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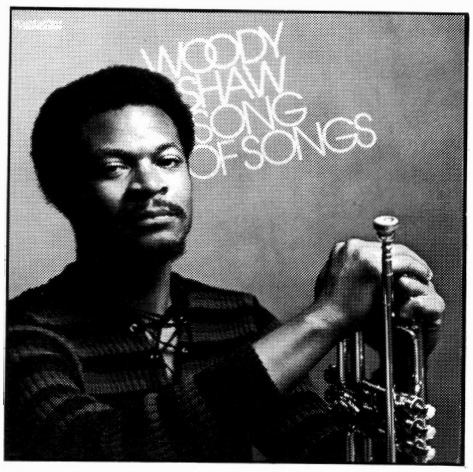

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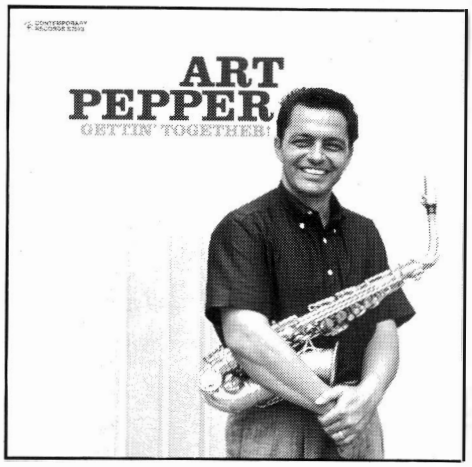

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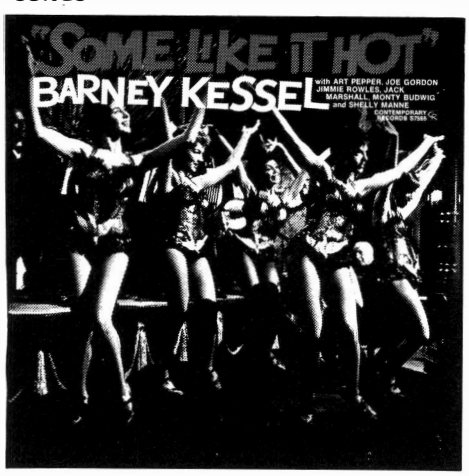

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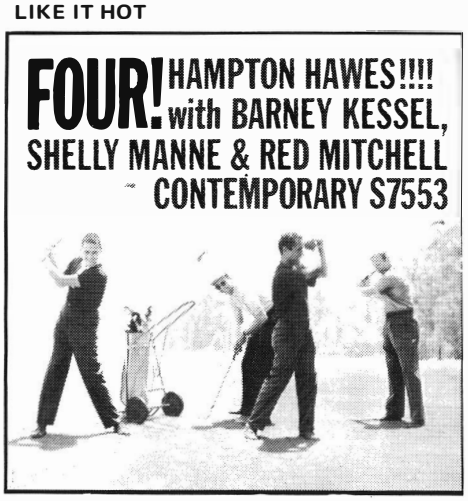

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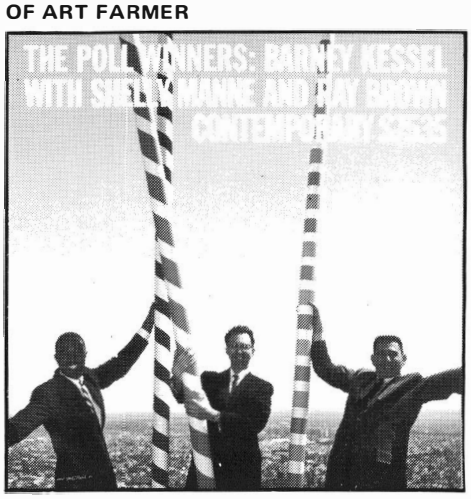

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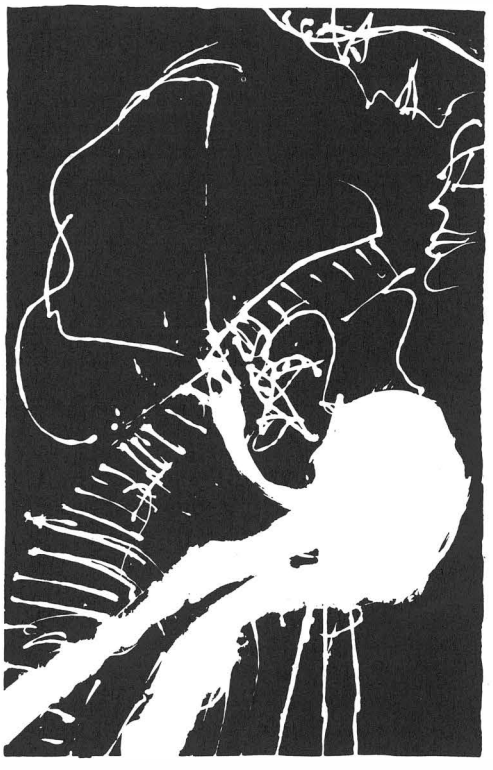

EDDIE CONDON (Photograph by Robert Parent)

Jimmy Blanton · That time when we were young

And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment; a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour – of youth! ... A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and –good-bye! –Night – Good-bye....!

From *Youth*, Joseph Conrad

Jimmy Blanton. Charlie Christian. They remain as almost magical names to anyone seriously interested in jazz. Together, they ultimately revolutionized the playing of their respective stringed instruments. Their youthful exuberance and particular talents were quickly "discovered", and they moved meteorically into public prominence, only to blaze across the jazz scene for too brief a time before their lives were tragically terminated by the same deadly disease. The year was 1942.

Undoubtedly the two young men whose lives bore so many remarkable parallels must surely have crossed paths; perhaps at Minton's or Munroe's in uptown New York in the very early 40s where bop was flourishing. "These two greatly gifted and short-lived musicians were not, strictly speaking, "boppers", but they both blazed new trails that were essential to bop," observes Marshall Stearns ("The Story of Jazz").

