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Issue number 212 will feature composer / arranger / pianist CARLA BLEY, virtuoso bassist CHARLIE HADEN, trombonist RAY ANDERSON, Canadian guitarist PETER LEITCH, articles on WOMEN IN JAZZ, JAZZ ON FILM and LEO RECORDS, BLUES NEWS, RECORD REVIEWS and reports on performances from AROUND THE WORLD. Plus WRITERS' CHOICE, where *CODA* writers present their ideas of the 10 most significant recordings of 1986. Subscribe now so as not to miss a single issue of *Coda Magazine!*

(Note to contributors: All WRITERS who have contributed to Coda in the last 12 months are invited to submit a list of 10 records for the "Writers' Choice" of 1986).

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Rex Stewart ~ Man With A Horn

Regrettably, the boy with the horn has become, almost, the forgotten man. Overshadowed nearly all his playing life by those who played ostensibly with greater ease and facility, whose craft was, perhaps, more polished, Rex Stewart was too often stereotyped as a "growler" of notes, a producer of primitive junglelike cries on the horn, a mere parody of the finer art of trumpet virtuoso, "... an attendant lord, one that will do / to swell a progress, start a scene or two...", indeed, fifth business to the Joe Smith's or Cootie Williams' whose unquestionable talents were so frequently showcased. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Writer Ray Crane (*Storyville*, Oct-Nov 1967), in a final tribute to Rex, showed uncommon insight into the true nature of Stewart's immeasurable contribution to jazz:

On 7th September, 1967, jazz lost one of its great innovators. He was a highly talented individualist who, very early in his career, adapted his unorthodox technique to create a highly expressive, personal style that today fits rather uneasily into the historical patterns of development beloved by critics.... Moreover, because of its unorthodoxy, there is the possibility that his work may be overlooked by younger musicians struggling to master technique and individuality. This seems to me a pity since Rex's approach does have some affinity with that of some of today's experimentalists.

It is that very uniqueness of approach, that search for a personally expressive style, of which we must once again be reminded lest we forget the very essence of the music we call jazz.

Rex William Stewart was born in Philadelphia in 1907. Under the tutelage of a violin-playing father and a pianist mother, as well as a maternal grandmother who both played and composed for the organ, Rex's initiation into the world of music began when he was very young. The family moved to Georgetown, near Washington, D.C. When the parents divorced shortly after, Rex's musical education was taken over by a member of the local constabulary who had started a boys' band. He spent three years in the band, playing in concerts, churches and parades, progressing from alto horn to first cornetist. When that aggregation broke up, he moved to another led by trombonist Danny Day who preferred ragtime:

I learned pieces like All by Myself in The Morning, Walking the Dog, *and many others. I remember the first one I learned to play. It was called* Cuban Moon. *When Day left for Europe, I started playing with Ollie Blackwell's Clowns. For that reason, I had to leave Washington at the age of fourteen. (Jazz Masters of the Thirties*, p. 214).

It was Washingtonian leader Elmer Snowden who recalled seeing the Blackwell group in performance:

It was a crazy group of kids led by a pianist whose name was Ollie. They named themselves The Clowns Band, and they played sitting on the floor or jumping on the piano. We didn't think much of them, but two stood out: Bernard Addison and that kid in short pants who played the trumpet, maybe not very well, but with tremendous volume. (*Jazz Masters*, p. 214).

When that band folded, Rex joined the Musical Spillers where he learned to play the saxophone; but that was for dollars, and he soon returned to his first love, the cornet, joining the New York club circuit in the company of a passing parade of groups – Jimmy Cooper's Revue Band, Leon Abbey's Blusicians, Billy Paige's Broadway Syncopators, Bobby Brown's Society Orchestra. These gigs afforded him needed confidence with the horn, so that, when Rex and Snowden crossed once more, Rex was playing so well that Snowden incorporated his talents into his club date combo, a group put together after the break-up of the Washingtonians. We get a reasonably good idea of how Stewart must have sounded during this formative period through a Columbia recording date with singer Monette Moore (Oct. 1925) where he punctuates the lyrics with relaxed though raw and coarse bursts on the cornet; his brief solo, too, is rough and uneven. (i.e. *Take it Easy*).

The big break that was eventually to help shape and refine those harsh edges came when Fletcher Henderson and Louis Armstrong caught the Snowden group in performance one night. Shortly after, Louis left for Chicago, and Rex was offered the job with the then famous Henderson Orchestra. The rigours of sitting in the seat of the mighty proved too much for the young Stewart:

I stayed with Henderson for about eight months, until the hard work of always having to play like Louis, imitating his enormous range, made me tell Henderson that I had to go back to Washington because my grandmother was sick, which wasn't true. It was then that Tommy Ladnier was hired, and finally, Fletcher's wife, Leora, sent me to join Horace Henderson in Wilberforce, Ohio. (*Jazz Masters*, p. 215).

At least one noteworthy side was cut with the 1926 Henderson band. On *Stampede*, Stewart's torrid introduction and raucous conclusion serve as strong contrasts to the more restrained, melodic solos of Joe Smith. Smith always seemed to represent a cool oasis to Stewart's scorching eagerness, observed Humphrey Lyttelton (*The Best of Jazz*, p. 128).

Stewart returned to Fletcher in 1928, and, with the exception of brief sojourns with Alex Jackson (c1930) and McKinney's Cotton Pickers (1931), remained with him until 1933. He added a much needed "forward thrust, a feeling of urgency" to the Henderson outfit, states Lyttelton (p.126); this is evident on such numbers as *Old Black Joe Blues* (1928) where his Armstrong-influenced closing solo reveals Rex in much greater control of his instrument; on *The Wang-wang Blues* (1929) as a strong contrast to trumpeter Cootie Williams (with the band briefly) who already appeared to have found his own unique voice; on *Roll on Mississippi* (take 2 especially) in which the rapid tempo served to bring out the sheer ferocity of his solo moments, though he also provided a lovely muted flow before and behind the vocal.

In this transitional stage of development, Rex had come under the influence of many players, notably Johnny Dunn, Tom Morris and Bubber Miley. "I copied Bubber until I heard Louis Armstrong's record.... Then there was Joe Smith, Bix Beiderbecke and Reuben Reeves – all those fellows played the most wonderful horns." (*Jazz Masters*, p. 217) It was that indebtedness to Bix that shaped one of Rex's most rewarding sessions with Henderson; actually, there were three versions on different dates and different labels of *Singin' The Blues*, a Bix-Trumbauer classic from 1927. The earliest on Melotone (Apr. 25, 1931) is a wonderfully hard-driving version with John Kirby (brass bass) and Walter Johnson (drums) laying down the rhythm for Rex's inspired Bix-like solos – full-toned and controlled; the April 29 rendition for Victor is more faithful to the original, with Stewart showing sensitive articulative powers in a

more typically lighter Bix tone; the Columbia date (Oct. 15) is a vocal version, more up-tempo, with Rex reverting somewhat to those Armstrong sounds which he knew and cherished. What this does reveal of course, is the adaptability of a player who is searching for his own unique voice, an odyssey that was soon to reach fulfillment in the Ellington orchestra.

Stewart left Henderson and organized his own band in 1933, following Fletcher into the Empire Ballroom at 48th and Broadway. The group arranged for radio broadcasts over the 17 months it was together, hoping that fan response would provide needed impetus for a road tour. Stewart sums up the experience: "But we didn't draw flies... was only a small crowd at the dance that night... I lost heart, gave up the struggle, and joined Luis Russell's band." (*Jazz Masters*, p. 32) Rex was never truly featured adequately with Russell, forming, with Leonard Davis and Gus Aiken, the trumpet nucleus of the orchestra.

In 1934, Rex joined Duke Ellington's orchestra. He was to remain an integral part of it until 1945.

The Duke remembers Rex as a man who "...had been taught the responsibility of commanding respect for his race and to this end he maintained an offstage image very deliberately... always posing to some extent and never really relaxed. It is possible that tensions and conflicts came from this and were apparent in his music, but he was an exciting player who made big contributions during the years he was with us...." (*Music is my Mistress,* p. 125). Stewart was featured only minimally on earlier recordings (c1935), backing up the more notable members such as Hodges or Carney; yet, he reveals growing flexibility of approach in the March, 1935 sextet session where his solo on *Indigo Echoes* (take 2 especially) is fluid and relaxed, while on *Tough Truckin'* it is open and crusty. *Showboat Shuffle* (also 1935) seemed admirably suited to Rex's skills, his superb chorus breaks and loosely driving momentum capturing the chugging steamboat rhythm.

Ellington's judgement and timing, whether behind the keyboard or in assessing the strength and weaknesses of his personnel, were uncanny; yet his methods were unorthodox, to say the least. Stewart recalls a standard Ellington rehearsal:

We'll start this at Bar two of the original intro, then continue as is down to Bar sixteen of Letter F, segue back to the fourth bar of the intro and, this time, let the brass calm down while the saxes shout out that good-old-timey feeling.... C'm here, Barney. Remember what you played that night in Oshkosh? ... it was raining and that gal in the red dress got so excited she started dancing on the bandstand....(*Jazz Masters*, p. 34)

Ironically, the results were generally pure magic. Such was the case with the 1936 recording of *Trumpet in Spades*, written exclusively as a showcase vehicle for Stewart; Rex sets a blistering pace on a very difficult instrument, running the whole gamut of chordal changes in record time; as well, Ellington liked to feature his players in the role of nominal leader, and Rex's 52nd Street Stompers (1936) produced two fine cuts, *Lazy Man's Shuffle* with Stewart propelling the number along at a rather slow tempo, and *Rexatious*, his horn muted and warm.

It was about this time that Rex made that discovery which was to remain his trademark for the rest of his playing career, and which was to influence more than a few jazz musicians still in the embryonic stages of their development. Rex tells his own story here:

In about 1937, Duke had a rather serious operation which caused a lay-off for all the band. I did not have anything much to do one day, so I picked up the axe and started blowing. The valves were sorta sticky from not being in use, and caused me to produce a tone related to concert G instead of C. This was for all intents and purposes the G-sound on the horn, but it sounded like it was being heard through a fog. I liked the sound so I tried to find other sounds or notes that would relate to the G, enough to form a sequence.... Then I got excited and called Duke at the hospital and tried to explain what I had discovered... and that very next day Boy Meets Horn *was in the works.* (*Jazz Masters*, p. 219)

The number is truly Rex's concerto, his now flattened, half-valve tone responding time and time again to the calls of the orchestra, reminiscent of that fervour generated by the Armstrong Hot 7 of old. A later version (Fargo concert: 1940), with its magic amalgam of deliberately slurred notes and enthusiastic audience reaction is, perhaps, one of the finest renditions on record.

Rex nursed that distinctive sound, using it to various advantages during his Ellington years: muted and torrid on *Buffet Flat* (1938), in dynamic dialogue with Ivie Anderson on *I'm Checkin' Out* (1939), lyrically mellow and sweet on *Your Love Has Faded* (1939) or *Dusk* (1940), relaxed and tasteful on *Weely* (1939), flat and open on *Fat Stuff Serenade* and *San Juan Hill* (1939, under his own name), melancholy and bluesy on *Across the Track Blues* (1940). The examples are simply too numerous to detail. However, it would be remiss to ignore those gems which have become, in critical jargon, classics in jazz.

"An approximation of an Ellington type of session occurred in France in 1939. Hugues Panassie had proposed that I record for him the next time I

REX STEWART (Photograph by Jack Bradley)

was in Europe.... Panassie explained that Django Reinhardt, the great gypsy guitarist, was going to record with us.... I was dubious but consented." (*Jazz Masters*, p. 34). The results were outstanding, especially the moody *Finesse*, with a richly liquid Stewart, and *Solid Old Man*, "a slow blues that has possibly the finest solo Rex Stewart has recorded" (*Dinosaurs in the Morning*, p. 91).

With Ellington, one remembers his Berigan-like horn on *Morning Glory* (1940), a beautifully sensitive composition inspired by an early morning at sea on a return journey from a European engagement; or, his pairing with Cootie Williams on *Tootin' Through the Roof* (1939), both stabbing notes in a traditional "chase" sequence, like an operatic duet in a dramatically climactic scene; or, his lazy, tender shadings to the featured Hodges on *Warm Valley* (1940); or, his humour and vitality on the plunger mute on *John Handy's Wife* (1941), a standard catch-name for a domineering, aggressive woman; or, finally, his catalytic introduction to *Main Stem* (1942).

Once again, in Stewart-leader groups, Rex seemed to excel. A 1940 session saw him delicate, clear and sensitive on *My Sunday Girl*, with a gorgeously muted ending to *Mobile Bay*, and lyrically supportive to Strayhorn's piano on *Linger Awhile*; on a 1941 date, his horn is "wet", Lester Bowie-like, with fierce, powerful lion growls, filled with trills and half-valve volleys on *Menelik*.

Some of the recordings Rex made with other groups while he was still part of the Ellington aggregation are memorable, as well. The 1939 Lionel Hampton septet was ideally suited for Stewart, whether growling in leathery fashion behind Hamp's vocal on Jumpin' Jive, or muffling his notes on the ballad, *Memories of You*. Though Sidney Bechet tended to steal the show from most accompanists, his September, 1940 sextet recordings afforded Rex ample room to share a lovely opening chorus with Bechet on *Blues For You*, and to emulate his idol, Louis Armstrong, on *Save it Pretty Mama*, ironically with Earl Hines on piano, as he had been over a decade before with Louis. Teagarden's Big Eight session with the likes of Ben Webster and Billy Kyle (1940), should not be overlooked either; plaudits go especially to *Big Eight Blues* and *World is Waiting... Sunrise*.

The Ellington years were undoubtedly the most fulfilling for Rex. He credits Duke with "...having taught him to think creatively in a musical sense... that the man, as a leader, was so magnificently gifted with so much open-mindedness and eagerness, so keenly analytical of the sounds and the impressions and the moods created by combinations of various instruments that if he was the artist, we, of course, were the palette." (*Jazz Masters*, p. 221).

Is there life after Ellington? For Rex Stewart, there certainly was. Although the recording studio became, perhaps, secondary to other pursuits, Rex continued to seek an active involvement in the world of music, using his talents in a variety of different ways.

On record, Rex never really lost that "great imagination, tender lyricism, blazing swing" of which he was so capable. The July, 1944 date with Johnny Guarnieri on piano (Rex's Big Eight) offered Stewart originals – *The Little Goose, Zaza, Swamp Mist*, and *I'm True To You*, the latter affording Rex an opportunity to explore new territory for him. He was not very comfortable with the new "bop" sounds, as is evidenced on *Be-bop Boogie*, cut in Paris (c1947) for the Blue Star label; however, other numbers, though uneven at times (there were no apparent alternate takes on these impromptu renderings), show Rex in fine fettle with his European compatriots – *Jug Blues, Night and Day, Confessin'*, and, in particular, *Stardust, Last Blues*. Apart from the Henderson All-star Reunion Band (Nov.-Dec. 1957), which Rex reluctantly fronted, and which featured him sparingly but well (*A Hundred Years from Today/The Way She Walks*), there were few outstanding recordings. A most notable exception was an April, 1957 disk – a delightful all-star billing including Lawrence Brown, Hawk, J.C. Higginbotham, Bud Freeman, Hank Jones, Billy Bauer, Milt Hinton, Gus Johnson, and Rex's rival from their Ellington days, Cootie Williams. Rex was up for this one, the highlight being *Alphonse and Gaston*, on which Williams imitates on trumpet Stewart's half-valve technique in a lively and humorous exchange between the two.

Rex has been preserved on celluloid as well as wax. From a very brief sequence in the 1941 film *Hellzapoppin*, and an "acting" role, only, in William Dieterle's *Syncopation* (1942), a disastrous effort to trace the history and influence of jazz (actor Jackie Cooper was seen to play cornet, dubbed by a then ailing Bunny Berigan), to *Rendez-vous de Juillet* (a 70-minute study of young people's aspirations in post-war Paris) with Claude Luter and Mezz Mezzrow, and the Hentoff-Balliett produced *Sound of Jazz* (1957) or *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (1960), reflections on the 1958 Newport festival, one can capture fleeting moments of those attributes which so characterized the man and the artist.

Concert appearances and club dates also kept Stewart musically active – journeys to Australia (some recordings made with Graeme Bell/Jack Brokensha, 1949), to Berlin (c1949) where he " 'nearly got cheered to death'... by shouting Russians who crossed official boundary lines in unofficial droves" (Stearns, p. 205), and, twice, as soloist, to Europe as late as 1966. In the late 50's, he had become a fixture at Eddie Condon's NYC club, playing with such veterans as George Wettling, Billy Butterfield, Dick Cary and Cutty Cutshall. He had earlier had a run, once more, at setting up his own band in Boston (recorded as the Dixielanders in 1953), at maintaining his own farm in New Jersey, and as disk jockey on an Albany radio network. In 1960, Rex left the east coast scene, and headed to LA; there, he filled what were to be his final years with three simultaneous pursuits: as daily disk jockey for KNOB, Los Angeles, as a writer for *Downbeat* magazine (published in book form, *Jazz Masters of the 30's*, the only jazz history written by a musician that is not directly autobiographical), and as an itinerant musician playing at Monterey, Hollywood Bowl, and various California locales. It was, indeed, a full and rewarding life.

The influence that Rex exerted on the jazz scene is prodigious, though unheralded: as an observant and articulate spokesman for the music he loved; as a player whose unique style re-echoes through the horns of Clark Terry, Roy Eldridge and Lester Bowie, to name a few; and, most importantly, as a man dedicated to "fierce integrity, determination to achieve musical self-expression, audacity, and originality... qualities [that] have probably always been pursued by jazz musicians...." (*Storyville*, Oct.-Nov. 1967). Indeed, the shape of jazz to come rests on those foundations fashioned by such men as Rex Stewart.

– John Sutherland

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Slide Hampton

Locksley Wellington (Slide Hampton) — trombone, tuba, composer. Born Jeannette, Pennsylvania 21st of April 1932. Raised in Indianapolis, played with Buddy Johnson, Lionel Hampton, Maynard Ferguson in the 50s. Formed own octet in 1959. Went to Europe in 1968 and toured England with Woody Herman, played concerts in Paris and then settled in Berlin where he undertook radio staff orchestra assignments in addition to working with various jazz combos and bands including a big orchestra of his own. Occasional return visits to the North American scene where he, amongst other engagements, found time to organize a band consisting of nine trombones plus rhythm, teach, contribute time to clinics and also work in clubs with local rhythm sections. In late 1985 and 1986 he was one of the members of the Paris Reunion Band in the congenial company of Woody Shaw.

Slide Hampton has a definitive French Horn quality to his trombone sound which he attributes to his being extremely influenced by that instrument, and gets closer to the French horn sound by using a large mouthpiece. He will tell you that with his lineage coming through J.C. Higginbotham and J.J. Johnson he also at times sounds like John Graas, the french horn player who made an important contribution to the jazz of the 50s, in particular those groups on the West Coast led by Shorty Rogers.

Never satisfied with what he has done, he feels there is always room for improvement, and that may be one of the reasons that, thanks to musicians like Slide Hampton, the trombone is becoming a much more popular instrument. There are many reasons given by Slide. In the 30s and 40s, the trombone was very popular but not so much in recent years. Musicians like Lawrence Brown, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey and Trummy Young were amongst those to popularize it then and in the 50s it was Jimmy Cleveland, Curtis Fuller, J.J. Johnson and Benny Green. Coming out of the bebop period there were fewer soloists who could sustain a full evening of playing in small groups and thus the trombone was heard less and less. With the beginning of the pop era it almost disappeared, and there were no trombones in rock groups.

When Slide Hampton goes into schools and colleges to pass on the benefit of his experience he finds there is a great deal of interest now, and he is really surprised at the number of female students who have taken up the trombone. In these classes/clinics he looks for, first of all, rapport — a kind of human communication. Then, he can stress the one thing that will be of importance to everyone who is participating, be they advanced or elementary, and that is the need to concentrate on fundamentals whether learning the instrument or the theory.

As far as having knowledge of jazz history he feels it sometimes does help the student, but in most cases they are eager to discover with the teacher, and then get curious and want to find out more. He will usually teach a master class in five or six Universities a year but finds he still needs time out for himself to develop and practice.

When questioned about improvisation he responds with: "Actually, it's already there in the character of the person; what the outcome of the music is finally that it is a human thing. You can teach the theory of a concept, but the real music that is made is from what you feel".

Schools like Berkeley, Slide feels, give a lot of information to the students that they need if they intend to go as far as a musician. The classrooms give you much from the people who have gone before you, and help you get used to the whole approach of participating. Now that he is again living in the United States, Slide has been able to get top-flight musicians together for his projects, one of which is the nine trombone unit. This choir can play for, as Slide explains, all age groups and even people who are not jazz followers — just the sound of the ensemble wins them over.

He attributes the big sound to the fact that they all use large horns; the smallest one is a 36, whereas Slide uses a 42. This gets an enormous sound, along with two bass trombones, two tenors with "F" attachments which can give them the same range as a bass. Slide Hampton, when working with this trombone choir or a much smaller unit, is not selfish. Everyone gets a chance to solo and this creates a great deal of respect amongst the band. It is not unusual when a member of the band is taking his or her solo to find Slide down in the audience digging the sounds. The results of this kind of attitude inspires all band members to excel.

There are three giants of jazz whom Slide believes have brought about a concept that is hard to beat. Louis Armstrong as the rhythmic concept, Lester Young as the lyrical part and Charlie Parker, the diatonic. Louis was the one who started to promote this approach, changing the written music according to your feelings. At the time Lester came along the chord approach was popular with saxophonists playing arpeggios; for example, Chu Berry, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins and Dan Byas. But Lester wanted something more relaxed, playing fewer notes. And that means playing melody even though sometimes he overlaid another melody for eight bars instead of using chords and scales. When Charlie Parker came along he opened things up that much more with his diatonic approach, although he had been influenced by Young's use of melody. He would always make statements. If he played eighth notes they would have a melodic curve. It all progressed in line from Louis Armstrong right up to Bird and Trane. And what a lot of people don't seem to realize about John Coltrane is that he worked through a lot of areas before he got to his final style. He played the blues in strip joints. All the different styles gave him a base on which to build his ultimate modern concept.

Slide Hampton feels that these musicians and others including Ornette Coleman, Max Roach, Clifford Brown, Art Blakey, Jimmy Cleveland and Frank Rosolino set some very high standards, as they were so devoted to the art form. And jazz being such a young art form, so much has happened so very, very fast.

One of Slide's convictions regarding today's music is that people are more used to relating to types of music that have a more definite pattern — more repetition so that they don't have to deal with a lot of different things in one composition. When more of the public are made to realize that jazz is a music that is simply a reflection of what they do in their everyday lives, then they'll be able to relate to it on a larger scale. Slide feels they are a little afraid of the whole idea of improvising, and improvisation certainly didn't start with jazz.

The one big goal of Locksley Wellington Hampton is to strive to create music of lasting quality. With an attitude like this toward music and his audience, how can he possibly fail?

— Hal Hill

SLIDE HAMPTON (Photograph by Peter Danson)

THE MANY SLIDES OF CRAIG HARRIS

At age 32, Craig Harris is rapidly becoming a major new voice of the trombone, an instrument which, until recently, has attracted little public attention. Born in Hempstead, on New York's Long Island, he received his first serious exposure to the music while studying with Ken McIntyre at Old Westbury (part of the New York State University), at which time he acquired the elements of theory, arranging and composition, as well as developing his strong and muscular trombone sound that is equally suited to the energy of David Murray's octet or the lyricism of his own compositions.

Upon completing his studies, he played with Sun Ra's Arkestra, following an invitation made by veteran baritone saxist Pat Patrick to sit in with the band for a night. After a three year stint, he landed another two year job with Abdullah Ibrahim in his quintet. He also played another full year as a member of the pit band backing up Lena Horne, which, at first, was supposed to be a limited engagement but turned out to be a very successful and long-running show.

More recently, he appeared in the motion picture "Cotton Club" as one of the musicians of the Duke Ellington band. Though seen, Harris says: "(We) were pantomiming (our) instruments whenever the camera was rolling...." Now with three records to his credit as a leader, Craig Harris was in Montreal last July 3rd as part of Charlie Haden's New Liberation Orchestra.

Marc Chenard: ***During last night's performance, I noticed you play the didjeredoo. How did you get acquainted with that instrument?***

Craig Harris: The first time I became aware of it was in 1979. At that time, I was a member of Abdullah Ibrahim's Quintet and we were on a three week tour of Australia, where this instrument is played by the native people, the Aborigines. The first time I heard it, I knew I had to get one. But it was not too difficult to get a sound out of it, as the range is within the one of the trombone and it is really based on the same principles as those of most brass instruments. Apart from that, they use circular breathing a lot, a technique which I had mastered at that time. In any event, I have been playing it regularly since that time, and I first used it on a piece called ***Awakening Ancestors*** on my album "Aboriginal Affairs," released on India Navigation.

But as far as the tradition of the instrument is concerned, I would have to go back there and spend a good deal of time with the native people, just to learn their songs and be familiar with their whole cultural background. But I also bought some records of their music, so as to get acquainted with the sounds of that instrument. I would really like to go back there, because I did an Aboriginal inspired piece, that I also arranged for orchestra, and hope to do some day with some of their didjeredoo players.

In looking over your biography, you spent some time with Sun Ra's Arkestra through the help of Pat Patrick. What did that particular experience impress on you in your formative years?

At that time, I had just finished college and I was on the road with him some two or three weeks after. It all started when Pat invited me to sit in with the band one night, and it so happened that Sun Ra needed another trombone player, which then led to the invitation to join the band. Basically, working with Sun Ra is like being part of a good music and history lesson: you really get the chance to work on your foundations, i.e. the things that you are trying to hone and perfect. At the same time, you get the chance to work with some of the most creative people on planet earth. I was able to practice on my own as well as doing a lot of rehearsing with the band. Even when we were on the road, we would rehearse the day after the gig. As for myself, I was learning the music in the book every night. You see, the thing about Sun Ra is that he is very serious about his music and he is also a great disciplinarian. You have to give it your all every time, and when you don't think you can do that, it's time for you to leave! Don't forget: that band has been going for close to thirty years now.

In fact, the difficulty of his music makes it just as demanding from an intellectual point of view as well as from a physical one. Even though a lot of people do sit in with the band, the music is still performed at its highest quality — as I have some times heard it — with those musicians who have been with the band for a while, like John Gilmore, Marshall Allen, Pat Patrick and (the late) Ronnie Boykins. As I said, the band rehearses a lot and you really have to be fast to keep up. Therefore, you must have full commitment to that band in order to stay with it for a long period of time.

Just the fact of being with Sun Ra has a great effect on you. His whole concept just rubs off on you, more through a process of osmosis than through specifics like taking a given voicing or a certain rhythm from him. The influence on me is quite natural then, and anybody who is around him for any period of time is inevitably influenced by him, not only musically but ideologically.

I am quite interested in the great sense of tradition that is apparent in your music. In other interviews that you have given, the names of Mingus and, even previous to that, those early pioneers of the Ellington orchestra frequently come up in your responses. I also noticed that your latest album ("Tributes" on OTC) was a projected collaboration between you and Trummy Young who, unfortunately, died a little over a year ago. Tell me a little bit about that specific date.

We were indeed ready to do that record together and had talked about it over the phone on two occasions. I even confirmed the details about the session and arranged for him to come into town, but that was just before I left on an American tour with David Murray's octet. So I pushed the record date back a month, to October instead of September, but he didn't make it. When I spoke to him on the phone, I can tell you that he was alert and was really aware of what was going on in the music. In fact, he was practising daily and playing just beautifully.

