who loves and respects music on a very deep spiritual level. He just has gotten more inside himself, and more inside his art all the time, until finally he has the ability to transport the listener that's unmatched. I think it's a great art, in that type of singing, to take a straight song and sing it relatively straight and somehow put more meaning into it and be able to grab the listener and transport them. When I listen to Tony I don't hear words, I don't hear a vocalist — I just hear music. That's why I really love his singing. I find it is a much harder journey for the later arrivers but what they have at the end of it is something much richer.

I don't know how to say this without it sounding wrong in somebody's ears, but to me jazz music has always been a black American art form, and all the creators of the music and the main influences of the music have been black save for possibly Jack Teagarden and, I'm beginning to believe more and more now, you.

The thing I love about jazz is that it is about the only kind of music that comes from an ethnic source at the beginning which has elevated itself to the point where it crosses all those borders and barriers. Gospel and R&B stay black, they really do. Maybe rock and roll is a form of white R&B, who knows. What I'm saying is that jazz has that honest artistic conscience where all the way through white men have played with black men, played jazz on a level where the black man has said — yes, you're playing jazz, play with me. And that was the response. No kind of prejudicial, racial thing on either side and it's been proven time and time again. I think it's an old and tired subject because now jazz has drawn on so many elements of the white culture and so it's a mutual thing — way above all that. Now it's an art that one must recognise the roots, and try to stay true to the roots but to me it's the one music that crosses those barriers with complete honesty, without any commercial considerations, or racial considerations, or anything. If you can play it, it doesn't matter. Let's face it, the black community doesn't know about jazz. They really don't. They never did — there was only an inner group. The black musician would be the first one to agree to that. Our people don't know much about jazz either.

Someone like Miles will talk as if he's a bigot, yet at the time when black pride was running high and he had perhaps the greatest jazz band ever, the first change he made in that quintet was to call a white man, myself, to play in the band. I didn't know Miles. I didn't suck up and say, "If I get close to Miles I may get a gig some day." I was shocked to hear him on the phone one day asking me to play a weekend and, subsequently, to join the band. So it's that kind of thing, no matter how he professes to appear, philosophically and socially, on the musical level it's honest.

It's a tired argument, it really is. I hope it fizzes out pretty soon because it's just human beings and love. You don't have to be born in a log cabin in Mississippi to play jazz. You just have to love it — that's all. And live it.

You have to hear it first of all. That's a great problem.

That's why when people really get hung up on trying to justify the high artistic significance of the Beatles, or something, I feel like puking. Because it's a commercial mass media product. That's the primary goal and I think quality, real quality — which is classical music and jazz to me — is not going to sell double platinum. It just ain't going to happen. If it does then it's no longer part of that stream, because in order for it to qualify it's not going to get to people who want to be challenged. So that's the way I see it and I'm not sorry about it because I think it protects the music in a way. And the real genuine honest committed talents are attracted to jazz. The sixties were a tough decade for jazz. Still, new jazz talents arrived into jazz because that was their spiritual and musical commitment. It was very hard for a young jazz talent in that decade to find a way to get established, but they were not going out and giving up jazz and changing their style. It was just tough. I'm very thankful because my position now is like heaven. It's what you pay all your dues for.

I have a marvellous trio with Marc Johnson and Joe LaBarbera and we're playing the music we want to play and under good conditions. We're getting appreciation and respect, and we're making a decent living. However, you can almost count on both hands those who are in that position. There are so many good players everywhere who are forced to play, most of the time, below their abilities. The general jazz public somehow still has that thing of wanting to hear the big timers from New York. I would emphasize that there are many high level local musicians all over the world who deserve to be able to play at the highest level and be appreciated. So try to support those people. If there is a little club that presents them, go out and hear them, because you are never going to hear on record what you may hear live. Our best performances have gone into the atmosphere, and we never have gotten on record that special peak that happens fairly often. You never know. And there's just something about that physical contact anyhow. There's nothing like it.

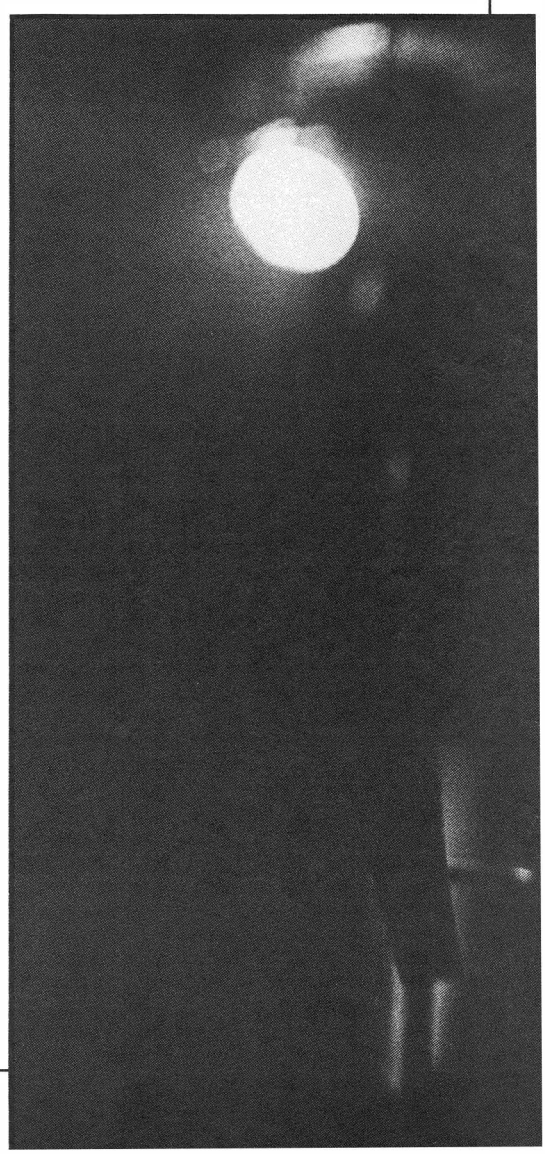
I know what it takes to learn to play and guys that play as well as they do deserve to be practising their art and to be appreciated. For the most part they are not able to do it. They are mostly doing studio work or gotta play a gig where they're not allowed to get off the melody. It's too bad. I would say that to the jazz audience. Keep that in mind.

You are not noted as a blues player but Loose Blues (5) ***is an exception. It's with Jim Hall, Philly Joe Jones...***

My all time favourite drummer.

Zoot Sims and Ron Carter.

This was from an all-original-music record. Again, the amount of money available at Riverside at that time almost prohibited limitless time to accomplish a record. I went in with original music which had some very difficult stuff. One tune was called ***Fun Ride***, which I can hardly play, there was a jazz fugue,



BILL EVANS (photograph by Henry Kahanek)

I think we did ***Time Remembered*** and this ***Loose Blues***. I had about four or five different sets of new blues changes which I had written out for the guys if they wanted to choose a new set. And Ron Carter was the only one that accepted the challenge. He had that kind of interest. Jim Hall may have also. I can't remember.

I couldn't get a complete take on everything so there was going to be some editing. I went in and started to edit and I just put ***Loose Blues*** together. When I came back to do the next editing session, I found out that the tape had run off into a barrel or something, and then the trash man came... So this is the only thing left from that date. I like this little blues line. It's a minor blues that's kind of cute rhythmically and in the way the intervals move (13).

From talking with you about the problems of recording companies you obviously try to maintain as much control of what goes out as is possible.

Now, we have an approval clause. But take the "Jazz At The Plaza" date with Miles (4). None of us had any idea that it was being recorded and of course the sound quality is not, certainly, high level. It's the only thing with me and Philly Joe Jones. We had started to get a particular thing going with Paul Chambers and Philly and me as the rhythm section. I have some tapes from the Bohemia by the band where I play different than at any other time. You can hear the lay-back feel, and all that I ***didn't*** get with Jimmy Cobb because he's a different kind of drummer. So it's interesting from that standpoint.

Another example was a recording for Verve (8) with Stan Getz and me; a record where he had contractual approval. They put the record out and he could have sued but you end up maybe getting very little satisfaction.

And that Plaza date for instance. They wanted to pay us, who were still alive, 1958 scale when the record was released. I got a little more but even so they really had no right to record and they had no right to put the record out.

Now there's this "Live At The Trident" date. I have contractual approval with Verve. I did the "Live At The Trident" (9) things with a trio that I thought was far below what I wanted to have released. That's one of the few occasions where I haven't released a record. But the next thing I know, it's out. Slapped out with a cover that nobody cared about.

About a year later Leonard Feather called me. He said, "I want to talk to you about a "Live At The Trident" album. I'm going to do the notes." Well, I said that album's been out. He said, "No, there's going to be a second one from those tapes." I said, "Oh man. Hold it." It was just a fortunate thing that he called me because they would have had it out there before I could do anything about it. As it was, I found out in time to bring it to a halt. They do those things.

It's just like royalties. Most of them figure, "Let's not pay royalties. Now, if they (the musicians) come after us we'll make a settlement and we'll come out far ahead." That's the way a lot of smaller companies operated and even some of the big ones. But jazz needs those companies because until you establish yourself those companies offer an entranceway. All I knew I wanted was to record, get some records out there. To sign a standard union contract with Riverside for two records was to me the biggest thrill that could happen. And at that time Riverside was just a converted grocery store. You forced your way through and around some cartons and stuff and you found Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews. I had been referred by Mundell Lowe and Trigger Alpert because I had played a gig with them which Trigger had taped on a portable Ampex. They got excited and gave me the contract.

But you wouldn't get that chance from RCA or CBS. So those companies do serve a function. I never saw a royalty statement and never expected to get one. I didn't care really because at that point you just want to get your records out there. That's how it works – for both.

Do you find it easy to live on the road?

I pamper myself a little bit as far as hotels because your morale is important. I will try to stay in Class A hotels where you have room service at least. Not a depressing room or hotel. So that way I don't mind that much. You miss the things that are close and familiar at home, but on the other hand you do get away from the pressures that surround you at home like the phone ringing. It's refreshing to be in new environments. Like the European tour we did last November (1979): 21 cities in 24 days. It was hectic and backbreaking. We really got unreal about the standards we were imposing upon ourselves as far as performance, and we really felt we had not performed well. When we finally got off the tour and heard tapes of many of the concerts we wondered what the hell was going on with our standards, for we had made a lot of progress. Some of the performances we had felt ***weren't*** satisfactory I would make a record of, they really were at a high level.

You can draw on yourself very deeply in your music, an inner calm that you have. And a perfect example of it is Peace Piece (5)***, which is fairly old and has long been one of my favourites.***

The man who wrote an article on me in ***Contemporary Keyboard*** recently did an exact transcription of ***Peace Piece***. I read it through and it's absolutely correct. If some people wanted to get a written copy of this, this is the first one that has ever been available as far as I know (11).

Peace Piece ***is actually an extension of an introduction to another song which shows Bill Evans as much as a composer as anything. Do you consider yourself as more of a composer than a performer?***

No, I don't, because I don't function regularly as a composer. A composer should be composing every day. I went through a great conflict at one point in my life as to which road to follow. I still intend to do some serious

writing and I consider myself a composer — but not full time. Certainly not more than a player.

I consider writing as something which I'm just doing now for the most part within the idiom that I use. But when I was going through this conflict in New York and majoring in composition the pieces I wrote were in a variety of styles, very unlike the idiom that I play in. You can sit down and dig away, and sort out, and handle areas of music that, in composition, you can't handle in a spontaneous way. To handle music in a spontaneous way, you have to have quite a mastery in the area in which you are trying to be spontaneous. Some of those pieces I wrote are kind of interesting; like, for instance, one is a four voice canon on a twelve tone ostinato. It's intense and frantic and so different that you would never relate it to me if you knew my performing identity.

I think, now, I'm just going to be writing more but what it becomes, or what area of music it reflects, is another question. But I have written quite a few things in the last year, things that are on the latest release (7): ***Laurie***, a ballad; ***Bill's Hit Tune*** — just a hopeful title [smile], but if it's played slow it has a quality of a French movie theme but the form and progressions are very nice for blowing. I wrote a tune for my son called ***Letter To Evan***, which I like very much.

We did a live album at the Village Vanguard three weeks ago and I included four new originals. One is named after Joe LaBarbera's baby daughter and is called ***Tiffany***. It's a nice melodic little waltz. There is one called ***Your Story*** which is kind of unusual. It has only one idea in it. It's a repetitious idea about the harmony and the form, moving in such a way that it gives a different meaning to that idea, as it appears each time. There's another one called ***Knit For Mary F*** which is based on two ideas: a repeated note idea and a three note motif. Then there's ***Yet Nere Broken*** that's a medium bright tune which just moves in a little different way.

I think you're someone who performs so beautifully, that a live performance of yours is, to me, the essence of jazz. There's no messing around.

You hit those peaks so often and you say, "Why couldn't we have gotten that one." As it worked out we recorded four nights out of the two weeks at the Village Vanguard. Wednesday and Thursday of the second week were going to be it and then we scheduled Sunday as a safety. Well, the first night was practically meaningless as we were getting sound together and we just didn't seem to be getting there at all. However, there were things that were better than I thought when I went back and listened to the tape. But the next night was appreciably better and by the last set we were beginning to get there. As it turns out I think I used a couple of things from that last set on Thursday night.

By now I saw that this was on the upgrade and I knew that Friday and Saturday were probably going to be the peak. So I said to Helen Keane why don't we schedule this for the rest of the week. She was a little bit hesitant because it's quite expensive so I said let's do tomorrow night anyhow and then Sunday. So Friday night was quite a good night, throughout. It was decent but sure enough, Saturday was the night! That was the one we didn't record. Always the peak night. But we got some good stuff and have enough material for two albums plus twelve to fifteen minutes, so we can discard one or two tunes that we feel are the weakest. I don't know whether they are going to accept the idea of two albums but there's material I hate to give up (12).