Blanton came by his penchant for music naturally. His mother had been a pianist with her own band in Jimmy's home state of Tennessee. His tutelage on violin with an uncle who favoured the mathematical aspects of music served as a good grounding, eventually leading him to gigs on the riverboats during the summers of his college years. It was during that time that he switched to a three-stringed bass, playing out his summer vacations with the Jeter-Pillars Orchestra and Fate Marable's Cotton Pickers; while playing at Jesse Johnson's after hours restaurant in St. Louis, Jimmy was joined by Ben Webster and Billy Strayhorn in a jamming session. The rest is history, Duke Ellington recalls the moment:

JIMMY BLANTON, JOHNNY HODGES & COOTIE WILLIAMS (Photograph by Murray Lauder)

> ... the cats in the band went out jumpin' in the after-hours joints... where they heard and jammed with a young bass player – Jimmy Blanton. Bill and Ben dashed over to my hotel and came into my room raving about him. I had to get up and go with them to hear him, and I flipped like everybody else... we didn't care about his experience. All we wanted was that sound, that beat, and those precision notes in the right places, so that we could float out on the great and adventurous sea of expectancy with his pulse and foundation behind us.
>
> "Music is my Mistress", Duke Ellington

From that moment on, two factors became irrevocable fixed: Blanton's niche in the annals of jazz was assured, and Ellington's band was never quite the same.

Blanton, now on four-string bass on hire-purchase, shared bass duties with Billy Taylor (with Ellington since 1935), until one evening, while the band was playing Boston's Southland Cafe, Taylor suddenly packed his gear and wisely departed, exclaiming, "I'm not going to stand up here next to that young boy playing all that bass and be embarrassed." ("Mistress", p. 164). Prior to Blanton, bassists like Taylor were rarely featured soloists; they were generally relegated to chording out measured beats behind the orchestra. Blanton established subtle rhythm patterns along new lines, showing himself capable of laying down a deeply resonant and warm tone while continuing to provide an inspiring drive and precision to the band. As Whitney Balliett succinctly phrased it, Blanton converted ".... the bass into a hornlike instrument that could be used both rhythmically and melodically. Since then, the bass has taken over the rhythmic burdens once carried by the pianist's left hand and by the bass drum, and it has added a new melodic voice to the ensemble." ("Dinosaurs in the Morning"). In particular, Blanton served as a substitute time-keeper for and a catalyst to drummer Greer, not the most free-swinging player, who could now play the dynamic showman, a role both he and the audiences enjoyed.

Ellington seemed always content to remain as the piano in the background. His featured soloists were the strength of the band, and Blanton's role was no exception; his voice flourished in concerts and on recordings, probing hitherto untapped heights of solo virtuosity and innovation. The years from 1940 to 1941 were golden for the Ellington aggregation. The arrival of Webster, Strayhorn and Blanton within a short span had a collective impact on the music. Some argue that it was Duke's "classic" period, unsurpassed before or after.

Recordings from those years offer aural evidence of the band's greatness, and Blanton's immeasurable contribution to its success. As an integral part of the orchestra's rhythm section, he can be heard to advantage on many of the studio sessions – initiating the dance-like patterns on *Bojangles*, serving as an omnipresent pulse behind the solo work of Hodges, Williams and Brown on *Never No Lament*, fueling the propulsive drive of *Harlem Air-shaft*, supporting one of Greer's rare solo excursions in *Jumpin' Punkins*, affording a memorable impetus to the rather mundane *Bli-Blip*, or shaping with Greer the punctuated progress of *Sidewalks of New York*. There are countless examples which could be drawn from this time slot in support of the importance of Blanton's presence to the band's overall performance. Some, however, deserve more than passing reference.

Jack the Bear was Blanton's first brief solo moment with the band; he permeates the number, setting the opening tempo in fine, slapping style, adding the final rhythmic touch. To the jungle-like screams of the brass section on *Ko-Ko*, or in anticipation of the brassy cry of passion on the Strayhorn arrangement of *Chloe*, Blanton builds the tension, bridges the gaps between soloist and band, sustains the fluidity of momentum. In some of the smaller Ellington units, where sidemen were given opportunities to function as leaders, Blanton was awe-inspiring; catch Bigard's September, 1941 recording of *C-Blues* as an illustration of the dynamic power he could contribute in such a setting. *Sepia Panorama*, a feature number for Blanton, remains, perhaps, his most outstanding individual effort in a band context; both behind reedmen Carney and Webster, and in his own extended solos, he proves himself a consummate musician and superb craftsman, improvising uncharted bass lines that were to free the instrument forever from its perfunctory role.

Undoubtedly, the most revolutionary recording dates were those featuring Blanton and Duke, dialogues between bass and piano. The earlist pairing for Columbia in November of 1939 (*Blues/Plucked Again*) revealed a sensitive, delicate side of Blanton's artistry; the Victor releases, almost a year later, presented a more confidently mature Blanton, capable of brilliantly inventive runs and a rich, broad tonal colouring that gave the bass a truly distinctive voice. As writer Gary Giddins notes, "Blanton's arco is notable for its warmth, rudely attacked low notes, and glissandos, but his pizzicato half-choruses show how remarkable an improvisor he was." ("Rhythm-a-ning"). Indeed, *Body And Soul* and *Sophisticated Lady* have become essential items for any collector interested in the development of jazz.

I would be remiss if I did not laud perhaps the most rewarding of all performances extant from that era: "The Fargo Concert" (November 7, 1940) from the Crystal Ballroom in North Dakota, preserved by two jazz enthusiasts employing a portable battery-operated disc cutter. Only one-half hour of the entire programme was scheduled for radio broadcast; hence extended versions of familiar numbers like *Sepia Panorama, You Took Advantage, Ko-Ko* and *Stardust* (a Ben Webster spotlight) afford the listener a bonanza of Blanton and the band in a truly outstanding evening of music.