You just mentioned David Murray's name and that leads me to ask you about your relationship to him and his music. I know that you have worked with him a lot in the past as well as having recorded at least one album with his octet, so I gather that you still work in his groups on a regular basis.

Outside of my own projects, David Murray is one of my favourite persons to work with. Right now, I have been very active with my own projects, so I have been doing a lot of writing, practising and rehearsing of my music, but David Murray's projects are something where I can relax, because it is so much easier to play someone else's music than to be in the forefront and to be in charge of programming one's own music.

Nevertheless, his music is quite challenging to perform, and it must involve quite a bit of rehearsing to get into it.

That's true: his music is difficult, but the whole rehearsal situation is quite different nowadays. In fact, I believe that there is quite a difference between those musicians who came up prior to 1970 and those who came up after. New York City has now become the land of free agents and it is hard to get people to rehearse because everybody is so busy there that you just can't find the time. A lot of my peers have negotiated this problem by playing in each other's band, which at least compensates for not being able to play together all the time in one band or to be doing a lot of rehearsing for one particular band. However, it is not like getting on the bandstand and being in a situation where you have never played with them before. For instance, when I played with Ōlu Dara in Henry Threadgill's sextet, then I will play with both of them in Olu's Okra Orchestra and we meet again in David Murray's octet. In essence, it's just another way of dealing with the times, which is quite different to the days when people used to work in a club for three or four weeks in a row, as was the case of Monk

who used to have extended gigs, like the one at the Five Spot where he was there for several months.

Since the early 70s you see this perpetual recombination phenomena happening between likewise-minded musicians. What do you think is responsible for this situation? Is it a simple question of economics or can one also take into account differences in musical interests or even in the attitudes of today's musicians?

In my mind, there is a little bit of both, though economics is still the main cause. After all, if you do not have enough work, you cannot keep a band together. People have to make a living and to do so, they have to play music full time, but it is not always easy to do that. When it comes to the U.S., there just is not that much work outside of New York City. Over the last three or four years, people have had to move around much more to find gigs, just so they can make a living at performing. Yet, a lot of the musicians have very diverse interests in this broad culture, that of the African-American people.

Now with regards to the Afro-American culture....

Well I said the *African-American* culture. Now we may be getting into semantics here, but I am not one who wishes to perpetuate ignorance. What I mean here is to use these two words with respect to the continents we call Africa and America whose people have been combined into a cultural group, just as we would say *European-American*. To me, *Afro* is just a hair style! It doesn't designate any culture or any given people which, by the way, is the case for the word "jazz". All these word games have no meaning unless the heart is there. You see, a lot of people can rant and rave, and play these word games, but it is irrelevant if your heart is not there. So that is why I corrected you: so you can understand what I had in mind when making that distinction. I am approaching this whole matter from a geographic point of view.

With regards to this question of geography, I have noticed that many musicians are talking nowadays about the appearance of "global" or "world" music whose main premise is to encompass the African-American tradition by bringing in the most cultural inputs as possible. In your view, then, do you think the African-American element will be subsumed or diluted in such a synthesis?

I don't really think so. All of this intermingling between cultures is really the result of technology. Communications are so much quicker now: I can be instantly aware of what is going on now in Sydney, Australia, just by using a computer. So that is bringing us together, no question about it. If you are what you are, and know what you are about, you will not really change that much by intermixing, as long as you remain true to yourself. In fact, it can only enhance what you are doing by giving you a broader perspective on your own work, so you can look at yourself in a more comprehensive way. It can only enrich you. Despite that, some people still say that you dilute when you intermix, but this is not my view at all. Rather, it strengthens me to be in all kinds of situations, which, in turn, makes me much more aware of my culture.

In contrast to this ever-widening perspective found in today's improvised music, the word

"jazz" remains tenaciously engrained in our vocabulary, even though critics and, moreso, musicians express many reservations about that term. In view of that word still being widely used as a term of categorization, do you personally have those reservations with that very word and what is your feeling on being labelled a "jazz musician"?

I will tell you that "jazz" is put on me not just because I play a certain instrument and that I improvise on it, but that I am also an African-American. Right away, they say: "He's jazz!" But, as I said earlier, I don't really deal with these word games. Instead, I relate to it more from a cultural angle. In fact, when you start talking about cultures, you get away from all of these labels; after all, all cultures have music, dance, art, language, cooking. My music reflects all of MY culture and that is how I see it. Someone brought up in Germany, for example, has the same things I do (music, dance, cooking, religion). Hence, the music is a reflection of the culture of a given performer or composer. That is how I get away from the categories of "pop", "jazz" and so forth. When you say "pop", what does that mean? And likewise for Reggae and bebop.

But on the other hand, these labels are easy (even facile) ways of categorizing artists in an every widening musical spectrum. Some thirty or forty years ago, the styles were more neatly separated, but now the lines are getting more and more blurred, so maybe these terms are used to prevent things from getting more and more ambiguous.

Well, the styles were always much closer than you think. In fact, they were always close to one another. But, in coming back to this whole issue of "third world" or "global" music, you have to watch out for this, because many people may be tempted to nix certain cultures. By that, I mean that some people can try to get out of a stylistic categorization and I have a problem with the attitude whereby terms like "world music" are used in order to try to get away from old categorizations like "jazz". What some do is to get involved with the European culture and to use it as an escape hatch, but that is no solution. What I say then is if we are going to have global music, every culture is significant and has to be as such.

You see, there is politics in music and I say this because there are certain occasions when you hear people at certain meetings for funding of the arts who say that "they want to broaden their perspectives" or even that "they want to get away from." Yet, I wonder what they are trying to get away from? Is it my culture they want to get away from? I am very proud of my own culture and I like to mix it with all the cultures of the world. Not only that, but I would like everyone else to try that too. But, once again, it happens very frequently at those meetings that someone may want to bypass certain categories and stylistic forms that have been tacked on to improvised music. So they will wind up doing something with a very heavy European influence.

That may be fine, but why do you say that you are getting out of categorizations, when you are just moving to another culture? I am rather sensitive on that. I'd rather say: "Let's talk about traditional music as well". Some people only want advanced music with newer things, but the truth of the matter is that there is nothing new. They might use some techniques that were developed by Webern, just to take an example, but what happened to the funk in it? Or what happened to the dirt in it? So I say: Let's put all of it in! On the other hand, there are those who just want to hold on to the tradition, like those who just want to hear and play the blues. But what about extending the boundaries and the vast potentials yet to be discovered?

You said that there is "nothing new", but to my mind what is really new are the ways in which the basic elements of music are being recombined.

I think so too. Basically, you take what you have, turn it over and around so you can see it in another way. In fact, it is like reinterpretation and that is what my culture is about. Through all of this, the main thing is to keep everything as open as can be. By that, I mean not only artistic growth, but also mental, physical and spiritual growth. In that way, one can maintain the highest standards of all musics. It is through sincerity and a desire to understand that you discover each culture. By the same token, you discover its unique values which are essential to grasp when you want to get into that whole area of "world music"!

In that vein, I would also like to mention a project which I am about to undertake, namely, the bringing together of musicians of completely different backgrounds into the same band. By the way, two of these people do not improvise at all, at least in the sense of my cultural tradition. It will most likely comprise a percussionist, using various African instruments, a Kora player, a twelve string guitarist and, of course, myself on trombone and didjeredoo. So I hope to bring together people who are both sensitive enough to other cultures and willing to work with people from totally different backgrounds without sacrificing any of their own musical values in the process.

Just to pursue a little further on this whole area we have been discussing, I am wondering if you have sensed a trend where more musicians unfamiliar with your culture are will to participate in music involving improvisation. Let us take the example of the classical musician: do you see more openness on their part to branch out by joining such groups where different cultural traditions coexist? I use this specific case because the classical tradition is so dominated by the composer who dictates the sequence of events in absentia, thus engendering a class of musicians who are often unable to deal with more open forms involving different cultural inputs and attitudes towards the performative act. In those terms, do you feel that musicians less familiar with improvisation are coming to that concept more and more?

I think that they are coming to it gradually. You see, improvisation is such a joy because it is a process that comes from within oneself and where one is able to lose oneself just by opening up to the music. Not only that, but the greater awareness of other cultures is being heightened by that whole aspect of communications we talked about earlier as well as by the caliber of musicianship you find nowadays. However, you still have to look for those special people who want to involve themselves in those other areas, those people venturesome enough to move into territories that have not been their own. With time, I see this happening

more and more.

As for your involvement with Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra I heard that you are touring for this summer. Are there any specific recording projects for this band, either during or after the tour?

This is the first time that I am touring with this band, though not the first time I have played with it. This time around, we played at Sweet Basil's all of last week, then we played here last night and we are off to Europe for three weeks where we will appear at many of their big festivals, like Perugia and the North Sea, to name but two of them. At this moment, we are taking it step by step and, as far as I know, I haven't heard of anything about a recording date. Charlie Haden is a wonderful person to work for and he understands very well this phenomena of blending different musical cultures together.

Before you started this tour, did you rehearse a lot to get the parts down or was it like you said before, a lack of time to do any in-depth rehearsals?

We had two rehearsal sessions before going on our six day gig in New York. As I said earlier, I had already worked with the band which was about a year ago at a club on 7th Avenue as well as having played with them at the Kool Festival two years ago. Even though we did not (and could not) do any rehearsing at great length, the sheer quality of musicianship compensated for that.

Since I started this interview by talking about one of your instruments, I'll come full circle and talk about your main horn. First of all, how did you come to choose the trombone in particular? Quite often, musicians are brought to play their instruments via certain role models. Has this been your experience?

Well, I was not that fortunate. When I was in Junior High School, they needed trombone players because many of them had graduated the previous year and I took it up after about a week of playing trumpet. In any event, I was just eager to play an instrument at that time so from that moment on it just seemed to work out and I have just stuck with it ever since.

I have always been fascinated with the trombone and its place in the history of music. In contrast to the saxophone, the trumpet or the piano, there have been relatively few innovators especially over the last 20 or 25 years. While people like Coltrane, Coleman and Taylor were breaking their own ground and creating a whole current of imitators, you could find a Roswell Rudd or a Grachan Moncur doing their own thing with very little notice given to them. Even today, it is the same. For instance, one hears about people like George Lewis or Ray Anderson, but you are still in the minority. With regards to this unfortunate situation, what do you see as being the reasons for the lack of trombonists on the scene today and the concurrent lack of recognition given to those who are further developing the instrument's potentials? When you look back to the early days, the trombone was an integral part of any Dixieland or swing orchestra, but it has lost its position for many years now. Do you think it is a matter of the trombone being an inherently difficult instrument to learn and master?

It is a difficult instrument to play that is for sure. But it is also due to the way they teach it. I was very fortunate in a way, because Ken McIntyre (who was also part of the Haden band that played here) happened to be one of my teachers at school. Though he is a multi-reed player, he is also a composer and he had other ideas about how the trombone should sound. George Lewis is also quite innovative when it comes to developing new techniques and ideas on the instrument. Moreover, one can say the same for Mingus and the way he used the horn in his compositions. When you think about it then, the trombone has a slide, which gives you endless possibilities and variations of pitch.

As for the instrument's lack of recognition, one cannot deny the whole question of economics. As long as there were big bands, each one of them employed three or four trombonists. But, as that period ended, people were cutting them out in order to make smaller groups and the trombone thus became a casualty of the time. Yet, that did not stop J.J. Johnson or Benny Green from making their own way. The trombone was always an extra sound in the big band era, so it was cut out as the bands were sizing down.

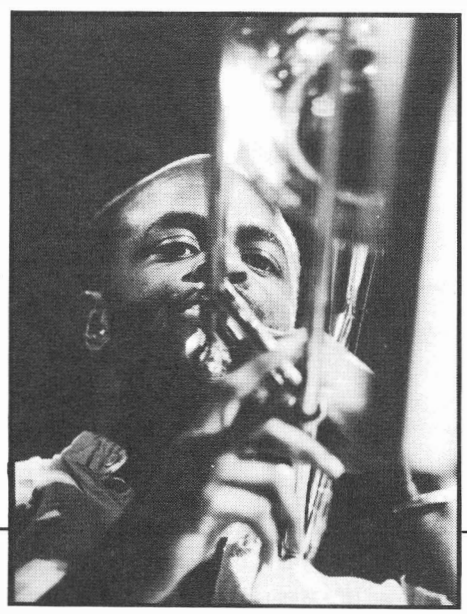
It's quite unfortunate that people think this way in our culture. When you look elsewhere, like in the Caribbean, the trombone is quite prevalent in their music. As a matter of fact, there was quite a good player over there by the name of Don Drummond. Even in New York City, there are many good ones who work very regularly, but not on my circuit.' These musicians are busy every night. You find more good trombone players in all of the latin bands, like Eddie Palmieri's. It just seems to be in our culture that the instrument has been put to one side, even though things are starting to turn around as there are more good players around.

Do you think that there is a trombone revival on the way?

Well, I don't think so, but I say that because it has always been there, but the difference is that people are starting to take more notice of it now. You see, after John Coltrane emerged, everybody wanted to play the tenor sax. And the same thing happened when Jimi Hendrix came along: everybody wanted to play the guitar. It just goes to show you that certain people just make it happen by bringing an instrument to the public's attention.

As all modern trombonists, I gather you are working with multi-phonics.....

Yes, I'm into that. Albert Mangelsdorff, he's the master of that, like Dick Griffin and Phil Wilson are. I can play up to 4 pitches simultaneously, but I haven't yet mastered the technique fully. Just to come back to your previous question, I was saying that there was not a shortage of good players, but the whole problem we have to contend with is getting enough gigs and enough magazines to cover everybody. It's just amazing how many very good but unknown people there are around. So all it takes is just more exposure....



CRAIG HARRIS (Photograph by Peter Danson)

With respect to the music, you would almost need a festival in every season, just to get the music in the public eye; in that way there could be enough places to get all of these musicians working. Moreover, I believe that we, the musicians, have to take our own responsibilities by creating our own situations where we can maintain our own business interests. For instance, we can get together and rent a hall for a concert, but I don't mean this in a competitive sort of way. As for now, the situation is that there are not enough gigs around for everyone, so we just have to go out and make things happen on our own, be it in concerts or in producing records, because there are not even enough labels to document everything. My latest record is on a small label whose director is a very energetic person who has a great interest in keeping this art form alive. We worked very closely on this project and I hope to do more with him. So we need more companies like this to sustain the music.

Do you have any specific recording projects in the works at this time?

Well, I don't want to make any commitments before I sign on the dotted line, though I do look forward to doing something during the fall of '86. Right now, I am thinking of a group with drums, tuba, clarinet, trumpet and trombone, but it is still a little early to say. Apart from that, I do write a lot and hope to form a working unit, notwithstanding the special projects like the one I mentioned earlier on. I have a group now, called Aquastra, which includes violin, cello, two reed players, French horn, trombone, tuba, bass and percussion. We have recorded a cut for the "Young Lions" album on Elektra called ***Nigerian Sunset***, which is in fact an excerpt from a larger work I hope to record some day.

In writing for larger settings, I'm now discovering more and more good players, be they clarinetists, oboists or cellists. The clarinet, for example, is a great instrument with a great range, but people got away from it because everybody wanted to play soprano sax when John Coltrane came on the scene, just because he had such a strong personality. In any event, I hope that my personality will be strong enough to bring some attention to the trombone!

CRAIG HARRIS DISCOGRAPHY

As a sideman

Sun Ra, "Cosmos", Inner City 1020, Black Saint
David Murray Octet, "Murray's Step", BSR 0065
Dollar Brand, "African Marketplace", Elektra 6E-252

As a leader

"The Young Lions" (1 cut only: ***Nigerian Sunset***), Elektra Musician 60196
"Aboriginal Affairs", India Navigation
"Black Bone", Black Saint
"Tributes", O.T.C. Records

THELONIOUS MONK

THELONIOUS MONK / The Complete Black Lion and Vogue Recordings of Thelonious Monk / Mosaic MRS-112 (4 record box set)

The Mosaic Box Set that brought together all of Thelonious Monk's Blue Note recordings was the reissue of the year. It offered, in its completeness, a compendium of some of the most important seminal music of the be-bop era. It brought us fourteen previously unissued takes; and it provided, in a twenty page accompanying booklet, a full discography of everything that Monk had recorded.

The new Mosaic box is in some ways a companion. It gives everything recorded on November 15th 1971 in London at what was to be one of Monk's last sessions, and the last under his own name. Monk at the time was touring with the Giants of Jazz — Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Kai Winding, Monk, Al McKibbon and Art Blakey. The box also gives us all the solo recordings Monk made in Paris when he appeared at the Paris Jazz Fair in June of 1954. The Blue Note set let us hear Monk's first flowering as one of the great innovators of modern jazz; the Black Lion records are his "swan song" — his last stand.

The temptation is to hail this set as I hailed the previous set; another great collection of important music superbly done. It is superbly done; and the music is important — though important because everything that someone of Monk's stature recorded is important. After nearly a decade and a half of listening, off and on, to the Black Lion recordings, I cannot find myself loving them, or feeling that, as the producer of Mosaic records, Michael Cuscuna says, they are "among the finest pianistically". The accompanying booklet is ample, giving full details of both sessions and including one of Monk's last interviews. The notes to the recordings are by Brian Priestley, who attended the Black Lion sessions and who wrote the liner notes for the original Black Lion albums. Despite this, they are inevitably not as interesting as the notes to the Blue Note music, which covered an extensive and fascinating period in Monk's career. Inevitably, too, the discography cannot repeat the triumph of the previous issue, and is confined to the sessions reissued here.

I remember the report in ***Jazz Journal*** at the time of Monk's Paris recital of 1954. It spoke of Monk's "Chinese chords". In the years that immediately succeeded those performances, Monk's true stature became recognised, though at the time he seemed an eccentric, minor figure beside Parker and Gillespie. For me these are the best tracks in the album, even though, as the notes point out, Monk is not entirely at ease on the medium tempo pieces — most notably on ***Evidence***. The seldom heard ***Eronel*** is a lovely tune and a beautiful performance. The same may be said of ***Portrait Of An Eremite*** (generally known as ***Reflections***) which is relaxed, reflective and lyrical. ***Manganese*** (***We See***) is jaunty, laid back and swinging. ***Off Minor*** appears to be Monk's only solo recording of one of his most distinctive tunes, though it is not his best version. Included too is a lightly swinging ***Hackensack***, evidently left off the original ten inch Vogue lp for lack of space, and issued for the first time a few years ago on a twelve inch Vogue lp as an alternate take of ***Well You Needn't***. The most attractive track, however, is a mildly stunning version of ***Smoke Gets In Your Eyes***, which Monk had recorded as a band number for Prestige a few months before. The tune seems to suit his approach, and he attains a certain opulence. Despite their frequent reissue, I feel that these solos have been underrated. They come on the eve of Monk's vintage Riverside period.

The Black Lion recordings — 26 takes in all — were the product of one long session in London in 1971. Monk was alone for the first half; but was joined by bassist Al McKibbon and drummer Art Blakey for the second half.

For the first time, we are able to hear the recordings in the order which they were made. Indeed, we are given the interesting and unusual experience of hearing Monk warm up for nearly ten minutes on the first track, never intended for issue and here entitled, appropriately, ***Chordially. Trinkle Tinkle***, which follows, is in three takes — the last done after Mrs. Monk had cut Monk's finger nails to get rid of a clicking heard on the previous two takes. It is played at a nice, laid-back tempo, and is typical of what is best in the Black Lion recordings. ***Lover Man*** — Kai Winding's feature with the Jazz Giants — follows. It is issued here for the first time, and appears to be Monk's only recording of this bop anthem (apart from the ones with the Jazz Giants). ***Something In Blue*** is a slow tempo blues, presumably made up on the spot. It is an extended piece with both character and power. ***My Melancholy Baby*** is taken slowly, with a sense of the tune's original wistful feeling. It has some attractive flourishes in the right hand; but, like some of the other Black Lion solos, it is marred by monotony in the left hand. There are a number of other show tunes among the solos: a slightly melancholy ***Nice Work If You Can Get It***, long in Monk's repertoire, though never a favourite with me; ***Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland***, issued here for the first time; ***The Man I Love***, an attractive solo which brings out some of the feeling associated with the original tune — something that Monk's treatment does not always do; and ***Darn That Dream***. This is the one totally lovely performance among the Black Lion recordings; it is both characteristic of Monk and true to the feeling of the tune.

The remaining solos — all Monk tunes — are less attractive. ***Jackie-ing*** is sonorous and determinedly powerful, but does not do much for the tune. ***Little Rootie Tootie*** is slower than the Riverside orchestral version and has none of its fire. ***Blue Sphere*** is an uptempo blues, again made up on the spur of the moment — for Alan Bates, who, like many record producers, evidently felt that an album was not right without a fast blues.

The trio recordings are, on the whole, better; though there is little of the imaginative interplay with Blakey encountered on earlier recordings. Al McKibbon does well, especially in view of the fact that he evidently did not know some of the tunes: ***Crepescule With Nellie*** and ***Introspection*** are preceded by solo versions of one chorus each, done by Monk to let McKibbon know how the tune went; while ***Hackensack*** is done twice by the trio, because McKibbon got out of phase with Monk on the chords in the first version.

On ***Evidence***, the first trio number, Monk seems comfortable, and there is that use of pauses and hesitations that produced the unique sense of a fragmented line on his earlier recordings. ***I Mean You***, a version of nearly eight minutes that concluded the session, really gets down to business, with everyone playing well. ***Nutty*** is another nice performance, though it lacks the tautness of Monk's earlier playing. ***Hackensack*** has plenty of life, but is a bit too long; while ***Ruby My Dear*** inevitably pales before the memory of the classic performance with Coleman Hawkins. ***Crepescule With Nellie*** is, oddly enough, better in the solo "demonstration" version. The other tunes are ***Misterioso*** (not a very distinguished performance); and ***Introspection***, issued here for the first time. ***Introspection*** has been an unlucky tune. Monk recorded it three times: Blue Note did not use it as a 78; while the version for Columbia, made in 1965 and finally put out on "Always Know", had still to be issued when Monk recorded in 1971 for Black Lion — who did not use it either.

In the notes for the original Black Lion issue of "Something in Blue", Brian Priestley wrote of ***Evidence***: "The subtlety and timing and the indeterminate centre of gravity of Monk's apparently random chords would lead one to think that the piece was in a different time-signature and a different key altogether". This points to an essential feature of Monk's playing — that the unusual rhythmic effects cannot be considered apart from the unusual harmonic and melodic features. Monk's use of "hesitation" has been frequently remarked upon (though it is nowhere mentioned in the notes for the Mosaic box). It not only created unexpected rhythmic effects and an unusual rhythmic tightness; it also gave the sense that the notes, chords and phrases were isolated, leaving them as if suspended in space, even though they were a part of a well defined melodic line in the solos in which they occurred. This generated the unusual modernity and feeling of fragmentation in Monk's best work. We feel it powerfully in the fifties on albums like "Nica's Tempo" by Gig Gryce or on "Monk's Music", with its masterly use of rests. During the sixties, these effects were less in evidence, and Monk's phrasing goes more with the beat. Indeed, his playing tended more and more to carry the beat; whereas, on

his earlier recordings with Blakey, the rhythm of Monk's playing seemed to define itself in a complementary relationship to the playing of the rhythm section. We see these changes exemplified in the relationship of Monk's playing to that of Blakey on the Black Lion recordings. In the 1950s, Blakey is always forcing his way into the interstices of Monk's solos, emphasising the fragmentation and finding his role in terms of it. Much of the tautness and life is gone from Monk's later playing, where the stride element (so rejoiced in by "funk" merchants) is more in evidence. We hear mention of James P. Johnson (because Monk once noticed the resemblance himself); as though the always delicate Johnson was an exponent of "down-home" sounds. Monk's music is certainly "rooted in the blues" (to reach for the old cliche); but its originality lay in its power to bring the elements of the blues tradition into a completely modern idiom. In fairness to Brian Priestley's notes for this new issue, it must be remarked that he does an excellent job of elucidating the harmonicsubtlety and ambiguity of Monk's playing.

In summary, one can say that, just as we encounter people who think that the Ellington band is the sixties is better than the Ellington band of the thirties, so evidently are those who find these later recordings among Monk's finest achievements. To me they seem a falling away from the great Riversides of the fifties.

For those who do not have this music, this set should, nonetheless, be a priority purchase. It will, of course, be a compulsory purchase for Monk completists. However for seasoned collectors who are not new to Monk's music and who have not neglected their collections, browsing in the deletion bins or the nearly-new shops, this new set will present problems. It gives us seven new tracks from the Black Lion session, of which two are alternate takes of previously issued performances. Two of the new pieces — the warm-up ***Chordially***, and the "demonstration" single chorus solo of ***Introspection*** were never intended for issue. There are no new tracks in the Paris set, though ***Hackensack*** has been issued only once before. The Black Lion recordings as a group have been reissued more than once; while eight of the nine Paris performances have appeared more times than most people can remember. The sound of the new set is excellent; but so, at least, was that of the original Black Lion recordings and re-issues. For the benefit of collectors, I have compiled a brief discography of the set, showing previous issues.

Another important event for admirers of Monk is the appearance of a second and revised edition of Biji and Cante's ***Monk on Records***. I reviewed the original edition in ***Coda***. Everything I said then in praise of it may be said again. My one regret was that the discography was confined to issued recordings and did not list recordings known to exist which had not yet appeared. This seems to have been corrected in the new edition. Indeed, there is a promise to bring out later a list of Monk performances on compact disc, cassette, video-disc and video-cassette. This is a comprehensive, scholarly piece of research of the first order that should be bought by all Monk collectors — and many more. ***— Trevor Tolley***

Mosaic Records are issued from 197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Ct. USA 06902.
Monk on Records is obtainable from Golden Age Records, Nieuwezijds Voorburgwal 51-53, 1012 RD Amsterdam, Holland.