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*TURN ON THE STARS * BILL EVANS * THE COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY * BY PETER H. LARSEN*

This 125-page book is attractively laid out and printed. It includes a short biography, photographs, indexes of musicians and tune titles, recordings made in tribute to Bill Evans as well as a complete listing of his commercially released recordings. In addition there are listings of tapes from broadcasts and concerts which Peter Larsen feels are well-enough recorded to be considered for release at some future date.

As has been the case with David Wild's discographies and those published by Micrography in Holland, each session is numbered chronologically for easy reference, and all the usual information is given as well, including album titles. Session 164 lists the music performed by the trio at Camp Fortune, Ottawa in July 1964. This was a concert organised by the CBC and recorded by them for broadcast at a later date. Like other LPs on CanAm (Oscar Peterson, Thelonious Monk, Dave Brubeck) these purport to be Canadian productions. While it is true that all the material comes from CBC sources it is more likely that the records are of US origin despite the information on the sleeves. Supporting this premise is the fact that the records are nonexistent in Canadian stores except as US imports!

All in all this complete Bill Evans discography is an exemplary work. It is available direct from Peter H. Larsen at 41 Lyngskraenten, DK2840 Holte, Denmark for US$11.00 postpaid. It can also be found at jazz specialty stores on a worldwide basis. — ***John Norris***

CODA MAGAZINE WRITERS CHOICE FOR 1984

BRIAN AUERBACH (San Francisco) — [1] Max Roach and Cecil Taylor - Historic Concerts - Soul Note 1100/1 [2] Joe McPhee - Oleo - Hat Musics 3514 [3] John Carter - A Suite Of Early American Folk Pieces For Solo Clarinet - Moers 2014 [4] Abdullah Ibrahim - Ekaya - Ekapa 005 [5] Henry Threadgill Sextet - Just The Facts And Pass The Bucket - About Time 1005 [6] Steve Lacy - Blinks - Hat Art 2006 [7] Rhythm Of Resistance - Music Of Black South Africa - Shanachie 43018 [8] Jazz Composer's Orchestra - Communication - Fontana (Japan) 681.011 [9] New York Art Quartet - Mohawk - Fontana (Japan) 681.009 [10] Carla Bley, Mike Mantler, Steve Lacy etc. - Jazz Realities - Fontana (Japan) 881.010 [11] John Tchicai, Archie Shepp etc. - Rufus - Fontana (Japan) 881.014 [12] Thelonious Monk - The Complete Blue Note Recordings - Mosaic 4-101

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GIL EVANS

with the Contemporary Composers Cooperative Orchestra
The Music Gallery, Toronto
December 2, 1984

Each of us has always had our own 'stars,' or heroes, in music. From my first experiences listening to jazz, Gil Evans has been one of mine. Years ago, when I was listening to the Jefferson Airplane, they had a song based on ***Ulysses*** called ***ReJoyce***. I read an interview with Grace Slick where she confessed that the horn voicings on that particular piece had been "stolen from Gil Evans." Curiosity led me to investigate who this person Gil Evans was. I managed to find a copy of "Out Of The Cool," and listened to it many times. Eventually I found out that Gil Evans had been born in Toronto on May 13, 1912, that he had very little formal training, and that he learned his art in the heyday of the big bands, writing arrangements for commercial dance orchestras. During the forties with Claude Thornhill he perfected the first version of the famous big band sound that "floated like a cloud." A sound that in fact was too ethereal to survive the keep-swinging imperatives of dance music, especially in the face of that milieu's postwar decline. Later in the forties, in New York City, Evans was part of the struggling, dedicated, mostly impoverished group of 'bebop researchers' involved with bringing instrumental versions of the song form to their highest possible level of development. Some of his arrangements from this period are recorded under Miles Davis's name on "Birth Of The Cool."

However, it was not until Evans was almost fifty that he made the music for which he is most famous. This is documented on a series of recordings for Pacific Jazz, Columbia, Verve and Impulse, which represent an apex of jazz arranging that only Ellington himself could equal. Central to Gil Evans's concept of the jazz orchestra is the improvising soloist, and on those records we can hear Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Kenny Burrell, Johnny Coles, Steve Lacy, Jimmy Knepper, Budd Johnson, Paul Chambers, Elvin Jones and many more great improvisers. Since that time Evans has continued, as always, to pursue his art at the expense of commercial success. His dedication would be endearing even if he were less talented; as it is he has produced some of the most brilliant orchestral music in jazz. Eventually, he chose to follow the directions that Miles Davis and others took in the application of electric instruments to 'fusion' music. The advisability of that direction must be left to the listener's own tastes. At best, one hopes that it would have brought Evans a large, new young audience. To the best of my knowledge, that didn't happen with his album of Jimi Hendrix tunes, or with his more recent upsurge in recording activity (mostly on small European labels). The fame he has now came about gradually through many years of work. He has simply kept living in New York and making his music whenever and however he could. If an invitation to rehearse and perform with a big band in the city of his birth means that a new generation now recognises him as a major figure, so much the better, even if such recognition has only arrived after he has reached his seventies.

In a situation such as this, ideally a composer would be invited by an orchestra of his peers — or at least, musicians working in similar areas of endeavour — so that the resulting music could take place in a spirit of equal collaboration. Next most preferable would be that the performing musicians would be fully conversant with the composer's own idiom — yet the language of jazz changes so quickly that it is not possible that Evans would find in Toronto, in 1984, musicians who could play his music as well as the above-named musicians did. The next most desirable situation would be that an orchestra existed that already had a strong character of its own, which through its interpretation could cast Evans's music into new forms. This is not true of the Contemporary Composers Cooperative Orchestra; because of the problems with time, money and commitment large groups face, it has not yet undergone the intense process of playing together that is necessary for a group of any size to forge a character of its own.

So, as none of these alternatives were available, what actually did take place?

For me, it was a rare opportunity to see one of my own musical heroes in person. Just to see Gil Evans playing the piano, directing the band and walking around in his enormous shoes was worth the price of admission. Seeing him in rehearsal was interesting, as he took a very easygoing approach to the band, perhaps even giving the musicians more latitude than they wanted in the interpretation of his scores. As a result, passages that seemed to call for group improvised obbligati were filled instead with rather cautious noodling. Indeed, even when the music was played adequately, there was something missing in the relationship between an arranger-composer and an improvising orchestra — that if the players do not match him in inspiration or experience, they must at least share with him a breadth of vision and a sense of adventure, and in this the orchestra fell short. Because I had heard most of the players before, I wasn't surprised that most of them soloed as if they were trying to please the pizza-eaters at George's. However, to hear an adventurer of seventy conducting an orchestra of rather conservative players in their twenties and thirties is an unsettling experience. In the second set, for a few minutes there was the sense of drama which, above all, Evans has always tried to incorporate into the jazz big band sound, when an unaccompanied saxophone solo by altoist Rob Frayne segued into ***Goodbye Porkpie Hat***. The rest consisted of some great arrangements, dutifully played, with solos; a fairly average big band concert. Perhaps it didn't do justice to Evans's greatest music but then, a concert featuring him and his music has been long overdue in Toronto and, as a fan, I was grateful to see him at all. ***— David Lee***

LARRY NOZERO QUARTET

Jonathan's Jazz Cellar
Charlotte, North Carolina
December 1984

Out-of-town groups on Monday and Tuesday nights? That was at least the tentative policy when the Larry Nozero Quartet opened the brand new Jonathan's Jazz Cellar. Listeners who may have become acquainted with Nozero through his recent pop-oriented quartet album ("Up To Your Neck," Larcon 1001) were perhaps surprised to find an unequivocal acoustic jazz group. I was surprised from another direction. The last time I heard Nozero was about fifteen years ago in his native Detroit. At that time he was fresh out of the Army, playing mostly tenor and doubling on all the saxes and flute. He was "the young tenor man to watch," an exciting, off-the-wall blower drawing on (it seemed to me) Coltrane, Joe Henderson, Wayne Shorter and Sam Rivers, with occasional Getzian touches. His repertoire leaned toward whatever were the 'hip' new tunes of the moment, via his favourite tenorists and the various writers for Miles Davis's groups. Since those days I knew he had travelled with such bands as Henry Mancini's and Xavier Cugat's and returned to Detroit, but I had little idea what he sounded like.

One thing which has changed is Nozero's main axe. At Jonathan's he played chiefly alto, doubling only on flute. His current repertoire favours Duke, Bird and standards, plus some contributions from the little known Detroit tenorist, composer and teacher Jimmy Stefanson. Nozero always liked the upper register; to me the alto sounds like his natural voice. Or maybe it is just that he has matured and progressed technically. Whatever has changed, his two strongest points, honest excitement and the ability to sustain a mood at ***any*** tempo, remain.

Of the sidemen, all Detroit residents, drum-

MIKE WHITE and ALEX DEAN
GIL EVANS (photograph by Brock May, Outside Exposure)

mer Dan Spencer is the best known, and was prominently featured. He is not the light-footed, witty, rudimental type of drummer, a la Philly Joe Jones, but a builder of all-out excitement in the general manner of Elvin Jones or Tony Williams. The audience loved him. Bassist John Dana is another one I lost track of fifteen years ago. My Detroit memory is of his bass lines reminding me not of other bassists so much as Sonny Rollins, a thought which, over the years, has caused me to wonder about my ears/memory. As of December 1984, I can report that John Dana still puts me in mind of Sonny Rollins. Pianist John Kanelenic seems to have listened to Oscar Peterson, and he has the technique and ears to make this sometimes dubious influence work for him.

The group failed to find a groove on some tunes, but others worked very well. These occasional failures served to accentuate what was for me the strongest point of the program — pacing and variety. The programming of familiar standards and less widely known tunes, ballads and up-tempos, alto and flute, solo features for the individual players, etc., was superb and could well be emulated by some bigger-name groups.

Though I didn't know exactly what musical fare to expect, I did go to Jonathan's confident of hearing four proven jazzmen. As for the club, I brought no expectations, and was amazed. I don't know when I've enjoyed a room more. The word 'cellar' tips you off that the room is dark and downstairs, but there was nothing reminiscent of the quote from Guido Caccianti of San Francisco's famous Blackhawk, "I've slaved for years to keep this place a sewer." That was cute to say, but did anyone ever really enjoy being in a sewer? For myself, while I will endure much, I'll take comfort and cleanliness in a jazz room whenever I can get it. This Jonathan's has; one particularly nice touch is that the tables in the front third of the room are set up so that everyone faces the stand.

Need I say that the sound, and the piano, are excellent? There are certain rooms which have what I would call "organically" good sound, as though hundreds of musicians feeling good had exuded something which seeps into the walls and affects not just the sound but the actual quality of performance. Jonathan's doesn't have that, at least not yet (my visit came on the second night they were open for business). What the room does have is "technically" good sound — state-of-the-art technically good sound — which is more than enough to be thankful for with so many terrible listening rooms around.

There are a lot more details I could mention, but one which appeals to me is coffee. I have never understood why so many clubs are so intent on alcohol sales that they totally neglect caffeine, which should be equally profitable. It can sure help you justify staying for that last set.

Maybe the best thing about Jonathan's is the attitude of the management — that jazz is an art form to be listened to. During the first set the room was, as Nozero charitably put it, "a little chatty." Turned out that someone had sold a large block of tickets to a bank for an employees' party. So a lot of people were present who hadn't come to hear music at all. They ***were*** spending more money than us drink nursers in the front of the room, but that didn't stop the management from asking for quiet and reminding all present that there were other places to party.

The projected policy for Jonathan's is name groups on Mondays and Tuesdays and a local group on weekends (one member of the new Jonathan's house band, flutist Tom Porter, sat in for a couple of flute duets). The club is located right in downtown Charlotte, on Spirit Square where most other major cultural events take place. There's a good restaurant upstairs, easy parking — every reason for Jonathan's Jazz Cellar to become a focal point for jazz in the Carolinas. And it deserves our support.

— ***Bill McLarney***

JOHN ZORN/NED ROTHENBERG

Le Bruit Court, Montreal; October 29, 1984

"Musical blueprints," says one critic, a "composer of improvisational music" according to some, and "organised anarchy" for others: all of this only approximates the unorthodoxies of John Zorn's explorations into some of the more oblique corners of sound/music. Indeed, the question as to whether it is music or mere sound effects does come to mind upon first listening. Does playing a clarinet mouthpiece stuck on to a flute joint qualify as music? Better still: how musical is blowing through various mouthpieces and whistles in a bowl of water?

It's all musical according to Zorn himself. His 'music' must be considered in terms of strategies, to use one of his own terms. In so doing, he tries to create certain juxtapositions of sounds and textures in a totally spontaneous if not random manner. Zorn's performances are somewhat like 'happenings.' He sits before a table lined with assorted mouthpieces and whistles as well as a bowl of water and also a saxophone (yes, in one piece) strung around his neck. Then, all breaks loose; a screech here, a whistle there, a bubbling and gurgling sound in his bowl. Come to think of it, one could call such a performance a "soak-in." The public's reaction is somewhat ambiguous: are they enjoying it? Are they guffawing because they find it ludicrous or entertaining? It's hard to say.

And what brought him along to this most eclectic path? "Cartoon music" is his unexpected answer. "The great overlooked music of our time," he adds. To that effect, he takes time to watch those old Bugs Bunny classics of the forties and records them when he can. If one accepts all the associated sound effects found in those cartoons as being musical, then I can dig it.

Yet, for all the eclecticism, is it really jazz? If one accepts the Afro-American tradition as an operative definition, then one would have to say no. On the other hand, improvisation and freedom of form liken it to some of the principles underlying jazz. There might be something European in his approach, though he underlines quite emphatically that "my present way of playing is the result of a gradual evolution in my own thinking that occurred between 1974 and 1979." His music may have been shaped by such luminaries as Han Bennink, Misha Mengelberg or Evan Parker, but his routines are certainly his own and no one else's.