Bassist Oscar Pettiford, himself a later addition to the Ellington orchestra (1945-48), remembers Blanton:

> When I heard him, I was in love with him right away. I was 17. We had a head-cutting contest right away. Our approaches were a lot alike... If he'd stayed alive, I'd probably still be in Minneapolis.
>
> "Jazz Masters of the Forties"

Bassists like Pettiford, Ray Brown, Wendell Marshall (Blanton's cousin, and with Ellington from 1948 to 1955), Charlie Haden, Charles Mingus, Cecil McBee, Dave Holland, and a host of others, have transformed the instrument's potential capabilities into artistic reality, light years beyond anything that Blanton might have envisioned; but Jimmy was the first to give the bass credibility as a solo instrument. Tragically, his death at age 23 prevented his sharing in the fruits of that emancipation.

> But... wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young... young and had nothing... nothing, except hard knocks – and sometimes a chance to feel your strength – that only....?
> (From *Youth*, Joseph Conrad)

– John Sutherland

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The Newport Rebel Festival

By 1960, the Newport Jazz Festival was in a rather vulnerable position. Some ill-conceived pop music bookings in previous years had started to attract college students of the repressed, simple-minded, late fifties variety, who thought fun was devouring tremendous amounts of beer and trashing a New York hotel or Fort Lauderdale on their spring vacations. Such behavior was and is in the unspoken American tradition of adult males with dwindling I.Q.s, who carry on in this manner at annual conventions of the American Legion, or The Elks or The Moose or whatever animal form that they are striving to sink to.

But, of course, jazz took the rap for this one. The crowds for Newport did get out of hand in '60, causing riots, vandalism and general disruption. The festival was cut short on the afternoon of July 3, its fourth day. The recklessly commercial and ill-suited talent selection of the festival committee, the lack of preparation and occasionally provocative brutality of the local police and the mood of a disinterested young crowd in desperate search of fun almost put an end to the entire festival for good. History does repeat itself. In 1972, a similar crowd succeeded in causing a premature end to that year's festival and a permanent end to the Newport Jazz Festival itself.

Two months before the festival, Mingus had been advertised as one of its attractions. He was incensed and claimed that he had not verbally agreed to appear for $700, as festival staff had said. At that point, he demanded $5000, which was turned down. So he began to think about an alternative to be held in the same town on the same dates.

In the meantime, wealthy industrialist Louis Lorillard and his wife, both members of Newport's high society and founders of the jazz festival, were having a messy divorce. Elaine Lorillard carried the bitter fight over into the domain of the festival, claiming that it was profit-making and demanding her fair share. In fact, the festival was set up as non-profit and had always lost money.

Mingus asked Nat Hentoff to introduce him to Elaine Lorillard. According to Ted Curson, she, Doris Duke and Peggy Hitchcock came into the club to discuss Mingus' idea for a counter-festival. They agreed to help. Ms. Lorillard set up an arrangement with Nick Cannarozzi, owner of the Cliff Walk Manor, a resort hotel that was just a few blocks from the festival site Freebody Park. The hotel would allow the musicians to hold their festival on its vast lawn and keep all entrance fees. In return, Cannarozzi would reap increased profits for the hotel and its bar.

Mingus' rightful anger about aspects of the official Newport Jazz Festival was soon embellished by his paranoia and imagination to encompass all sorts of unrelated causes. He was soon venting misplaced anger every which way. This and the Lorillard divorce turned the machinations of these jazz events into rather distorted, distasteful tabloid soap operas.

Under the musical direction of Mingus, Max Roach and Allen Eager, a fascinating, but under-publicized festival took shape. Ted Curson told me recently, "We were told that we'd stay in the mansion of Elaine Lorillard. All the famous black musicians and some non-blacks wanted to participate in the beginning, but they didn't all show up. And most of the musicians stayed in tents with little oil lamps on the lawn of the hotel, while the famous leaders among us stayed in the mansion."

Nonetheless, the idea of the Newport Rebels was to give the artists greater artistic control and a greater share of the money that they generated. Whatever the ulterior personal motives of some and the hasty organizational mistakes, the premise was still a noble one.

The festival centered around the bands of Mingus (Booker Ervin, Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson and Dannie Richmond), Roach (Booker Little, Julian Priester, Walter Benton, Ahmed Abdul-Malik and Abbey Lincoln), Ornette Coleman (Don Cherry, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell), Randy Weston (Cecil Payne, Abdul-Malik and Roy Haynes) and Kenny Dorham (Kenny Drew, Wilbur Ware and Art Taylor). Jo Jones, Roy Eldridge, Allen Eager, Coleman Hawkins, Yusef Lateef, Duke Jordan, Nico Bunick, Elvin Jones, Teddy Charles, Gigi Gryce, Jon Hendricks, Marilyn Moore and Baby Lawrence were among the other participants.

Like Newport's official festival, this one started on the afternoon of Thursday June 30, with the working bands of Mingus and Coleman alternating sets. Barely 50 people showed up due to the lack of publicity. But as the weekend drew on, the crowds swelled to a rather full 500 on Cliff Walk Manor. In the New Yorker, Whitney Balliett reported a Saturday night indoor concert to be one of the highlights. It included an impassioned *Better Git It In Your Soul* by the Mingus quintet, a twenty minute duet by the bassist and Roach and a free set by these two with Kenny Dorham, Julian Priester and Ornette Coleman. The next afternoon, the same band minus Priester played another reportedly inspiring set. Gene Lees reported in Down Beat that all was not on a ground-breaking level there, writing that Coleman Hawkins had played *Stuffy* four times, and Kenny Dorham had played *How Deep Is The Ocean* five times. Considering KD's wry sense of humor and the fact that the Atlantic Ocean was a few meters behind the stage, he probably just succumbed to the sarcastic temptation to "ask the musical question" a few too many times.