DISCOGRAPHY

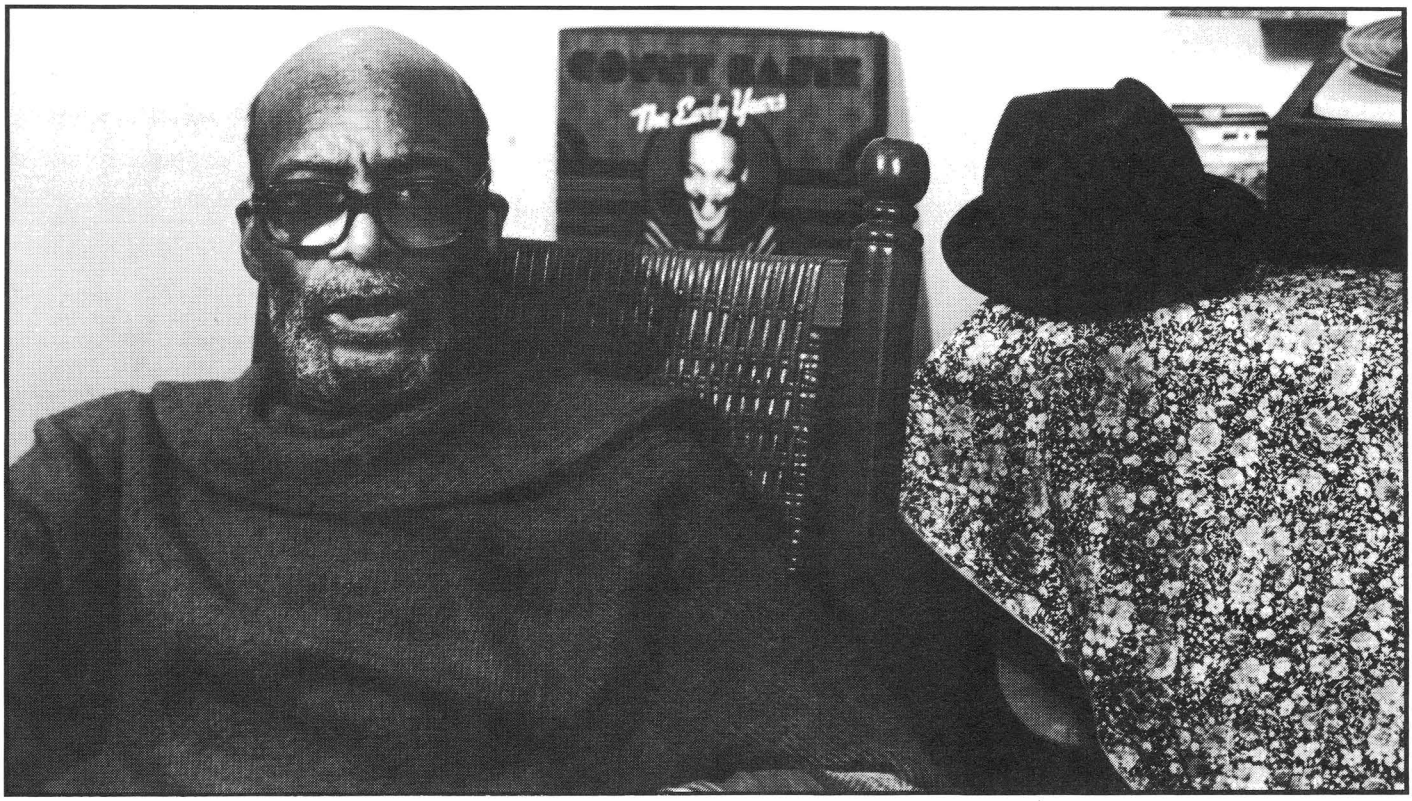
Vogue / Paris, 7 June 1954 / Monk (solo piano)
Manganese (We See) / Smoke Gets In Your Eyes / Portrait of an Ermite (Reflections) / Off Minor / Eronel / Round (About) Midnight / Evidence (as ***Reflections*** on most issues) ***/ Well You Needn't / Hackensack*** (as ***Well You Needn't-2"***)
All nine titles are on **Vogue** (French) **500104** "Portrait of an Ermite" (Japan) **K23P6731** "Solo On Vogue".
The first eight titles are on **Vogue** (French) **LD503-30** "The Prophet" / (French) **CMDINT 9852** "Thelonious Monk" / (Japan) **YX 4057** "Thelonious Monk" / (Japan) **YX 8015** "Thelonious Monk" / **Crescendo GNP 9008** "Thelonious Monk" / **DJM DJLSM 2017** "Pure Monk" / **Everest FS 336** "Piano Solos" / **Piccadilly PIC 3521** "Monkisms" / **Scepter SPS 550** "The Prophet" / **Swing M33342** "Thelonious Monk" / **Swing CLD 869** "Monk" / **Trip TLP 5022** "Pure Monk"

Black Lion / London 15 November 1971
Monk (pno) with Al McKibbon (bs) and Art Blakey (ds) as indicated.
Previous Issues: "Something in Blue" (SIB) (**Black Lion, Freedom, Jazzman, Polydor**) "The Man I Love" (MIL) (**Black Lion, Freedom, Polydor**) "At His Best" (AHB) (**Black Lion**) ***All items on SIB or MIL.*** "Nice Work in London" (NWIL) (**Freedom**) ***also as "Blue Sphere"***

Monk (piano)	
Chordially	* New on Mosaic
Trinkle Tinkle (1)	* New on Mosaic
Trinkle Tinkle (2)	MIL, AHB
Trinkle Tinkle (3)	NWIL
Lover Man	* New on Mosaic
Something in Blue	SIB, AHB
My Melancholy Baby	NWIL
Little Rootie Tootie	MIL, AHB, NWIL
The Man I Love	MIL, AHB
Jackie-ing	SIB, AHB, NWIL
Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland	*New on Mosaic
Darn That Dream	NWIL
Nice Work If You Can Get It	SIB, AHB, NWIL
Blue Sphere	SIB, AHB, NWIL
Monk(p); Al McKibbon (b); Art Blakey (d)	
Evidence	SIB, AHB
Misterioso	MIL
Hackensack (1)	* New on Mosaic
Hackensack (2)	SIB
Ruby My Dear	MIL, AHB
Crepescule with Nellie (2) (solo)	NWIL
Crepescule with Nellie (4) (trio)	MIL, AHB
Nutty	SIB, AHB
Criss Cross	SIB, AHB
Introspection (1) (solo)	* New on Mosaic
Introspection (2) (trio)	* New on Mosaic
I Mean You	MIL

THELONIOUS MONK (Photogrph by Bill Smith)

A LAST TALK WITH PAPA JO



Those hands. There may never have been more beautiful hands than those of the great drummer Jo Jones. Even when ill health had taken some of his agility and dexterity, those hands remained a sight.... a work of art.

Within those hands lie the mastery of touch. A touch which helped provide the foundation for one of the greatest rhythm sections in jazz history – The Basie Rhythm section. The freedom and spontaneity which flowed from the band may have been more a tribute to its drummer than to any one single voice. The drummer was the cohesion, the thread.

"He liked me," Jo said with a half smile, *"Basie like me 'cause I punched things up, you know, 'Da-tada-da-ta.' I always held things together – like glue. Basie was always watching me though. Like on the bus. Made me sit right in front of him so he could keep an eye on me.*

"I had this hat. Used to keep some sticks of marijuana in the inside under the lining. Well, Lester and Buck sat way back by the engine so that they could light up and Basie wouldn't smell it. And they'd yell, 'Lady J, we want to try your hat on, see if it fits!' Well, my hat wouldn't fit their little heads and they knew it. My head was too big. So, I sent my hat back to them. And they would yell back, 'Hat fits!' and they would keep it for a while until they were done smoking. They'd send it back and say, 'Hat don't fit no more!' "

Joe's profession was chosen long before he met up with the Basie Orchestra. From the beginning, his life was all music.

By the age of ten, Jo could already play the trumpet, piano, saxophone and drums. He toured carnival shows, joining Ted Adams' Band and the Brownskin Syncopators. He played with Bennie Moten, followed by a stint with Lloyd Hunter's Serenaders in Omaha, Nebraska.

"In Omaha I ran this whorehouse on the side. Would you believe I ran a house of ill-repute? Sure, I played in a band, but I made my living with that house. When all the bands came to town, they'd come to my place. That's how I met the Basie band."

Jo pointed to a bottle which lay ten feet from his chair.

"Hand me that bottle, please. It's not whiskey, oh no. it's cognac. I drink nothing else. I put it in this apple juice bottle. People ask, is it whiskey? I say, 'No, it's apple juice.' "

It became ever apparent that the bottle was meant for his aching body, not his mind. He spoke not from the cognac but from the seventy-five years of his dedicated music life.

"When I try to sleep, she sings to me. I hear her in my dreams," he said staring at a large picture of Lady Day, which hung above his bed. *"She sings me to sleep everynight. That was a beautiful lady.... That was a beautiful person. She said, 'Don't do what they say I do, Jo. Please don't.' I miss Billie Holiday."*

Jo paused for a moment, removing his glasses, his eyes red.

"Lester Young and I had things, you see. We used to stand people on the edge trying to understand what we were talking about. Like two signifying monkeys. We might be talking about a necktie or a belt buckle and centered around you. We could do that. People would pay us to engage in conversation.

"When we talked, you stayed out of it 'cause you didn't know what we was talking about. Nine times out of ten we didn't know ourselves."

Jo and Prez were together throughout most of their respective careers. Their careers paralleled in many ways. They both began their professions in carnivals, touring the South. They each traveled "up the river," settling in Minneapolis/St. Paul for a while, playing with the Rook Ganz Band at Pete Karalus' Cotton Club. Off and on, and until Prez' death in 1959, Jo and Prez played together... with Basie.... with the Kansas City Five and Six.... at Newport. Even in the Army, they were together.

JO JONES (Photograph by Nancy Miller Elliott)

"Used to be a thing in baseball, 'Break up the Yankees or the Phillies.' Well, in the forties it was 'Break up the Basie Band.' One by one they took us. We'd sing a song called, It Could Happen To You *(La-di-da-di-da).*

"Lester Young and I played in a smaller group. Surely Uncle Sam would catch us if we continued with Basie. So we kept playing and hiding. Draft notices would follow us everywhere.

"Anyway, we played in LA and this cool cat, white guy, came up and was buying us drinks all night. Thought he just liked the music. Suddenly, he yanked us both off the stage and we were now in the Army."

Jo just shook his head in disbelief.

"They asked me to play drums in the Army Band. I said, 'No, I'm a soldier. I carry a gun. I kill people. I do not play music as long as I'm a soldier! They made me a guard. I guarded Lester Young. Can you imagine me a guard?"

Jo continued to shake his head.

"The way they treated Mr Lester Young, you wouldn't see a mangy dog treated that way!

"Prez was the greatest," Jo said as he toasted him with a sip from his "apple juice." He looked to his side as two cats played on a table. The cats started to scratch a Basie album which lay flat on the table.

"Those are my children, naughty little girls," Jo chuckled and then continued.

"We were jamming in Kaycee and this boy was playing alto. He wasn't playing anything but garbage, spelled GARBAGE. I was so mad that I took my best cymbal and I threw it at him. He gets up fast.... gives me one of them evil stares... then walks. He then turned to me and yelled, 'I'll be back!' Sure enough, he came back... and then the heavens turned."

Jo had a way of intimidating or, as Jo put it, influencing people. His seemingly violent assault on Charlie Parker may have been the single greatest contribution anyone has ever made to the development of bebop.

The temptation exists to corral Jo with Roy Eldridge, Oscar Pettiford, Lester Young and Art Tatum, to name but a few, and refer to them, collectively, as the bridge from old jazz to modern jazz. But, as Dizzy Gillespie informed this writer, "They weren't bridges, they were fucking *rivers.*"

The river of Jo Jones ran long and flowed through many. Buddy Rich, Gene Krupa, Terry Gibbs and many others have all recognized the vast influence of Jo Jones. Jo used the drums percussively and accented Basie superbly. As his river flowed through Norman Granz' "Jazz at the Phil," he showed his strength in a small group format.

He was a man of taste, a man of originality, but a man wearied by the times...

"I'll tell you this, mister. Prez was right, the Popes are *dying while the kiddies are making all the bread. It's as true today as it was back then."*

Jo looked around his very humble apartment, shaking his head in disgust. He bowed for about thirty seconds. He came up staring at his hands.

"You see these... These are my livelihood. Notice how I said are*? No, no, I don't play drums anymore,"* Jo paused, *"Artists, photographers and sculptors have all wanted to use my hands. Can you believe I'm a professional model? They all want these hands."*

Jo had been sick for some time. He was frail and weak from cancer and had recently suffered a broken hip, making it hard and painful for him to move. He sat there clothed in a brown cowl, a gold crucifix dangled from a long chain. He looked like a monk. Maybe he was.

Jo was beginning to get tired, although his eyes indicated he had a few more stories left in him. Jo himself admitted, *"I'm not the man I used to be."* Perhaps not... except for those hands.

– Bruce Frederickson

TEDDY WILSON

Teddy Wilson was a hero of mine. I remember exactly when I heard him live for the first time. It was in August, 1957, when he gave a concert at the music festival then associated with the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario. In those days concerts, including jazz, played a major part in the summer's activities, which they haven't in a long time. Billie Holiday appeared there the same summer, giving most of us in the audience that night their last – probably their only – chance to see her in person.

Teddy Wilson was in great form that hot August night, accompanied by bassist Arvell Shaw and Swedish drummer Bert Dahlander, on a bill he shared with the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Wilson and company played with tremendous energy and drive, and from that moment forward he became my favourite pianist. In those days I was a student at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, the first suburb north of the Chicago city limits, and I broadcast several hours of jazz a week, both recorded and live, on Evanston radio station WNUR. I was always looking for opportunities to interview visiting musicians and to my delight Teddy Wilson turned up the following winter at Chicago's leading jazz club of the time, the Blue Note, in the Loop on Dearborn Street.

One way or another I managed to arrange an interview with him and dragged an enormous, heavy 1950's tape recorder downtown to the Blue Note, setting it up in a booth somewhere in the back of the club. Singer Joya Sherrill was sharing the bill with Teddy that week and she could be heard singing in the background of my interview. (A good thing I didn't try to do any editing). Teddy appeared on schedule, reserved but considerate of this nervous 20-year-old trying to be knowledgeable but not quite sure what the hell he was doing. The interview took place between sets.

For the next 20 years whenever and wherever I went to hear him play I would always try to say hello and remind him of our long ago encounter at the

TEDDY WILSON (Photograph by Bill Copeland)

Blue Note. Actually, he remembered for quite a long time – or let me think he did. After his death I blew the dust off the tape and played it back. Arghhhh! I could have wept at the banality and triviality of the questions asked by my 20-year-old self. What a missed opportunity.

Still, it was a chance to meet a great artist and caused me to learn a lot more about his life and career, and that of his generation of jazz musicians.

Teddy Wilson was a fairly frequent visitor to Toronto clubs, but not in the last four years as his health declined (not to mention the health of the clubs). I really wanted to hear him again and I quickly ordered tickets when the circular came in the mail from Artpark in Lewiston, N.Y., announcing that Teddy would headline a "Great Swing Reunion" on Saturday, August 2nd. Benny Carter would be there too, and Roy Eldridge, Milt Hinton, J.C. Heard, Billy Butterfield, Buddy Tate, Remo Palmier, Dick Katz and Dave McKenna.

It sounded like fun, though I had a nagging sense of unease as to whether Teddy would actually appear. He had not looked at all well and his playing was very subdued on the PBS Benny Goodman "Let's Dance" special last March. But I arrived at Artpark on August 2 looking forward to the concert, enjoying the inevitable picnic on the grounds outside such places, noting General Brock keeping an eye on things from his pedestal high up across the Niagara River.

Then, on entering the theatre we were handed programs containing an insert. The insert was headed "Teddy Wilson: 1912-1986". Stunned, I took my seat. Pianist Dick Katz came onstage and softly began to play *The Little Things That Mean So Much*, once Teddy's big band theme. Benny Carter appeared and made a graceful announcement of the sad news that Teddy Wilson had died two days earlier. The concert would be dedicated to his memory.

Three weeks later in New York on Sunday, August 24th – in the midst of the Greenwich Village Jazz Festival – a memorial tribute was scheduled at the jazz-oriented Saint Peter's Lutheran Church on Lexington Avenue. I felt I had to be there. So did a lot of other people, though most were colleagues, family and friends. Outside the sanctuary before the service began, Buddy Rich sat, valise nearby, chatting with a friend. Then Dave McKenna came down the steps carrying a garment bag, straight off a plane from Cape Cod. George Shearing appeared, and Tommy Flanagan. Dick Hyman was returning from London and was expected. Most of the participants from the Artpark concert turned up, and others who looked familiar but whom I couldn't always place. From photographs I recognized Teddy's son, Theodore Wilson, who had organized the tribute with the Pastor of Saint Peter's, the Rev. John Garcia Gensel.

Soon the high-ceilinged sanctuary in the ultra modern church was crowded. It was to be a service with music. A piano, bass and drums were waiting at the front. After an opening prayer the Pastor explained that Buddy Rich had flown in from Ottawa and had a plane to catch shortly to L.A., so he would lead off. Rich sat down at the drums, with Dick Katz at the piano and Theodore Wilson on bass, and they played *These Foolish Things, Lady Be Good*, and *The Little Things That Mean So Much*. Buddy's playing was gentle and restrained. The pieces concluded, he stood up, waved, and was applauded warmly as he grabbed his bag and headed out the door to the airport.

After a reading of Psalm 150, described as the "musicians' psalm" (often set to music, most notably by Duke Ellington) George Shearing delivered an eloquent spoken tribute, saying he'd been greatly influenced by the Wilson style. At the piano he played a solo version of *Don't Blame Me*, making that influence quite clear.

The pastor then read from a number of letters and telegrams received at the church, including a touching and emotional note from Jimmy Rowles, who said that in his early playing, "Teddy was my world." There was a letter from Benny Carter, who couldn't be present, expressing regret that they hadn't spent enough time in recent years playing and talking together. (They had in fact gotten together in Toronto in June, 1981, when unknown to each other they had both turned up the same week, Benny at the late Lyte's and Teddy at the late Bourbon Street. That was in the days when there was actually more than one jazz club bringing the great performers to this city). John Hammond wrote, repeating a line from his book, that he'd always considered Teddy Wilson to be "a man of destiny".

Then Teddy's daughter Dune sang *God Bless The Child*, accompanied by Bill Wilson. Tommy Flanagan appeared at the piano and played an affecting version of *Yesterdays*, then departed for a concert he was to give later that day. Tommy was followed by a eulogy, also written by Benny Carter in addition to his earlier letter, read tearfully by a close friend. In it Benny documented Teddy's career and their early days together beginning in 1933. He noted that they had last played together at a Town Hall concert in 1985 which was recorded by Book of the Month Club records and was, as far as he knew, Teddy's last recording.

More music followed. Theodore Wilson offered a tribute to his father with a profoundly moving bowed bass solo on *Long Ago And Far Away*, followed by Bill Wilson performing Teddy's lovely original tune, *Sunny Morning*. Then Dave McKenna, clearly saddened by Teddy's departure, played a short, exquisite solo rendition of *Thanks For The Memory*, for me the most eloquent musical moment of the afternoon in its simplicity and depth of feeling.

Meanwhile Roy Eldridge arrived, late and a touch rattled. Introduced by the pastor, Roy said, "I want you to know I'm never late, but I got stuck in traffic and besides, now that I'm not working I can never find anything to wear. Used to be I had a bag packed, ready, for wherever I was going with everything I needed, and I'd just grab it. Now I can't find anything." Since he was about the most dapper looking man in the room he obviously had found something hanging in a closet somewhere.

Roy then took off, chatty and funny, into an anecdotal improvisation, reviewing his times with Teddy Wilson and their musical era. He added that just a couple of months earlier he and Benny Goodman had been surprised to find themselves seated near each other at some function because "You know, he was a guy I never got along with." But that night both had been mellow and relaxed and "had a great time together. I'm glad now that I got rid of all those bad feelings before Benny passed."

Dick Hyman was to have performed but hadn't yet arrived from the airport and the service had run long. So final prayers were said and an organist played *Abide With Me*, a hymn requested by Teddy himself, and people drifted out, lingering for awhile in the foyer, chatting in little groups. A broadcaster from New Jersey used the occasion to try to promote himself with the well known musicians present and was generally brushed off. Dave McKenna sat quietly in a corner for a few moments, smoked a cigarette, then gathered up his garment bag and departed for Boston. Dick Hyman arrived, 15 minutes too late. Others, myself included, drifted downtown to hear some music in the Village while remembering Teddy Wilson.

So one's heroes die, one after the other and in a hurry lately, it seems, but somehow the music struggles on and new, future heroes emerge.

People knew about Teddy Wilson because his obituary was on Entertainment Tonight.
So he must have been somebody.

– Sam Levene

Warren SMITH

ARTICLE BY ED HAZELL

Warren Smith has spent practically his entire life in music and his relative obscurity is entirely out of proportion to his enormous talent. His earliest professional experience was with Broadway show pit bands, symphony orchestras, and in the studios and on the road with pop stars like Aretha Franklin, Nat "King" Cole, Van Morrison and Janis Joplin. Since the late 1960s he has mainly played jazz with Gil Evans, Sam Rivers, Muhal Richard Abrams, M'Boom, and others.

His commitment to music does not end with the concert or recording session. He teaches in the Afro-American Studies program at SUNY Old Westport and maintains Studio WIS, a percussionists' rehearsal and musicians' gathering space in Manhattan, where M'Boom was formed.

With a masters in percussion from the Manhattan School of Music, Smith is an accomplished player of all rhythm instruments, who has added melodic and percussive color to the large ensembles of George Russell, Gil Evans and Count Basie. His trap playing is heard to best effect on the series of records on the Circle label with Sam Rivers' Tuba Trio, on Julius Hemphill's "Flat Out Jump Suite", and on two 12" 45s on Japanese RCA, "Warren Smith with Masami Nakagama" and "Warren Smith with Toki". He plays all his many instruments with M'Boom on their two albums and with his own Compsers' Workshop Ensemble.

He describes his drum sound this way: "I try to get a low fundamental sound on the bass drum, a sound that will be underneath the rest of the orchestra. Snare drums I like a tight head, both top and bottom, so it has the clarity to speak throughout the orchestra. I put my tom-toms from high to low. Depending on how many there are, I can simulate melodies between the snare and tom-toms. I use them as intervalic steps and suggest the motion of a melody, even if I can't play the exact pitches.

"I think the drummer's most important job is to keep the band together," he says without hesitation. "You have to function as a post of stability, keep everyone aware of the pulse. I think that's the main function. If you can add color or if you can solo, that's a bonus. But you have to be the sentinel of the time."

Of all the many percussion instruments he plays so well (see, for instance, his vibes solo on ***Down at Pepper's*** on Muhal Abram's "View From Within"), his tympani work is especially impressive. "The tympani has generally been used as a tonic-dominant instrument, to state the two focal points of a musical phrase, like the period at the end of a sentence," he says. "I look for a more melodic way of playing them. I play melodies by carefully manipulating the pedals. By sliding up and down, like you would on a slide whistle, you can get a chromatic change on the tympani. By trying to do that I found a way to move the foot pedal fast enough so you don't get the constant slurring. By dampening and appropriate striking, you can be very articulate and get the pitches you need. You have an octave between two drums, so you can play all the intervals you need with two or three of them. This is something a lot of tympanists don't want to do because they're very attuned to perfection."

Smith was born in Chicago on May 14, 1934, but looks years younger than 52. His uncles and father, who also ran an instrument repair shop, were all musicians.

"I got into music very early," he says. "My first instrument was alto saxophone, because my father played saxophone, and that was what I was big enough to handle. This was at the age of three or five. I was a natural musician, and I got to the point where I was too big for my britches. I said I didn't want to study, I just wanted to play. At that point, I decided I knew enough about saxophone and I wanted a new instrument. I decided on the drums.

"So my father found a teacher who instilled some discipline in me right away. I had a succession of good teachers who kicked my ass, when I was young. (Among them were Curtis Walker, Buddy Smith and Oliver Coleman). The one thing that made me different was I didn't have to be prodded into practicing. I had to be pried away from it. My mother used to send me out to play to keep me from practicing my snare drum roll.

"I guess, at first, it was the image of the drummer that I liked. I got to see my father play in bands very early, and the most heroic person in the band was the drummer. It was obvious to me he was the leader, because the beat came from him. If anyone was to start off the tempo, it was the drummer. And one of the things I liked about drums as opposed to the other instruments, was the drums were constantly involved. They never had to stop playing while someone else took a solo. To this day that's the thing that most attracts me to the drums: the constant involvement. Both feet and both hands are moving all the time, you involve all four appendages. It's kind of an all encompassing thing. I guess the obstacle was to free my mind up to where I could play, almost by second nature, and converse with any musician, anticipate what they would do, respond to them, and the drums just became a tool of what I wanted to do. I love to play vibraphone, I like to play the tympani, but the drums bring me more fulfillment because of that physical involvement."

Smith attended the University of Illinois, graduating with a B.A. in Music Education in 1957, then followed his teacher, Paul Price, to the Manhattan School of Music, where he received his Masters in Percussion in 1958. "What Paul gave me in addition to classical technique was a sense of the importance of musicianship, just a serious attitude. I guess it was my idea to take what I learned from Paul Price and translate it into the concept of jazz music that I learned from my father. And I came along at a time when not too many other people had tried that. Lionel Hampton, and others, were playing *vibes*, of course. But not too many people were playing tympani. So I got a chance to do that. I've been able to use almost everything I've learned."

Warren was very busing during the 1960s playing rock and roll and popular music. He was with Nat "King" Cole in 1964, Aretha Franklin for most of the decade, served as musical director of Janis Joplin's 1969 European tour, and backed Van Morrison on "Astral Weeks" among other studio work.

"I was one of the first people to use gospel style tambourine on rock and roll record dates," he says. "I learned that from people involved in the church — specifically Dee-Dee Warwick, Dionne Warwick's sister. We were doing a lot of rock and roll record dates together, and concerts. Between times I got her to show me the method that she used and I began to use it on record dates. Well before it was popular. Now nearly everyone does it."

Ten years of work in New York studios began to frustrate him, however. By 1968, he knew it was time for a change. "It was so easy to collect a paycheque, go home, open a beer, and get fat. The money was coming in. But I needed something more physically involving and more intense than I was doing. I was bored doing that kind of functional commercial music.

"It was Sam Rivers who pulled me out of the studio thing. Sam took me all over Europe and the United States. I learned a lot from his compositions, his whole presentation, his whole format. He is a very disciplined individual, he could almost chart what he was going to do and when he was going to do it. Never the notes he would play, but how he would move from one instrument to another, what mood he would create. He was free, but very disciplined and amazingly consistent. I played with him over a period of twelve years and I never, ever heard him play a bad night. He always did what he set out to accomplish. Sometimes the band didn't come up to it, or things would fall apart, the composition would fall apart, but it was never for a lack of his performance or intensity.

"I also worked with Kalaparusha at this time. He and I knew each other in Chicago. We lived in the same apartment building. It was a funny house. My brother and I were on the first floor, Melvin Van Peebles on the second, and Kalaparusha on the third. He came to New York before I did, then moved back to Chicago. When he came back to New York in 1969, we began playing again."

For most of the sixties, and continuing right up to now, Smith's main creative outlet has been the Composer's Workshop Ensemble, which he founded in 1961 "out of frustration of not getting to play the kind of music I wanted to play.

"I want to make music pliable, try to take a group and make one many-faceted voice. I want to get all the elements from a woman's scream to a baby's cry, whatever sounds I hear in nature and humanity, and try to interpret that through five horns and three rhythm instru-

ments.

"When I compose everything comes from the rhythmic element. Sometimes I hear a melody, but usually it's a rhythm that suggests a melody around it. For instance, with M'Boom we play a piece of mine called ***MR 7*** which I based on the way Max plays the seven meter on the drums. I build everything out of the rhythmic germ. The harmonic and melodic elements come off of that.

"Gil Evans (with whom Smith worked from 1968 to 1976) helped open my ears in a harmonic sense. He showed me so many more combinations and uses of horn voicings. I worked for Gil Evans copying, or he would give me a passage he worked out and let me orchestrate it. Gil can take three chords, mix them around, and come up with a whole composition. Sometimes it's a matter of developing that small germ you have in you. A very small piece of material can go a long way."

Strata East released two Composers' Workshop Ensemble records, "Composers' Workshop Ensemble" in 1971 and "We've Been Around" in 1973. Both are out of print. A third album, "Cricket Poem Song", on Smith's own Miff label, is available, but difficult to find.

Most of Smith's musical activity, including CWE rehearsals, centers around Studio WIS, a loft space he's maintained in the Chelsea section of Manhattan since 1968. "One reason I have the space is very basic and selfish. It provides me with a place to rehearse and practice my instruments. It's also used for my teaching and rehearsal of compositions I might write. On the other hand, since it's my own private place, I can offer it to other musicians at a very reasonable rate for their rehearsals. Right now Dave Holland is rehearsing there with his group. Often I can put up people with no place to stay for a few nights. It's good not to have to run home from the city or hang out in a bar. Kids come through there a lot, some with their parents. It's like an open community house. We get a lot of writers, painters, visitors from out of the country, musicians from all over the place. Some people think it's a tremendous sacrifice, but for me, it's an essential element. I couldn't really stop now, it's in constant use."