On this, his first tour of Quebec, he shared the bill with another instrumentalist, Ned Rothenberg, a most interesting musician who plays in a completely different style (see below). Zorn played the second part of the 'concert' and his performance seemed regrettably short, so it is difficult to form a cogent opinion after fifteen or twenty minutes of such unorthodox playing. The evening ended with a short duet, "the first time we had publicly played together," according to Rothenberg.

John Zorn's name is nevertheless starting to be known. His major exposure (beyond New York City) to the general public might be his contribution on the album dedicated to Thelonious Monk "The Way I Feel Now" on which he plays a very unusual version (to say the least) of a lesser known Monk tune ***Shuffle Boil***, duck calls and all. Hal Willner, the producer of the album, had personally asked Zorn, whom he already knew, to take part in that ambitious project of variable results. This brings me to the point where all detractors better think twice before concluding that he knows nothing of jazz. He says that he owns some 10,000 jazz records and judging by how accurate he was in identifying the piped-in music between sets (Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan of all players), I am sure that he would surprise anyone at a blindfold test.

Does he play 'conventionally' anymore? "Only when I play at home," he answers wryly. In any event, upon listening to John Zorn, I still wonder about the fine line between sound for sound's sake and sound as musical discourse. Though I have only heard him in a solo setting, he also engages in group playing too, being a member of the Golden Palominos, a sort of "melting pot of improvisational music." For the moment I can only reserve judgment on his playing for lack of more extensive listening. Nevertheless, I'm still intrigued to investigate further. Therefore, since acceptance is contingent on familiarity, I'll maintain a certain element of skepticism in the meantime, which, after all, is the critic's best friend.

Originally, I wanted my article to be a complete feature on John Zorn, but having heard Ned Rothenberg, I feel compelled to bring this man's talents to the public's attention. I was quite surprised to discover an instrumental approach which immediately drew my attention. Having played both saxophone and clarinet for some time, I had the opportunity to hear a musical approach which I had long mused about, namely, the systematic and structured use of multiphonics in a compositional framework. Not only did he use this in varied and subtle ways, but the simultaneous use of circular breathing made each of his solo explorations on both alto sax and bass clarinet particularly rewarding.

Each composition he introduced was based on gradual shifts of rhythm, not unlike those favoured by the minimalists, and various sound textures, which, at times, recalled the sound of diverse oriental mouth organs from China or Thailand as well as bagpipe sounds.

He too, like Zorn, is well versed in the tradition, and his admiration for Sonny Rollins comes to the fore in the very structure of his playing. Unlike Zorn, who has radically de-

parted from the common pathways of improvisation, I feel more of an extension thereof in Rothenberg's own approach. Though not a composer in a notational sense, or an improviser in the usual harmonic sense, his music bridges the gap between spontaneity and preparedness in a very personal way. The creative music of today is an array, and a very bewildering one at that; both Rothenberg and Zorn are actively exploring different avenues in different neighbourhoods. It's up to us to pick and choose and that is the fun of it, right?

— Marc Chénard

PARIS JAZZ FESTIVAL

Paris, France, November 6, 1984
GIL EVANS — BOBBY McFERRIN — MILES DAVIS

It feels strange walking into a sports arena to hear music. Tiers of seats running from floor to roof in this covered amphitheatre. Advertisements for Coca-Cola, yogurt, and a commercial bank on the central overhead speakers.

You expect a hockey team to skate in from the wings. Or a soccer match to begin — after all, this is Paris.

But no uniformed players appear at center ice. Only an electronic command centre hunkered down in the middle of the floor, its coloured lights blinking on and off a la Star Trek.

People file in inexorably and fill the huge stadium, all except for the seats behind the stage at one end of the oval. The crowd is restless. People are here to participate. Art as experience.

An orchestra is tuning up on the unlighted stage. When they get into a riff, or begin jamming to a regular beat, people start popping their fingers, anticipating.

Finally, the main lights go out, the stage lights go on, and the Gil Evans Big Band begins to play.

After ten minutes I am still waiting to hear Gil Evans. I hear some interesting, flashy Hendrix-style guitar playing. I see the guitar player jump around the stage. There is a heavy reliance on the bassist (the drums are drowned out through the amps). There are times when the rhythm is not in sync — no grand gaffes, but the crisp edge of the "Miles Ahead" Evans band is missing.

I close my eyes and think to myself — would you buy this record?

Finally, Mr. Evans gives us a glimpse of his genius. The repetitive heavy-handed fusion sounds are muted, and Evans's exquisite ensemble writing — particularly for the brass section — brings an uncontrollable smile.

His use of dynamics for a larger group is legendary. There are thrilling moments this evening: sharp, shouting brass dialogues, ending in dissonant crescendos, then sliding down in full orchestral glissandi to shimmering whispers; a superb flute solo played with absolute conviction; a bass player who provides a sure floor for the entire orchestra, a true time-keeper.

Satisfied at hearing some of the real Gil Evans, I am better able to accept the band's finale — a funk-jazz show stopper which brings the audience to its feet.

After a ten-minute intermission, Bobby McFerrin appears alone on the stage. Dressed in jeans and a sweater, wearing glasses, his hair cut close to his head, this thin young man proceeds to establish a profound and immediate rapport with ten thousand strangers.

It is well known by now that McFerrin uses his voice to make sounds. Joyful sounds. Some of these sounds are songs but some are pure sounds arranged spontaneously in a one-time creative act. You see the picture painted before you. On many occasions the audience becomes part of this creative process. Without words of introduction or instruction, McFerrin makes a chorus of the audience, assigning parts, controlling volume, indicating solos and unison sections.

There is no way to describe the deep sense of personal satisfaction one experiences participating in music with this great artist. He has the key. He opens the door to shared experience. With Bobby McFerrin you sidestep fear and mistrust, and let music happen around you and through you. How does he do it?

McFerrin has trained his entire body to bring out music, from himself and from those around him. His breathing is under such control that he can sing both parts of a baroque piano sonata simultaneously, interweaving left hand and right hand figures so that one hears the two distinct parts of the piece as if two musicians were playing. A vertical approach to an essentially horizontal duality.

McFerrin's precision in performing these continually changing intervals is awe inspiring. Yet there is nothing mechanical in his presentation. The entire piece is grounded in those impeccable visceral rhythms which McFerrin establishes — with his voice, with his hands, with his feet — and which underlie every McFerrin piece, regardless of musical category.

At the end of his scheduled performance tonight, the crowd rises to its feet with a roar. When McFerrin does not immediately reappear, they begin a thunderous stamping of feet and clapping of hands, until he returns for an encore.

He is called back a second time with the same result. Finally, the organisers are forced to use full house lights and call for an intermission. Time is running short. Miles is next.

After a fifteen-minute break, the Miles Davis Septet appears. Miles, the acknowledged Grand Master of the evening, the other six, competent soloists all. The guitarist especially fluent and inventive.

In time-honoured fashion, Miles lets the others state themes and melodies, then comments on them along the way. His stabs and pushes, his use of long spaces between comments, the sense of colour as opposed to form in his playing, all are familiarly gratifying.

But as I listen to the muted trumpet, toying with space and tonality, I wait for something to happen.

It never did.

I went home, turned on the stereo, put on "Relaxin'," and listened to the great Miles Davis.

— John Kliphan

JAZZFEST BERLIN

November 1 - 4, 1984

The Jazzfest Berlin 1984 had five main areas: one featuring an instrument, the clarinet; one featuring a personality, drummer-leaders; one featuring a country, Italy; one featuring a musical style, White Rhythm & Blues; and the obligatory actualities — Stephane Grappelli - Stanley Clarke and Miroslav Vitous - Michele Rosewoman's "New Yor-Uba."

The White R&B concerts are really not worth reviewing, not on the principle of jazz purism but because the groups were so bad and backward that the audience ran out of the Philharmonie, which is definitely the wrong place for dance music. That meant that the flop was the organisers' doing. With reference to Umberto Eco's definition (taken from his book which is a "critical critique of mass culture") the groups' music could be called kitsch: "Kitsch results from cutting off a stylistic means from its context and putting it into another context." With regard to the communicative aspect, Gershwin's ***Rhapsody In Blue***, for example, becomes kitsch if listened to as a symphony. To give a complete impression of the programme, I shall just drop the names of those groups concerned: NRBQ and the Whole Wheat Horns with John Sebastian (ex-member and composer of Loving Spoonful); The Nighthawks and John Hammond; The Fabulous Thunderbirds; and Los Lobos, melding R&B with Tex-Mex.

It might seem paradoxical that Stephane Grappelli, the legendary fiddler of the first moments of European jazz, who had toured with Django Reinhardt fifty years ago, was now presented as an actuality. His comeback already dates from 1969. New, however, is his present trio with Marc Fosset (guitar) and Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen, who once played with Albert Ayler in Copenhagen and with other giants of jazz. No matter how old the trio's style is, their music sounds fresh due to its filigreed elegance.

The other actuality for Berlin was Michele Rosewoman's "New Yor-Uba," "a musical celebration of Cuba in America." Rosewoman's percussive piano play was inconveniently inflexible alongside the plenitude of additive rhythms of the batas and congas. She also did not manage to centre the music which kind of fell apart. I dare say that Baikida Carroll, Oliver Lake, Howard Johnson and Bob Stewart have seen better times of Great Black Music. As third actuality Stanley Clarke and Miroslav Vitous played with the confrontation of acoustic and electric sounds.

The festival organisers felt that the clarinet is an instrument that nearly disappeared in jazz in favour of the saxophone. They featured the clarinet in order to free it from its conservative image as an instrument only used in big-band music. This viewpoint can, however, only be shared by those who are still ignoring Dolphy, Hampel and Braxton as well as Perry Robinson, Michel Portal and Peter Brotzmann as the most important clarinet players for the development of creative music. The Jazzfest organisers regard Theo Jorgensmann as the musician who updated the clarinet. He played with Georg Grawe (piano) and Paul Lytton, who did his fascinating sound-painting on drums. I think Jorgensmann is overrated, which becomes obvious when he played in a duo with John Carter, who was, for me, the most wonderful discovery of this year's festival. He has mast-

JOHN CARTER (photograph by Enrico Romero)

ered the technique of playing two independent voices simultaneously to a level of perfection I have never heard before on clarinet. Besides his multiphonics, his clear articulation in unusually high registers is just phenomenal.

Peter Brotzmann was invited to the Jazzfest to work for three days on a Clarinet Project. He chose Tony Coe, Ernst-Ludwig Petrowsky, J.D. Parran, Louis Sclavis and John Zorn as clarinet players; Toshinori Kondo on trumpet; Alan Tomlinson and Johannes Bauer on trombone as well as William Parker, bass, and Tony Oxley, drums, both very inventive and much more than just the rhythm section. Within the prearranged framework there was room for group and solo improvisation. The spectrum of the orchestra ranged from exciting high-register notes audible to bats, reminiscent of Globe Unity's musical explosions, to the rare moments of 'chamber music.' I feel that Johannes Bauer and Louis Sclavis were about the only ones who had something substantial to express and who did it with visible joy of playing. It seemed that some musicians wanted to conceal their weariness and partial triviality of their music by clownlike stage action. And the dissasembling of instruments is just a stale joke if not used to make music with the produced sounds and to interact or consciously not interact with the other musicians. More substantial and beautiful was the part in which the clarinets were presented in different styles: free-jazz-like, big-band-like, suitable for a cafe-bar, and for classical music. However, the clarinet's extraordinary potential of modulation was hardly used to express a more differentiated message within the organised chaos. The audience's insistent demand for encores was not responded to.

Another musician, Hamiet Bluiett, was asked to provide a "Clarinet Family" for his concert in Berlin. He brought over Dwight Andrews, Don Byron, Buddy Collette, Gene Ghee, Edward "Kid" Jordan, J.D. Parran and John Purcell alongside Fred Hopkins on bass and Ronnie Burrage on drums. Their music was somewhat contradictory: notated eruptions; nicely arranged big band parts and beautiful ballads brashly interrupted by outbursts of free jazz; some inventive solo improvisations accompanied by standardized swing; collective free jazz improvisations performed in a Las Vegas show-biz style, maybe indicating an ironic distance to Bluiett's once-unbroken free music of the old days with his colleagues of the Black Artists' Group, some of whom played in the above-mentioned "New Yor-Uba." The trend of Black Music towards 'Freedom Swing' was programatically heralded at last year's Jazzfest by David Murray.

Jimmy Giuffre, known as an important solo clarinet player since the early fifties, performed free jazz that was exactly the opposite of phony. He and his musicians (Pete Levin, keyboards; Bob Nieske, bass; Randy Kaye, drums and percussion) played very, very quietly and lyrically. Even the jazz purists who reject his quartet's softly undulated ECM-like sound had to admit that Giuffre's tone on clarinet has much body and is uniquely sensuous.

Eddie Daniels showed his virtuosity on clarinet in a ***Quintet In D Minor*** composed by Jorge Calandrelli for Daniels, executed with a string quartet in Berlin as a world premiere. Behind this bombastic tag appeared a quickly-dubbed blend of different classical styles with a dominating neo-romantic touch. This concert was the Jazzfest's opener. The music of Daniels in a duo with Jack Wilkins on guitar, did not show more than unsignificant beauty either, however.

The Artie Shaw Orchestra brought to mind the star role of the clarinet in the Swing era. Artie Shaw, at that time one of the 'clarinetistic' biggies, has given the solo clarinet parts to Dick Johnson and restricts himself only to conducting his big band. They played some of the old numbers, with Shaw talking about each song's legend and history, making clear that he is dealing with music of the past even though some of the songs were re-arranged, in proper style without fashionable tittle-tattle. On the other hand, he is, as he said in a ***New York Times*** interview, "interested in seeing if history can repeat, or at least go to the same point in a spiral." The audience celebrated this big band's rebirth and its intelligently arranged and professionally executed 'good time' music. One of their numbers was a version of Gershwin's ***Summertime***. Those listeners who know Albert Ayler's interpretation might have remembered that music can be so much more than just making the feet rock.