On the final day of the Newport Rebels' event, Sunday July 3, after the city council had ordered a premature end to the main festival, Mingus, Roach and Jo Jones charted plans for a Jazz Artists Guild, which would book concerts and create other situations that would put financial and artistic control in the hands of the musicians themselves.

The only ensuing projects under the banner of Jazz Artists Guild were two recording sessions organized by Nat Hentoff for the Candid label. On November 1, 1960, the collective personnel of Max Roach, Jo Jones, Abbey Lincoln, Eric Dolphy, Walter Benton, Cecil Payne, Booker Little, Benny Bailey, Kenny Dorham, Julian Priester and Peck Morrison recorded three selections, two of which appeared on "Newport Rebels" (Candid 9022) and the other one on "The Jazz Life" (Candid 9019).

On November 11, after a regular Mingus session, Hentoff grouped Mingus, Dolphy and Jimmy Knepper with Roy Eldridge, Jo Jones and Tommy Flanagan. Three titles were issued on "Newport Rebels", one on "The Jazz Life" and another remained unreleased until this Mosaic collection.

On the back cover of "Newport Rebels", Nat Hentoff wrote the following account of the Cliff Walk Manor experiment:

> "The one positive accomplishment of the 1960 Newport Festival was the creation in rebellion of a musicians' festival at Cliff Walk Manor. As the "official" rites were ending because of ugly rioting in the streets; several hundred people were listening in calm and pleasure to the rebels at Cliff Walk. The dissidents had been organized by Charlie Mingus and Max Roach in pro-

test against the accelerating commercialization of the annual Ben-Hur-with-a-horn production at Freebody Park. It was exhilarating for the musicians involved to realize that for once in their careers, they were capable of formulating and sustaining their own ground rules without booking agents, impressarios and other middlemen.

"The rebels set up their own tents for sleeping quarters, even stitching the canvas themselves; handled advertising and promotion; alternated as announcers of the revels; and took tickets. (Mr. Mingus roamed the grounds besides, asking for payment from freeloaders outside the fence).

"Particularly heartening was the fact that the protestants included musicians of several age groups and many styles, one of the few times in recent jazz history in which a spontaneous cooperative undertaking had united a broad range of jazzmen. 'The big festival forgot about the music,' Jo Jones was explaining between sets at Cliff Walk one night. 'But these little kiddies,' he pointed to several modernists on the stand, 'have to get a chance to be heard. That's one reason we did this.' But the older men had also deserved longer and freer playing time than the "big festival" had provided, and one of the joys of the Cliff Walk concerts was the presence of Jones, Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. Hawkins was one of the more determined rebels. Roy had at first decided not to join in. 'My fighting days are over,' he sighed at one point. But the defiant spirits of the others finally bore him along too. I particulary remember Roy and Jo Jones playing an especially relaxed set with the sea and the beach as a backdrop. 'Now this,' said Charlie Mingus with satisfaction, 'is what Newport jazz was supposed to be.' "

Certainly, the Newport Rebels inspired a new generation of musician-owned and operated enterprises such as the Jazz Composer's Guild and Chicago's AACM. And their festival had a healthy effect on the stodgy booking practices of the offical Newport Festival, as more and more daring music (from artists old and new) found a place on the bill each year throughout the sixties.

It is most unfortunate that the music performed on Cliff Walk Manor's lawn June 30 to July 3, 1960 was not recorded, especially the intriguing blend of Roach, Mingus, Kenny Dorham and Ornette Coleman. At least, we have a most special studio summit meeting of Mingus and Roy Eldridge to enjoy in perpetuity.

– Michael Cuscuna
May, 1985

Reprinted from the liner notes to "The Complete Candid Recordings of Charles Mingus," with permission of Mosaic

KENNY DORHAM, ORNETTE COLEMAN & CHARLES MINGUS (Photograph by William Claxton)

Contemporary's West Coast Revival

"Relax And Enjoy It."
"Something Else."
"Feeling Free."
"Gettin' Together."
"Here And Now."

No, it's not a further extension of the current Cola advertising wars; rather, it is a random sampling of provocative album titles for Contemporary Records, a company founded in 1949 with an initial release, a 78 rpm disc, on its Good Time Jazz Label of "Firehouse Stomp" by the Firehouse Five, a group of Hollywood studio men chiefly intent on re-creating traditional jazz sounds and having fun. As early as 1953, Contemporary Records began to record modern jazz, and established many "firsts" in the recording industry; the first to achieve national distribution by way of distributor to dealer rather than manufacturer to specialty shop, as was the custom; the first jazz label to release 45 rpm recordings; the first to market stereo jazz lp's; one of the first to seek out young, as yet unheralded, musicians, many of whom were later to be vaulted into jazz prominence (Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Cecil Taylor), or to offer long-term contracts to jazz artists who would profit immeasurably from the association (Hampton Hawes, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne), or to afford first opportunities to some (hitherto, sidemen) to lead their own groups (Curtis Counce, Leroy Vinnegar, Harold Land, Joe Gordon, Woody Shaw).

The guiding force behind the label's success was its founder and mentor, Lester Koenig, a man dedicated to perfection and innovation. Until his death in 1977, his involvement in all phases of the production of the recordings ensured a product of superior technical quality as well as an exciting melding of jazz personalities who were to dominate the West Coast jazz scene for nearly three decades. Many of the recordings took on the stature of definitive sessions of their time; many became the focus of collectors' want lists. Now, under the aegis of Fantasy Records, which bought out the Contemporary catalogue last year, it seems that these recordings will be back in circulation once again; thirty have already been re-released on Fantasy's OJC series, complete with the liner notes, cover art and superb technical execution that helped to make the originals so strikingly appealing.