A musician like Warren Smith, independent and strong-willed enough to keep a large ensemble together without benefit of record contracts or frequent concert performances for over 25 years, and who single-handedly maintains his own studio for over 15 years, understands the necessity of an artist's self sufficiency. An important part of Smith's struggle for musical integrity was his involvement in Collective Black Artists (CBA), a musician run organization for the production and promotion of Black music, of which he was a charter member in 1968. Despite an impressive list of accomplishments, including two festivals run as alternatives to George Wein's in 1972 and 1973, both CBA and its associated record label, Strata East, folded in the mid-seventies.

"Black organizations in the U.S. are an endangered species. They're like Black business associations. They're the last to come and the first to go. The reason for that is the lack of financial power to determine our own destiny. CBS was largely underfunded, which is why it failed. We had to try too hard to justify our existence to the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council of the Arts, and others. Our wealth was in numbers of people willing to get together and do something. But as soon as demands on a person's time for family survival get in the way, then you sacrifice the organization. I also feel that's the main reason Strata East failed.

"I don't go back as far as the Clef Club, but there have been Black organizations in America, like the Clef Club, since the late 1600's. Invariably, they've been financial failures. If I had control over my destiny I would devote half of my tax dollar to education and half to art, because I think these are the two most important elements of our society. Our defense budget wouldn't get a penny from me, and if I were as political as I feel I should be, I would take steps to protest. But what money I do have left, I sink into the arts. I share with my fellow musician. Instead of buying a new car, I'll provide employment for my band, or get something going that way. Because that's what is essential to me.

"But CBA and Strata East didn't really fail. CBA spawned the New York Musicians Festivals in 1972 and 1973. Strata East produced about 36 records collectively and scared the huge conglomerates to ***death*** with the quality of the product. It was snuffed out because it didn't have a marketing facility.

"And it's the same way today. Black musicians are producing all kinds of fine art, but it's not chosen to be marketed. I find the quality lacking in what is chosen to be marketed. But I suppose people who produce that kind of stuff can be more easily manipulated than the creative artist, regardless of color. You can grab a person off the street and say, "Hey, you want to be a rich boy or a poor boy?" As long as you're a ***boy***. But taking all that money or leaving it alone is an offer few could refuse. I'm glad, in a way, I never had the option. It's helped me remain at least a little pure.

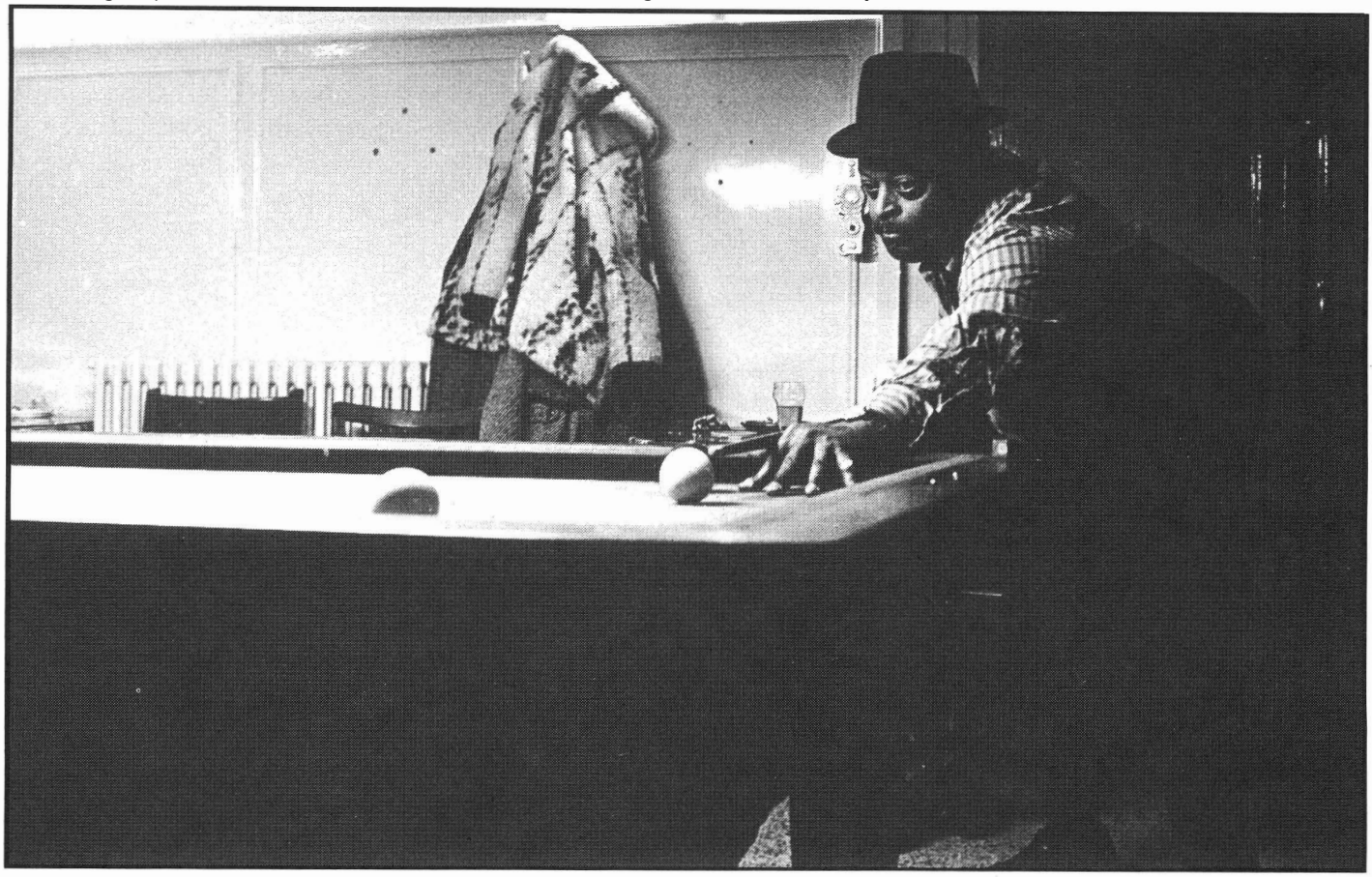
"I see a small victory every year in putting on two or three concerts that I can control the quality of. And it doesn't matter to me that we don't have 10,000 people in the audience. The germ of that idea will live and carry on. And with recording equipment so cheap and accessible, musicians have a huge backlog of material. Once the market gets interested, or it becomes valuable as a national treasure, we will have the evidence that it exists, and we can produce it.

"Success and failure are really relative. The fact that you're a survivor and still performing means something. People come up to me all the time and say, "Are you still around?" Well, yeah, I'm around, and doing the same things. I hope as well as, or better than, I was last year. I've got a track record of over 25 years in New York to show for it. To me, that's success. Ornette Coleman is a success, whether he's as big a name as I think he should be or not. He's still alive and producing music. Max Roach is a tremendous success and a symbol to me. He's still moving and doing things, despite all the obstacles. That's what keeps me, and the people coming up behind me, going. We inspire each other. It can't be measured in terms of individual success. The music survives, and I don't care how many megawatts you've got or how much money you have behind you. This music is ***powerful*** and it reaches people. And that's enough justification to keep on going."

(Based on an interview done 3/4/86).

THE MASTERS OF JAZZ SERIES

Storyville's "Masters of Jazz", a 12 lp set of recordings by some of the music's greatest exponents, is a mixed bag. There are some unissued gems, the return of old favourites as well as recordings which do less than justice to the artists.



Jazz has always been shaped by the originality of its greatest exponents and every one of those saluted here has made major contributions. Acquisition of these recordings can, in some instances, add greatly to our appreciation of the musician's artistry. Others are merely retreads of past achievements.

Jazz musicians are like painters. Some continue to produce fresh and stimulating ideas throughout their careers. Others find a theme (style) and continue developing it while others find it comfortable to repeat what has worked well in the past.

EARL HINES was the first major pianist to improvise single line solos but once he had established his successful career as a bandleader he rarely allowed the listener access to his genius. His 1939 Blue Note solos of ***The Father's Getaway*** and ***Reminiscin' At Blue Note*** were the only real glimpses into the full scope of his solo style following his early QRS and Okeh recordings of 1928. It was only fate and the persistence of several of his admirers which finally gave Hines the motivation to return to solo performance. This was, for him, a new career which began with his Little Theatre concert in New York in 1964. Even then he saved his virtuosity for the recording studio. His in-person performances rarely stepped beyond the boundaries imposed by his concerns as an entertainer and his responsibilities as leader of a show business package — even when it only consisted of himself, his saxophonist, bassist, drummer and singer. More than a dozen solo piano recordings were made in the following decade and all have a special quality. Many were produced by Stanley Dance for release by companies in many parts of the world (Audiophile, Black Lion, Chiaroscuro, Master Jazz Recordings, Swaggie) and were noted for the brilliance of Hines' playing and for their thematic organisation. The music of Harold Arlen was Hines' concern on March 23/24, 1974 when he recorded the music issued here for the first time. The music was perfect for Hines' multi-dimensional approach to jazz piano. He loved to entangle himself inside the harmonic possibilities of a tune but even more importantly he set himself rhythmic challenges which often gave the impression he was walking on a tightrope. Integral to his approach are the stride devices, multi-note clusters, fluttering arpeggios and intense drive which is just as apparent here as when he turned out his classic duet with Louis Armstrong of ***Weatherbird Rag*** in 1928. Harold Arlen's tunes were inspired by the flow of jazz music and Hines returns the compliment by etching some of the most flamboyant readings you'll ever hear of ***I've Got The World On A String, Somewhere Over The Rainbow, Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea, Come Rain Or Come Shine, My Shining Hour*** and ***As Long As I Live***.

Both Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum were inspired by Earl Hines and each made their own distinctive imprint on jazz piano. Wilson impresses most for the smoothness and effortless flow of his improvisations while Tatum dazzles and confounds everyone with his ability to combine his prodigious technique with musical imagination.

TEDDY WILSON's 1980 Storyville session with Jesper Lundgard and Ed Thigpen has already produced a full lp of exceptional quality (**Revisits the Goodman Years - Storyville 4046**) and this collection has six more titles from the same session. There's an intriguing version of ***How High The Moon*** where Wilson rarely alludes to the melody, a robust workout on ***St Louis Blues*** and good versions of ***Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now, Don't Be That Way, Somebody Loves Me*** and ***I'll Remember April***. Filling out the lp are six selections from a 1968 session with Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and Bjarne Rostvold. These were issued before on Storyville 1005 and complement well the music recorded 12 years later.

Only one of the **ART TATUM** selections has not been issued previously on lp. The music is drawn from various transcription and location

BEN WEBSTER (Photograph by Ton van Wageningen)

recordings with the exception of the 1932 "test" of ***Tiger Rag*** which Time Life issued in their Tatum set. All thirteen titles from Tatum's remarkable 1935 Standard Transcription session are included and the sound is much better than on Jazz Panorama 15 and its derivatives. This is the young Tatum in full flight where his percussive drive has not been softened and you can clearly hear the Hines influence on such pieces as ***Monday In Manhattan*** (a Tatum original).

Filling out the lp is a version of ***Lulu's Back In Town*** (Cleveland, 1935) and ***Sweet Lorraine*** (1945) which were previously available on Aircheck 21; ***Night And Day*** (Hollywood, 1946) which was on Shoestring 105 and ***Louise*** (Hollywood, 1945) — the lone title new to lp according to the listing in Arnold Laubich's essential Tatum Discography.

JOHNNY HODGES and Ben Webster were master craftsmen. Like others of their generation they captured the listener from their first notes. Everything they played had an intensity, a conviction which implied a vitality which was not always there. You can clearly hear the results in the 1961 Stockholm concert recordings by Johnny Hodges of ***Sunny Side Of The Street, Good Queen Bess, Jeep Is Jumpin'*** and ***Things Ain't What They Used To Be***. Despite having played the material too many times Hodges still sounds completely fresh as he reworks the familiar phrases. Only a comparison with the Berlin concert from the same tour (Pablo 2620-102) will tell you that the band was less inspired that night in Stockholm. This music, in lower fidelity, was once available on Spook Jazz 6601.

What makes the Hodges lp an essential purchase is the 1960 session which occupies more than half the time. It's supposed to be an unissued Verve session and features Hodges and Ben Webster in front of a hard-driving rhythm section (Lou Levy, Herb Ellis, Wilfred Middlebrooks and Gus Johnson) playing six of Hodges' sinuous lines which are ideal vehicles for two of the most lyrical improvisers jazz music has produced. The head arrangements are effective and both players are inspired by the occasion. It's astonishing that music of this quality has lain dormant for so long and it should be eagerly sought after by anyone wishing to be touched by the majestic ease with which Hodges and Webster make music. They are (and were) truly masters of jazz!

BEN WEBSTER, like many musicians, found a repertoire which suited him and varied it little over the years. Only in special circumstances (such as the Hodges session) did he tackle fresh material in his later years. A look at the discography of his European recordings will tell you that he basically played the same material wherever he worked and many of these tunes are present in this collection. The preliminary listing of Ben Webster's European recordings (***Coda***, March 1976) obviously needs updating but it seems as though none of this material has been released before. There is a notation stating the recordings come from radio broadcasts between 1968 and 1970 and the most evocative music are performances of ***Going Home*** and ***Come Sunday*** which feature Webster with a string orchestra and rhythm section. His ballad playing was always an incomparable experience but his range of expression in this idiom only deepened with the years. Conversely the fluent lightness of his tone at brighter tempos diminished and he covered his growing limitations with a new harshness. Both ***Stompy Jones*** and ***Cottontail*** feature Ben with the Danish Radio Big Band and Webster comes to grips with the challenges of reliving one of his masterpieces with a superior version of ***Cottontail*** but the gracefulness of his playing (at a similar tempo) on Johnny Hodges' ***Rabbit Pie*** is not present here. Kenny Drew is the pianist on ***You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*** and Teddy Wilson joins Ben for ***Old Folks***.

The **COLEMAN HAWKINS** set includes his wonderful performances with Bud Powell, Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke from the Essen Jazz Festival in 1960. Coleman Hawkins was the original master of the tenor sax and he was the first major jazz musician to stylistically evolve (like Picasso) without surrendering his uniqueness at any stage of his career. ***Stuffy, Yesterdays, Just You Just Me*** and ***All The Things You Are*** are among his best recordings from that period and it's good to have them back again. Both Fantasy and Black Lion have made this material widely available in the past. New to lp are ***Lover Man*** and ***Sweet Georgia Brown*** from a 1968 session with Kenny Drew, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and Al Heath. These must be among Hawkins' last recordings but he still manages to muster something of his legendary dominance in these performances. Completing the lp is ***Honeysuckle Rose***, a 1954 selection from the Jazztone session which is available, in its entirety, on Xanadu 195.

LESTER YOUNG, like Coleman Hawkins, defined much of the tenor saxophone's dialect. The music of Young's Storyville lp is drawn from the many broadcast recordings which have circulated from the 1950s. They document his working bands and the repertoire shows the same kind of consistency which marked Ben Webster's performances. Six of these performances are previously unissued: ***Blues In G, Tea For Two, Up And Atom*** (1953), ***Lester Leaps In, These Foolish Things*** and ***Three Little Words*** (December 15, 1956). The 1951 and 1953 selections all feature Jessie Drakes while Idrees Sulieman is the trumpeter in 1956. But it is the leader who is featured extensively in improvisations which range from the tepid to the inspired. Lester Young was a marvelous weaver of melodic lines and yet he often chose trumpeters whose abilities in this direction were slim. None of the music on this issue matches his best studio sessions from the same period.

Mezz Mezzrow's King Jazz sessions (1945-1947) featuring **SIDNEY BECHET** are among the most remarkable examples of blues playing to be recorded. The infinite variations on a theme devised by these two is always a moving experience. This music has been reissued many times but the titles selected for the Masters of Jazz series are as good as any recorded by the band. Included are ***Out Of The Gallion, Really The Blues, Blues For Tommy*** and ***Funky Butt*** — all deeply sculptured variations on a single theme. ***Jelly Roll*** and ***Perdido Street Stomp*** capture the group in full flight while ***Minor Swoon*** has the additional bonus of Lips Page — the supreme blues exponent on trumpet.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, DUKE ELLINGTON, BILLIE HOLIDAY and **JACK TEAGARDEN** recorded prolifically but they are represented here with insignificant items from their long careers. There's a sense of deja vu to the Armstrong and Ellington lps. The Armstrong concert recordings (in good sound) come from August 1, 1962 (most of which was on MF 208/5) and duplicate performances which the Armstrong band gave nightly. Having sat through many of these performances the sense of excitement generated by the opening strains of Armstrong's trumpet and the energy of ***Indiana*** gives way to frustration as the material becomes more mundane with every minute. If you have yet to experience Louis Armstrong from this period you should obtain the Handy and Waller tributes on CBS or the collaborations with Ella Fitzgerald on Verve.

The Ellington lp is well worn material which was recorded (and filmed) for Goodyear in 1962. Filling out the lp is an unissued solo recital in France by Duke of ***New World A Coming*** and a perfunctory nine tune medley of his greatest hits. Much better basic Ellington from this time can be heard on "The Great Paris Concert" (Atlantic 2-304).

The Billie Holiday collection includes all of her famous songs — and the performances (all from live recordings) range from the 1944 Esquire show (***Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me, I'll Get By***) to 1949 Hollywood sessions with Red Norvo and Percy Faith's orchestra. Eight of the selections come from the Norvo concert which were originally issued as transcriptions. Four of the selections, according to Jack Millar's Billie Holiday Discography, are new to lp (***Lover Man, Good Morning Heartache, You're Driving Me Crazy, Maybe You'll Be Mine***) and this is the first time so many selections from this concert have been included on one lp. By the time of these performances these songs had already been defined by Billie Holiday in earlier versions which remain as definitive examples of her art.

For more than seven years **JACK TEAGARDEN** fronted a big band which was noted for the mediocrity of its arrangements, the mundaneness of its performances and its lack of soloists. In the midst of this morass, shining like a jewel, was the impeccable trombone work of the leader. Sixteen Standard Transcription titles from 1941 and 1944 are included in this collection. There is little relief from the tedium except when Teagarden is front and centre. To appreciate the essence of Teagarden's genius you should listen first to his playing on Bud Freeman's 1940 Columbia session, Louis Armstrong's 1947 Town Hall Concert or "Jazz Ultimate" with Bobby Hackett.

The sound quality of these recordings show a marked improvement over earlier issues of the same material. The recordings are enhanced by the graphic designs of Johannes Vennekamp which are also used for Storyville's 1985 calendar. The original etchings are also available (while supplies last) from Editions Sonet.

A collection such as this inspires the idea of Storyville compiling a series of new recordings featuring contemporary masters of jazz to sit alongside this series by some of the music's original innovators. All twelve of the featured musicians are, indeed, Masters of Jazz but not all of these performances are masterpieces:

Louis Armstrong (SLP-4101), Earl "Fatha" Hines (SLP-4102), Billie Holiday (SLP-4103), Sidney Bechet (SLP-4104), Ben Webster (SLP-4105), Duke Ellington (SLP-4106), Lester Young (SLP-4107), Art Tatum (SLP-4108), Johnny Hodges (SLP-4109), Jack Teagarden (SLP-4110), Teddy Wilson (SLP-4111) and Coleman Hawkins (SLP-4112). — ***John Norris***

Considering the abundance of colorful and rapidly changing trends and labels in related forms of art, it seems odd that a sober phrase like "improvised music" has been in use so long to describe this field of music. The explanation might very well be that improvised music has simply proved hard to label, as it is too divergent and varied and too dependent on individual ideas to be put in convenient categories, and thus we have adhered to one relatively indefinite description.

— *Erik van den Berg*, notes for Rondedans

Erik van den Berg's resolution of the central terminological problem in discussing "this field of music," as it applies to his immediate subject, is far less satisfying than his analysis of the problem — "There is no other way to label all this but to say it is the music of the Maarten Altena Quartet..." Berg, however, cannot be faulted by conforming to this pervasive, almost standardized, position as it is an approximation of how most musicians in this field would characterize their work. But before one decries the Alexanderian tactic of categorizing, for example, Derek Bailey's solo music as DEREK BAILEY'S SOLO MUSIC, and only that, one should appreciate the semantical knot Berg acutely perceives. "Improvised music" is a term of decaying relevance, yet its very decay promotes its effectiveness as a label. As its descriptive power wanes, the political and economic benefits it affords incrementally increases. The problem with the solution Berg forwards is that, in achieving an added measure of exactness in identifying the music in terms of the musician, it removes the music and the musician from all associations of time and place that can enrich an appreciation of the work. The value of "improvised music", or "European free music", lies not in attempting or achieving accuracy, but in their widespread use and misuse. Though they may be sober terms, they are terms that incite discourse, such as Berg's, and such discourse is a greater benefit than accuracy. If you want accuracy, buy a metronome; if you want discourse, the recordings reviewed here should be of interest.

Dutch musicians consistently create provocative music that employs a double-edged approach to classical norms; the core of these musicians include Maarten van Regteren Altena, Han Bennink, Willem Breuker, and Misha Mengelberg. They simultaneously celebrate and thumb their noses at the standard musical literature and the musicianship it requires. It is not exactly satire, as love of the subject defeats the aims of the satirist, and it is obvious that Altena loves waltzes, that Bennink loves the jazz drumming traditions, that Breuker loves Weill, and that Mengelberg loves Nichols. Still, their love of their respective subjects — and the concept of subjects that are commented upon, as Mengelberg comments upon Nichols in orchestrating compositions that heretofore existed only as pieces for piano, bass and drums, is important in discussing the Dutch, overall — does not preclude an occasional short-circuiting of their subjects' intents and values, as in Breuker's blustery reading of Prokofiev's ***Dance of the Knights*** from Romeo and Juliet. Beyond this, or anterior to this, the music of this core of Dutch musicians, and the music of newer Dutch ensembles such as Sint Juttemis and Roha Dansorkest, reconciles low and high art in a stimulating, enjoyable manner. A few examples:

Maarten Altena Quartet: Rondedans (Claxon 85.15). The balance between moderately prestructured collective improvisations and thoroughly scored works Altena established with **Op Stap** (Claxon) has tipped increasingly towards the latter. One explanation is Altena's consistent output of wry, pithy compositions, including the self-descriptive ***Hop*** and Zwei Waltzer, which are now complemented by alto saxophonist Paul Termos' increasingly compositional role. With the title piece, a bouncing, merry dance figure tartly stated by Termos and Maud Sauer (oboe, alto oboe) and gruffly underpinned by Altena and trombonist Walter Wierbos, Termos demonstrates his assimilation of Altena's knack for creating light hearted melodies casted with specks of brooding darkness. When the quartet improvises freely, as on the stark, confrontative ***1984***, they remain a closely knit consort of compatible voices, capable of cohesive collective transitions; improvising within a compositional context yields similar results, though occasionally one musician will stand out, as is the case with Sauer's sterling solo on ***Hop***.

Maarten Altena Octet & Nonet: Quick Step (Claxon 86.16). Altena reserves his most madcap material for his larger ensembles, such as the giddy title piece on ***Quick Step***, a trampling of 20s styles that features a swaggering Kenny Wheeler solo. Altena also makes imaginative use of the more varied palette, as when he unexpectedly unleashes the gut wrenching tenor of Peter van Bergen in the midst of ***Bes***, an otherwise well-mannered chart that has pulse patterns elements not unlike those Trevor Watts utilizes in his writing for Moire Music. The use of two ensembles that are each extensions of Altena's quartet points up Altena's ability to match material with specific musicians (the entire quartet with Wheeler, bassoonist Lindsay Cooper, pianist Gus Janssen, tenorist Ab Baars, and violinist Maartje ten Hoorn comprise the nonet; Termos, ten Hoorn, Janssen, van Bergen, trumpeter Eric Boeren, trombonist Simone de Haan, and percussionist Michael Vatcher join Altena on the octet tracks): the nonet is featured on the overtly humorous material, while the octet tackles the more pensive and openly structured compositons.

Willem Breuker Kollektief: Driebergen Zeist (BV Haast 050). The polish and panache of the Willem Breuker Kollektief is on full display in a program that mixes well-milked Weill, (the previously mentioned) Prokofiev, and Ellington (a fine and mellow ***Creole Love Call***) with typically zany pastiches by Breuker and tenorist Maaren van Norden's rollicking, deadpan paean to big band bombast, ***No Wave Samba*** (which features a scorching mano e mano between van Norden and drummer Robbie Verdurmen). Breuker has also steadily steered away from improvisation in recent years: only three on these eight cuts have any solos; and Breuker only takes one, a tough reed-shreading tenor passage on ***Wolkbreuk III***, which opens the program with an entertaining assemblage of cliches. Featured with the Kollektief (which also includes Andre Goodbeek, reeds; Boy Raaymakers and Andy Altenfelder, trumpets; Garrett List and Bernard Hunnekink, trombones; Henk de Jonge, keyboards; Arjen Gorter, bass) are the (in)famous Dutch actor Dick Swidde, who raspily sings ***...Pirate Jenny*** (from ***The Threepenny Opera***), clarinetist/critic/broadcaster Michael de Ruyter, who holds his ground with Altenfelder, Raaymakers, List, and de Jonge on ***Creole Love Call***. Consumers should take note of the fact that, while these are new performances, the program includes a few pieces previously recorded by the Kollektief.

ICP Orchestra: Extension Red, White and Blue (ICP cassette 025) Most of the compositions in this all-Herbie Nichols program have been recorded by Bennink and Mengelberg on the two highly acclaimed small group recordings on Soul Note honoring the American composer/pianist; yet, Mengelberg's incisive, sometimes nostalgic, arrangements — which often include freely improvised sections that add an interpretative element that is absent on the Soul Note dates — and solos from this twelve-member edition of the ICP Orchestra (including Steve Lacy, another contributor to the Soul Note sessions; Termos; Wierbos; List; Ernst Reijseger, an exceptional cellist; Maurice Horsthuis, viola; saxophonists Sean Bergin and Michael Moore; trumpeter Toon de Gouw; and Lari Fishkind, tuba) that both celebrate and prod the idiom transform the proceedings from run-of-the-mill repertory ritual to repertory revelation. Uptempo pieces, such as ***Hangover Triangle*** — which features in-the-pocket solos from Reijseger, Lacy (who is very lacy throughout), Moore, de Gouw, Mengelberg and Bennink — swing feverishly. The balladic ***Change of Season*** is sweetened by Horsthuis' leading role and the reed voicings, but Mengelberg and Bennink undermine any possibility for lingering sentimentality with two jarring, open-ended, yet, for them, somewhat restrained, duo passages; such contrasts are particularly well employed on ***Houseparty Starting***, perhaps the best example of the emotional tension present in Nichols' compositions. The excellent engineering of these concert performances remains vivid on this CrO2 cassette; in fact, the sound surpasses the digital Claxon discs.

Roha Dansorkest: Buscar (Roha 861340) Next to the refined ruminations of Breuker, Roha Danorkest's "Buscar" is rowdy and raucous; while Breuker is increasingly accepted by academics and culture barons — his last US tour took him to the hallowed halls of the Smithsonian Institution, home of the world's largest stuffed elephant — Roha appears to be hard-line nose-thumbers, who would probably find it more relevant to be the rallying point of a beer blast than a cause celebre. Roha belts out vibrant folk melodies cast in buoyant 2/4 and calypso cadences (ably supplied by drummer Herman Sminck and Colin McClure, on both bass and tuba); the front line of bass and baritone saxophonist Klaus Hekman, tenor and soprano saxophonist Jos Valster, and Marcel Cuypers, who plays soprano sax, accordian, and piano growl, howl, bellow and hollar with impressive zeal. Simply put, the agenda of Roha Kansorkest appears to be three-fold — fun, fun, and more fun — and, in this regard, "Buscar" is a succinct manifesto.