More clarinet playing by Andy Statman showed the Berlin audience that the clarinet has its place in the music of the East European Jews and how it sounds after having gone through New York's urbanisation process. His Klezmer Orchestra (with Marty Confurius, bass; Bob Jones, guitar; David Steinberg, trumpet and French horn) played dances, folk songs, wedding songs — up-tunes as well as sad tunes. The different instruments had their own roles with partial or even total rhythmic independence in respect to each other, and to a degree I had never expected in 'simple' folk music. They also changed their roles from supporting the melody to doing the sound-painting or to creating the song's mood.

Another kind of folk music came from Sardinia, masterfully played by a group from within the Enrico Rava Italian Project. Luigi Lay and Mauro Palma performed incredibly on the launedda, two reed flutes that are played simultaneously using circular breathing. Its sound reminds one a bit of bagpipes. The launeddas' overflowing density of sounds was even heightened by Elena Ledda's melismatic singing. This project was included in the festival's programme to show the contrast between jazz of the north and of the south of Italy as well as between urban and rural jazz. Apart from the fact that it could be argued whether the term 'jazz' is suitable for improvised folk music, there was nearly no interaction between the folk and the jazz musicians, and probably was not the intention. The Sardi went backstage while the jazzmen were playing, and the folk music was rudely interrupted by the jazz musicians, whose music sounded very poor compared with the preceding complexity. The project's participants, besides Enrico Rava, were Furio DiCastri (bass), Ettore Fioravanti (drums), Gigi Lomuto (trombone), Augusto Mancinelli (guitar), Pino Minafra (trumpet), Pietro Tonolo and Gianluigi Trovesi (saxes), and Antonello Sardis (piano, accordion). Only Pino Minafra's trumpet playing broke through the group's simplicity.

The other Italian group, Enrico Pieranunzi Trio with Pieranunzi (piano), Enzo Pietropaoli (bass), Fabrizio Sferra (drums) and special guest Massimo Urbani (sax) was not more convincing. Mainly Pieranunzi's long solo concert was not at

all 'al dente.' It was too inanimate for improvisation and too much at random for instant composition. All four musicians together were much too talkative.

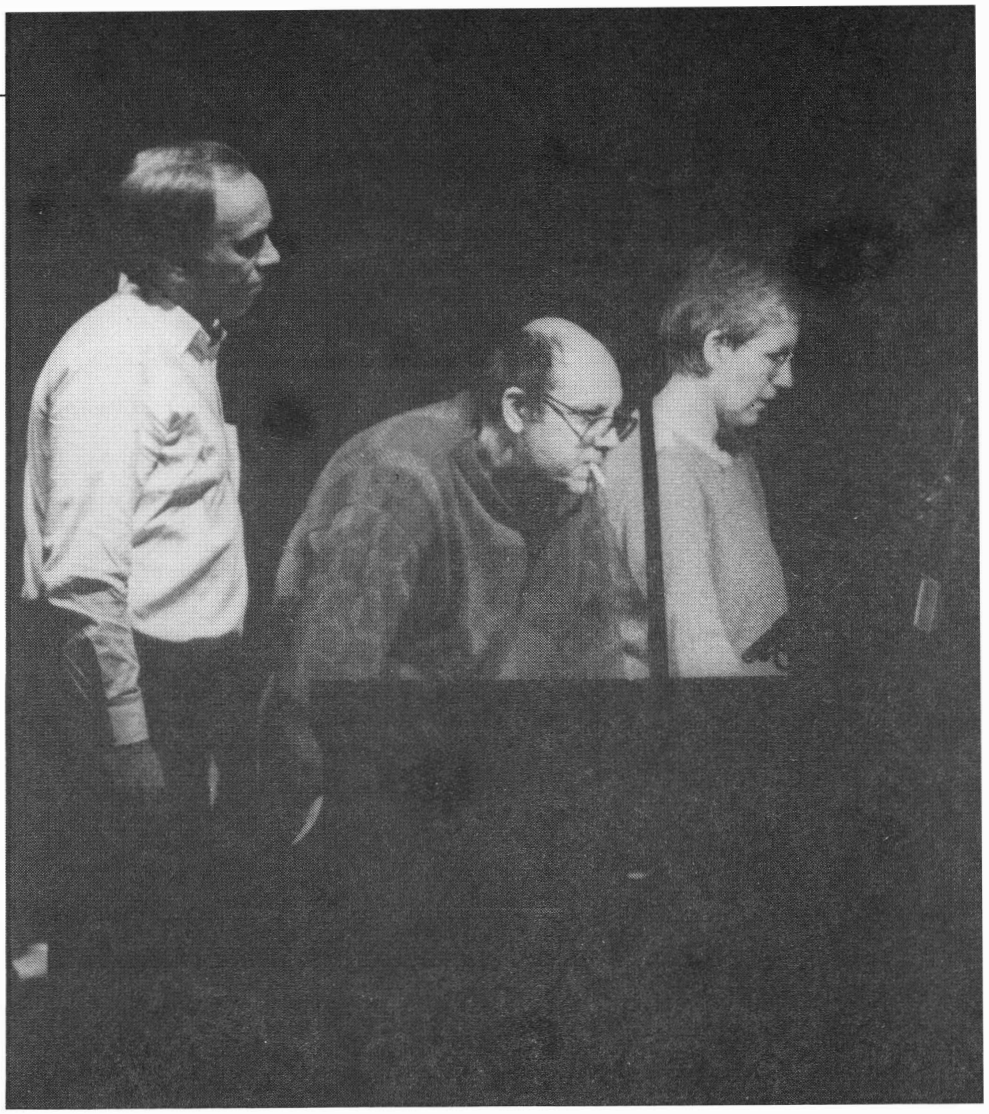
George Gruntz, the Jazzfest's organiser, cannot have meant these two groups as being representative of the Italian jazz scene, since this would anyway not be possible. But it is significant that he had chosen groups whose music takes the line of least resistance to get a hearing.

As for the last subject, drummer-leaders, within this you could hear and see Ronald Shannon Jackson dominating his Decoding Society (Akbar Ali, violin; Rev. Bruce Johnson, bass; Eric Pearson, sax; Vernon Reid, guitar) and Bob Moses, whose drumming allowed a group communication on equal terms between him and Bill Frisell (guitar), Jerome Harris (bass), Bob Mintzer (tenor sax) and Tiger Okoshi (trumpet) while, with his eccentric outfit (Indian chief headdress) and behaviour, he tried to absorb the audience's attention. The drummer Paul Motian presented a band with Joe Lovano (clarinet, flute, soprano and tenor sax), Jim Pepper (soprano and tenor sax), Ed Schuller and Bill Frisell, who, in this combination, was able to attract the full attention of the audience with his virtuosic, wild and fast guitar playing. The multiplicity of his artistic expression and musical ideas was the greatest blessing besides Motian's obtrusive and mono-accentuated, fixed rhythm. Buddy Rich undeniably was the centre and the motor of his fourteen-man orchestra. As so often in the reception of art, the audience disagreed with his ostentatiously patriarchal behaviour but celebrated his big band's music. Contrary to Artie Shaw, Buddy Rich does not raise questions as to the (ir)retreivability of big band jazz. He presented the Swing without any nostalgic retrospect. One and a half decades after free jazz groups made individual expression possible, and not only for the respective soloists, Rich inhibitedly and self-consciously forces his musicians into unified reed, brass and rhythm sections. All musicians played very accurately, like robots, including Buddy Rich. His timing is as precise as clockwork and yet he moves with striking grace and charm, thus jeopardising the contradiction between machinelike accuracy and flexibility and beauty.

The Dirty Dozen Brass Band was not filed into any of the Jazzfest's categories, nor could their music be labelled. They crumpled together Swing, New Orleans, Bebop and Free Jazz and made it Street Music, furnishing evidence for eclecticism as a positive value. The audience had a ball.

This year's Berlin Jazzfest broke through the borders of jazz in more than one respect (last year it was mainly promoting Indian music). The listener was invited to travel between folk and funk, swing and rock, free jazz and bebop, sophisticated classical compositions and dirty street music. Enjoying the festival became more than ever before a question of taste, definition of quality and musical ideology as well as of the demand either for entertainment or for emancipation: that of the musician from everything restricting creativity, and that of the listener from passive consumption. If the Jazzfest sticks in the future to its decision mainly in favour of diverting entertainment to pass the time, the enormous subsidies for the show should be questioned. Let's hope that George Gruntz will find a way next year to an open concept of all that is jazz instead of this year's all that jazz.

— Ellen Brandt



FRED VAN HOVE, MISHA MENGELBERG, IRENE SCHWEIZER (photograph by Dagmar Gebers)

TOTAL MUSIC MEETING '84

Berlin, West Germany, November 1984

Many thanks to Jost Gebers who made it possible that Free Music Production — despite all its money problems — could organise the Total Music Meeting parallel to the Jazzfest Berlin. An entirely extraordinary idea was realised: "The Piano Project," piano pure and full. The following sixteen piano players from eleven countries played six-hour nonstop concerts three nights long —

Bernhard Arndt, Federal Republic of Germany; Curtis Clark, USA; Marilyn Crispell, USA; Bobby Few, USA; Ulrich Gumpert, German Democratic Republic; Guus Janssen, Netherlands; Misha Mengelberg, Netherlands; Sakis Papadimitriou, Greece; Alexander von Schlippenbach, Federal Republic of Germany; Howard Riley, Great Britain; Irene Schweizer, Switzerland; Aki Takase, Japan; Fred van Hove, Belgium; Urs Voerkel, Switzerland; Patrick Vollat, France; and Per-Henrik Wallin, Sweden.

Three pianos were on the stage of the "Quartier Latin," on which the musicians played as soloists, as duos and as trios, mostly changing each half hour. The musicians let themselves be restricted to groups of three members by the number of pianos. However, on two nights nearly all piano players took part in a community piece, two pianos played at four hands while the third was used for constant solos.

It is almost impossible to review the playing of all sixteen musicians as soloists and members of different groups, to say nothing of listening for five or six hours without interruption and with total concentration. On the other hand it would be against the project's intention to catalogue the different musicians according to their musical style and way of playing, reduce them to one common denominator and deal with them on the basis of these artificially constructed labels. The main attraction of the piano project lay in discovering the variety within the unity and in hearing how completely different personalities made totally different music using the same instrument, how they made it sound so different and in noticing how they respond to each other, provoking and inspiring one another.

Within the wealth of variations one tendency came to light, however: the development towards more structured improvisation, the reflection of musical traditions and their playful workouts, the balanced proportion of the destruction of old and the construction of new musical contents. Due to this determination to

artistic shaping, the listener was not just exposed to the music but could discern the improvisations' architecture and could actively participate in the process. Once again, the common prejudice was disproved, that improvised music must get lost in anarchistic randomness. The cliche of free jazz being mainly phony and undifferentiated was laid to rest.

Bobby Few performed a convincing structuring of musical development within his free playing. Out of his pearl-like clusters, played with a fascinating technique (he tears the keys with his fingernails and knuckle joints like harp strings), he conjured up a "China" motif that became the starting point of a musical world trip, on which Shanghai and Chicago are just a stone's throw apart. Few's playing is swinging and swaying, bobbing and weaving between the distinguished working-out of blues themes, the lustful and voluptuous decomposition of a Sinatra song, uncommented quotations to subtle insinuations and vague allusions. Curtis Clark, who was very reserved even in his solos and whose tentative deliberations brought out very gentle, nearly melancholic improvisations, remained in the background in his duo with Bobby Few and served him as an inspiring supplier of cues.

Apart from Clarke there was only Ulrich Gumpert who touched the keys as audibly measured. He made thoughtful silence a constitutent part of his instant composing, his rests were not blank spots of fantasy but were giving time for the chords to reverberate in the ear and air.

Guus Janssen partly dealt with the working-out of classics. He distorted quotations up to the point of their disentanglement into the diffuse, or, vice versa, finished with the quotation of a sonata after excessive free playing. Unlike Bobby Few, his alienations of well-known musical material was based on his brilliantly mastered art to slip in 'wrong' notes. The dissonant notes are emphasized by their strangeness within their harmonic structure (the procedure is comparable to that of Christo, who makes objects visible by wrapping them up). Alex von Schlippenbach, on the contrary, embedded the dissonances in the runs so that they nearly disappeared. He arranged his atonal agglutinations of chords as if it were at stake to make the dissonances palatable. Schlippenbach started with an extremely static playing with minimal variations of chords and abruptly switched over to a turbulent dynamic. He kept the overview of the precalculating designer, even in the most excessive runs. In the duo with Bernhard Arndt, the overflowing sound cascades formed an exciting contrast to the tiny tone-figurations which Arndt constructed with a sparkling swing. In the trio with Howard Riley, the sound density was pushed towards a limit where individual musical events could not be identified any more. Riley's execution of non-thematic musical ideas seemed very compact. This effect was stressed by Marilyn Crispell's playing, which is of extreme density. The introverted, nearly hermetic style and the inclination towards the concertante was opened in the trio by Irene Schweizer's rhythmical stamping on the stage floor, scratching the piano strings with scrapers, drumming them with sticks, preparing the strings with bells and other objects and rhythmical slamming of the keyboard cover. These elements of sound production, by which Schweizer consciously disregards the normal use of the instrument, are an integrated and constitutive part of her playing, whose most striking characteristic is its percussive style. Sakis Papadimitriou used the piano strings with natural obviousness as an instrument of its own. In a duo with Urs Voerkel, both musicians ignored the piano keys completely and made their music exclusively on the inside of the piano. Patrick Vollat used the keys as well as the strings. It was bewildering how he conjured the most crazy, astonishing, removed and displaced sound-accumulations, not by plucking the strings or preparing them, but by well-contrived combinations of chords. His agglomerations alternated with excessive cluster playing, which Vollat controlled and transparently structured.