Of the thirty releases, eight are fronted by reed men. Tenorman **BENNY GOLSON**'s early influences — Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, John Coltrane — carried him into such diverse aggregations as Earl Bostic, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Farmer, Art Blakey, Charlie Mingus; there he laid the foundations for his own unique voice as well as his compositional skills, before launching his own combos which spanned nearly a decade before he made the move to West Coast studio work. This early collection of quintet and band sides from 1957 ("New York Scene", OJC 164) features four original compositions (***Whisper Not, Step Lightly, Just By Myself, Blue It***) and several artists borrowed from other record companies for the album (Art Farmer, Wynton Kelly, Paul Chambers, Julius Watkins). The overall result is a good blend of bop and ballad; top prize, in my estimation, goes to the opener (***Something In B-Flat***), a linear assault on a melody shared beautifully by Farmer, Golson, Kelly, Chambers and Persip, collectively and individually. Second spot goes to Golson's ***Step Lightly***, as he and Farmer pair off for seven swinging minutes. And a tip of my hat to ***You're Mine You***, a number conjuring up nostalgic memories of an old Ziggy Elman Bluebird recording which I dearly prized; Golson gives it his Webster-like all here. The entire album is a rare musical treat.

BOB COOPER is another of those talented figures who chose to pursue arranging and composition as a long-term career; these recordings such as "Coop", OJC 161 are welcome, though too infrequent, reminders of Bob Cooper, the player. A good grounding with Kenton from 1945-51 (remember ***Coop's Solo***, 1951?), short stints with Shorty Rogers, Howard Rumsey and Pete Rugolo, several recordings under his own name with Capitol records, and arranging for vocalist-wife, June Christy, highlight his career. Although he is a multi-reed instrumentalist (including oboe and English horn), he is featured on tenor on this 1957 session. His compositional interests are interestingly displayed on a loosely-organized set of improvisations built around a "Jazz theme and four variations" (side one); side two, as Coop wished, balanced the album with five "standards familiar to jazz listeners". Here, Feldman (out of Herman) with the rhythm section of Lou Levy, Max Bennett and Mel Lewis sound, at times, MJQ-like, until Rosolino's trombone belies those moments. Frank Rosolino was chosen by Coop as "my favourite trombonist", and his contributions, notably on ***Frankie And Johnny*** and ***Somebody Loves Me*** do not disappoint such expectations. "I wanted the music to be uncomplicated and fun to play with room for much improvising..." stated Cooper. Side two is all that and more.

What can one say about **BENNY CARTER** that hasn't been said before? "Benny Carter: A Life In American Music" (Berger/Berger/Patrick) chronicles the works and life of the man in two volumes; recordings such as these ("Jazz Giant", OJC 167), or from any period for that matter, tell you why the books had to be written. "In 1957, Carter recorded three sessions for his friend, Lester Koenig, at Contemporary Records in Los Angeles." (Vol.I, p309); "This is the first of four sessions comprising Carter's "Jazz Giant", one of his finest lp's of the 1950's." (Vol. II, p168); "Lester Koenig again persuaded Carter to play trumpet which he does effectively..." (Vol. II, p172) (***I'm Coming Virginia, How Can You Lose?***). This gives you the information; however, the recordings tell you why. As the liner notes point out, the affixed title, "Jazz Giant", is not sheer hyperbole; it "has been taken for granted for some thirty years." However, the role of the supporting cast here (Frank Rosolino, Ben Webster, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne) must be given a large measure of acclaim for its dynamic contribution to a highly recommended album. If you wish to sample the cream of a much earlier Carter, you will have to search out a five-record set, OTL 1 to 5 (1935-38), or some viable alternative.

The Parker/Thompson-influenced **HAROLD LAND** worked, prior to this 1958 date ("Harold In The Land Of Jazz", OJC 162), with the Max Roach-Clifford Brown unit, as well as with bassist Curtis Counce; however, this was his initial effort as leader. His is a lyrical yet strongly rhythmic approach, evident in such cuts as ***Delirium*** and ***Nieta***. Swedish trumpeter Rolf Ericson adds bite to the session, while Carl Perkins, who died only a few months after this recording was made, carves out a bluesy solo on his own composition, ***Grooveyard***. Land remains a highly underrated tenor player, and though my copy of this was somewhat marred in the pressing (an exception rather than a rule), it is good to hear this first outing once more. It served as a fitting prelude to, perhaps, a more memorable album, "The Fox", to follow a year later.

Another first, and quite revolutionary at the time, was fashioned by the **ORNETTE COLEMAN** ensemble, aptly titled "Something Else" (OJC 163). It was also one of the very few occasions on which Coleman was to employ piano in his groups, an instrument he found too restrictive for his improvisational concepts; Walter Norris has that distinction on this 1958 recording. Ironically, Ornette's first meeting with Lester Koenig, arranged by bassist Billy Mitchell, was as composer, not performer; when Koenig asked Coleman to play some of the numbers he was supposedly marketing, Ornette's a cappella sorties on his horn impressed him, and landed him the recording date. In retrospect, it is difficult to see what all the fuss was about; certainly it was not a commercially successful venture, though critical response was swift and divided. It was a beginning nevertheless and, historically, it remains a watershed in "the shape of jazz to come."

ART PEPPER, who died just a few years ago, remained for many years a prolific performer for Contemporary Records. These two re-releases ("Gettin' Together", OJC 169 / "Smack Up", OJC 176) are both from 1960. Though I much prefer the earlier Pepper from Pacific Jazz (c1956-57), especially those made with Chet Baker (recently packaged and released on the limited Mosaic label), there is some good music here, in particular on "Smack Up". Much of the variablility in Pepper performances stemmed from the ever-changing groups that surrounded him; many of the artists were borrowed for the occasion, a policy that has its own merits, but also musical drawbacks. Pepper worked well with the likes of Baker, Carl Perkins, Pete Jolly, Hampton Hawes (early Savoy's), Paul Chambers. He liked to pursue the melody, yet never at the expense of rhythmical inventiveness, placing strong demands on other musicians who lacked that comfortable response bred by familiarity. "Gettin' Together" sessions, though they sometimes generated a certain excitement (see Golson), don't always make for the best overall results. Both albums are good to have around again, but not on the "preferred list" for your Pepper record library.