Sint Juttemis: 3 (Juttemis KLP 198524) Primarly a forum for the compositions of soprano saxophonist Dies le Duc, Sin Juttemis is a second generation Dutch big band that synthesizes the sensibilities of its predecessors, which is not to say that it is a second klass

Kollektief or a big fish in a little Instant Composers Pool. In fact, Sint Juttemis is the least histrionic of the Dutch ensembles considered here (the Nichols program is not a good example of ICP's theatrics), content to deliver Le Duc's deliberate, well-designed scores in an unostentatious manner. It is for this reason that they tend to be lost in the crowd; "3" is not a program that collars the listener, though, upon repeated listenings, a satisfying subtlety of voicings and dynamics sweeps through. Le Duc is as stingy as Breuker in having sympathetic improvisors interpreting his music, particularly on the sinewy ***Camion***, a feature for the bass section — Gusta Maaskant, euphonium, trombonist Peter le Duc, and Patricia Beysens, tuba. Throughout the program, Sin Juttemis (rounded out with saxophonists Rob Maaskant, Mike Zinsen, Henk Don, Michel Mast, and Nich van Raay, and drummer Cees But) gives good care to the music, and the music is hearty because of it.

This, That, and the Other: PICNIC (Data 852). If the 80s really is the "re" decade — as in recombinant, reprocess, repossess — This, That, and the Other is a quintessential 80s ensemble. The receipe for **Picnic** is replete with resonances of jazz, art songs, collective improvisation, post-punk pop, et al; "resonances" because cellist Tristan Honsinger and company (Toshinori Kondo, trumpet; Tiziana Simona Vigni, voice; Jean Jacques Avenel, bass; Sean Bergin; Michael Vatcher) never linger in one stylistic mode for long. Most impressively, TTO convey a colloquial rapport that gives even their more obscurant material an edgey, yet playful, familiarity. In their art songs, Vigni's mixture of naif-like innocence and siren sultriness galvanizes the material. In their jazz excursions, Bergin and Kondo exact a tart, AEC-like sense of histrionics. In freely improvised pieces, Honsinger retains his stature as one of the most "subversive" improvisors — in the Dutch tradition of Mengelberg and Bennink — active today. This, That, and the Other have articulated an aura of newest wave bohemia that is, in a word, refreshing.

De Zes Winden: LIVE AT THE BIM AND MORE (BVHaast 064). While there are few world-class all-saxophone ensembles, those that have established themselves are extremely influential; De Zes Winden bypasses the idiomatic power of the World Saxophone Quartet and the conceptual complexities of Rova, and reaches, with varied compositional input, a cohesive, cogent collaborative consensus in an impressive debut. Though this sax sextet is ostensibly co-operative, it would be difficult to argue against the central role of John Tchicai: he contributes three of the seven compositions that comprise the program, and his collage-like use of materials and his tenuous sense of swing imbues the proceedings as a whole; his switch to tenor reveals an engaging transposition of the dry, warm sound he coaxes from his alto. Still, this is an exceptionally well-rounded ensemble: Klaas Hekman supplies a surprisingly supple bottom on bass; Ad Peijnenburg is lyrical as baritonist and composer, his ***Duke's Little Fingers*** being the loveliest chart in the program; Paul Termos' wit remains razor-sharp, especially on his dizzying ***56 Beats And More***; Dies Le Duc is perhaps more persuasive here than with Sint Juttemis; and Bill Smith's sopranino buzzes and scampers over the charts, giving the music vivid tactile highlights. As satisfying as **Live at the Bim....** is, it is still a first effort, which makes the prospect of future recordings very enticing.

— Bill Shoemaker

Maarten Altena (Photograph by Enrico Romero)

BILL DIXON

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

NINETEEN YEARS LATER

For the November 1967 issue of ***Coda*** I wrote an article entitled "To Whom It May Concern". It was a long, detailed affair replete with many of the things, musical and otherwise, of which I had /and continue to have/ considerable interest and concern: the role of the artist in society; my work in collaboration with Judith Dunn, now deceased; my feelings about the history and the aesthetic of the music; the, for me, ever present and rather onerous state of affairs concerning criticism, etc.

Much has happened, in the world, and to me during that time. In 1968 I left NY; came to Vermont to teach at Bennington College.

I took a year's leave in 1971-72 and went on to teach at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and returned to Bennington to formulate and organize the Black Music Division /the first new department in the college's history/ in 1973 and it became official in 1974. I chaired that department until 1985 when it was phased out and finally merged with the regular Music Division. In 1977 we secured a building on campus for the Division's teaching and performances and named it for Paul Robeson.

The summer of 1976 I spent in Vienna and recorded one half of a recording /"For Franz"/ with and for trumpeter-composer Franz Kogelman; in the Fall of that same year I performed my long work "Autumn Sequences From A Paris Diary" in Paris (note: writers Ted Joans and S.B. MacGregor commented at length on this work and event in the February 1977 issue of ***Coda*** and the issue that preceded that). This work was performed at the Musee Galliera; Philip Glass also performed his "Einstein On The Beach" there. There was also a panel discussion where Glass, Robert Ashley and myself discussed our work and that work's relationship to improvisation.

My teaching schedule at Bennington College has always consisted of two fourteen week periods; in the fall classes start around the 7th of September and are over around the middle of December. I am off January and February /students are required to take jobs relative to their spheres of interest and studies and faculty are free to then pursue their own work. Classes resume around the 7th of March and continue till about the middle of June. Normally I spend time in Europe both in the winter and summer.

In 1980, at the virtual insistance of Nicola Tessitore, /a medical doctor from Verona, Italy who has a passionate and very aware interest in the music/ I was persuaded to do a tour of Italy. Since that time I have been spending a considerable amount of time there. Fore Records /Dario Barassi and Giuseppe Barazzetta, released works of mine /"Considerations" 1 and 2/ that spanned the period 1972-1976 and I also met and established a business relationship with Giovanni Bonandrini of SoulNote Records /also of Milan/ that allows me to record ***what*** I want, ***when*** I want and ***how*** I want the work to appear. I participate in the design, etc., of my recordings.

There has also been considerable interest shown in my painting in Italy and I exhibited works in Verona /and I lectured and showed slides of my work at the Museum of Modern Art there on Black music and painting in the 1960s/ and Brescia in 1982 and 1983.

In the present years since 1980 I have made a rather concentrated effort to present /to those interested in my work/ portions or aspects of it that would indicate what I was both thinking about and making the attempt to work on, etc. With that in mind I recorded "Bill Dixon In Italy", Vols. 1 and 2 for SoulNote (in 1980); released the aforementioned "Considerations" 1 and 2 for Fore (in 1981); did a limited edition recording for a Ferrari Edizione /for the Ferrari Gallery where I exhibited paintings/ of trumpet and piano work (1982) and again, for SoulNote, released "November; 1981", a double recording that was the result of another tour. One of the recordings was done live in Zurich, the other in Giancarlo Barigozzi's small, but splendidly efficient studio, in Milan.

In 1984, I assembled a collection of solo trumpet works /1970 to 1976/; some black and white drawings and a chapter from a book of mine. This was published by Cadence Records Ltd in a limited edition. It was reviewed in ***Coda*** during the past year by Bill Shoemaker.

May of 1985 found me again recording for SoulNote and since I was also producing this for the company, I recorded it in the acoustically magnificent Paul Robeson House on the college campus. I had wanted to record there for years. We flew in the equipment from NY /the work was recorded digitally with the sequencing being done in Pittsfield, Ma. I used, for this recording, 3 doublebasses /Mario Pavone, William Parker and Peter Kowald/; tuba /John Buckingham/; alto saxophone /Marco Eneidi/; drums /Lawrence Cook/ and I performed on trumpet, flugelhorn and piano. This recording entitled "Thoughts", that contains an excerpt from "For Nelson And Winnie", that is excerpted from a full length work for orchestra /that will be premiered in Vermont in the Spring of 1987/ is being released this late Fall as a compact disc, an lp and a cassette.

My one and only visit to Canada /1982/ had me as one of the principals in the film "Imagine The Sound".

This past September marked my fortieth anniversary in music; my studies in music commenced in 1946. On October 5th I celebrated my 61st birthday. My book "L'Opera" a collection of letters; excerpts from lectures; writings; photographs; drawings and music manuscript will be published by Metamorphis Music, BMI, late in November. October 21st to 25th I am in residence at Middlebury College as a Distinguished Visitor in the Arts. I will conduct workshops in composition, performance and improvisation, give a college wide lecture on Artistic Survival and perform a new work with the members of my group.

At times it is neither strange nor curious to silently ponder, where has the time gone?

Bill Dixon
18 October 1986

AN OPEN LETTER TO WRITER-CRITIC BILL SHOEMAKER

Having read the April/May 1986 issue of ***Coda Magazine***, I would like to commend and thank Bill Shoemaker for a keenly perceptive review

BILL DIXON (Photograph by Martin - Olaf Muler - Hanssen)

of Bill Dixon's recently released boxed set "Collection", a work Shoemaker feels should "... be recommended to Dixon's listeners as an important addition to his discography."

"Collection" spans the years 1970-1976, a period Dixon devoted to teaching at the University of Wisconsin and at Bennington College in Vermont. Since the material in these recordings has never been released, "Collection" should serve as a missing-link that could be essential for the collector of Dixon's work.

Shoemaker rightly and sharply observes that the "... solo trumpet music and the writings and drawings included in the booklet give considerable insight into Dixon's creative process...". This is quite true; and having worked very closely with Dixon during the completion of this lengthy project, I can attest to the fact that it was his intention to present himself as musician/composer, painter and teacher, to those who have shown interest and have followed his work over the years. Thus, "Collection" was designed specifically for those serious listeners of his music, with the added bonus of a carefully designed cover and a booklet of his drawings and personal writings — a true collector's item.

Shoemaker does negatively state, however, that "This is not a project above criticism..." And what he mistakenly describes as "... the presence of a distracting amount of echo mastered into these performances..." also served to confuse two other reviewers of "Collection" (Milo Fine in ***Cadence***, Sept., 1985, p. 75 and Peter Kostakis in ***DownBeat***, Feb., 1986, p. 29) as well, with the result that they have collectively and erroneously referred to it as echoplex. What Shoemaker and his colleagues ***do*** hear is a sound system designed by Dixon that was described in some detail to writer-critic Roger Riggins in the August 1980 issue of ***DownBeat***, as one "... of my own design, which I'm trying to patent. It starts with a microphone — I use no pickups — I use the system to project better outdoors and in poor halls. I like live rooms and the system simulates the sound of a live room". It should also be noted that had Dixon, as the creator of the material, found any of the facets that pertained to the realization of that material "distracting", he would not have allowed those things to be available for public consumption.

Pertaining to the "... philosophical criticism of the nature of the project", regarding the "... targeting of the collector's market via the limited edition sales strategy...", which Shoemaker feels "... runs contrary both to Dixon's advocation of artistic endeavors that are free of commercial or occupational considerations and the grassroots cultural movement Dixon and producer Bob Rusch have, with their respective accomplishments, made us feel a part of," I, first of all as a participant in the realization of this recording, ***cannot*** speak for Rusch. I am also not aware of the existence of any "grassroots cultural movement", unless Shoemaker is referring to the common and rather odious practive of music "lovers" copying on cassette, records that they do not purchase, thus affecting the entire operational situation (social, economic and artistic) of the very artists that they claim to both care for and endorse. Since Dixon has long been aware that he cannot adequately compete with the larger record companies in terms of record sales, distribution, publicity and the making available of his work to the general listening public, he has systematically pushed for the limiting of his work through any avenue that would ensure that those who were interested would be able to be both aware of it and be able (as much as that was possible) to acquire it. And I, myself, do not know of any artistic enterprise that is at all free of "commercial or occupational considerations" unless the artist is willing (and able) to completely give away his or her work.

For the record, Bill Dixon was this year rejected (the first time) for a NEA grant and for the third time (1967, 1975 and 1986) by the Guggenheim Foundation. Either of these grants would have aided him immeasurably in the continuance of his work. With this kind of ongoing experience (September 1986 marks his fortieth year in music) I find it rather strange and curious that he is criticized and literally accused of selling out his philosophy, pertaining to the sometimes futile efforts relating to the distribution of his music.

Sharon Vogel

Dear Coda,

Ms. Sharon Vogel's letter contains some remarks that I wish to respond to.

At best, the statement "And what he mistakenly describes... as echoplex..." underscores the fact that someone — perhaps Ms. Vogel, the "liason" of the "Collection" project — was negligent in not providing this information with the other technical information — such as the make and model of Mr. Dixon's mouthpiece — in the booklet. That Milo Fine and Peter Kostakis also mistook Mr. Dixon's "sound system" for "echoplex" — and the details provided only now by Ms. Vogel are sketchy — only furthers my point.

But, with the same statement, Ms. Vogel appears to be saying that my description confused Fine and Kostakis. I can only say that Fine and Kostakis are among the most independently minded music critics currently writing in North America — I don't always concur with their opinions, but I am always sure that their opinions are their own. Anyway, since my piece was the last to run, it would follow that I would be the one to be influenced, not them.

Ms. Vogel's rhetoric in the last two paragraphs of the letter, particularly the cynical characterization of the phrase "grassroots cultural movement," distorts the issue I raised in the review. I criticized a marketing strategy used by Mssrs. Dixon and Rusch — a fair assumption considering it is their signatures that authorize each copy of the edition — not their character. A fair-minded reading of the piece bears this out. I'm sure Ms. Vogel is aware of my reiterating this personally to Mr. Dixon in recent telephone conversations.

It is dubious, though, whether Dixon's desire for those who are interested in his work to be able to acquire it is well served by a two-record set and a booklet with such a price tag. "Collection", being a signed and numbered limited edition, will become increasingly inaccessible to Dixon's future audience, commanding outrageous prices on the collector's market. As Ms. Vogel rightly points out, unauthorized tape duplication deprives artists of royalty revenue; but, I contend, a high-priced limited edition approach to documenting Mr. Dixon's music, ironically, promotes unauthorized reproduction.

Bill Shoemaker

RECORD REVIEWS

VINNY GOLIA
Compositions for Large Ensemble
Nine Winds NW 0110

Side 1 - Im Equas / Side 2 — Paths, The Standing Pose / Side 3 — The Pale Crescent / Side 4 — The Pale Crescent (continued), Iki / Side 5 — Usanostrow (Cutting Water) / Side 6 — The Mists

John Carter, Tim Berne, Wynell Montgomery, Vinny Golia, woodwinds; Bobby Bradford, John Fumo, John Rapson, Michael Vlatkovich, Doug Wintz, brass; Wayne Peet, piano; Rickey Kelly, vibes; Roberto Miranda, Eric Von Essen, bass; Alex Cline, percussion.

While Vinny Golia's previous activities are well documented and have garnered a respectable amount of critical acclaim, "Compositions For Large Ensemble" is quite possibly his best outing to date. A three record boxed set recorded live at Shoenberg Hall, UCLA, it is certainly his most ambitious. Not only has Golia succeeded in consolidating the talents of many of the L.A. area's more venturesome musicians, he has crafted a collection of charts that challenge and titilate their creative sensibilities. Emerging as spare, open-ended frameworks, Golia's lengthy suite-like compositions employ a wide spectrum of tonal colors, intriguing combinations of corresponding and contrasting lines and sturdy riff-based passages. The emphasis however is on improvisation and there is plenty of exciting solo work etched in the grooves of these six sides. All of the ensemble members make sure their allotted space is used effectively. Two of the pieces are tributes to individuals who, like Golia, are proponents of the "do-it-yourself" philosophy. ***Im Equas*** (dedicated to Sun Ra), unfolds as Golia's brooding tenor is heard over a mixture of marimba, piano and arco bass. A forceful riff punched out by the ensemble follows, leading into a string of solos featuring Rapson's portly trombone, Golia's husky baritone and Bradford's splintery cornet. There is a brief lull as the bassists engage in a contemplative dialogue. ***Paths*** begins in a suspenseful mood colored by Kelly's vibes and Cline's gongs and cymbals. John Carter's liquid clarinet flutters before things erupt and Tim Berne cuts loose on alto sax.

The Standing Pose is marked by strong statements from Peet, Montgomery and Wintz. Here, as throughout these extended works, Golia groups together small clusters of three or four musicians whose collective interplay provides a transitional bridge connecting individual solo efforts with expanded orchestral segments. ***The Pale Crescent*** (dedicated to Horace Tapscott) is the longest track, taking up over a side and a half. A mingling of clarinet, bassoon and English horn sets the stage for Bradford, whose spirited solo is offset by sporadic interjections from Carter. The piece passes through several transitional phases and is threaded with more inspired solo work from the likes of Golia, Kelly and Vlatkovich. Without getting into a blow by blow description of each and every cut, it is sufficient to note that whether taken in small doses or in one sitting, this explosively charged package is guaranteed to spark your interest and imagination. *— Gerard Futrick*

OH TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW THAT...

IMPROVISATIONS/ SIX RELEASES reviewed
(review date 86.0404)

ALAN TOMLINSON
Still Outside
BEAD 17, recorded 1980

ROGER TURNER
The Blur Between
CAW 002, recorded 1981

TONY RUSCONI, PAUL RUTHERFORD
In Pisa
VMB 104, recorded 1982

PETER CUSACK, CLIVE BELL
Bird Jumps Into Wood
BEAD 22, recorded 1983/84

PHIL MINTON, ROGER TURNER
Ammo
LEO LR 116, recorded 1984

PHIL WACHSMANN
Writing In Water
BEAD 23, recorded 1984/85

To begin at the end of the list, and work back in time, based upon the information provided with the release, the BEAD "Writing In Water" of Wachsmann involved Brigitte and Gert Eckel (cover etching and design, respectively); Chris Green (who made the digital recording of the material on side one - ***Writing In Water***, (26:25) at its performance at the Actual festival held - either on 7th September or 19th October, 1984, there being given contradictory information - at the Bloomsbury Theatre, London); Pamela Hiley (a dancer involved with the performances released on three of the six tracks of side two; Matthew Hutchinson (who is responsible for the sound preparation of the six tracks on side two, collectively titled "Water Writing", 19:55; they are: ***Prelude*** (1:37), ***Song*** (1:42), ***Violin Song*** (2:55), ***Monody Line with Squeaks and Footwork in Two Parts*** (5:10), ***Blurred Edge*** (6:04) and ***Melody*** (3:00)); June Siddall (another dancer, involved with the performances released on two of the tracks of side two, one of which also involves Ms. Hiley); Danny Trebus ('layout preparations'); Erika Wachsmann (who took the photograph of the principal which is reproduced in monochrome on the back of the sleeve); and the principal, **Phil Wachsmann** (violin and electronics)...

Fiddled excursions of Wachsmann - full with the flavours of time passed, which such an ancient instrument, developed to permit, encourage even, such subtleties of tone and diversities of timbre, coupled with his electronic signal - fiddling, pointing up the delicacies, never dominating the product - positively seductive.

From essentially solo performance to the duo environment - **Phil Minton** and **Roger Turner** got together in "Cold Storage" in cold January/ February, 1984 in bleak Brixton, embattled London district of the dispossessed and there Tim Hodgkinson recorded this stark, ear-grabbing "Ammo" stuff, material upon which it is not possible to turn a deaf or cloth-ear. Minton pushes his voice to extremes - where pain resides, though sometimes pleasure and sometimes humour. Turner's free percussion draws in the ear, heightens the effect of voice, reminds us always of the randomness of life; crystal clear social gems, cutting ... titles such as the eponymous ***Ammo, Feral, Cut Face*** and ***Urgent***. There's also ***Round About Midnight***, the Monk/ Williams/ Hanigen standard, subtly rendered relief.

The front cover of this Leo release bears a dramatic monochrome shot by Anna Tully of what appears to be the process of demolishing a typical United Kingdom low-cost housing estate; the rear cover carries a collage, black-and-white, by Peter Rowe, of the performers in a studio environment, an image charged with an air of desperation appropriate to the musical content. In a world where - thanks to the clean distancing provided by the popular media - immunity is given to us by the almost inescapable over-exposure to the stupidities surrounding us, it is reassuring to come across such genuinely disturbing material; wake up and tune-in!

One of the many releases to have resulted from recordings made at the London Musicians Collective, and in this case further duo performances, is the **Peter Cusak, Clive Bell** BEAD release, "Bird Jumps Into Wood". Material from 1983/84, it was recorded by Cusack and Stuart Jones, mastered by Dave Hunt, and covered in a sleeve by designer Kazuko Hohki who incorporated up front photos by Caroline Forbes of each musician. Cusack uses a variety of stringed instruments - guitar, bouzouki and prepared guitar, as well as environmental tapes; Bell blows a bamboo flute from Japan (shakuhachi), a large bamboo mouth organ from Thailand (khene), crumhorn, Chinese flute, flute and balloon. Eleven titles, long and short, light entertainment with a homogeneous ethnicity flavour, smooth (planned ahead?) tunes ... and the occasional cul-de-sac...

Further improvising duo tracks performances are provided by an Italian percussionist **Tony Rusconi**, a name with which I am not really familiar, here together with **Paul Rutherford**, British trombonist of long-standing, at sessions recorded by Jean-Marc Foussat in July, 1982 at the 7th Rassegna Internationale del Jazz di Pisa (of the leaning tower), an affair organised by the Centre for Research into Improvised Music, (CRIM-inal?) and financially supported by the Comune di Pisa and the Associazione Teatro di Pisa. Side one brings us the opening 15:20 of ***Ru & Ru***; the rest, 11:15, is on side two, followed by a final offering, ***S. Zeno Abbey*** (7:40). Pleasant stimulating distractions, lyrical trombone, percussion occasionally distracting: it is good that the Pisan 'community' and Theatre

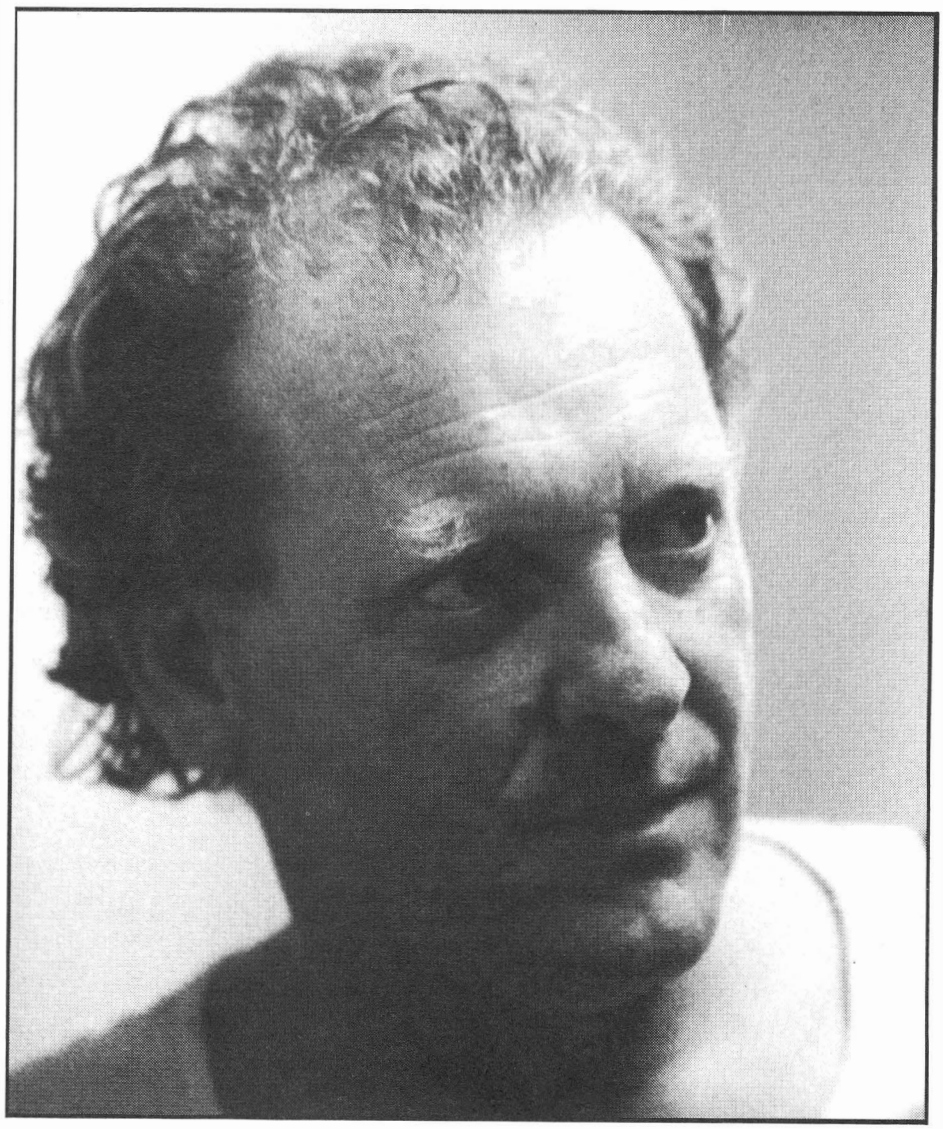
Association gave financial support to enable this international event to take place so that, eventually, it has been possible to make this material available to an international audience of disc-buyers.

A return to solo improvising: First, **Roger Turner** as the afternoon blur between (the cover monochrome photo by Anna Tully and Fam Van de Heining catches him just so) pedal drum and cymbal (recorded in the post-meridian periods of 3rd and 8th March, 1981 at the North London Pathway Studio and West London Front Room (whose house?) Studio by messrs. Mike Finesilver and Adrian Burkin, respectively). One man, a pedal drum and a cymbal produce the seven tracks (here captured); captivating results, no doubt indicative of a sensible measure of fanaticism derived from several years of dedicated performance work with all the technical abilities that can accrue therefrom for him of exploratory bent. From minimal resources come these splendid distillations ... alcoholic!

'Apart from how effectively I put a series of abstract musical ideas together, my playing,' says **Alan Tomlinson** in his own note to "Still Outside", 'has no particular meaning. Therefore I offer no LP sleeve bullshit or half-baked philosophies to justify or mystify my playing, it merely stands or falls on its ability to disturb or stimulate, not illuminate, the listener.' This ambiguously titled BEAD release was recorded by Peter Cusack (master tapes assembled by Phil Wachsmann and West Square Studio) on four occasions in 1980 between May and November at various venues - the London Musicians Collective, both inside (once interrupted because of noise from the adjacent railway) and outside, on the canal bank and under the road bridge (the front cover bears a monochrome photograph by Karl Marshall of Tomlinson apparently at this latter location, in 'full steam') and at the ICA Theatre, London in the second half of his "Actual 80" concert. For his performances here trapped, Tomlinson uses variously tenor, alto and bass trombones, the former sometimes 'prepared' (and on one occasion played while the performer turns round on a revolving stool or stands up and turns round) and once using double-tracking - a track we are advised to listen to in mono to get a more accurate idea of how it sounded to the audience - the second (alto), on one occasion with 'prepared mouthpiece'. The liner notes give detailed descriptions of how six of the nine released tracks were created by a process of excerpting, edition and insertion and include a restatement from the "Actual 80" programme notes of information on the musician who 'was born in Manchester (Lancashire, England) and studied trombone at the City of Leeds (Yorkshire) College of Music. Between 1973 and 1976 he was a member of ILEA's Cockpit Theatre Music Ensemble, Tony Oxley's Angular Apron, Barry Guy's London Jazz Composers' Orchestra (LJCO), the Ballet Rambert Orchestra and the resident band of the Hammersmith Palais ... started improvising again in 1979 and since ... has worked with John Corbett's Affinity Orchestra, LJCO ... toured with Will Evans' band and played a short tour with Steve Beresford and Peter Brotzmann...' Over the years that I have had this release in my collection, I have found it generally stimulating and at times disturbing, thus for Tomlinson, as well as myself, his efforts stand: how effectively he puts a series of musical ideas together I will leave for you to judge...