Aki Takase limited herself to the piano keys. She used provoking raggedness and manic repetition and variation of motifs as the structuring principle. But she could just as well convince with a fluently played theme of Charlie Parker. The three pianists from the Benelux countries turned their virtuosic mastery of technique into the self-evident precondition for the playful and even humourous way to deal with this virtuosity itself and the musical material. In their trio, the three individual artists seemed to realise their musical ideas completely independent of each other. Nevertheless they enabled the listener to organise interrelations towards musical communication. The pianists pulled out all the stops of their mastery and diversity of expression from breathtaking successions of chords, running clusters, percussive playing, integrating the whole grand piano including the wooden frame. It was like dealing with miracles when, in their playing full of innuendos, they suddenly made transparent what was latently prepared long before. In his solo, Mengelberg electrified with his witty decompositions of well-known jazz themes as well as with his pointed collages of quotations. Even when he was working on the keys with his whole fist, and he did this with the greatest of ease, he turned up with highly pronounced and differentiated unfoldings. Yet Mengelberg permanently called into question his technical perfection and constructivism in substance. When he dropped cigarette ashes on his trousers, he interrupted his playing to shake off the ashes. Similar gestures happened more than once and they could be programatically interpreted to signal that ultimately the music must be subordinated to the musician and that the musician does not make himself the slave of his own perfection. Mengelberg had a subtle and lustful interaction with Per-Henrik Wallin who was able to express a due proportion of self-irony within his musical contents. He masterfully played some Gershwin song with one hand while the other hand completely independently played some blues. He never presented his etude-like improvisations unbrokenly and playfully left in suspense his attitude toward musical heritage. The already-ironicised material that Wallin furnished was disrespectfully but lovingly worked out to a musical satire by Mengelberg. He concluded not only his own playing but the whole Total Music Meeting with a little lieder, and once again it was left open, if this was a pleasantly undogmatic confession to allow — among other things — pure harmony at a meeting of total music. ***— Ellen Brandt***

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADIAN NOTES — The **Boss Brass**'s "All In Good Time" Innovation LP won the 1984 Juno Award as best jazz record... **Phil Nimmons** is now part of the University of Toronto's music faculty. The Jazz Ensemble gave a concert on December 1 at the MacMillan Theatre under Phil's direction... A strong lineup of blues talent continues to pass through Toronto's Albert's Hall. **Son Seals** was there over the New Year and was followed, in January, by a visit from **Blind John Davis**. **Matt Murphy**, **Albert Collins** and **Mose Allison** are among the upcoming attractions... Legendary Chicago guitarist **Homesick James** was at the Rivoli January 17-19... ***Nelson Symonds: Jazz Guitarist*** is the title of Mary Ellen Davis's recently completed documentary film about the Montreal guitarist. The 27-minute film contains musical sequences and interviews. Distribution is through Main Film, 4060 Boul. St-Laurent, Suite 303, Montreal, Que. H2W 1Y9... The 1985 Banff Jazz Workshop runs from July 15 to August 9. New faculty members this year are **Cecil Taylor** and **Manfred Eicher**. The program is under the direction of **Dave Holland** and the returning teachers are John Abercrombie, Jay Clayton, Steve Coleman, Julian Priester, Marvin Smith, Don Thompson and Kenny Wheeler... RCA is planning to release items from the Doctor Jazz catalogue in Canada. — ***John Norris***

TORONTO — Well, we do seem to have survived the Orwellian fantasy of 1984, and although many of the predictions of 'big brother' have come to pass, it seems that musically there has been a backward step in many people's attitudes, causing me to wonder if some kind of reversal process is in operation, and in reality we have returned to 1948. If this is so, then 1985 (1958) would make us zoom forward a complete decade. I cannot imagine at this point what would occur in 1988.

In spite of my somewhat dismal opening paragraph, Toronto, unlike most Canadian cities, has been very active, and once again this has been due, not to the traditional idea of the 'jazz club,' but to the independent entrepreneur. There has been an unusual amount of traditional blues music at the Rivoli, which has been promoted by French music enthusiast Serge Sloimovits, and some of this activity is reviewed in the next column. Gary Topp, who is more connected to the pop world, brought **Ornette Coleman** and Prime Time to Larry's in November, and although this performance was greeted with mixed feelings, there was no doubt about the energy this event generated. **Elvin Jones**'s quartet also came in November, and was greeted by a very large and very young audience, which could well be a good sign for the future. I myself found the music less than original, but to hear Elvin is indeed a treat. As I was leaving, one of the younger members of the audience, who was more impressed than I, qualified his enthusiasm by pointing out that I had the advantage of hearing the John Coltrane quartet for real, giving me an advantageous perspective. Promoter Dan Gugula has been consistently active presenting numerous events in different club locations, none of which I was able to attend. Among the players presented was **Dave Liebman**, who has just become a ***Coda*** writer (watch for his reviews in future issues) and he also has a new record released on the Canadian label From Bebop To Now. In a local paper it has been reported that Gugula has planned a five-day jazz festival to take place at Roy Thompson Hall from June 18 to June 22.

One major activity is the relocation of the Music Gallery, which had its grand opening in October. Already a series of well-attended concerts has been presented there. This apart from the regular **CCMC** Thursday night concerts. Local guitarist and composer Tim Brady presented the legendary **Gil Evans**. The event had a double character in so much that it was possible to not only hear Gil Evans with an orchestra compiled from Toronto players, but also to attend the pre-rehearsals for the concert. It is reviewed on page 26 of this issue. Singer/poet **Maja Bannerman**, who has been working with my trio for the past year, has written a book of her performance pieces, and it was launched at the Music Gallery to a large mixed media audience. Some of this material is available on cassette.

The most startling event, however, was provided by the visit of **Jack Wright** from Philadelphia and **Lars Rudolf** from Germany. Their music was completely improvised, but as they had been together for some weeks, on tour in the US, the rapport between them was close to uncanny. Lars Rudolf, who is completely unknown to me, is a most original trumpet player, and apart from the normal trumpet technique, he utilised a rare ability with prepared trumpet. Using bowls of water and tubes attached to the instrument, he produced a large array of sounds not normally associated with this instrument. The closest example I could give for descriptive reasons, would be Leo Smith. The afternoon before, the pair played with local improvisers at the Cameron Hotel, where it is still possible on Saturday afternoons to participate in improvised music. There is no cover and the beer is cheap.

The Cafe des Copains continues to present a variety of pianists, and for me the highlight of the season so far has to be **Randy Weston**. On the first visit I heard him play long continuous sets, with no breaks between the compositions, and on the second occasion in the more standard format. As always I must complain about how noisy the audience was, and the solution for serious fans is to go early in the week when there are not so many revelers.

As always I have been quite active myself, and apart from the Maja Bannerman launch, we had a successful mixed media event with surrealist films at the Royal Ontario Museum, and our early year-ending party, this time entitled SantaDada. If you live in the Toronto area, I can be heard on the radio every Thursday night from 10 until midnight. The call letters are CKLN-FM (88.1). Join me and make 1985 a great year for this great music that we all love.

— ***Bill Smith***

After a steady diet of live electric blues throughout the fall, it was most refreshing to catch guitarist/vocalist **Honey Boy Edwards** in a solo acoustic format. Edwards performed at Toronto's Rivoli bar/theatre October 25-27 as part of a country blues series presented by local promoter Serge Sloimovits. Edwards is a rather interesting phenomenon. He practices daily

JACK WRIGHT · LARS RUDOLF (photograph by Bill Smith)

working out new ideas and is equally at home in a postwar Chicago ensemble setting or in a prewar solo country blues setting. The repertoire presented in Toronto reflected a rather eclectic mix of early Mississippi blues through more contemporary West Side Chicago material. In the couple of sets that I was fortunate enough to catch he worked in some Magic Sam, Junior Parker, Roosevelt Sykes and Jimmy Rodgers along with prewar titles like ***Pony Blues***, ***Big Fat Mama***, ***Catfish Blues*** and ***Sweet Home Chicago***. Of course he did a little ***Drop Down Mama*** upon request and even closed off a set with ***Hideaway***. Remember this is all solo acoustic. His slightly nasal vocals were quite clear and strong. On guitar he mixed things around with some superb bottleneck and some crafty picked work. The thing that really caught me was his ability to throw out fresh and unanticipated guitar licks. The man is still evolving at age 69. Try and catch Honey Boy solo someday and if in Toronto to support Serge Sloimovits's series. He is filling a real void in the promotion of live blues in that city. On vinyl Honey Boy's acoustic work is well represented on Roots SL-518 "Blues, Blues, Blues"; Trix 3319 "I've Been Around"; and Folkways FS3539 "Mississippi Delta Bluesman."

— Doug Langille

DAVE "HONEY BOY" EDWARDS (photograph by Mark Miller)

HARTFORD — The Hartford Jazz Society is staging its most successful concert season of the last ten years. **Freddie Hubbard**'s brilliant November 18 concert continued the momentum the Society generated with its riverboat cruise and **James Moody**'s October 7 concert. Combining equal parts of bravura and showmanship, Hubbard dazzled the full house with his trumpet pyrotechnics. After burning through a set and a half of brassy originals, he reached his evening's peak on ***The Night Has A Thousand Eyes***, building chorus after blistering chorus to the brink of climax, backing off from it with a self-mocking jump for joy, then soaring into the ecstasy of the upper register. Obviously, his years of playing commercially-oriented music haven't dulled his prowess; he continues to set the pace for modern mainstream trumpeters. And when you have Hubbard's technical assurance, you can strut without sacrificing musicianship. Although the trumpeter received superlative keyboard support from Ronnie Matthews, vigourous saxophone work from Bill Pierce and exuberant drumming from Carl Allen, bassist John Lockwood merits special mention for his sturdy section work and his long solo on Hubbard's ***Little Sunflower***, where he blended slides, doublestops and chromatics with a precise touch, ringing tone and melodic intensity into an outing that rivalled Hubbard's best.

The Society's momentum slowed, however, with the December 2 performance of the **Creative Improvisors Orchestra**. Brilliant in its 1982 and 1983 outings at the Society, the orchestral arm of the Creative Musicians Improvisors Forum exuded less passion in this year's appearance. Guest composer **Amina Claudine Meyers** achieved the desired effect of people wandering in her extended composition ***Park People***, but the music wandered more aimlessly than the people she tried to depict. **Patience Higgins** provided the only direction in her piece, turning in some fine tenor work in the Coltrane tradition. Like ***Park People***, **George Alford**'s untitled piece lacked direction despite its skillful shifts of tempo and time signature. **Bobby Naughton** managed a warm vibraharp solo on his evocative ***There You Go Again***, a composition less typical but also less effective than his angular ***Haw Hee***.

The highlights — and redeeming works — of the Creative Improvisors Orchestra concert were **Bill Lowe**'s ***T.J.B.J.*** and **Randy Weston**'s ***African Sunrise***. The extended composition format gave Lowe the opportunity to explore the range of purposeful mood changes and tempo shifts that characterise his shorter works. ***T.J.B.J.*** opened with a reflective theme that evolved into a jumping tempo, then oscillated between the two under Lowe's skillful conducting. Alto saxophonist **Marty Ehrlich** navigated the sea of changing tempos with his customary certainty, then Lowe displayed his talent for creating a fully-centered solo by hurtling seemingly disparate elements against each other. When the dust settles, Lowe's improvisational logic is clear and profound.

Melba Liston's deft arrangement of ***African Sunrise*** juxtaposed Weston's piano against the orchestra, using the keyboard to punctuate bright orchestral passages and drum choir improvisations from the three-man percussion section. Like Lowe, Weston develops his solos through a fluid assemblage of disparate elements. Alternating between a massive and a delicate touch, linear and angular lines, single-note passages and sparse, jarring chords, Weston's solos flowed in flawless transitions to the orchestral passages Liston shaped with so much sensitivity to his style.

Although the Creative Improvisors Orchestra gave a somewhat disappointing performance, I hope the Hartford Jazz Society will feature it again. Given the present dearth of Creative Music concerts in Connecticut, the Society provides the only consistent performing outlet for this group of dedicated musicians.

Wesleyan University, though, has given some space to the jazz vanguard in its fine concert series. The **Sam Rivers** Quartet appeared November 3 at the university's Crowell Concert Hall. Rivers performed in the freewheeling format he usually employs with small groups, structuring his pieces by shifting from tenor to soprano to flute to piano while his guitarist, bassist and drummer shift roles and textures according to the mood of the moment. Rivers's wind playing was typically high voltage, his piano playing unexpectedly funky. Rivers dominated the performance with his slick yet screechingly visceral sorties, but gave his sidemen ample space for showcasing their talents. Bassist David Eubanks contributed several remarkable solos in which he juxtaposed fleet pizzicato and fluid arco passages. Guitarist Ed Cherry perked and popped sympathetically beneath Rivers's engaging lines, then turned in a pristine unaccompanied passage that led to a smooth but impassioned statement over the rhythm section. Drummer Freddy Waits took some of the finest drum solos I've heard in the last few years. Despite his rhythmic complexity, he never loses sight of his instrument's melodic capabilities. All in all, the music had a driving, collective spirit. Tempos, time signatures and moods changed on the whim of a shared will in a performance that was a model of disciplined spontaneity.