TEDDY EDWARDS, one of jazz's early boppers (with Howard McGhee, c1946, or his

BENNY GOLSON (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

own quintet, 1947-48), has one of the warmest tenors around, when he wants it to be. Removed geographically from the hub of musical activity in the east, Teddy never quite received the critical acclaim that his playing warranted, though players (the likes of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane) certainly knew of his achievements. I don't know of a bad Teddy Edwards' recording. I do know that the organ in jazz combos does absolutely nothing for me; having said that, I confess that Gerry Wiggins makes it all work on this 1962, essentially blues-oriented album ("Heart And Soul", OJC 177). Perhaps it's Teddy's dominating spirit that forces the organ into its supportive rather than obtrusive role. The opener, ***Smokin'***, sets the stage for some great foot-tapping stuff by four very swinging musicians.

Bass players are featured artists on three of the releases. The **CURTIS COUNCE** album, 1956-57, I reviewed in an earlier edition of ***Coda*** magazine (# 187, 1982) under its then released title "Counceltation" (Volume 2) rather than "You Get More Bounce With Curtis Counce" (OJC 159). Liner notes by Nat Hentoff are identical; the cover art is not. I suspect the more recent issue is the original. The only sad change to note here is the passing of drummer Frank Butler in 1984.

LEROY VINNEGAR and **RED MITCHELL** could fill a telephone directory with the names of jazz figures they have accompanied over the years. To single out a few: Hampton Hawes, Woody Herman, Billie Holiday, Gerry Mulligan, Lee Konitz, Phil Woods, Lars Gullin, Georgie Auld, Bil! Harris (Mitchell) — Serge Chaloff, Sonny Criss, Stan Getz, Sam Noto, Dexter Gordon, Lionel Hampton, Cy Touff, Shelly Manne (Vinnegar). The two have become veritable cornerstones on jazz bass, much sought after as reliable performers. As the respective liner notes point out, "... concerning Leroy himself... the esteem with which he is regarded by musicians is that he is one bass player who really lays down a 'bottom' for the music"; "Red Mitchell... is consistently impressive in his solos, building with flowing, horn-like phrasing that is never stale..." These observations are manifested in the two 1957 re-releases ("Leroy Walks", OJC 160; "Presenting Red Mitchell", OJC 158), where each assumes a leadership role. Yet, despite Vinnegar's "walking bass" presence on every number, the date is very much a relaxing co-operative effort, with any significant solo plaudits going to sidemen Gerald Wilson (***Walking My Baby Back Home***), Carl Perkins (***Walkin'***) and Teddy Edwards (***Walkin' By The River***); and, a young Billy Higgins, by sheer subtle understatement, steals the Mitchell limelight. Both recordings make for pleasant, though not memorable, listening.

Lester Koenig is more than just the omnipresent guiding hand behind the scenes; he undertakes the documenting of some of the sessions. Seven of the thirty liner notes bear Koenig's comments, and his insights are especially noteworthy on four of the six recordings featuring pianists. For example, on "Double Play" (OJC 157), Koenig notes, by way of preface, that "... there is no precedent for a two piano ***modern*** jazz album," that "... by their association with Shelly Manne, the thought of two piano jazz came naturally"; indeed, there is even a "play by play box score" of player performance for the "nine" numbers all, of course, ingeniously centred around the suggestiveness of that grand old American tradition, baseball. There is little to deny that **ANDRE PREVIN** and **RUSS FREEMAN** play intriguingly well on this 1957 meeting. The former, over the years, has moved through many facets of the world of music (jazz pianist/concert performer/film scorer/symphonic conductor); interest, even today, remains high in this early stage of his progressive development. Like his somewhat earlier counterpart, Mel Powell, he has been a part of all of it — Bach, Beethoven and Budwig. On the later "Like Previn" album (OJC 170, 1960), Koenig again directs the reader to the merits of the recording and to the man who then must be deemed one of his "house pianists" (as Oscar Petertson is to Norman Granz, perhaps); "Andre... is difficult to pigeonhole... ***Saturday Review*** describes him as 'the outstanding romantic jazz pianist in the public ear today'." Koenig's marketing abilities are also evident on the capsule biographies for each participating player, delineating carefully past alliances and present affiliations; high profile advertising, after all, kept the players in the public eye and Contemporary Records in public demand. This second album, like the first, swings along nicely, meeting popular tastes yet capturing the necessary nuances of a closely-knit jazz performance. Bassist Mitchell, by the way, sounds far more comfortable here than he did on his own date.

Though **GERRY WIGGINS**, the organist, is impressive on the Teddy Edwards' disc (OJC 177), Wiggins, the pianist, is rather bland on his own trio sides ("Relax And Enjoy It", OJC

173). Even Lester Koenig is reduced to routine objective notations, while the late columnist, Ralph Gleason, who shares the liner spread, is hard-pressed to be more than politely positive. It's an uninspiring outing; on the other hand, one gets a fair indication of the reason why he was in great demand as accompanist for such vocalists as Lena Horne, Kay Starr, Gordon MacRae and Lou Rawls.