Looking back over the list of releases here reviewed, it will be observed that five of the six emanate from UK stables - indeed three are BEAD issues and the remaining one, while being an Italian release ("In Pisa") features a duo one half of which has UK origins. The question arising from he who provided me with the majority of the discs is - is there anything which characterizes them as being essentially of UK provenance? I suppose all creative effort, be it improvised or otherwise, is informed by the performer's history, his environment, although this informing may materialise in the form of rejection of or acquiesence in that environment. I suppose also that, in this area of performance with which we are dealing, and in so far as it is readily distinguishable from - and to many has no recognizable connection with - popular musical performance, the tendency is for this genre to be associated with rejection. Further, I suppose that in this age of rapid global intercommunication (manifested for example in this reviewing of this material in the columns of a publication originating in Canada with international readership by an individual resident in the South China Seas) there is a process within specific genres of homogenization occuring both as a consequence of deliberate effort and unconscious assimilation. Yet even supposing these things, I suppose that, if one is bent on identifying national traits (having accepted that these can be generalised) such may be distinguished, if only by a process of elimination of similarities (allowing that such can be described) ... all things being considered, and while not denying that "Englishness' may be a feature discernible in these releases, I prefer not to embark upon a venture to discover it, although I have no objection to the performer drawing my attention to it, in his commentaries to his performances, should he feel moved to do so - an undertaking notable in its absence in connection with the majority of releases I have encountered of the nature now under consideration - but rather I prefer to treat the material openly, its essence in any event remains unaltered by my interpretations, rather in the manner implied by Alan Tomlinson in his quoted statement above on his playing. To this end, in executing reviews, I endeavour to give you, my readers, the facts as they may be derived from the release, indulging only briefly in personal comments designed to perhaps whet your appetites...

ROGEr HeNrY PArry = NEOGRAPHY



PHIL MINTON (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

THE FESTIVAL SCENE

INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL MUSIQUE ACTUEL
Victoriaville, Quebec
October 1-6, 1986

JAZZ JAMBOREE '86
Warsaw, Poland
October 23-26, 1986

Our quartet, with David Prentice (violin), Arthur Bull (guitar) and David Lee (bass), had just completed a tour of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, a most wonderful week of performance that apart from improvised music, had included Samuel Beckett's radio play Cascando, readings of the works of poets Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Adrian Mitchell and Ted Hughes, plus Dada like costumed performance under the title - The Last of the Red Hot Dadas - utilising silent films, including the legendary Metropolis. We all parted company at Montreal airport and I headed downtown to meet Onari in preparation for a six day visit to the International Festival Musique Actuel in Victoriaville. A small Quebec town with the legend of producing the world's finest ice hockey sticks, located some 150 km east of Montreal. In a small paper there had been a preview article promoting this festival and the opening humorous description had caught my fancy. I do not recall the words intact, but after a fashion they were.... Welcome to Victoriaville - now over here we have Henri's corner store - and that's Jacques the barber, here is our famous ice hockey stick factory, and over here is our community centre where Fred Frith, David Moss, the ROVA saxophone quartet, Johnny Dyani, Anthony Braxton and Derek Bailey play. Perhaps you should have been there. Indeed you should.

Readers of Coda would have by now realised that a good number of quality festivals are being produced across Canada, but the Victoriaville Festival is the most unique amongst them in that it not only presents the most advanced and creative musics, but also presents its content in a most logical historical form. This year, apart from the "international stars" such as ROVA, A Little Westbrook Music, Nexus, Braxton, Bailey, the Johnny Dyani quintet, Ralph Towner and Gary Burton, there was a focus on two aspects of creative music not often collected together in such a deliberate manner. The first, and most important from a Canadian point of view, was the large number of Quebecois artists, and secondly, for me at least, the chance to hear the style of music that is being categorised as the New York white avant garde.

A brief description of both idioms, as I do not wish to write round by round accounts of the occasions, would be that the Quebecois music, such as Lux, a multi-media performance with dancers and projected images, Marie Chouinard a solo dancer of great strength, Robert Lepage and Bernard Gagnon performing duets while a film artist scratched instant cartoons on a continually looping projected negative film created an ever expanding back drop, illustrating that this french Canadian contingent were very much involved in theatrical dramatics, which in many cases made their performance more interesting than just "hearing music".

The New York players, be they that or not, in general relied a great deal on repetition, and often an amplified sound that destroyed my ear drums, and removed all the details of the music that could have given me such pleasure. The three exceptions being the humourous and eccentric duet of David Moss and Christian Marclay, The Semantics with Ned Rothenberg, Elliott Sharp and a slightly tedious drummer, and the duet of Fred Frith and Rene Lussier. There were of course highlights from almost all the bands, and the feelings of the whole affair was at the very least educational. I find however, on reflection, that I am still at heart a jazz fan, and found the jazz based music of ROVA, Westbrook, Dyani and especially Braxton and Bailey to be still far and ahead the art with the real content.

Before I close I should also mention the fine duet of saxophonist Yves Charuest and drummer Michel Ratte, plus the delicately conceived solo flute music of Don Druick.

As with any festival there is the purely social aspect, and this was taken care of by the producers and staff, and the cooperation of the town officials, who even treated us to a cocktail party and a guided bus tour of the region. Next October, everyone who is interested in the direction of where the music will go, should make the trek to this small Quebec town.

I think it was Henry Ford that said - You can have any colour car that you want as long as it's black - and the first impressions of arriving in Warsaw, Poland, could make this old adage into a statement of the economic possibilities of the people.

I had been invited by Pawel Brodowski, editor of Jazz Forum magazine to attend a conference of magazine editors, a conference that is well attended by editors or their representatives from Germany, Italy, the USA, Poland, Canada, Sweden, Finland and England, the purpose of which is to discuss and investigate the realities (in these times) of publishing a magazine devoted entirely to jazz and improvised music. For the most part the results were of interest, as each of the periodicals manage to operate on a quite different basis, from the self help of the German magazine - Jazz Podium, to the business like operation of the American based Downbeat. The entire proceedings were conducted in English due to the impossibly slow process of interpretation into numerous languages, and in a certain manner, for several members of the panel, the weakest element of the occasion, allowing them to only minimally express their ideas. An audience consisting of writers, photographers, radio producers, jazz afficionados from many parts of the planet challenged and contributed to the four hour debate.

The Jazz Jamboree, now in its 28th year, which must qualify as one of the world's eldest jazz events, was occuring at the same time. An added attraction so to speak. Although a large amount of the music was electric/fusion in content, there were several highlights that are worth referring to. Herbie Hancock was the star attraction, but for me the strongest music came from the Dave Holland Quintet, with Kenny Wheeler, Kevin Eubanks and Dave himself producing the exceptional music. The story of the week however comes from the World Saxophone Quartet. Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Hamiett Bluiett and John Stubblefield had arrived in Vienna (Austria) enroute, to change planes for Warsaw. In the confusion of all the foreign language announcements etc. John Stubblefield boarded the wrong plane and ended up, alone, in Bucharest (Hungary). In a communist country with no visa or identification. They eventually shipped him back to the U.S. Meanwhile in Warsaw, the World Saxophone Trio utilises an immediate replacement in Branford Marsalis, and due to no rehearsals, (plus the sheet music is also gone someplace else) an improvised set, with whispered introductions, some standard jazz compositions and a large portion of bravado, resulted in the most exciting and unpredictable music of the festival.

Our contact with the common people is not happening, but our contact with the enormous jazz community is one of the great pleasures. We are treated, as visitors, with much dignity - a fine hotel - a daily stipend - and free entrance to any event we desire. The poverty of the people is not reaching out to us at all, in fact we are surrounded by an old world charm, and one of the most international environments I have indulged in for many a year.

Naturally I have my saxophone, and although there was no suitable music for me to participate in, I did manage to practice in my hotel room every day. I had been playing for about forty minutes, when a knock came upon the door. My first thought, as I am accustomed to, was a complaint regarding the noise (music). Instead, standing there is one of the hotel staff. A rose in a vase. The note read - Welcome to Warsaw.

I look forward to being invited back next year, perhaps with my Canadian band.

I travel halfway back from Warsaw, to the town of Poznan with the famous Polish musician Jan Kaczmarek, and in the four hour conversation discover much about the way of life in Poland. Lunch in an old world hotel, and then back on the train to Berlin. The jazz daze.

A shroud of sadness engulfs my heart strings as I am confronted by the news that Johnny Dyani has died in Berlin. Louis Moholo has come in black shrouded doom to claim his friend. Tears as a word are not tears, so I leave it as this. Don Cherry plays Johnny's Song For Biko - A small sad remembrance.

Thanks are given to the Canada Council who funded a major portion of these travels.

— Bill Smith

PAN/JAZZ FESTIVAL
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad
October 2-3, 1986

The branches of African music have touched many parts of the Americas in the four hundred years since slavery. Each region has produced its own distinctive music — the result of cross-fertilization with the cultures of the different dominant European Colonials, the variety of local tribes who already occupied the continent and Asian immigrants.

Common to all the music of the entire region is the highly rhythmic complexities passed on from Africa and the dialect of the melodic lines designed to fit these rhythms. In the United States this produced the blues, in the Caribbean the calypso and merengue while in South America its most popular manifestations have been the samba and the tango.

Caribbean influences have been part of jazz since its beginnings. You can hear it in Jelly Roll Morton's music, in the creole patois of Albert Nicholas and Kid Ory and in the hokum of Louis Armstrong's Hot Five recording of ***King Of The Zulus***. Musicians from Trinidad were living and recording in New York in the 1920s and many well known jazz musicians were either born in the Caribbean or are descendants of Caribbean emigres.

Jazz, in turn, was sent back to the Caribbean — primarily through recordings — where it has been absorbed into the regional musical vocabulary as well as producing musicians intent on expressing themselves directly through its heritage.

Both aspects of this lineage were on display at Trinidad's first Pan/Jazz Festival in early October. The scope of the event was reduced with the non-appearance of Cuba's Arturo Sandoval and Brazil's Barrozinho Quintet. Their presence would have added greatly to the musical mosaic but, unfortunately, various bureaucratic technicalities prevented their attendance.

Unique to Trinidad is the use of the steel drum as an instrument. Known as a "pan" it began as a rather crude but utilitarian vehicle for musical expression by people unable to gain access to conventional instruments. Just as the early blues instrumentalists fashioned instruments and musical sounds from unlikely sources so, in Trinidad, the steel drum became a unique musical instrument. It is now a highly sophisticated sound instrument which comes in a variety of shapes and sizes capable of emulating any notes found in most musical forms.

The Pan was part of the makeup of the T&T Calypso Jazz Workshop Group and the T&T Pan/Jazz '86 Ensemble. These groups, between them, illustrated the broad range of influences at work on musicians in Trinidad. The T&T Ensemble was a specially assembled band of seasoned musicians whose backgrounds include experience with the traditional parameters of jazz. You could hear this in the improvisations of pianist Clive Zanda, guitarist Fitzroy Coleman and Len "Boogsie" Sharpe who played tenor pans. Their repertoire included several well known Trinidad calypso compositions and everyone played with tremendous zest and flair. Boogsie Sharpe, in particular, showed a remarkable solo sense on his instruments — creating a sound similar, at times, to a vibraharp and at other times an electronic keyboard or organ. Coleman, who worked with jazz musicians in London in the 1950s, still retained his sense of linear improvisation even though he now favours the more conventional solid body guitar and greater amplification. Toby Tobas, who was also leader of the Calypso Workshop Band, demonstrated his versatility and percussive soundness with this band. Like all exceptional drummers he was totally in tune with the rhythmic nuances of the music's structure as well as the soloist's variations.

His own band, The Calypso Jazz Workshop Group, sought to extend the musical boundaries of the calypso with a repertoire of original material which stretched the rhythmic possibilities of the idiom through its incorporation of ideas from the past decade of American music — notably the motifs and harmonies of such groups as Weather Report and Chick Corea's ensembles. It featured another excellent pan player — Sydney Joseph — as well as a promising young guitarist — Terry Shaw — and a percussive pianist (Ovid Alexis) who wrote much of the material. The performance was polished, well rehearsed and highly musical but the musicians seemed intimidated by the horizons of the material and were unable to transform it into anything memorable.

Both these bands performed Caribbean music touched, in one way or another, by jazz. The Caribbean Jazz Workshop Group was an all-star band from various islands who performed jazz with some Caribbean touches. Its leader was Luther Francois, an exceptionally gifted musician from St. Lucia, who was the band's outstanding soloist. His tenor playing has been touched by Coltrane and the band's music (all originals by members of the band) owed its allegiance to 1960s Hancock and Shorter compositions.

Trumpeter Herbert "Happy" Lewis is from Antigua, pianist Adrian Clarke comes from Barbados, percussionist Charly Lamotte is from Guadeloupe while Alex Barnard (bass) and Jean-Claude Montredon (drums) are from Martinique. After only two rehearsals the band performed the thematic material with ease but much of the solo work was short on ideas and lacked the flow and development of the music at its best. This performance, like so much jazz performed outside of the United States in the past, emphasized the necessity of opportunities to perform alongside the music's masters and to hear the major players in person rather than on record. The relative isolation (musically) of the Caribbean has given these musicians few chances to gain the experience needed to perform well on the world stage.

Festivals such as this one, the one in Barbados and others planned for other islands may bring about significant changes as more American musicians have an opportunity to perform in the area.

There was certainly a positive audience response to the music provided by the event's headliners — the Ellis Marsalis Trio and the Wynton Marsalis Quartet. This New Orleans family seems to have this particular circuit locked up — they were also the headliners of the Barbados Festival last spring.

Ellis Marsalis' reputation as a teacher has overshadowed his abilities as a performer but this seems to be changing. Certainly he played with graceful ease such standards as ***Jitterbug Waltz, When I Fall In Love, Squeeze Me*** and other familiar vehicles for jazz improvisation. This was what the audience had been waiting for and the loose but organised presentation fulfilled much of the needs of the listeners. His performance at the Holiday Inn, following the Workshop Band and the Jazz Ensemble, was a pleasant contrast. It was American jazz music and its rhythmic momentum was uniquely American. In other words the music had the swinging pulse of jazz. It was a joy to hear the flowing drum work of Noel Kendrick. His playing is not technically breathtaking but his sense of rhythm is so advanced that the music moved effortlessly.

In contrast Jeff Watts, Wynton Marsalis' drummer, is a technical powerhouse who plays time with preciseness but has yet to find the extra dimension necessary to be rhythmically in charge of the music. Sid Catlett, Philly Joe Jones and Billy Higgins are masters at that most difficult of skills. Perhaps it is a gift rather than a skill which separates such drummers from the others.

Wynton Marsalis' quartet performed numbers from their recently released "J Mood" as well as such standards as ***Caravan*** and ***Goodbye***. Their extended performance was exceptional for its cohesiveness, its preciseness and its delineation of one aspect of the music's tradition. Marsalis' trumpet execution is exceptional. His control, his flexibility and tonal variation gives all of his improvisations an air of ease but the cleanliness of his execution allows little room for any sense of emotional communication with the listener. His music is based firmly in the style established by Miles Davis in the 1950s and perfected by the trumpeter in the 1960s. There are also elements of Art Farmer to be found. Both Marsalis and Farmer perform with little textural variety — the very element which sets Miles Davis apart from either of the other hornmen. Just relisten to the opening of Miles Davis' concert recording of ***My Funny Valentine*** to understand the extra dimension Miles brings to music. It was the same one year at Newport when he performed an entire set in a quartet setting due to Wayne Shorter's absence. Miles' intensity is stark and arresting. He touches your heart strings with every phrase. Wynton Marsalis, on the other hand, seems like a computerized facsimile of the original.

Marsalis, who is adamant in his determination to have the world perceive the music's traditions through his conception, is still learning the craft of the jazz musician. There are still serious lapses in his artistic identity. His ballad playing (on ***Goodbye***) owed more to Harry James and Al Hirt than to Louis Armstrong and Clifford Brown and its rhythmic squareness was surprising. Equally surprising was pianist Marcus Roberts' ineffectual solo piano version of ***Memories Of You***. Solo piano is a demanding art and not something to be tackled by a pianist whose jazz conception was shown to be shaky at best. His single line improvisations within the rhythm section were sound enough but he failed to bring out the remarkable qualities inherent within Eubie Blake's composition let alone fashion a performance with any cohesion or purpose.

Musicians and several writers came to Trinidad as guests of the Trinidad and Tobago Tourist Board and were comfortably accomodated within the luxury of the Trinidad Hilton and the Holiday Inn. BWIA Airlines were responsible for the transportation to an island which is a commercial centre rather than a tourist oasis. It is a lush and beautiful island but lacks hotel facilities close to beaches. Tobago, on the other hand, is closer to the image most people expect of a Caribbean island.

Two surprises gave this event a special touch. Donald Byrd, in Trinidad on unrelated business, sat in with Ellis Marsalis' trio. His presence created genuine excitement among an audience familiar with his classic Blue Note recordings. He has only begun playing again recently and his chops are still far from strong but his tightly.

muted excursions showed that his musical ideas are still intact.

The final night of Trinidad's Steel Drum Competition followed behind the festival with Wynton Marsalis as one of the judges. Eight bands (all but one with more than forty musicians) performed a set composition, a piece of classical music and a calypso. The results are beyond anything one might imagine. Each orchestra has a conductor/arranger who instructs the individual musicians in their parts. The bands manage to create, successfully, the sound of a symphony orchestra and the performances were formidable. Most appealing was a family band of eight pieces who performed an original composition within the classical structure rather than selecting a work by Stravinsky, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky and the other classical composers favoured by the other bands. An immediate thought which came to mind was how suitable some of the works of Ellington would be in this setting. The same could be said for some of Dizzy Gillespie's compositions and the latin pieces performed by Stan Kenton's band.

Being taken to this event, attended by over 6000 people in an open air stadium, was a fitting finale to an experience which was pleasingly different and musically rewarding.

— John Norris

CLEARWATER SEVENTH ANNUAL JAZZ HOLIDAY

Clearwater, Florida
October 16-19, 1986

With a light breeze blowing in off the Clearwater Bay, a large (10,000) audience settled in for the first night of the Seventh Annual Jazz Holiday held in a beautiful setting at Coachman Park.

Local vocalist Fred Johnson opened the evening's festivities backed by a superb rhythm section led by keyboardist Kamau Kenyatta. Johnson's vocals, often reminiscent of Al Jarreau and Bobby McFerrin, were superb and his imitation of instruments on ***Caravan*** (trombone) and a ***Blues*** (flute) had the audience in the palm of his hands.

From Chicago, Pausa recording artist, vocalist and pianist Judy Roberts (a very popular returnee to the Festival) was up next, and by this time the audience was eager for much more music and they were not disappointed. This young lady is one of the few musicians who can work an audience and still play some pretty impressive jazz music.

Headliner for the evening was Ramsey Lewis replacing the Wayne Shorter Quartet. I, like many others in the audience, expected Ramsey to play much of the crossover material he has been doing for his records, but we were all pleasantly surprised to hear plenty of acoustic work; and when the electronics were brought to the fore it was with extreme taste.

Friday evening we were treated to the sounds of the Nick Brignola Quartet with Bill Dobbins, piano; John Lockwood, bass and Dave Colarco, drums. A tight-knit unit working hard and enjoying every minute on stage. Brignola's command of all the instruments (tenor, soprano, flute, clarinet and baritone) is really astounding, and he executed some brilliant solos on tunes such as ***Take The A Train*** and ***Delilah***.

Next up was the Buddy DeFranco Quartet featuring an unsung hero in my estimation in the form of pianist Bubba Kolb. What a pity this artist doesn't travel, he really should be heard by people in more cities and towns around North America. DeFranco was in top form as he proved once again that the clarinet is a wonderful instrument for jazz in the hands of a perfectionist. Buddy called Nick up for a duet on ***Scrapple From The Apple*** that had over 11,000 fans up on their feet wanting much more.

Headliners for Friday night were Michel Petrucciani and his trio with guest Joe Henderson. Apart from being one of the nicest people to be around, Michel is truly a monster at the piano, tearing into the keys and making the piano sound like a full orchestra. Henderson was in great form also and the energy expressed by Michel encouraged Joe greatly.

Appearing at the Jam Session this night were, amongst others, Bubba Kolb, Richie Cole, Nick Brignola, Stan Getz, Michel Petrucciani, Elliot Zigmund, Joanne Brackeen and Ron McClure. Later that morning we had a chance to hear some cuts from a new album Joanne has recorded for the Concord label with Branford Marsalis, Terrence Blanchard, Al Foster and Cecil McBee.

Saturday at the Park got under way at 2:00 pm, and we were treated to some exceptional local talent in the band of the USF Jazz Chamber Ensemble, an eight piece unit under the leadership of Chuck Owens. An exciting band of young musicians roared through charts by members of the band plus Benny Golson, Wayne Shorter, and Cedar Walton.

The Vintage Brass led by Dan McMillian ran through some tunes ranging from Freddie Hubbard to Grover Washington. Great solo work from all members of the front line especially McMillian on trumpet and trombone.

A rare treat was in store for those of us who remember the beautiful tenor work of Phil Urso from the mid and late 50s with Bob Brookmeyer and Chet Baker, Art Pepper groups. Teamed up with the ex-Basie trumpet/flugel horn player Pete Minger, John Lamb (another Basieite) bass, William Evans, piano and Dave Colarco, drums, Urso sounded as good as ever: Strong lines, a beautiful full tone and a great deal of vigour and conviction. Minger was elegant and eloquent, a veritable delight to listen to.

Joe Henderson put in a second appearance with Joanne Brackeen's trio, and it was proof positive that Joanne at all time received more approval from the audience than Joe in her solos. Considering the massive talent that is Joe Henderson this was a special event. Joe played extremely well, but it was definitely Joanne's afternoon.

Next up was the Nick Brignola/Ira Sullivan Quintet with Bubba Kolb, Dave Colarco and John Lockwood. The instruments of the co-leaders just about took up most of the front of the stage, and were used to extraordinary advantage: a flute duet on ***Triste***, baritone/flugel horn duet on ***Stablemates***, soprano duet on ***Naima***, and a tenor duet on ***Blue Up 'N Down***. It is only my wish that this dynamic unit get together for a tour and preserve some of that music on recording.

The Stan Getz Quartet was the headliner for this next to last night of the Festival, and he was magnificent. With Victor Lewis, drums; Larry Willis, piano and Rufus Reid, bass, Stan swung through old and new tunes, i.e. ***Voyage, Desafinado*** and ***Blood Count***. Prior to his set he was presented with the first annual plaque honoring him for his contribution to jazz. He received a deserved standing ovation from some 13,000 fans eager to hear some extra tunes from this living legend. Saturday night's jam had Bobby Enriquez, Pete Minger, Richie Cole, Gayle Moran and a surprise, Joanne Brackeen playing drums.

The Roy Meriweather trio followed this band. I find it hard to believe that this talented pianist does not receive more recognition than what he does at present. Some standards pleasantly mixed with originals worked well with his presentation spiced with some verbal jostling with the audience.

Guitarist Emily Remler, working with Richie Cole's bassist and drummer, performed an exciting set for an eager audience who kept up long applause after each number. Emily has really matured as an artist since I last saw her in Toronto with Terry Clarke and Don Thompson in 1982 (is it really that long ago?), and showed this to superb advantage in her choice of material even though there was little time for rehearsals before the set.

A first time visit to the Clearwater Festival was made by that Latin/Jazz King Tito Puente and his band.

"The great entertainer" is one expression oft used to describe "alto madness" leader; Richie Cole; he was up to his usual tricks to close the final evening. Something we must be thankful for is his consistent bright outlook on jazz life and the means he has to educate young people about jazz in his entertaining way. His playing was energetic and full of humour and he won over the audience throughout especially when he brought on stage as his guest Emily Remler. Bobby Enriquez added to the madness of the group with his pianistics, and one wonders if a complete new set of keys are required when he has finished playing.

To close out the evening and the Festival, a Jam Session was produced on stage with changing rhythm sections including Dave Colarco, John Lockwood, Michel Petrucciani, Victor Jones, backing up Emily Remler, Nick Brignola, Phil Urso, Pete Minger, Ira Sullivan and Richie Cole (wearing an E.T. mask). Can 11,000 fans be wrong? Up on their feet, clapping in time to the strains of ***Sweet Georgia Brown*** and ***Clearwater Jazz Festival Blues***. All of the events were MC'd by two impressive jazz radio announcers Bob Seymour and Al Santana, who were well informed and at all times bright and cheerful on stage and off.

This Jazz Holiday/Festival has to be one of the best organized events I have had the pleasure of attending. The volunteer staff (Task Force) were incredible, a phrase suitable here.

A special word of praise must be given to the person who knows the musicians extremely well — Frank Spena, the co-ordinator of this for day event. He really keeps things running tight with the choice of musicians. They know and trust him implicitly and that is one big reason this is so well attended and appreciated. All being well, the 1987 Holiday will have a Canada Day and this reporter will lead a contingent of musicians for the opening day of the eighth annual Clearwater Jazz Holiday. Anyone wishing to attend should contact me c/o ***Coda*** for further details.

— Hal Hill

IN PERFORMANCE

BENSON'S AND HEDGES SUPERBAND

Band # 1: Slide Hampton, trombone; Jimmy Heath, tenor and soprano sax; Monty Alexander, piano; George Mraz, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.

Band # 2: John Faddis, trumpet; James Moody, alto and tenor sax; Jimmy Smith, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Grady Tate, drums; Barbara Morrison, vocals.

Le Spectrum, Montreal, PQ
September 30 and October 1, 1986

From a musician's point of view, this show is almost a miracle come true: a major multinational corporation lends its financial support to organize a world tour of accomplished jazz artists with no strings attached and first class accomodations for all concerned. Now if this were done for a classical chamber group or a whole symphony orchestra, this would not be surprising at all, but for two jazz ensembles...!

A little over a year ago, the Phillip Morris Corporation offered a golden opportunity to a number of American jazzmen by sponsoring a European tour. Moreover, the erstwhile Jazzmobile of New York City lent a hand in choosing the lucky participants for this tour. By all accounts, the whole tour was a complete success, both in artistic and financial terms. Completely unfettered by the usual logistical problems encountered by almost every touring jazz musician, the performers were able to dedicate themselves fully to their craft and play to the best of their abilities.

Given the positive response from that first series of concerts, a second tour was put together by Benson & Hedges, the North American affiliate of the aforementioned tobacco giant. This time around, not only one but two bands (eleven musicians in total) took part in a month long tour that brought them to Australia, the Philippines, Japan and (last but not least) the friendly confines of Montreal — the only Canadian stop for that band. The very fact that such prominent talents visit this city all at the same time is certainly a treat, and it's equally amazing to have them play on consecutive nights, a most welcome change from those customary one night stands that musicians have to cope with.

Enough said about the peripheral aspects of this event, let us now get to the core of the issue, namely, the music itself. Based on the lineup of each band, one could suspect that a "Blue Note Revival" was in the offing. The presence of Kenny Burrell and Jimmy Smith in the same band is enough of a hint for those who doubt this claim. However, the music never came across as nostalgic or hackneyed, the main reason for this being the length of time they have spent together: just long enough to produce that tight group sound and to maintain that freshness of working together in an ideal context.

Granted, the material was very standard, but even old bebop tunes can be livened up and never loose their appeal in the hands of experienced performers. Such was the case with the Band # 1. This quintet cruised through a fine set of straight ahead tunes like ***Wee Dot, In A Sentimental Mood*** and ***Hot House***, to which originals by Jimmy Heath and Monty Alexander were added, the latter playing very convincingly on one of his own compositions with the horns dropping out on this one. To round off the group, George Mraz is everything you wanted in a bassist (and more), while young Kenny Washington has all the earmarks of being one of the very good drummers for many years to come. Incidentally, Philly Joe Jones, shortly before his death, had personally recommended Kenny Washington to take his place at the driver's seat of Dameronia, quite a compliment indeed.