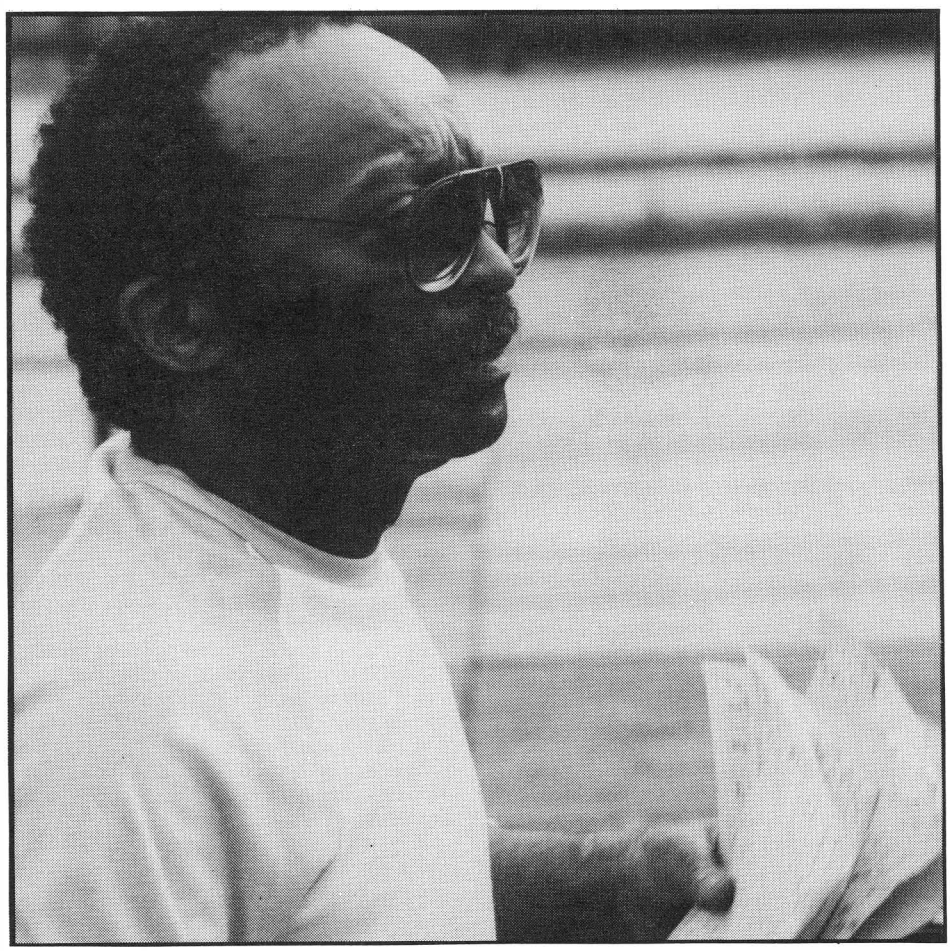
Another giant of the tenor saxophone made one of his infrequent area appearances November 9 at Northampton's Iron Horse Coffee House. **Archie Shepp** played with his customary histrionic power, juxtaposing raucous blusters against breathy, subtonal whispers. His sense of the dramatic breathed impressionistic life into classic material like ***'Round Midnight***

and ***Sophisticated Lady***. Pianist **Emery Smith** proved a handsome complement to Shepp's vigourously eclectic style. One of the premier jazz historians of the area, Smith displays his erudition on the keyboard as well as in the classroom. He plays with the emotional density of Monk, the gift of Horace Silver and a nod toward the avant garde, a synthesis of styles encompassing a range compatible with Shepp's. Bassist Wade Mikkola displayed a strong tone throughout the show and contributed a clean solo on ***Sophisticated Lady***. Drummer Claire Arenius provided sensitive accompaniment for the quartet's exploration of jazz standards and Shepp originals.

In addition to his work as a sideman with Shepp, Smith has remained active on several fronts. While Shepp is touring Europe, Smith is teaching his course at the University of Massachusetts. Smith's quintet has performed regularly in the Jazz History Narration Performance Series presented at public schools in the greater Hartford area. His quartet, with tenor saxophonist **Vernon Johnson**, played November 3 at The Cave, a Trinity College nightspot. His trio, along with vocalist **Nick Masters**, appeared December 2 at the Buckingham, then backed vocalist **Jill Turner** at the Holyoke House Rooftop December 8. Raffa's in Glastonbury has extended indefinitely Smith's Thursday night duo engagement with bassist **Earl Wormack**. November 10, Smith accompanied dancer **Winni Johnson** at the University of Hartford. November 23 and 30 he played solo piano at the Hartford Club. December 20, he and saxophonist **Harold Holt** presented the music of black composers in a noontime concert at the Old State House in Hartford. Holt, who performs with Smith in the Jazz History Narration Performance Series, brought his quartet to Danbury's Quality Inn December 14, using Smith as his pianist and **Gloria Haines** as his vocalist.

The Artists Collective, in conjunction with Hartford's Community Renewal Team, presented an interesting program of jazz photography and music at CRT's Craftery Gallery. Entitled "The Sound I Saw," photographer **Roy DeCarava**'s exhibit captured the visual essence of numerous jazz greats. Especially noteworthy was a photograph of John Coltrane that captured the visual intensity that accompanied the emotional intensity of the legendary saxophonist's improvisational climaxes. To call this photograph breathtaking would be an understatement. At the exhibit's October 28 opening, **Jackie McLean** sat in with the **Walter Bolden** Trio and vocalist **Joe Lee Wilson**. McLean's appearance was all too brief, considering the rarity of his hometown performances. November 4, DeCarava gave a slide presentation and talked about his work. November 11, **Bill Hardman** played at the Craftery. The following Sunday, jazz historian **Playthell Benjamin** gave a talk at the gallery. After the DeCarava exhibit's end December 28, the Artists Collective resumes its Master Jazz Series at Teboe's Lounge.

Fortunately, the onset of colder weather has driven Hartford's jazz fans indoors to the 880 Club. Beginning with the October 25 appearance of **Lou Donaldson**, late arrivals have experienced difficulty finding seats. The alto saxophonist brought out the best in the Don DePalma Trio, especially **Nat Reeves**, whose



ARCHIE SHEPP (photograph by Bill Smith) — CECIL TAYLOR (photograph by Francesco Maino)

exceptionally melodic bass solo highlighted the group's performance of ***Stella By Starlight***. Donaldson seemed to inspire trumpeter **Wallace Roney**, who sat in with the group after conducting a clinic at the University of Hartford. Roney played with ease and a pointed attack, choosing his notes carefully instead of playing rapid-fire lines for their own sake, as he did when he headed the bill at the 880 some months back. Roney's brother Antoine, Ralph Duncan and Mark Templeton also joined Donaldson on the stand. Although Donaldson is unquestionably fluid, a master of his instrument, he stays too much within himself for my taste. I prefer those who take chances when they improvise.

Like **Kenny Garrett** and **Tom Chapin**. Garrett, who performed at the club November 29, can play inside and outside with equal facility. In his first set, when many musicians are warming up, Garrett played a lucid, boppish ***I'll Remember April***, then ripped through ***Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise***, building to a climax rich with experimentation. His next two sets were even hotter. He gambled with his ideas and broke the house.

Chapin, a similarly free spirit, appeared at the club December 6. His solo on ***The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*** approached the intensity Freddie Hubbard displayed three weeks earlier at the Hartford Jazz Society. Chapin also revealed a penchant for turning banal tunes into excellent vehicles for blowing. Adding enough changes, he gave ***Red River Valley*** the harmonic intricacies of a standard tune.

Charles I. Williams continued the line of first-rate alto saxophonists playing in the club's All Star Jazz series. Returning to the club December 13, he once again displayed his light tone and willingness to explore his instrument's textural potential, even using the percussive effect of tapping keys without blowing into the horn to achieve his improvisational aims.

Also appearing in the 880 Club's All Star Jazz series were **Melvin Sparks**, **David "Fathead" Newman** and **Sonny Fortune**.

In addition to featuring **Street Temperature** on Fridays, the **Matt Emirzian** quartet with Connie DiNatale on Saturdays and open jam sessions on Sundays, the 880 Club hosted the Hartford Alumni Chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi, with drummer **Ralph Duncan**'s quartet providing the music, and launched a Wednesday night series December 5 with the promising young trumpeter **Richard Hollyday** and his quintet. Tenor saxophonist **Bruce Feiner** appeared the following Wednesday.

Business also picked up at the Hillside. The Waterbury jazz spot closed out October with the **Michael Pavone** Quartet. **Gerry Bergonzi**, **Tom Chapin**, **Ernst Bier** and **Perry Robinson** were the club's featured artists in November. Chapin returned to the Hillside in December, followed by **George Solvack-Mario Pavone**, **Joe Fonda** and **Dave Santoro**.

In New Haven, Brian Alden sponsored the Autumn Jazz Festival, a series of weekend concerts held at several locations in the Elm City. Performers included **Spyro Gyra** (October 19 and 20), **Sarah Vaughan** (October 26 and 27), **Maynard Ferguson** (October 31), **Wynton Marsalis** (November 3), **Lionel Hampton** (November 9), **Ray Charles** (November 10), **Mel Torme and George Shearing** (November 23 and 24), **Pat Metheny** (November 29) and **Chuck Mangione** (December 9). A strike by Yale University workers forced a cancellation of the November 16 concert by Cab Calloway and the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Although I couldn't make any of the events, I have to say Alden lined up some impressive talent for his festival. The Torme-Shearing group is especially worth hearing. On my vacation last August, I heard them at the Paul Masson vineyards outside San Jose. Torme's voice has matured like fine wine, Shearing is his vintage self and bassist-pianist Don Thompson enhances the bouquet. Hear them, see them, taste them if they come your way.

The **Wesleyan University Big Band** performed Friday, November 30 at the Crowell Concert Hall. Under the direction of professor **Bill Barron**, the band performed the compositions of Bill Lowe, Genghis Nor and others.

James Jabbo Ware performed at Wesleyan December 14.

Lionel Hampton and Orchestra appeared in concert November 13 at Eastern Connecticut State University in Willimantic.

The **University of Bridgeport Jazz Ensemble** performed December 3 at the school's Arnold Bernhard Arts and Humanities Center.

December 1, the **Paul Winter** Consort presented an evening of music at Southern Connecticut State University's Lyman Center for the Performing Arts.

November 28, the University of Hartford sponsored a concert of African-American music at its Millard Auditorium. Also performing there December 2 was the **University of Hartford Concert Jazz Band**.

At the same university November 30, the Peacetrain Foundation sponsored the Lincoln Theater appearance of **Spiral**, which used Baschet sound sculptures in its performance.

At the Connecticut Composers Festival, sponsored by Real Art Ways December 7-9, **Bill Barron** and **Mixashawn** presented their original works.

Larry Coryell appeared December 7 at Quinnipac College, the same day that **Ray Charles** played at the Stamford Center for the Arts.

Shenanigans presented pianist **Terry Waldo** and vocalist **Susan LaMarche** November 11 and pianist **Dave McKenna** December 12-16.

The **Chick Cicchetti** Big Band holds forth at DePalma's Rockinghorse Cafe in Hartford on Mondays. The **Sonny Costanzo** Big Band anchors Southbury's Harrison Inn on Sundays, then moves to Bridgeport's 42nd Street for Wednesday night sets. The **Charles Best** Quintet, with Bill Lowe and Ralph Duncan, plays Sunday evenings at A Touch Of Class. — ***Vernon Frazer***

PARIS NOTES — Autumn brought in a number of hot concerts to Paris, among which were two produced by the hippest of hip magazines, ***Actuel***, with its affiliate Radio Nova, as well as several special concerts at the fifth annual Festival de Jazz de Paris.

Actuel has long been a strong supporter of African music in Paris, and has promoted such new trends as Soca too (a mix of soul and calypso), but with the arrival of Radio Nova's brilliant jazz and world music specialist in the last year or so, **Sir Ali** *(who* has recently been asked by Harmonia Mundi in collaboration with Ocora Records to edit a twelve-record anthology aimed at finding the original sources of music), the magazine is taking a greater look towards improvised music and jazz.

For the purposes of this article, discussion will be limited to the opening act of the first and the featured act of the second of the two evenings presented by ***Actuel*** in early and late October at the old Casino de Paris (the remaining acts being rock groups of no particular interest here). The first was a fine set by **Brion Gysin** and **Ramuncho Matta**, which might also be typed as rock but for Gysin's unique magic. Gysin's real domain is the page and the canvas, though his arts ever since the thirties have always had remarkable powers of flight and metamorphosis. In his work as a painter, this has often been more immediately evident; his texts, however, are equally impressive in their elasticity, in the mesh of voices and rhythms found within them. These days Gysin jokes about being the oldest living rock star since Mae West died, and in his performance at the Casino it was rather believable. Ramuncho Matta's new-wave-style group laid down a sort of shimmering fabric of music, while Gysin chanted and charmed the lines out. Especially noting worth in a jazz context is his version here of his 1959 permutation poem, ***Kick That Habit, Man***, kicked around, ad libbed, and given a new departure once again; recorded with Steve Lacy in 1981 (on "Songs"), with Matta the exact same lyrics resurface as new wave rock (on Gysin's and Matta's single from Mosquito Records, "Kick," the poem is recorded more literally as written, like the other number, ***Junk Is No Good, Baby***, a permutation poem from the same era and also on the Lacy date). As well, in the concert at the Casino, Gysin performed a passage from his dazzling new novel, ***Beat Museum***, and the words slid in and out of the music like a dream.