The two **HAMPTON HAWES** re-releases were recorded seven years apart, the first a quartet offering ("Four", OJC 165) with Hawes, Kessel, Mitchell and Manne, the second a trio ("Here And Now", OJC 178) made up of Hawes, Chuck Israels and Donald Bailey. Though they don't catch the spontaneity and excitement of Contemporary's three-record set "All Night Sessions" (c1956), they do reflect his total mastery of technique, an amazing facility to fragment a melody into an infinite number of possibilities, and an unerring ear for what formulates successful group interaction. As Lester Koenig succinctly summed it up: "Hawes has everything." Unquestionably, his playing partners seem caught up in his fire and drive, though musicians of this calibre need little encouragement. Both are strongly recommended, with the edge going to the 1965 recording and Hawes' involvement in the new harmonies and rhythms inherent in the development of a "freer" jazz.

The charge is that the Tatum/Peterson-inspired **PHINEAS NEWBORN** has a penchant for displaying keyboard wizardry at the expense of emotional communication; yet, it is difficult to imagine a more sensitively-rendered account of Strayhorn's ***Lush Life***, or a more integrated swing session than ***Juicy Lucy*** than on these 1961 trio sides ("A World Of Piano", OJC 175). Undeniably, those flourishing runs, rapid key and tempo changes, and tricky embellishments more often than not induced a state of listener wonderment rather than admiration when Tatum played. Disciple Peterson later learned to incorporate these techniques into a far more acceptably balanced, melodic-centred approach. Newborn seems to lie somewhere between the two, moving almost stereophonically from a Peterson-like ***For Carl*** to a very Tatum-ish ***Cheryl***. With such masterful credentials, it is not easily understood why Phineas Newborn hasn't become more widely recognized; the potential for jazz stardom is certainly apparent here. The rhythm sections on both sets comprising the album are impeccable.

Trumpet artists are highlighted on three albums. **ART FARMER**, a gentle technician, has turned more recently to the mellower sounds of the flugelhorn. Here, on a 1958 quartet grouping ("Portrait Of Art Farmer", OJC 166), he plays an interesting mixture of originals and standards. Over the years, Farmer has proven himself adaptable to most musical demands, "... one of the inner-directed who refuses to remain in any safe channel"; hence, he has turned up complete with strings, with big bands (with Horace Henderson and Lionel Hampton to Quincy Jones), with smaller jazz combos (Horace Silver, Sonny Rollins), with all-star alignments (Aurez Jazz Festival, Brandeis Jazz Festival), with experimentalists like George Russell. His versatility marks him as the Everyman of the trumpet, "... able — like Hank Jones [an accompanist here] — to fulfill

the requirements of nearly any assignment..." It's a pleasant release to have on the shelves once more, but not essential Art Farmer.

JOE GORDON, on the other hand, made so few recordings in his short lifetime (he was dead at 35), that almost anything from so brief a jazz legacy is worthy of note. Some sides with Manne, Kessel, Monk, Gillespie and Blakey make up most of that small heritage; apart from some 1954 cuts with Charlie Rouse and Junior Mance in the lineup, this represents the only other time he assumed the leadership mantle ("Lookin' Good", OJC 174). Though the compositions themselves are all Gordon originals, one cannot avoid making comparisons with Gillespie, Clifford Brown or early Miles in their delivery. A recommended album, if only for its historical insights, and some fine teamwork by Gordon and altoist Jimmy Woods on ***A Song For Richard*** and ***Diminishing***.

I first encountered **WOODY SHAW** on a 1964 Canadian pressing (Douglas 785) of "Iron Man" featuring Eric Dolphy, Richard Davis, Clifford Jordan et al. The performances "... were considered too futuristic to put out at that time", and the album was released after Dolphy's death. The young Shaw sounded remarkably confident and comfortable in the presence of the more experienced avant garde players of that day. Shaw has often been billed, perhaps unfairly, as a Freddie Hubbard sound-alike; on this 1972 reissue ("Song Of Songs", OJC 180), there is aural evidence to support such a claim. However, a similar case might readily be made for Navarro, Miles or Donald Byrd, strong influences on Shaw's own sound. As he himself states, "... I had studied a lot of trumpet players and copied... but I always accepted that was okay... we all come from the same source... I believe I have my own style of playing now." More importantly, the album reflects Shaw's pursuit of originality (all the compositions are his) and continues his involvement with musicians (Emanuel Boyd, George Cables, Bennie Maupin) seeking fresh and challenging modes of expression; as well, it is a further tribute to producer Koenig that he, too, should have been a part of such an explorative musical venture, a quest that now sounds, ironically, conventional by today's standards.

I've always thought of **SHELLY MANNE** as one of the premier transitionalists (Blakey/Roach) of modern drumming, assimilating the earlier swinging style of great ones such as Jo Jones, Davey Tough and Buddy Rich into the more complexly structured intricacies expressed by the newer breed of drummers, shaping his improvisations to fit any occasion. His passing in 1984 deprives us of still another of those essential figures linking past and present. The two recordings here ("Shelly Manne And His Men (Vol. 1)", OJC 152; "The Three & The Two", OJC 172) are ideally representative of that wide spectrum of harmonic and rhythmic experimentation undertaken by Manne in the company of some key West Coast jazzmen of the mid-fifties. So many of them were ex-Kenton players (Manne, Pepper, Cooper, Shank, Holman, Russo, Giuffre) that "Manne And His Men" sounds very much like small-group Kenton; the cohesiveness and responsiveness accord are there, always prompted by Manne's insistent yet encouraging presence. On "The Three & The Two", the trio of Manne, Rogers and Giuffre fashion some truly exciting performances, as freshly spontaneous today as they were over thirty years ago. Again, Lester Koenig directs us in the liner notes: "... when they used the unorthodox trio instrumentation they found they were able to hear each other more clearly and to develop each other's ideas with greater freedom." Unfortunately, "The Three" stands as a modern classic, free in form, probing into the potentialities of the limits of jazz; side two ("The Two"), juxtaposing Russ Freeman and Manne, is of interest in delineating yet another side of Manne's drumming capabilities — the breadth of his imagination and the scope of sensitive textural colouration he could impose even on a one-to-one encounter. Coupled with the trio cuts, this makes for a truly oustanding reissue.