Lest we not forget the front line of the band: Jimmy Heath remains one of the great (but too frequently overlooked) heroes from the Philadelphia connection, so to speak, while Slide Hampton never fails to demonstrate his arranger's touch by subtly harmonizing behind the soloists. As soloists and ensemble players alike, they are as perfect a match as you can get.

After this first set of mainstream bebop oriented jazz, the emphasis shifted heavily towards the blue with the arrival of Band #2. But this was to be expected given Jimmy Smith's presence. In the first place, I must admit that the organ has always left me lukewarm at best, but in all fairness, Mr. Smith hasn't lost any of his soulful and funky ways which made him a star some years ago. But there was more than the blues to be heard, a good example being a crisp rendition of ***A Night In Tunisia***. This number gave ample opportunity for the other members of the band to strut their stuff, while Jimmy Smith's organ grinding was much more subdued here. John Faddis came out full blast, telling his "everything-you-wanted-to-know-about-Diz-but-were-afraid-to-ask" story with all the technical brilliance he could muster. For bravado, he gets full marks but....

To offset the trumpeter's high voltage, Kenny Burrell was the perfect antidote: given his previous experience with Jimmy Smith, it was no surprise that his sound was the best suited to the organist's more jagged chords and accents. Even when Kenny Burrell swings hard, his sound and technique remain mellow and always effortless. James Moody, for his part, occupied more of a middle ground between the calisthenic and the laid back styles, demonstrating that he still has a lot more good things to say. And what performance of his is complete without his perennial warhorse, ***Moody's Mood For Love***, a tune which never ceases to amuse, even though we have all heard it a thousand times before.

A last kudo must go out to the wily veteran Grady Tate, a drummer who is always effective but not spectacular. However, his lone solo spot was quite an ear opener, as he proceeded to demonstrate his abilities by beating the skins bare-handed, developing a well-layered series of rhythmic patterns and dynamic nuances. To complete that portion of the show, a vocalist by the name of Barbara Morrison came out for three numbers, which was just fine by me. Her strong voice and good feeling for the blues were all right as an added attraction to the bill.

Overall, the music of high calibre, as all music by true professionals should be. Most gratifying was the fact that the veteran musicians in particular are now receiving support

GEORGE MRAZ (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

and treatment commensurate to their talents. After years of struggles, working in dingy joints for low pay and lack of recognition in some cases, these people are finally (and deservedly) getting their dues instead of just paying them.

Now that these select few have been given this opportunity, we can only hope that this may signal a trend toward increased public awareness of the music, and that more of the corporate "big boys" are ready to acknowledge the merits of art as art and not just as figures on a balance sheet. As for the musicians, I can think of oodles more, both young and old, who would play up to those standards of excellence in such favourable conditions. After all, what more can a musician ask for than the recognition of his creative freedom? *— Marc Chenard*

THE DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND
Hartford Jazz Society
October 19, 1986

The David Murray Big Band's performance threatened to render the rest of the Hartford Jazz Society's concert season anti-climactic. Appearing in Hartford through the joint efforts of the Jazz Society, Real Art Ways and WHUS-FM, the band played with all the fireworks of a Fourth of July celebration. Beginning with the Dixieland romp of ***Bechet's Bounce*** and ending with an extended version of ***Flowers For Albert***, Murray's compositions and arrangements displayed his thorough grounding in jazz history and the vastness of a musical vision that allows him to blend diverse elements into a distinctive personal entity. Like Ellington and Mingus, Murray uses the unique abilities of his sidemen to flavor his work, e.g., Fred Hopkins' brilliant arco introduction to ***Train Whistle*** and Craig Harris' singing, soaring lines over the tune's locomotive accelerations and decelerations of tempo. Murray was nothing less than masterful as a soloist. His Promethean improvisations presented a personal interpretation of the history of the tenor saxophone, peaking with a long unaccompanied section on ***Flowers For Albert*** that echoed Ayler's stridency while tempering it with a taste of earlier, warmer stylists. The performance might well rank as Hartford's concert of the year. *— Vernon Frazer*

DAVID MURRAY / SONELIUS SMITH
Hamilton College
Clinton, New York
September 26, 1986

Retrospectively speaking, the talk regarding David Murray in the jazz world is two-pronged: Some say, and probably correctly, that it has only been relatively recently (with the octet recordings) that his recorded work has even come near the generally laudable accolades initially bestowed on him by the press. Others say, still following the above logic, that for a young player, he's recorded too much.

One thing, for sure, that this multifarious duo concert with pianist Sonelius Smith made strikingly apparent: Murray is essentially a stylist who only uses so-called avant-garde techniques ornamentally, (probably) to distort the malaise of his structural-compositional immaturity. (From this prospective, his big band music can be seen as an attempt to materially abridge this problem).

The first part of Murray's Friday night concert at Hamilton College was entirely devoted to what rightfully could be termed avant-garde clicheism. At this stage of the game, sadly enough, this way of playing — if not tempered with the assurances of strong intentions — merely becomes an irritating embarrassment. Particularly so when a capable player like pianist Smith was wanton in contributing substantial ideas to the festering melee of "out sounds" administered by the saxophonist. For although Murray's harmonic and tonal grasp is still impressive, even within the sagging gardens of what used to be called free jazz, the implicative belief in this way of doing music seems to have completely left the saxophonist (one could even say that this particular attitudinal feature of Murray's initial musical outlook has actually atrophied). And in its place(?), merely pastiche.

The second half of the concert was a bit closer to what I take to be Murray's more sincere sentiments... at least as far as the 80s are concerned. His interpretation of two Jazz classics, Trane's ***Naima*** and the song Coleman Hawkins immortalized for the Jazz repertoire, ***Body And Soul***, were both lavishly portrayed.

His reading of ***Naima*** was thoroughly exciting because it possessed aspects of the heightened ***soundual*** understandings Coltrane's once partner, Pharoah Sanders, brought to the piece. Yet Murray was able to blend that understanding with the historical depth of Coltrane's best playing. harkening back, at times, to the reflective coolness/warmth of Ben Webster.

Body And Soul was superb too. Not only for its warmth, but also for the rhythmic sophistication Murray's phrases displayed. Pianist Smith, too, contributed his most immediate and probably most settled playing of the evening. (The concluding piece, Murray's own national anthemish ***Flowers For Albert***, was also given a more than adequate reading).

Conclusively: Murray's knowledge of the tenor saxophone as it relates to stylism has always been impressive, and seems to have now gotten even more so. And while Murray might not be as contextually daring as, let's say, someone like Joe McPhee (who, by the way, Murray has much in common) — there remains a highly metaphysical potential latent in his large ensemble music. In other words, Murray's brand of ensemble arrangement is basically revisionist oriented, and tends to highlight the thematic virtues of the motif through non-organizational means. While McPhee could probably be said to do just the opposite.

If Murray can stimulate the transparency of his instrumental playing (that is, allow his octet and big band arrangements to be at one with his tenor saxophone playing) then he will, undeniably, emerge as one of Jazz's indispensable voices. ***— Roger Riggins***

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS / BARRY HARRIS
The Thelonious Monk Concert Series
The Smithsonian Institute
Friday, September 19, 1986

The coupling of Abrams and Harris in the setting of two short solo concerts makes for quite a few comparisons. Both Abrams (from Chicago) and Harris (from Detroit) are individualistic pianists capable of playing fine music. Both are teachers (Abrams helped to found Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians and Harris is one of the leaders of New York's Jazz Cultural Theater). Both often go unrecognized (as Harris asked rhetorically: "Why do I keep winning the Talent Deserving Wider Recognition category every year?"). Their lack of recognition showed this evening as only a small crowd attended, consisting of the area's die-hard jazz fans, a handful of local radio personalities and a few prominent musicians, including Max Roach. It is a true pity that a concert consisting of two fine musicians such as Abrams and Harris draws only a few knowledgeable persons.

Abram's set lasted a little under an hour, not a minute of it wasted. He played with passion and fury running the full spectrum of emotions. The full period was spent on one suite in which he built up incredible amounts of tension through the use of fleet, fluid runs, lone, seemingly dissonant chords and emphatic uses of space. His tribute to Thelonious included quotations (of varying length) from Monk classics such as ***Ruby, My Dear***. Both irrepressible conflict and incredible beauty were evident in Muhal's playing, and this open emotion was appreciated by the small, though not totally passive, crowd.

Barry Harris, bebop virtuoso, conducted his set in a slightly different manner than Abrams. Whereas Abrams did not speak to the audience, Harris attempted to establish a rapport with his fans. After opening the set with the themes from ***The Flintstones*** and ***I Love Lucy*** (two tunes which he seems to like as I have heard him quote them on other occasions), he spoke about numerous issues, most of which pertained to the crowd (or lack thereof). He commented that our government feels it can spend billions on war and space explorations, but refuses to acknowledge its greatest indigenous art form. Having digressed onto the subject of the Shuttle, Harris continued the set with a statement that went something like this: "... and now the Shuttle has blasted off into oblivion... Which reminds me... now, here's the great Bud Powell's ***Oblivion***". Harris played a set that was something of a history of modern creative music. With solos that quoted Art Tatum, Bird, Prez, Bud and, of course, Monk, Harris pleased the listeners with a fluid pianistic technique, though I wish he would have stretched out a little more.

Monk once said "If people don't understand what you're doing, you just have to wait for them to catch up". It seems as if the people will only show up for this type of tribute if a celebrity of some sort is billed as the Master of Ceremonies. Though they may enjoy the music once they arrive, the real masses (i.e., those uninitiated to jazz) are not persuaded to attend this type of event, the result being that both the musicians and the prospective listeners suffer.
— Peter Robbins

ROB FRAYNE GROUP
Jazz at Saint C's
Hamilton, Ontario
Sunday, August 31, 1986

Hamilton is not generally considered a city with much to offer the jazz enthusiast, yet one series, Jazz At Saint C's, is noteworthy both for its longevity and regularity. Saint C is St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Bond and King Streets in the Westdale area, which in 1981 began its policy of free jazz concerts and which now offers a series of twelve each year.

The concerts are held right in the church, a modernistic interior with much natural wood, carpeting, hanging plants and, most important, comfortable chairs set on rising tiers. The natural acoustics are almost ideal and the C.B.C. has used the setting to record such jazz fixtures as Ed Bickert, Dave Young and Lorne Lofsky. Initially this enlightened church contributed half the budget necessary to get the series underway, and now Jazz At Saint C's is a separate entity, supported by grants from the City of Hamilton, the Hamilton Foundation, and about 100 individual "members," each of whom contributes $20 per year.

On Labour Day weekend the Rob Frayne Group played to a predictably sparse though attentive audience: those of us accustomed to having to listen to jazz filtered through the loud and sometimes belligerent conversations in a Toronto club will relish the polite and thoughtful people who enjoy these concerts. Rob Frayne is an excellent tenor saxophonist who is refeshingly free of Coltrane's pervasive influence. He seems rather to have returned for a second look at Rollins — the short, clipped phrases, the sometimes guttural sound — and to try to build each solo cogently. His group on this occasion included Jeff Johnson playing the Church's fine, large grand piano, George Collier on electric bass, and John Brownell on drums.

One set consisted of five original compositions, including ***Frontiers, What*** and ***Jane's Song***. The Group adheres in general to the head-solos-head format, though this is alleviated by thoughtful intros, endings, and frequent changes of tempo and texture. This last is Brownell's forte: his experience as percussionist with the Hamilton Philharmonic has given him a wealth of ideas from outside the jazz repertoire, and in a ballad such as ***Frontiers*** he can shift the textural balance with great subtlety.

In this same piece Johnson played a beautiful piano intro and a remarkable, lush solo. This man plays the whole piano, with concern for the overall sound, and does so with great pleasure. On his original ***What***, based on the Porter standard, he presented us with a quirky head, played in unison at an invigorating tempo, and some inspired comping in the spirit though not the style of Horace Silver. By the time the Group had got through the obligatory bass solo, followed by the obligatory drum solo, the tempo had inched up to the point where the head was no longer manageable in exact unison. That bassist Collier managed it at all is a tribute to his superb technique. If that technique were matched with a sensitivity to tonal balance, I could be more enthusiastic about his playing. But the electric bass was cranked up to such a high level that it dominated every number and overwhelmed the excellent natural acoustics of Saint C's. This was combined with a gyrating stage presence more evocative of a rock video than a jazz concert, and proved distracting rather than entertaining.

Jazz At Saint C's offers concerts on the last Sunday of each month. They are free, the atmosphere is refeshing, the piano a good one, and the audience appreciative. It is well worth a short drive down the Queen E. to hear some fine jazz in such pleasant surroundings. For more information, contact Don Trepanier at (416) 523-7404. ***— Hugh Hartwell***

John Oswald · The Mystery Tapes

"Hello, when you hear this signal (beep), man's propensity for imitation is echoed by the parrot at the left (beep), when all is said and done though no words can adequately explain why this can be inferred from the amorous activities of the dogs on the right. When you hear this signal (bark) it's time to move on. When you hear this signal...."

THE FOURTH IN A SERIES OF CANADIAN INTERVIEW / ARTICLES * BY BOBBY WISEMAN

This message would not surprise you if you were one of the fortunate few that had John Oswald's unlisted telephone number. For John Oswald is a sound composer, sound experimenter, musician, dancer, editor, writer, creator of Mystery Tapes, record producer and engineer. The message on his machine brings your attention to sound and how we listen.

Considering he regularly changes these brilliant brief improvisations perhaps some people call just to hear the new message. The last began with a woman telling us that John wasn't home and suddenly, in mid-word, the pitch of her voice became lower revealing to us that it was John all along.

The attitude that penetrates his pre-recorded messages also penetrates his playing. Sound's possibilities are not restricted, "... Why try to make this what you thought it should be, why try to do this again, instead of exploring, if you have the technique to explore or the naivety to move by chance and the ears to appreciate it".

John's playing is quite demonstrative of this for when he improvises he uses the whole instrument with a masterful sense of listening. His body is very interesting as he plays such swift showers of notes. He plants himself at the back of a chair and squats the alto before the chair's edge. Then his erect spine does a pivoting waltz while his fingers like bumble bees on-the-kill, swirl around the spine of the alto. There appears to be a grin on his saxophone not dissimilar to the smile on Cecil Taylor's piano.

Oswald has taken part in hundreds of artistic productions. He has been commissioned to choreograph for Danceworks in Toronto and Tangente in Montreal. Prior to 1977 he was commissioned to write music for groups like the New Music Coop, Arraymusic, Donald MacMillan and Days Months and Years to Come. He was composer-in-residence at National Choreographic Seminar in Banff in 1980, artist in residence at Arlons in Calgary in 1978, and artist in residence at Sound Symposium in Newfoundland in 1984. Since 1977, all of Oswald's performances have been completely improvised. Perhaps it became too restrictive to work with predetermined choices, "It's important for each of us to be as free as possible to respond to each moment... as my musician friend Toshinori Kondo says 'try to go to another world' instead of continuing to acknowledge the obvious one".

In 1979, Oswald, Kondo and Henry Kaiser (on alto sax, trumpet and electric guitar respectively), recorded their performances of improvisations at Toronto's Music Gallery and later released the album "Moose and Salmon" to critical acclaim. "The timing, inventiveness and sophistication of this music is astonishing..." wrote Tom Furgas in O.P. Magazine.

Based in Toronto, Oswald weekly facilitates Pool and Contact Improvisation. He has also held almost every imaginable post (including editor) at Musicworks – the quarterly Canadian new music journal. Pool is a free music improvisation jam session which takes place in the performing space of the Cameron Hotel every Saturday between three and five in the afternoon. It has been ongoing since June of 1982. Hundreds of excellent players have taken part including international musicians such as Ernst Reysiger, Lol Coxhill, Laurie Anderson and Bill Smith. Oswald gives us a to-the-point description of group improvisations, "this seems to be the establishing of conventions with fellow players (beginning and ending, durations, playing with, against, or in spite of them) that hopefully keep everyone from getting confused or leaving, and then pushing the conventions."

Contact Improvisation, which he has run at the Music Gallery since 1978 is like a free form jam session for dancers. Like Pool, one knows not who will show up and when they do they begin to improvise together or in groups. Taking a point of contact (generally between two people) the dancers then improvise through pushing or pulling or hovering in between each other's impulses – it's the same attention that musicians bring to Pool. Both Pool and Contact are improvisational vehicles for artists to explore group improvisation. Both awake our sense of listening, creating, feeling and general communicating. And both are free for people to participate or observe.

But let us put aside the man accomplishments of this seeming workaholic. Let's put on hold for the moment all of his performances, tapes, records and special engagements. Forget for the time being also that he is color blind and dyslexic and that through his acts many other artists are nurtured locally in Toronto as well as internationally as he performs overseas and answers requests for the Mystery Tape Catalogue from other countries. Put it all aside that we can get back to just the improvising alto saxophonist and hear from him what it's all about, "for over a decade i've continued to play this saxophone, & the music coming out, although often returning to deep inside me, was (& still is) full of problems of attention. it was often homogenous – understandable in light of my attempt at times to play everything i know at once: totally vertical, sculptural, not tonally harmonic but instead vector velocities, up & down. But meanwhile i look for melody in everything, the story: changes in time associating with each other. the most effortless playing was storytelling. i've applied some learning to the process of only continuing to play the story of my life effortlessly – the learning of a vaguely chromatic scale, along the sax's spine, that became a thrüway to the various registers; & the application of a numerical nomenclature to this chromatic, which would reveal simple arithmetical harmonic relationships. timbral imitation of laughing and crying (much more freely given of me thru this sax). i used to think i needed the sax as a singing voice surrogate due to a lack in my vocal chords. but it's an altogether other apparatus i find now that i can sing thru it. all the mechanical articulations on the voice breathed thru this prosthetic tube. fingers involved in the vocalise. feet stillness in this dancing.

"there are nameless stories for this activity. there's a satire, rather moronic, farcical, of much other music. theres a dislike of saxophone music. a will to dance. a drumming. a talking."

JOHN OSWALD (Photograph by Mark Miller)

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA — September was a hectic but spiritually rewarding month for Phil Nimmons. He was the recipient of the music award in the 1986 Toronto Arts Awards. It was a universally acclaimed selection in this newest set of awards in Canada designed to salute artists who have made major contributions to both the community and the country... The week the announcement was made Phil was in residence at George's Spaghetti House during one of his rare public appearances as a performer. He is heavily involved with the music program at the University of Toronto and the music faculty acknowledged his successes with a reception on October 16... Another version of Phil's quartet was at the Music Gallery October 24/25 and the U of T Jazz Ensemble, under Nimmons' direction, gave a concert November 29 at the Edward Johnson Building.

The Bamboo has picked up a little of the slack experienced with the demise of several clubs over the summer. They co-produced a two night engagement by George Coleman, Harold Mabern, Steve Wallace and Jerry Fuller on November 4/5 and the club played host to a week of exhilarating sounds on November 17/22... Pat LaBarbera, Gary Williamson and flautist Bill McBirnie were among those in residence recently at George's Spaghetti House... Dizzy Reece was in town for two weekends of performances with Don and Lloyd Thompson at their performance space at 37 Mutual Street. Reece and Lloyd Thompson worked together in Paris in the 1950s... Rob McConnell is the new music director of the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room. It doesn't mean that the Boss Brass has found a permanent home! In fact, it probably means a reduction in the number of musicians employed at that well-known entertainment showcase.... The second Jane Vasey Tribute/Benefit was held October 19 at The Diamond. The well attended event attracted the support of Toronto's blues community.

Toronto's Guitar Society continues to flourish. They have now launched a magazine, ***Guitar Canada***, which is available from 525 Balliol Street, Unit 6, Toronto M4S 1E1. Single issues are $4.00 and a subscription is $12.00. The first issue included a profile of Ed Bickert.... The society is sponsoring a concert by the Sonny Greenwich Quartet next February 21 at the Premiere Dance Theatre and is deeply involved in the planning of 1987's International Guitar Festival.

Flautist Don Druick was heard in performance September 27 at ARC... The Coburg Jazz Society (P.O. Box 976, Oshawa, Ont., L1H 7N2) presents concerts each month at Coburg's Victoria Hall. Jack McCaffrey (piano), Peter Elias (bass) and David Piltch (drums) are the resident trio. Guests at the first two concerts this fall were Rob Piltch and John MacLeod.

Kevin Harper, a Winnipeg musician, has been busy recording a forty minute program of his original compositions for broadcast on the CBC's Jazz Beat. The nationally aired program is heard every Saturday... Jazz Calgary is co-sponsoring concerts at the Calgary Centre for the Performing Arts. Cleo Laine and John Dankworth were there November 11. Scheduled for 1987 are Moe Koffman/Dizzy Gillespie (March 1) and Stephane Grappelli (May).

CBC recordings by Lorraine Desmarais and Francois Bourassa were nominated for Felix Awards recently... Justin Time Records will be releasing lps by Bob Mover/Paul Bley/John Abercrombie, the Denny Christianson Big Band with Pepper Adams, John Abercrombie/Don Thompson, and a solo date by Oliver Jones.

— John Norris

HARTFORD — The Hartford Jazz Society's annual riverboat cruise, held September 7, began the concert season quite respectably. Its featured performers were Street Temperature, a hot local fusion band, Joy Spring, whose freshness justifies its name, and the Bill Barron Quintet.

In addition to performing on the riverboat ride, Barron and his quintet presented their fall faculty recital September 26 at Wesleyan University. With its increased activity, the quintet has become more cohesive. Barron displayed his supple logic and Bill Lowe continued his angular attack on the repertoire of original material. Pianist Fred Simmons blended the lithe with the languid in his solo spaces, while Ed Blackwell played his difficult drum patterns with an effortless demeanor beneath Wes Brown's adroit bass lines.

Two weeks earlier, Barron headlined the 880 Club's All Star Jazz series with his forceful but fluid improvisations. House pianist Don DePalma contributed several arresting solos to the evening of fine music. Tom Chapin brought his more exuberant brand of blowing to the club September 18. Eddie Henderson's September 26 outing was solid, but not as scintillating as his previous performances. The following Thursday, Ricky Ford displayed his knowledge of the saxophone's history as well as a distinctive style emerging from his diverse influences. October 9 the Arch Ensemble offered yet another strong performance. One of the area's most powerful repertory bands, the septet featured several impressive compositions by Andy Jaffe and George Sovak, as well as an incredible duet introduction to ***Pussycat Dues*** by Mario Pavone and trumpeter Rick Alfonso. October 16 Tenor Clef's two trombones played a strong set. Geri Brown, the Tenor Clef's vocalist, is nothing less than a gas. Connie DiNatale was the featured vocalist October 23. In a special Wednesday night engagement, the young alto saxophonist Christopher Hollyday performed October 29.

September 13 in Middletown, Joe Fonda's festive Kaleidoscope presented a multi-media event akin in concept and spirit to the Happenings of the 1960s. Combining music, drama, dance, sculpture, painting and the culinary arts, the Hartford area's most adventurous bassist broke down the barriers between the art forms and between the performers and their audience. While the quartet featuring Tom Chapin and Ray Fitzgerald improvised freely, Reggie Madison painted an expressionistic canvas, Nusha Martynuk danced behind, in front of and under the stage, as well as tangling sculptor Tom Ryneck in the ribbons that reached out to the audience from his bent-wire constructions. Meanwhile, Gerry Wentworth interpreted Hugh Antoine D'Arcy's poem, "Picture on a Barroom Floor", and chef Peter Love prepared and served a variety of dishes. Although the interaction defies description, Fonda and his performers made a conceptually advanced event accessible to people who have little exposure to the avant garde.

Leo Smith's October 11 concert at Yale University's Dwight Chapel featured him in a variety of formats, one of which involved mixing artistic media. During a fine solo

trumpet improvisation by Smith, dancer Kalpana Devi seemed to anticipate his every change of mood with her deft movements. Smith also presented a Rastafarian ritual drama that reached its climax with an intense trumpet solo over a percussion choir.

Tom Chapin and his trio of bassist Art Kell and Art Miller also dabbled in mixed media; during their October 4 engagement at the Hillside Restaurant, they invited me onstage to read my poetry to a spontaneous but marvelously effective accompaniment. Chapin played with customary brilliance on alto and flute, then revealed some solid piano chops as well. Chapin also performed October 11 at Aldo's with the Kent Hewit trio.

The Connecticut Jazz Confederation presented yet another concert that featured two groups with contrasting styles. Vocalist Kitty Kathryn and her trio of Emery Smith, Earl Wormack and Claire Arenius presented two sets of straightahead standards characterized by a driving pulse. Kathryn once again showed why she is one of the premier vocalists in the region with her ringing voice and irreverent improvising. Tradewinds, featuring bassoonist Michael Rabinowitz, played original material that called to mind the sophisticated compositions of the "West Coast" school with "East Coast" improvising over a fluid pulse. Lloyd's hosted the October 3 concert.

Kitty Kathryn and Emery Smith also performed with the Everett Freeman trio at the Club Car in October. Claire Arenius brought her trio of Hotep Cecil Bernard and Wade Mikkola to Caulkins in Middletown for an extended engagement. While Bernard played with Jackie McLean in Northampton, Mass. October 18, Andy Jaffe filled in.

Talking Drums, a West African high life ensemble based in Middletown, performed October 18 at Wesleyan University. Area jazzmen Wes Brown, David Bindman and Royal Hartigan are members of the group.

— Vernon Frazer

NEW YORK — The intent of the Jazz Times Convention is to pull together the jazz community and to provide a forum for open discussion for their many concerns. Its success can be measured in proportion to the makeup of its participants. This year's event, the third to be held in New York's Roosevelt Hotel, was dominated by radio and not for profit jazz organizations. Noticeably absent were musicians and independent record companies — who between them make up the hard core of the jazz community. Few of them could justify the expense of attending such an event.

The principal benefit of the convention is that people have a chance to meet and discuss common interests. The seminars and lectures are rarely well enough structured or planned carefully enough to provide anything beyond the superficial. What was apparent from the sessions I attended was the large degree of fragmentation of opinion which still exists within the parameters of jazz. What was equally disturbing was the high degree of emphasis placed on business rather than music.

There was a surprising amount of music scattered throughout the convention's four days. One of the best concerts got the event under way with only a small but appreciative audience on hand. The Joe Carter/Cecil Payne Quintet played an uninterrupted two hour program of music replete with all the nuances of the bop era. The music was warm, highly rhythmic and sparkled with the mutual interplay of the musicians. Bassist Jerry Fuller and drummer Al Harewood completed a quartet who played music for the joy of it all.

There were brief evening performances at the receptions hosted by Blue Note (Michel Petrucciani), Jazz Times (Billy Taylor) and Impulse (Henry Butler) as well as lunchtime events which included a powerhouse set from the Terence Blanchard/Donald Harrison Quintet with Mulgrew Miller featured on a piano. Roy Eldridge was honoured by the festival this year and his presence at many of the events was a heart warming experience. He was in fine fettle and shared his time with many of the convention participants.

The buzz word at the convention was that "jazz is back". Those who play and listen to jazz know it never went away but 1986 has been marked by renewed activity from the major companies. They are all busy signing new musicians and reissuing their older material again. Except for Blue Note (who have new lps by Joe Henderson, Woody Shaw/Freddie Hubbard, Michel Petrucciani and Don Pullen/George Adams) there seems little interest in signing and presenting major artists who have established their reputations and credibility as ***jazz*** performers.