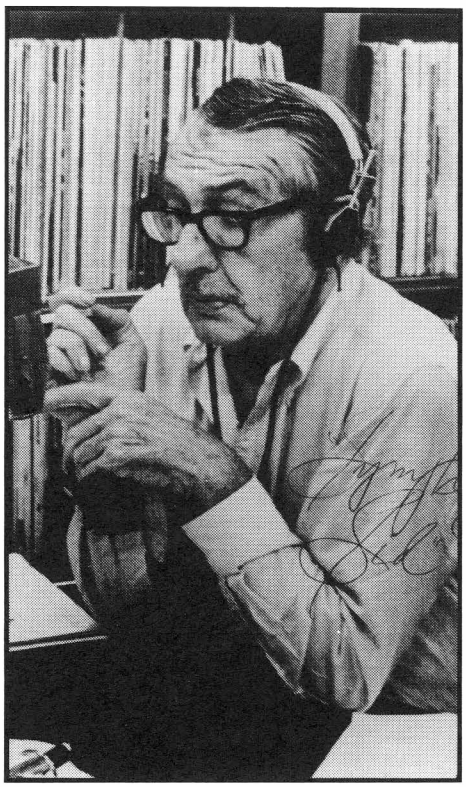
Two weeks later at the Casino, ***Actuel*** featured **Kip Hanrahan**'s band with **Jack Bruce** (which the magazine sponsored a few nights earlier at the jazz festival in Nancy, on a bill with **Ronald Shannon Jackson** and **Pino Daniele**). This is definitely one of the greatest groups to emerge in years, and Hanrahan's original blend of jazz, Latino, African and avant-garde elements is a real monument of world music. The different strains are so well integrated and layered together, one taking dominance more than another sometimes, that past the first moments of surprise the listener is really delighted to find how it all comes together, with Bruce's dynamic voice carrying its echo of youthful bygone rock days. One can't get enough of it. It's like a whole new land has just been discovered and yet it's the place we've been all standing in the whole time. In the European concerts (reportedly, the band had played only once before in public, in New York), **Chico Freeman** was the main tenor soloist, while on the album of the same material it was **Ricky Ford**. The band was some fifteen musicians strong in concert, and included such artists as percussionists **Puntilla Orlando Rios** and **Milton Cardona**, as well as avant-gardists **Arto Lindsay** and **Anton Fier**. On the record, "Desire Develops An Edge," these musicians are joined by such folks as **Steve Swallow**, **Jamaaladeen Tacuma**, **John Stubblefield**, **Alberto Bengolea** and many more. With Bruce's voice the ensemble comes off as somewhat reminiscent of Carla Bley/Michael Mantler's "Escalator Over The Hill" days (with some

lyrics written by Paul Haines, even), but this music is charged by fresh crosswinds; in fact, **Carla Bley** sang on one song from Hanrahan's first album, the lovely theme composed by Carlos d'Alessio for Marguerite Duras's film, ***India Song***, with lyrics by Duras written in French originally for the actress **Jeanne Moreau**. Besides the sheer excitement of the music, it was fascinating to see how Hanrahan himself worked. Though he is the composer and arranger of most of the music, he lingered shyly at the side of the stage, only stepping up to individual musicians now and then — often right while they were playing, such as when Chico Freeman was soloing! — to tell them what was to happen next, and it ***worked***. Hanrahan has just released a third album, as ever full of tenderness, beauty and strength; his records are available from American Clavé, 213 E. 11th St., New York, NY 10003.

At the fifth Festival de Jazz de Paris, this writer caught three concerts, all involving American musicians mostly. **Michele Rosewoman**'s New-Yor-Uba orchestra made its Paris debut to a nearly packed house at the Theatre de Ville, with a powerhouse horn section that included **Baikida Carroll**, **Rasul Siddik**, **Oliver Lake**, **John Stubblefield**, **Howard Johnson**, and **Bob Stewart**. Other musicians included **Kelvyn Bell**, **Pheeroan Ak Laff**, and singer **Olufemi Mitchell** (who has also recorded with Kip Hanrahan). The group was exciting, with Rosewoman in full control playing piano and doing backup vocals, and yet the music did not quite integrate the various ethnic strains with the sparks of Hanrahan's concert. A question of arranging perhaps. All the soloists were in fine form, but they did not add up to the whole greater than its parts as should have happened. Still, Rosewoman and her band were impressive; as they find their strengths, their voice as an ensemble may soon be quite explosive.

The Paris festival also featured two unusual evenings both at the Theatre Musical de Paris, with **Cecil Taylor**. The first paired him with the **Art Ensemble of Chicago** in what some simply expected to be an absurd and impossible crashing together of two musics. In fact, Cecil and the Art Ensemble often met each other halfway in what at times blended surprisingly well. The AEC seemed to do a fairly standard set, opening with a lot of bells and gongs and small percussion, while Cecil unfortunately bounced around to the sides with some rather embarrassing (for the audience at least) dance and poetry bits. As the AEC broke into their opening theme, however, Cecil was at the piano and though each played very much their own things, Cecil's crashing chords seemed to have always been possible, after all, in rowsing Art Ensemble melodies such as ***Charlie M***. As the music opened up for more soloing, they didn't lose track of each other and by the time the Art Ensemble's closing theme came building and rising out of the various loose strands, it was really a wonderful surprise to have found Cecil's music as open as it turned out to be (once again, as has happened to some degree in each great encounter he has engaged in).

Cecil's other concert, "Segments: Music From Two Continents," while a strong concert of free jazz, seemed somehow not as together as it should have been. The band had a great lineup including **Jimmy Lyons**, **John Tchicai**, **Frank Wright**, **Karen Borca**, **Gunter Hampel**, **Tomasz Stanko**, **William Parker**, and drummer **Andre Martinez**. Borca, Tchicai, and Hampel soloed particularly nicely, with a beautiful duo for a while of Hampel on flute and Cecil. But the individual voices were often lost in a crossfire that did not fare better for the exchange. The concert was good, naturally, but for some reason it was not great. — ***Jason Weiss***



SYMPHONY SID TORIN (photograph by Flora Wilhelm Bush)

EULOGY FOR SYMPHONY SID

NOVEMBER 25/1909 — SEPTEMBER 14/1984

Sid Torin, "Grandfather of Jazz Radio," known professionally as Symphony Sid, was a man who profoundly loved music so — that although not personally a musician, lived completely as a musician — in a world of music. Sid seems to have been born within a certain time and place to fulfill tasks which at times seemed almost insurmountable.

New York City, after World War II, was in a massive period of transition — people were struggling to find themselves in peacetime — to direct their energies in ways to restore-renew-change; searching for identities that may have been caught up with loss and pain. As is traditional in such times, the arts reflected newly developing outlets of expression. Dramatic changes often became a way of life.

Within this ferment, 'modern' or 'progressive Jazz continued to evolve — emerging as individual voices singing of universal needs. Musical concepts became microcosms of life — embodied in pure sounds — fragmenting and re-forming before the consciousness of generations... Certain musical directions came to be called "Bop."

Sid had first become aware of these 'new' sounds during his earliest days in radio on WBNX, Bronx, New York. Youngsters would visit the station to bring him 'singles' available only in Harlem. This was still considered as "Race" music... Record companies at that time even had applied 'different coloured' labels. Because Sid found the music to be beautiful — and stirring — he continued seeking out more and more Jazz to play on his programs — offering the music to his audiences, making the music increasingly available and familar...

Through the years 1941 to 1951 at WHOM, WMCA, and WJZ, Sid naturally seemed to develop his own manner of presentation, bringing an atmosphere of sincere fun and pleasure — reaching out to his listeners — inviting participation — creating an unprecedented following of Jazz devotees. Sid's intuitive ability to recognise talents of master musicians became legendary...

He repeatedly played the records of Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Lennie Tristano, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, J.J. Johnson, Miles Davis, John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Zoot Sims, Kai Winding, Tadd Dameron, Percy and Jimmy Heath, Erroll Garner, Lee Morgan, Stan Getz, Sarah Vaughan, Curley Russell — every artist whose now-classic Jazz music could barely be heard outside of dimly-lit Jazz rooms was given ongoing opportunities to be heard on Symphony Sid's programs, during the seemingly endless nights.

Within the 'heart' of the original Birdland was a small glass 'cage' fully equipped for Sid to broadcast live. Each night (which could last till dawn) when he was on, Sid would carry in an armful of records to play, continuing to bring Jazz to increasingly larger numbers of people. Often, musicians would 'come by' for live interviews — Birdland was "home." WJZ offered an opportunity for Sid's programs to be heard throughout the United States, so that musicians could leave engagements in different parts of the States, turn on a radio, and hear Sid in New York... The sense of an ever-growing family was part of this world.

Sid also took great pleasure in the blending of Jazz and Classical idioms — for example, playing the music of MJQ together with the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra — providing live interviews with such Classical composers as Gunther Schuller... His love of Latin music was unending...

Sid continued his efforts in Boston at WBMS, WCOP, and WADO from 1951 to 1966. He returned to WEVD in New York until 1972. His last radio work was at WBUS in Miami — stopping in 1974.

But we now understand better — that as long as solitary voices are raised as beacons — as long as radio exists — as long as real communication exists — each new voice forever will knowingly or unknowingly continue to draw inspiration from "Symphony Sid" Torin — from his extraordinary voice gathering people together to share in joy — to explore and delight in new ideas... — ***Flora Wilhelm Bush***

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Norris,

Today we noticed the following quote in

your magazine, number 197, August 1984, as part of your interview with Steve Lacy:

"And still BYG Records is a gangster operation. This is criminal, all this, and they call it Affinity now and it crops up. I've seen these records all over the world and they keep coming out in new editions and all that. And it's really distressing. But I wouldn't know what to do about them except put it on record like I'm doing right now that these people are gangsters and nobody should buy their records ... but people do."

You printed this statement without any check into the real state of affairs, which is that we account to Mr Lacy twice a year both royalties derived from record sales and songwriters royalties. There are two Steve Lacy albums released on Affinity. The first one "Moon" Affinity 23, was acquired by BYG from Mr Alberto Alberti who owned the rights to this album. We enclose a copy of the contract and a summary of the royalty statements paid out to Mr Alberti and Mr Jean Louis Ginibre, the producers of this album. There is no accounting to Mr Lacy for the sales of this album as he recorded the album for a flat fee.

We also enclose a contract of December 1st 1969 in which Mr Lacy assigns the copyright to the songs featured in this album to BYG Records' publishing arm. Enclosed too is a summary of the royalty payments made to Mr Lacy as a result of this arrangement.

The second album by Steve Lacy on Affinity is "Steve Lacy Plays Monk" AFF 43.

This album was made under a contract Mr Lacy signed on September 25th 1969 with BYG Records. Mr Lacy received a sum of $1000.00 dollars as an advance against a royalty rate of 5% and half of that for overseas sales. On top of this a royalty is paid to Mr Alberti and Mr Ginibre as producers of this album. Up until today Mr Lacy receives royalties twice a year on the sales of this record, again we enclose a copy of the contract as well as a summary of the royalty statements.

The whole affair shows us, that your magazine practises an extremely imprudent type of journalism, to which even the gutter press compares favourably. We require your apologies in the next issue of your magazine, and demand you to send us immediately your undertaking in writing to do so, as well as copies of the next edition of Coda, in which this apology has to appear. We demand the same from Mr Lacy who has been instructed to do so by us per telegram.

Failing this, we shall instruct our Canadian solicitors to start immediate legal action against you for slander.

[signed] Joop Visser, Managing Director
Charly Records Ltd, 156-166 Ilderton Road,
London SE15 1NT, England

Dear Mr Visser,

We acknowledge receipt of your letter of November 19 regarding statements made by Steve Lacy in the course of an interview in Coda (issue No. 197).

We do apologise for publishing inaccurate statements made by Mr Lacy in the course of that interview. It did not occur to us that a musician of Steve Lacy's stature would make such a statement if it was not true.

We will publish your letter and an apology in the next issue of Coda (No. 200) to appear at the beginning of February and trust that this matter will not cause you further embarrassment.

Sincerely yours,
John Norris and William E. Smith, Publishers

Dear John,

I was interested to read Perlongo's article on Pres since I remembered reading his article of 1959. I thought you'd be interested in a few comments based on some of the research reported in my forthcoming book, ***Lester Young*** (G.K. Hall & Company, Boston; September, 1985). The book is not only biography, but also a great deal of musical analysis and complete list of recordings (including many unissued works never listed anywhere).

I must say, in general, that I was a bit disappointed to see Perlongo repeat items that have not been supported by recent research. For example, his father was not a blacksmith but a professional musician (his father's father may have been the blacksmith). And ***A Little Bit North Of South Carolina*** was not made in 1944, is with a larger group than a quintet, and was not professionally recorded. It is an in-club recording of Lee and Lester's band from probably late 1941, which was preserved on a disc in 1944.

John Lewis (born 1920) was growing up in Albuquerque during the late thirties, but remembers Young passing through on the way to California. One more point, a small one — Gil Evans denied that he was a sergeant.

More than these statements, however, I mind the general tone of the article, which presents Young's personality in a very negative light. I found that the better someone knew Pres, the more positive were the things he had to say about him. Just because white critics whom Pres disliked found him unfriendly does not mean he was like that to everybody! And as far as a "pattern of flight," I would have flown from Henderson's band too if I were treated as poorly as Pres was! I certainly wouldn't put down Pres's sense of humour, either. He was a truly witty person and musicians still love to remember his jokes. Read Bobby Scott's article on Pres in the September 1983 ***Jazzletter*** of Gene Lees — nothing "restrictive" about the way Scott and others in JATP experienced Pres's wit. Why can't writers be more generous to this great artist?

— Lewis Porter,
Assistant Professor of Music, Tufts University

I'd like to point out an error in the printing of my Andrew Cyrille piece. At the bottom of page 16 (issue 199) the paragraph should go as follows: "And, with the classes I taught I was able to buy all kinds of records and listen to them, analyse them, talk about them with the students and present them in different contexts."

— John Gray

ODDS AND SODS

219 jazz giants were presented with special awards October 16 by BMI in New York at a party acknowledging their contributions as "Jazz Pioneers"... **Miles Davis**, one of the giants to be honoured at the party, also accepted the award on behalf of the late Charlie

Parker... Soon after that, Miles headed west for concert dates in Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver. The tour continued with concerts in Cleveland, Miami and Clearwater before European appearances in Paris (November 6) and Barcelona (November 8).

"A Tribute to **Randy Weston**" is a celebration of the achievements of this major composer/performer. The event takes place February 16 at Brooklyn's Academy Of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, and advance tickets are available from the box office or the Thelma Hill Performing Arts Center, 30 Third Avenue, Suite 615, Brooklyn, NY 11217. Weston will be performing with an all star band under the direction of **Melba Liston**. The orchestra personnel will be Johnny Coles, George Duvivier, Al Grey, Billy Harper, Greg Maker, Cecil Payne, Charles Persip, Benny Powell, Norris Turney, Greg Williams and Richard Williams.

Rory Stuart's Quartet followed a November 15 appearance at the WIllow in Somerville, Ma. with two New York gigs at Seventh Avenue South (December 4) and Greene Street (December 9/10)... **Leroy Jenkins**'s Mixed Quartet, the **James Emery** Ensemble and **Akbar Ali**'s Black Swan Quartet were featured at the Alternative Museum during December... Vocalist **Kim Parker** was at Mikell's December 4... The **Bill Barron** Quartet was showcased December 1 at the Jazz Center of New York. Fred Simmons, Ray Drummond and Ed Blackwell completed the personnel. The following Saturday at the Jazz Center was the turn of **James Jabbo Ware** and the Me We & Them Orchestra... **Ran Blake** performed solo at the Jazz Center on December 22... Clarinetist **Alvin Batiste** gave a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall December 8 with Mulgrew Miller, Rufus Reid and Herman Jackson... **The Dukes Men** (Norris Turney, Haywood Henry, Joe Temperley, Art Baron, Aaron Bell, Major Holley, Oliver Jackson) performed for The International Art Of Jazz December 2 and were at Sweet Basil December 18-23... Other recent events organised in varying locations by The International Art Of Jazz included a New Year's party December 30 with **Arvell Shaw** and "The Armstrong Legacy." Doc Cheatham, Norris Turney, Art Baron and Ray Mosca joined bassist Arvell Shaw for this performance... **Joyce Collins** appeared January 6 at the Ethical Humanist Society Hall in Garden City, Long Island... **McCoy Tyner** saw the New Year in at Lush Life and **James Moody** took care of things at Sweet Basil. **Toshiko Akiyoshi**'s New York Orchestra was at Lush Life Monday nights in December while **Gil Evans**'s Orchestra was at Sweet Basil... **Old And New Dreams** reassembled for a week at Sweet Basil in January... "Music Is An Open Sky" is a fifteen-night presentation of new directions in jazz at Sweet Basil from January 28 to February 11. Organised by Horst Liepolt, the series features **Gunter Hampel**, **Marty Ehrlich**, **Fred Houn**, **Peter Kowald**, **John Carter**, **World Saxophone Quartet**, **Peter Brotzmann**, **Lester Bowie**'s Brass Fantasy, **Olu Dara** and **Anthony Braxton**... Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy also closed out 1984 with a December 29 concert at Outward Visions... The Village Vanguard began its 50th anniversary with an appearance by the **Mal Waldron** Quintet... **Walter Thompson**'s Trio with trumpeter Frank London as special guest appeared December 14 at Greenwich House Music School... The **Bob**

TORONTO EVENTS CALENDAR

Tuesday February 12th - **Peter Brotzmann-Peter Kowald-Andrew Cyrille** – Rivoli, 9 PM (Afternoon drum workshop with Cyrille TBA)
Friday March 8th - **Bill Smith Ensemble** and **Maury Coles Trio** – Music Gallery, 9 PM
Sunday March 10th - **Dreams That Money Can Buy** (legendary Surrealist film) with **The Last of the Red Hot Dadas** – ROM, 8 PM
Sunday March 17th - Traditional jazz films, plus the **Jim Galloway Trio** – ROM, 8 PM
Sunday March 24th - **Clowns**, a film by **Fellini**, plus poetry, mime and live clowns – ROM, 8 PM
Every Sunday in April - Jazz films and live performances at the Rivoli, 8 PM
Friday April 12th - **Joe McPhee Quintet** (Sackville record party) – Music Gallery, 9 PM
Sunday April 14th - **Joe McPhee** plus **The Connection** (the film with **Jackie McLean, Freddie Redd**) – Rivoli, 8 PM

Siebert Group gave a concert January 12 at The Atrium, 153 East 53rd Street.

The Institute of Jazz Studies, one of the few institutions devoted solely to jazz, is seeking funds to match a challenge grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Your donations should be sent to The Institute of Jazz Studies, Bradley Hall, Rutgers The State University, Newark, NJ 07102.

The Boston Jazz Society is honouring percussionist **Alan Dawson** April 21 at Anthony's Pier 4 Restaurant... **Tom Saunders**'s Surf Side Six opened October 2 at the Dearborn Towne House Motel... The Interlochen (Michigan) Arts Academy Jazz Department is holding its first festival March 11. **David Baker** and **Howie Smith** will conduct master classes in various disciplines within the jazz sphere before performing with the Faculty Jazz Quintet... John Edward Hasse has been appointed curator of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History. His credits include production of a two-LP set called "Indiana Ragtime" and editing a new book (***Ragtime: Its History, Composers, and Music***) to be published by Schirmer Books in April... **Erroll Garner** finally made it to the Pittsburgh Hall Of Fame and Mary Lou Williams are still waiting in the wings... Chicago's **Marshall Vente/Project Nine** has been appearing at various Chicago spots recently. Most Wednesdays they are to be found at The Moosehead Bar & Grill (where they also broadcast nationally New Year's Eve as part of NPR's American Jazz Festival) and they have also worked at Tahaney's Lemon Grass and The Bulls.

Greeley, Colorado will host two festivals this spring. The first is for High School Vocal Jazz Ensembles and the two-day event (March 8/9) will also showcase the talents of **Anne Marie Moss** and **Roberta Davis**. The 15th annual Greeley Jazz Festival will be held April 25-28 and is designed to showcase the talents of various collegiate bands. **Freddie Hubbard**, **James Moody** and **Butch Miles** are among the featured guests. Both events are being held on the campus of the University of Northern Colorado under the direction of Gene Aitken... The **Dee Barton** Orchestra, who perform regularly at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks, California, recorded material in December for release on compact disc and as a video special... **Buddy Collette**, **Julius Hemphill** and **James Newton** will be guest instructors for a series of jazz master classes during the spring semester at New College of California. They will be presented in conjunction with Elaine Cohen's existing Jazz History course... **McCoy Tyner**'s Trio appeared in concert December 11 at CSUS University Theatre in Sacramento... The 14th International Trombone Workshop will be held at Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn., May 26-31. The faculty will include **Urbie Green**, **Bill Reichenbach**, **Warren Covington** and **Paul Rutherford**.

Marty Krystall has responded to the question posed by Jason Weiss in issue 198 about when **Glenn Ferris** will record: "We have an 'important' label, K2B2 (the only West Coast label working with the 1990 Music) and we recorded Glenn in 1971. "Marty's Garage" (2269) is now available from K2B2, 3112 Barry Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90066."

Thessaloniki, Greece, was the venue for a festival of international jazz and improvised music in late November. **Misha Mengelberg**, **Han Bennink**, **Paul Lovens**, **Paul Lytton**, **Kenny Wheeler**, **Evan Parker**, **George Lewis**, **Mal Waldron** and **Steve Lacy** were among those participants... The 1985 Duke Ellington Conference is being held in Oldham, England. The dates of the event are May 23-26 and **Bob Wilber** and **Willie Cook** will be the resident artists. Full details can be obtained from Ellington '85, 92 Hadfield Street, Oldham OL8 3EE, England... **Benny Carter** and **Illinois Jacquet** were at Zurich's Widder Bar in December and were followed in January by **Dorothy Donegan**, **Joe Newman**, **Mal Waldron** and **Charly Antolini**.

Roger Parry reports that **George Melly**, apart from performing in Liverpool with John Chilton's Footwarmers, lectured at the historic Bluecoat Chambers on the virtues of surrealist Max Ernst. Back in Hong Kong the local scene was brightened with performances by **Papa Bue**'s Viking Jazz Band and a session at the Godown basement restaurant and bar where the **Victoria Jazz Band** have appeared Wednesday nights for fourteen years. **Jim Galloway**, enjoying a vacation, sat in with the band which also included visiting Australian trumpeter **Tony Newstead**. Plans are also under way to have Jim return to Hong Kong with other Canadian musicians but that remains to be seen. The **Louisiana Repertory Jazz Orchestra** is one of the featured attractions in the Hong Kong Arts Festival being held between January 20 and February 16.

Certain jazz record companies manage to attain legendary status with collectors. Heading that list is Blue Note Records, founded in 1939 by Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff. A marvelous tribute to their work has been published in Japan. The 384-page book lists all 78s, 10-inch LPs and 12-inch LPs released on the label. Most of the 10-inch jackets are reproduced, while all of the 12-inch jackets are shown as well as listing the recording dates, personnel and tune titles. It is an essential acquisition for anyone fascinated with the Blue Note label. Copies are obtainable from Jazz Hihyo (Jazz Critique), 1-23-14-305 Takadanobaba, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo, Japan... ***Jazz In The South West*** is the title of a new jazz newspaper being circulated free of charge in the south and west parts of England. There's a two-page listing of jazz activities as well as articles about musicians and the venues where they perform. It seems to be an invaluable guide to jazz activity in the region... ***The Mainstream Jazz Reference and Price Guide 1949-1965*** is a collectors' guide to records and labels, the artists who recorded for them and the current value of the original issues. The 200-page book is published by O'Sullivan Woodside & Company, 2218 East Magnolia, Phoenix, Arizona 85034. Paul Vernon and Maureen Quinlan are publishing ***Blues & Rhythm*** — a new magazine devoted to the blues and related musics. The fifth issue is now out and the 64 pages are crammed with information. The magazine uses the same size format as ***Storyville*** and several other English publications. A year's subscription is US$13.00 for ten issues and can be ordered from 18 Maxwelton Close, Mill Hill, London NW7 3NA... Whatever happened to ***Blues Unlimited***?... ***Solo Blues*** (Only Blues) is a new quarterly blues magazine in the Spanish language. The first issue was to be published in January. Information about this magazine can be obtained from Vicente Zumel, Oliana 12, 08006 Barcelona, Spain... ***The Blues Classics 1985 Calendar*** features twelve Arhoolie album covers as well as much valuable data. It's available for US$ 6.95 (US$7.95 foreign) postpaid from Michael Hyatt, 721 Pine St., Santa Monica, CA 90405...

The December issue of ***Pulse***, Tower Records' in-house journal, contained an interesting article about record producer Albert Marx, who is still heavily involved today with the music after more than fifty years.

Orrin Keepnews, another veteran producer, is returning to the fray. After several years of semi-retirement from Fantasy (most of that time has been spent digging into the vaults for the many unissued masters now being released) he is back in the studio producing music for his new Landmark Records. The first releases feature **Bobby Hutcherson** with Branford Marsalis, George Cables, Ray Drummond, and Philly Joe Jones; **Yusef Lateef** in Nigeria and an LP by pianist **Keith McDonald**. The second set of releases will include a piano trio date by **Jack DeJohnette** with Eddie Gomez and Freddie Waits and a group of Thelonious Monk compositions played by the **Kronos Quartet**. Landmark Records will be distributed by Fantasy, who have now sent out the Bill Evans box set containing eighteen LPs of the pianist's music recorded for Riverside. There are five alternates plus seventeen selections from a previously unreleased solo piano session... Polygram has made available a five-LP box set of all of **Stan Getz**'s bossa nova albums. The records were pressed in Germany and there is a bonus — five previously unissued performances... Bee Hive Records followed up their earlier 1984 releases with LPs by **Junior Mance** — "Truckin' And Trackin'" with Fathead Newman, Martin Rivera and Walter Bolden — and **Dick Katz** — "In High Profile" with Frank Wess, Jimmy Knepper, Marc Johnson and Al Harewood... **Don Friedman** has recorded a solo piano album for Empathy Records and it will be released in the spring... Stash Records has new LPs in the works by vocalists **Maxine Sullivan** (the songs of Harold Arlen with Keith Ingham, Al Klink, Phil Bodner) and **Earl Coleman** (with Mike Abene, Tom Harrell, Jerry Dodgion, George Duvivier and Walter Bolden)... **Brooks Kerr**'s newest LP on Blue Wail (PO Box 6754, New York, NY 10150) salutes Duke Ellington — an album of blues. George Duvivier is the bassist... New from Revelation Records (PO Box 12347, Gainesville, FL 32604-0347) are LPs by saxophonist **Jerry Coker** and European pianist **Per-Henrik Wallin**. Write Revelation for their complete catalogue... Alligator Records wants to remind you that their recordings are available through the mail from PO Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)... "Ragtime Favourites" is the title of a new cassette by **Johnny Maddox** which is distributed by Sheldor and Associates, 1109 Xerxes Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55405.

Colin Walcott was killed in a car crash in Magdeburg, Germany November 8...bassist **Gene Ramey** died December 8 in Austin, Texas. He was 71...Drummer **Ronnie Culver** died December 8 at 76...Pianist **Johnny Guarnieri** died in New York January 7. He was 67. Other early January deaths included bassist **Bill Pemberton** and trumpeter **Joe Thomas**. It has also come to our attention that noted European commentators **Yannick Bruynoghe** (March 30) and **Robert Goffin** died during 1984. — *John Norris*

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Nelson Symonds
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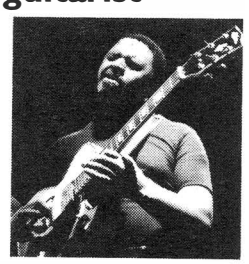

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