One final note: The CD is fueling the business part of the jazz record revival and both MCA (Ricky Shultz) and RCA (Steve Backer) were emphatic that all musicians (leaders) would receive a royalty from CD production regardless of when the music was recorded. This means that any MCA and RCA reissues from the vintage years (1921s to 1940s) will have royalties to the artists built into the cost. When (and if) they issue material by Johnny Dodds. Jimmie Noone, Jay McShann, etc., it is supposed to be with the approval of the musicians or their estates.

Tim Berne's Quintet was at Sweet Basil November 18-23. He was followed by the New York Jazz Quartet. December begins with two weeks of Ekaya following their European tour with David Murray's Octet taking the club up to Christmas .... Lionel Hampton was honoured by BMI September 4 at a gala luncheon at the Tavern on the Green... Gunter Hampel, Jeanne Lee and Thomas Keyserling were at the Alchemical Theatre September 19... Benny Powell's Quintet combined with Celia Shapiro for a video/musical experience September 25 at the Jazz Center... The New York Gala Premiere of "Round Midnight" on October 2 was a benefit for WBGO-FM... Bluesman John Jackson participated in an African Heritage concert October 10 at Washington Square Church... The Second Jazz String Summit was held October 17 at New York University's Loeb Student Center.... Activity at the Jazz Center of New York has included John Shaw's Big Band (October 10), the Howard Johnson/Erica Lindsay Quintet (October 11) and the third annual Asian/Asian-American Festival (October 20-26)... Leroy Jenkins was at the Alternative Museum November 5... Walter Thompson's Big Band was at Greenwich House November 13.

Billy Taylor lectured and demonstrated on jazz for three nights at the Metropolitan Musuem

(October 2,9 and 23)... The International Art of Jazz continues to organise concert presentations in the vicinity of New York. The Fine Arts Center at SUNY at Stony Brook featured Roger Kellaway's Trio on October 11 and Chris Connor was on stage November 22. Coming up are Chico Hamilton (January 31) and the Bross Townsend Trio (March 21)... Concerts at Garden City's Ethical Humanist Society featured Roy Haynes (October 5) and Amy Duncan (November 9). The Brothers Jazz (December 7), Larry Vuckovich (January 11), Sonny Fortune (February 8) and Valery Ponomarev (March 8) are upcoming. ***— John Norris***

ON THE ROAD AGAIN
HOLLAND / BELGIUM / CANADA

For me 1986 has been, by recent standards, one of the most illuminating extended periods of my life. It all started with a surprise phone call in January from the Dutch baritone saxophonist Ad Peijnenburg. "How would you like to come to Europe in May, to tour Holland and Belgium with the Zes Winden (Six Winds)?"

I arrived in Eindhoven, a town in the south of Holland, at the end of April. The sextet was to gather there for four days of intense rehearsals, to take place at the Amnesty International Centre. Quite to my liking. Although there is some discomfort with the thought of performing with five players that were strangers to me. This amplified by the fact of always being in control of my musics' destiny within the context of my own band. Doubts as to whether six saxophonists of such diverse styles could indeed become one voice (unit). I had been invited to play E-flat sopranino saxophone. Dies Le Duc (soprano), Paul Termos (alto), John Tchicai (tenor), Ad Peijnenburg (baritone) and Klaas Hekman (bass), and that's it — four Dutchmen, a Dane and a Canadian about to try to develop enough interesting music to perform ten concerts in fifteen days.

Mostly my reputation (such as it is) in the past ten years has been as an improvisor, and listening to the music of the 1985 Six Winds tour on cassette, I had assumed this to be the situation into which I would be entering. Imagine my surprise when reams of charts, many beyond my academic knowledge, were produced. The tension of this confrontation destroyed my embouchure in very short order. Still, the sun is shining, and I have not visited Europe so many times that its natural old beauty cannot still charm me. And soon I have the comradeship and the encouragement of Dies Le Duc and Klaas Hekman. We became quite a social trio as the time passed by, with me as the visitor, invited on several occasions into their private lives. The Le Duc family live in the small town of Meliskerke, and Klaas Hekman's community house is in the city of Rotterdam. I seem to be rushing on into fond memories.

May 3rd the tour begins. Ready or not we pile into the mini-bus and set out across the flat Dutch countryside. My first windmill appears in the landscape and I search hopefully around for some sign of Don Quixote, but only the violent slashes of (red/yellow) colour interrupts the (green/brown) flatness. Soon in detail this transforms into acre upon acre of beatutiful tulips.

The schedule starts with a bang. Two concerts, afternoon and evening, in Utrecht at the Cafe 'Thoogt, then on to Rotterdam to a bar with the wonderful name of Thelonious. There is much doubt as to the appreciation of the audience, and indeed the music is very nervous and tense, with so much concentration on reading the scores correctly there is little chance to relax and improvise. I am told by a listener that the avant garde is old fashioned. So soon!? All is not lost though, as two friends from a past visit to Holland — Frans Schellekens and Erik Vanden Berg, who now works for ***de Volkskrant***, one of Holland's major newspapers — have arrived to interview me. The article appeared in the next issue and partially ensured some success (attendance wise) for the upcoming concerts. At this point, perhaps three of the fifteen pieces are a complete success. Chernobyl has occurred, so cows are removed from the radiated pastures to protect the milk, and spinach has become a vegetable that is no longer edible. Obviously it's time to retire to the country house of the Le Duc family, reassess the situation, drink a little wine and learn to read the music with more flair.

My visit to the village of Meliskerke turns out to be most opportune. As one will already realise, when a foreign visitor appears in a small community, their presence does not go unnoticed. May 5th, the day in question is the day that the article appeared in ***de Volkskrant***, complete with my photo. Fame at last. And to enlarge the impact of my visit to this village, it is also the day that the Canadian troops liberated Holland in the second world war. The holiday celebrations have brass bands in the street, a concert at the community centre and the Le Duc family generosities all combining into a wonderful feeling, and myself not knowing that the rest of the visit would open up into a fine experience.

Information pertaining to the Chernobyl disaster rapidly consumes the media, and American paranoia follows me across the ocean. Wynton Marsalis, Albert King, Kenny Burrell and the Manhattan Transfer have cancelled their upcoming engagements in Europe due to radiation and terrorism. I myself feel quite fine. If only the headaches (real or imagined) would go away. The tour developed in a fine manner with a concert at the Kroller Moller museum, a wonderful performance space, to Eindhoven at the Grand Cafe Berlage, Ad Peijnenburgs' home base, The Centre for New Music in Middleburg to participate in a three day festival, up north to the cheese town of Alkmar in the Provadya theatre and then finally to the pinnacle of the tour, Bimhuis in Amsterdam. Not completed but feeling somewhat that way. Maarten Altena explained the large audience. "They just love saxophone bands in Amsterdam". The response is most gratifying. There was, the next day, an attempt to record the sextet in a studio, but the bulk of the material for the record ("De Zes Winden — Live At The Bimhuis And More" BVHAAST 064) was to come from that wonderful night in Amsterdam. One more concert in Eindhoven, outdoors at a city celebration of some kind, and then to really complete the tour we head south to the Belgium town of Kortrijk, close to the French border, to perform in the town celebrations of Sinksen Feesten (Whitsuntide). One of the three concerts with an electrofunk band called the Simple Tones. And quite suddenly it's all over. Now the memories have become quite distant. John Tchicai and I have both celebrated our birthdays on this tour. I heard a giant wind organ on the promenade of a Dutch seaside town. Rode bicycles through the countryside and the cobbled streets. Played in a Rotterdam street band with Klaas Hekman, Jos Valster and Coen Aalbers. Drank Trappist beer in Belgium pubs. And I still have yet to see the black tulip.

As I re-read my notes, this all sounds somewhat romantic, the notion of the musician traveling through foreign lands to the envy of all. But of course there is the loneliness of the separation from one's family, sleeping in multitudes of strange beds and houses, the physical body missing the pleasures of food not from a restaurant kitchen, and the inability to converse with a full vocabulary due to the differences of language. I must thank these five European players for making the experience one of consequence, and especially Ad Peijnenburg, for without him the concert bookings, the transportation and the accomodation would have been a nightmare. It's hard to imagine the amount of pre-tour work that is required, so next time a band plays in your home town, think of the one who thought of the idea. I think of Ad.

Traveling with a band is one thing, the companionship blurs the boredom of the journeys' length, but often this is preceded by long, uncomfortable and somewhat tedious airplane flights, and unless one is prepared to suffer the packaged food, the bad movies (Rocky 1 thru' 7), and the doubtful compatibility of one's fellow traveler, as a means of distraction the only alternative discourse left is the paperback novel. Twenty years had passed since I had read Jack Kerouac's "On The Road" and the circumstances that were being presented seemed to cry out that I needed this buddy in boredom. A page at a time, with the mental agreement not to read the final chapter. Never Let It End.

Upon returning to Canada I find myself invited to perform at two festivals in Vancouver and Edmonton, and the Canada Pavillion at Expo 86. These events, plus the Montreal and Ottawa festivals, were covered in the last issue of ***Coda***, so perhaps a story pertaining to Expo will suffice.

The outdoor stage at the Canada Pavillion was an impressive structure, entirely of wood with the backdrop a 30 or more foot towering Indian carving of the great eagle. A totem stage perhaps. At first there was some discomfort with this situation, where a constant rotation of a variety of performances took place. A children's magician one moment, the next a ladies funk band, all alternating with the indoor, continuous soul show of Salome Bey. For the audience, which due to the nature of Expo is what could be described as general, the situation was much the same as for the performer. Neither knew what was in store for them. Seating was in the form of a concert amphitheatre, ever-enlarging in radius and height, with all the possibility of becoming an imposition. The main difference between themandus, was they had the choice of departure from this scene. This created, for the performers visual stimuli, a constantly moving mass of various and sundry tourists. There was no idea of contact or communication between these two forces,

until the performance was concluded, then the people would approach us and suddenly one felt the success of the occasion.

On the second day, a middle aged American couple approached the stage and asked if they could talk with me. "I have grown up all my life with this style of music around the house," the lady said, "and I was surprised to hear it played with a jazz rhythm section". I was, of course, both startled and curious. Who could this person be? "Oh, I am Alban Berg's granddaughter". One never knows, does one?

— Bill Smith

ODDS & SODS

Leo Smith, James Emery, Mark Noor and Thurman Barker performed at Brandeis University's The Joint on September 23... Studio Red Top presented a strong fall program of "Women In Jazz" at their new location — Villa Victoria Cultural Center, 85 West Newton St., in Boston.

Visitors to Cape Cod should stop off at Jack Bradley's new store specializing in rare and unusual musical items. **Vintage Jazz** is at Towne Plaza, 900 Rte 134, South Dennis, Ma 02660 and the phone number is (617) 385-6652. Longtime ***Coda*** readers will recall the important contributions made by Jack Bradley to this magazine as writer and photographer. You can also obtain information about the Cape Cod Jazz Society — another of Jack's enterprises.

The **Northeast Ohio Jazz Society** (P.O. Box 6658, Cleveland, Ohio 44101) presented James Newton (October 18) and the World Saxophone Quartet (November 14) in concert in Cleveland. As a bonus to their membership there was a concert by Makoto Ozone at Chung's November 4... Larry Booty's piano events at Chung's have included Dick Hyman and Art Hodes (October 30)... Larry Nozero and Friends can be found regularly at Hunter's Run, 15800 Middlebelt, Livonia, Michigan... Donald Byrd, Herbie Mann, Jon Faddis, George Coleman, Akira Tana, Abraham Laboriel (bass), Joe Sample, John Scofield, Randy Brecker and Nathan Davis were the participating musicians in the University of Pittsburgh's jazz seminar October 29 to November 1.... The Smithsonian Institute is set to acquire the remaining artifacts from the Duke Ellington estate... "Jazz in the Palm Court" is a monthly series of programs organised by the Smithsonian to explore the repertoire of celebrated and obscure jazz performers. Ma Rainey was the subject in November while December's concert is devoted to the Roots of Blues and Jazz Guitar. In the new year there will be programs devoted to "Jump Piano", the Violin in Jazz and Lovie Austin... The Madison Music Collective has been formed to sponsor clinics and concerts in their community. Steve Lacy and Roscoe Mitchell have already performed there. The contact person is Paul Baker, 745 W. Washington Avenue, # 204, Madison, Wi., 53715... A conference was held September 8-10 in Racine, Wisconsin to discuss critical issues in the jazz field. Presented at that meeting was a report on "The American Jazz Audience" and copies of this can be obtained from the National Jazz Service Organization, Suite 720, 1201 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

The second **Minneapolis Jazz Party** took place September 12-14. The three day event was sponsored by Reed MacKenzie and John Stephens who invited 24 outstanding jazz musicians to particpate in the event. Not only was the music spectacular according to our roving correspondent Ron Johnson but the musicians were just as enthusiastic. Reedman Jim Galloway felt that "it was the best party I've ever played at" and his feelings were shared by other participants. It would be invidious to single out individuals but Johnson seemed particularly enthused with the contributions of Ruby Braff, Dick Hyman, Dick Wellstood, reedmen Scott Hamilton, Flip Phillips and Galloway, bassist Milt Hinton and special guest vocalist Carrie Smith.

The Buck Creek Jazz Band headlined at Dixieland Weekend November 14-16 at the Fenwick Inn in North Ocean City, Maryland... The seventh annual Blues Awards was held November 16 in Memphis... The Second Time Around Dance Band is made up of retired professional musicians residing in Florida. They perform regularly and have three albums available. For more information on their activities write to 610 S. Broadway, Lantana, Fl., 33462.

The Michael Vlatkovich Quartet were at Gorky's (in downtown Los Angeles) from September 9-23..... Ernie Watts and John Abercrombie were at the Los Angeles Theatre Center September 27 and 28... Randy Weston and Horace Tapscott performed solo October 26 at McCabe's in Santa Monica... KJAZ Radio has begun a series of "Celebrity DJ" Shows.

Billy Taylor never made it to Russia in September. Henry Butler went in his place. The pianist is now being managed by Al Ever's A' Train Management (P.O. Box 29242, Oakland, Ca 94604).

The Basie Band began a European tour on September 29 and before its termination November 11 had played concerts in England, Belgium, France, Sweden, Poland, Yugoslavia and Spain... The Phillip Morris Superband began its fall tour in Australia on September 3. The band also toured the Philippines and Japan before concluding with two Montreal concerts at the end of September. Monty Alexander, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Heath, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen (replaced by George Mraz for the Montreal dates) and Kenny Washington made up one group with Jimmy Smith, James Moody, Jon Faddis, Kenny Burrell and Grady Tate comprising the second band... Abdullah Ibrahim's Ekaya were in Germany and Switzerland in early November... Seventeen musicians from the Concord Records stable toured Japan between September 19 and 30... Ray Bryant was on tour in Japan for three weeks in October... Guitarist Peter Leitch and bassist Neil Swainson opened their European tour with engagements at London's Soho Jazz Festival before heading to France, Belgium and Holland for other dates.

Advance dates for jazz parties include the **Paradise Valley Jazz Party** (March 14/15) and the **Mid-America Jazz Festival** (March 20-22)... The first ever Stan Kenton Convention will be held April 30 to May 3 at the Birch Hall Hotel in Oldham, England. Information is available from Arnie Chadwick, 387 Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs BL8 2PH, England.

The Arts Centre in Darlington, England has commissioned Phil Wilson to write a suite for

Newcastle's Youth Jazz Orchestra North. The piece was premiered October 24... Mike and Kate Westbrook were joined by Lindsay Cooper, Paul Nieman, Peter Whyman, Andy Grappy and Peter Fairclough for a European tour performing themes from the operas of Rossini. The Zurich concert on November 9 was recorded for Hat-Art Records.... The Bill Hardman-Junior Cook Quintet played Zurich's Widder Bar October 13-16. The club is now open again on a regular basis... Information on Norway's jazz scene is available from the Norwegian Jazz Federation, Toftesgate 69, N-0552 Oslo 5.... Vienna's **Musik Gallerie** presented a music festival October 17-19 which focused on the relationship of jazz to the forms and composition methods of West European music. Concert presentations showcased musicians from many parts of Europe. They were heard alongside symposiums designed to focus attention on the ideas being presented at the event... "The Roots & Blues Music from Two Worlds" is the title of a jazz film festival to be presented March 23 to April 2 in Vienna's Stadkino. Further information is available from Helmut Weihsmann, Ars Nova, Schlagergasse 5/14, A-1090 Vienna, Austria.

Greenwood Press has published A Bio-Discography of Count Basie by Chris Sheridan. It retails for $75.00... "Long Tall Dexter" is the title of Thorbjorn Sjogren's discography of Dexter Gordon. The 200 page book is available from the author at Naestvedgade 26, DK 2100 Copenhagen Ø, Denmark. It costs 140 Danish Kroners and payment should be by I.M.O... Volume 6 of The Improvisor has been published from 1705 12th Street South, Birmingham, Al. 32505... Gary Carner had been collaborating with the late Pepper Adams on his biography. He wishes to contact anyone with information on Pepper they may wish to share. Contact Gary at 18 Becket Rd., Belmont, Ma 02178... The new Grove Dictionary of American Music was published November 3.

New from Mosaic Records are Box Sets of the Complete Art Hodes Blue Note Sessions; The Complete Verve Recordings of Buddy De Franco Quartet/Quintet with Sonny Clark; The Complete Bud Powell Blue Note Recordings; The Complete Pacific Jazz Live Recordings of the Chet Baker Quartet with Russ Freeman and a single lp of the Benny Morton/Jimmy Hamilton Blue Note Swingtets. Mosaic can be reached at 197 Strawberry Hill Ave., Stamford, Ct. 06902 (203) 327-7111... Muse has new releases by Red Rodney and Morgana King as well as a compilation of Bobby Jones selections. New Savoy reissues feature Duke Jordan, Art Pepper, Herbie Mann and Oscar Pettiford... New Enja releases feature John Stubblefield, Chet Baker, Bennie Wallace and Calorcito – a latin Salsa band. Enja is distributed by Muse in the U.S. and Fusion 111 in Canada... New Black Hawk releases include sessions by Stan Getz, Jimmy Knepper (1982 date), Dizzy Gillespie with Mitchell/Ruff (various dates between 1970-1985), Stephane Grappelli and The Leaders... Frank Morgan's second Contemporary release is called "Lament". It is even better than the first! Also on Contemporary is Art Farmer and Benny Golson at Sweet Basil. The live Gil Evans Sweet Basil session is now available on Gramavision. They also have new recordings by Oliver Lake and Harvey Swartz available... VSOP Records has issued an lp by vibist Jon Metzger... New from Empathy is "Casbah" by the Cecil Payne Quartet. The drummerless date includes guitarist Joe Carter, pianist Richard Wyands and bassist Stafford James... Stomp Off Records has a bunch of new releases featuring such European traditionists as Bent Persson's Red Roseland Cornpickers (2 volumes), Jean Francois Bonnel (with Humphrey Lyttelton), the Peruna Jazzmen, Ronn Weatherburn, the Ophelia Ragtime Orchestra and Monty Sunshine.... Interplay Records has a new lp featuring Warne Marsh and pianist Susan Chen... The World Saxophone Quartet (a classical ensemble) has just released on Nonesuch an album of Duke Ellington compositions. A follow-up lp on the same label will showcase their own compositions... CMP Records (Ostrstr 37, 4000 Dusseldorf 1, West Germany) is releasing solo performances by David Leibman, Joachim Kuhn and John Bergamo... Polygram has announced its intention of returning to jazz recording with a series of productions to be taped live at Hollywood's Vine Street Bar & Grill.... Suite Beat Records has reissued "Introducing Wayne Shorter", Mel Lewis' "Gettin' Together" and the Django Reinhardt Epitaph collection... Albert Collins has completed work on his seventh Alligator recording.

CD Notes: The newest medium for sound storage is already posing problems for the purchaser. Not all CD's sound alike and you can only judge the quality from actually listening to them. **The Atomic Mr. Basie** has been issued by Roulette (US) and Vogue (France) with all eleven titles. It is also available in Japan (Roulette 35C-38-7219) with only nine titles – missing are "Double-O" and "Midnight Blue". The sound definition is much better on the Japanese disc and the richness of the reeds is better captured... Polygram and Fantasy offer the jazz listener the best selection of jazz titles in the U.S. and Canada. Polygram not only offers the listener top sound quality at a reasonable price – there are extra selections on many of their CDs with the Silver Collection series containing at least 60 minutes of music. Distribution and availability of their CDs is also impressive... Fantasy, who have in circulation more than forty titles from the Prestige and Riverside catalogs, has now made available fifteen titles from Contemporary. "Way Out West" with over 70 minutes of music and "Sonny Rollins meets the Contemporary Leaders" offer a substantial amount of extra music in the form of alternate versions of selections contained on the original lps. "Way Out West", which has the same brilliant sound as the Mobile Fidelity CD is particularly interesting. The newly issued alternate of ***I'm An Old Cowhand*** runs for 10 minutes. All these alternates are also on a Contemporary lp just issued. The Contemporary series contains four Hampton Hawes titles (including a two disc set of the three "All Night Long" lps), two each by Phineas Newborn and The Pollwinners as well as one each by Benny Carter, Ray Brown/Shelly Manne/Andre Previn, Barney Kessel and Art Pepper.

Fifty titles from the Blue Note catalog are available in Japan on CD. Because of the dispute with parallel imports few of these Japanese CDs are appearing in the major U.S. stores. The high rate of the Japanese yen makes these imports prohibitively expensive but their creative compilation makes them very desirable. All 14 Blakey at Birdland titles are on two

single CDs. The extra tune from the Cannonball Adderley/Miles Davis "Something Else" session is included in this new series – making obsolete an earlier CD version of the original lp. Horace Silver's "Song For My Father" has four extra tunes – only available previously on Japanese compilation lps and "Sterling Silver". The Sonny Clark Trio CD has alternatives of ***I Didn't Know What Time It Was, Two Bass Hit*** and ***Tadd's Delight***.

At the other end of the scale is Dunhill Records. Their products are shoddy and offer the purchaser poor value for their money. They also offer little real information in their packaging. The Woody Herman CD contains only 25 minutes of music. The music comes from broadcasts issued on Hindsight 116 (1937 – four titles) and 134 (1944 – seven titles). The CD contains no information other than the tune titles. Even worse is Dunhill's Coltrane issue. Only three of the six selections are by Coltrane. They are the three sides made for Roulette in 1960. The remaining three selections are from a Thad Jones session for Roulette in the same year. Frank Wess, Billy Mitchell, Al Grey, Hank Jones, Richard Davis and Osie Johnson complete the personnel on ***Tip Toe, Hot Blues*** and ***Jubilee Rebuttal***. The mystery of these selections was finally resolved by Peter Friedman who pinpointed Thad Jones' cornet and identified his tunes. This material, like the Coltrane, has been elusive in the past. Musically, this makes an interesting CD but there is only 33 minutes of music. There was more than enough room to include the Lee Morgan/Wayne Shorter session which occupies the second part of the original Roulette lp containing the Coltrane material. The Carmen McRae Dunhill CD does have 60 minutes of music but is an over-produced session made originally for Groove Merchant.

King Records in Japan has issued a double CD of the Spirituals to Swing Concert, Ray Bryant's Signature session (which was No. 1 in Japan in October during a concert tour of that country by the pianist) and a double CD of the Vic Dickenson Showcase sessions.

Be wary of Vogue CDs. They make little effort to improve the source material from which they produce their CDs. The Quintet of the Hot Club of France reissue of the early (1934-1935) Altraphone sounds as though they took the lp tapes as the source for this issue. The surface noise of the 78s is more noticeable than on lp. Eighteen selections do make this a well packaged grouping.

Demon Records, who only produce CDs for the U.S. market, has released a CD of the current Basie band under the direction of Frank Foster. They also have available two newly recorded CDs by George Wallington.

Pepper Adams died September 10 in New York after a long struggle with cancer... Cornetist Pete Daily died August 23 in Los Angeles. He was 75... Pianist Knock Parker died September 3 in Tarzana, California. He was 68.... Pianist Benny Payne, long time performer with Cab Calloway, died September 2 in Los Angeles at the age of 79... Billy Taylor Sr. died September 2 in Fairfax, Virginia. He was 81.... Bassist Johnny Dyani died in Berlin October 25 after being in a coma for more than a week... Norwegian guitarist Thorgeir Stubo died October 22 in Narvik. He was 42.

– compiled by John Norris

A RARE MAGAZINE AUCTION * NUMBER TWO

This is the second of several auctions of rare out of print jazz magazines which have been acquired recently. They are basically in good condition but covers show marks of their age and there is some discolouration of inside paper for the same reason. Note: the issues of Metronome covering the years 1945-1953 are well used and are of lesser physical quality than the other years.
(CM) = cover missing; (CD) = cover damaged or cut; (CT) = cover taped.

Minimum bid for Metronome magazines is Can $4.00 per magazine. Minimum bid for Metronome/Down Beat Yearbooks is Can $10.00 per book. Postage (at printed matter rate) is extra. Airmail and first class also available. Only winners will be notified. Deadline for bids is **FEBRUARY 28, 1987.** Send all bids to John Norris, c/o Coda Publications, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8.

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1937 January
1939 January
1940 January, February
1941 January, June, October
1942 January
1943 January, May, October, December
1944 January, February, March, April, June, July
1945 January, April
1946 January, February, September, October, December (CD)
1947 January, February (CD), March, April, May
1948 January (CT), February, March, August
1949 January, February (CT), March (CD), August, November (CD)
1950 March (CM), June (CM), December
1951 February, September (CM)
1952 January (CM), May, June, September, October (CM), November (CM)
1953 April, June (CM), September (CD), December
1954 January to December (12 issues)
1955 January to December (12 issues)
1956 January, February, March, May, July, August, September, October, November
1957 January, April, May, June, July, August, September, October
1958 January to December (12 issues)
1959 January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October
1960 June, July, August, September, October, November, December
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1957 (Number 2), 1958 (No. 3 - CT), 1959 (no. 4), 1960 (No. 5 - CT), 1961 (No. 6), 1962 (No. 7), 1963 (No. 8), 1964 (No. 9), 1965 (No. 10), 1966 (No. 11), 1967 (No. 12), 1968 (No. 13), 1969 (No. 14), 1970 (No. 15), 1971 (No. 16), 1972 (No. 17), 1973 (No. 18), 1974 (No. 19).

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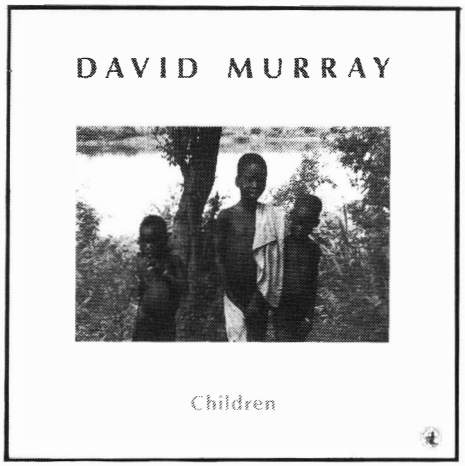

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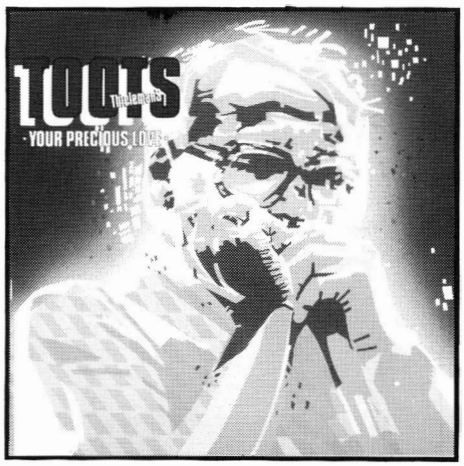

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