The **BARNEY KESSEL** I remember so well was part of an Artie Shaw aggregation recording for Victor in 1945 (The Gramercy Five), composed of such mixed company as Roy Eldridge and Dodo Marmarosa. The results weren't as unique, perhaps, as those turned out by a still earlier Shaw assemblage (1940), featuring Johnny Guarnieri's harpsichordal jazz exploits; however, they remain as some of the best small-group jazz of that period. Kessel and Shelly Manne share the spotlight on the 1957 "The Poll Winners" (OJC 156) with bassist Ray Brown, all of them poll toppers in the 1956 ***Downbeat, Metronome*** and ***Playboy*** magazines. The trio's repertoire is made up mainly of standards, with Duke Jordan's ***Jordu*** and Kessel's ***Minor Mood*** the exceptions. Apart from the excellent three-man rapport one would expect from such gifted musicians, the album is based chiefly on the liner note premise that "... swing alone is enough to get you by." Quite a different feeling issues from the quartet of Kessel, Bobby Hutcherson, Chuck Domanico and Elvin Jones ("Feeling Free", OJC 179), originally released twelve years after "The Poll Winners." It is Kessel's first recording with drummer Jones; the results are decidedly multi-dimensional. From the start (***Moving Up***), Jones shreds the rhythmic unity with explosive

SHELLY MANNE & MONTY BUDWIG (Photograph by Hank De Wild)

solo runs, Domanico offers great chunks of varied bass lines, while Hutcherson rides ethereally above it all; indeed, it must have been a relatively new challenge for Kessel whose customary crisply-precise playing sounds here unusually rich and tonally flattened. Four of the six compositions are Kessel originals and, as the title implies, this is a break with the past and a step into an expanded musical experience for the guitarist. "This is one of the most satisfactory albums I've made," he states; "It captures the way I feel and play today."

The remaining two Kessel reissues ("Barney Kessel (Vol. I)", OJC 153; "Some Like It Hot", OJC 168) hearken back to his poll-winning style, affording the listener some rewarding moments by a host of notable sidemen. On the former (153), Manne and Kessel carry the sessions, setting a loping, "easy-like" style on up-tempo numbers, punctuated by some brief but tasteful solos by Bud Shank (***Bernardo, Vicky's Dream***), Claude Williamson (***North Of The Border***); on the latter (168), "... lightly swinging performances which echo the happy mood of the picture" (Lester Koenig), including Manne on "suitcase" (***Sweet Sue***), Joe Gordon, Art Pepper and Jimmy Rowles (***Some Like It Hot, Runnin' Wild, Down Among The Sheltering Palms, By The Beautiful Sea***) manage to break from the tightly-structured format momentarily for limited improvisatory flights. Excellent sound and good Kessel, nevertheless.

Contemporaries **HELEN HUMES** and Red Norvo are given ample opportunities to display what they do best on their respective albums, "Songs I Like To Sing" (OJC 171) and "Music To Listen To Red Norvo By" (OJC 155). Helen Humes' 1960 date here predates her final recordings (see review, ***Coda***, # 183) by some twenty years; and her first renditions of ***Don't Worry 'Bout Me*** and ***If I Could Be With You*** are to be found with the Basie band some twenty years prior to the original Contemporary release. Listening to Helen sing over that forty year span (as I have just done), one hears certain fundamental qualities in her voice that transcend time; again, it is Lester Koenig who, perhaps, sums them up most perceptively; "... she sings naturally and effortlessly.., has a warm voice... has a true jazz musician's ability to improvise melodically and harmonically... brings a passionate quality to the most banal set of lyrics..." She shared those same vocal gifts with a Basie cohort, Jimmy Rushing, another of those richly vibrant jazz vocalists, alas, no longer with us. Unquestionably, Basie had a fine ear for such talent. Accompaniment on this Fantasy re-release is exemplary in its willingness to allow the singer the freedom to bring her own special touches to tunes, and in its fostering of a collective impetus which seldom fails to kindle that creative spark.

From xylophone and marimba (Mildred Bailey, 1930s) to vibraphone (Benny Goodman/Woody Herman, 1940s), **RED NORVO** has been a unique figure on the jazz scene for as long as most of us can remember; his and Lionel Hampton's were the sounding-boards against which most vibraharpists initially measured their achievements. Veteran musician as he may be, Norvo has not been content simply to rework old standards in a traditional manner. Witness the 1949 Savoy trio sessions with Mingus, or his small group offerings of the 50's with the likes of Jimmy Guiffre, Jack Montrose, Jerry Dodgion, Tal Farlow and Shorty Rogers, or this 1957 cool-school sextet outing (OJC 155) with Buddy Collette, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Bill Smith and Red Mitchell, and you will understand why Norvo here is merely "... playing his customary active, irreplaceable and inimitably unobtrusive role as jazz moves with assurance into still another phase."

Of the thirty reissues, the two **HOWARD RUMSEY LIGHTHOUSE ALL STAR** releases, "Sunday Jazz a la Lighthouse" (OJC 151) and "Oboe/Flute" (OJC 154) are, in some ways, the most exciting of all. The 1953 "Sunday Jazz..." disc provides the listener with a live Sunday performance (they were inaugurated as early as 1949) from a world geographically removed from the glitter of New York's Birdland; the music is, at times, a little rough around the edges, yet the aura of extemporaneity adds a flavour of fundamental honesty often not found in multi-take studio recordings. Bassist Rumsey, a very early ex-Kenton sideman (1941 MacGregor studio or 1942 Decca sessions), collected and led over the years a passing parade of jazz notables at California's House of Jazz; here are featured Shorty Rogers, Jimmy Giuffre, Shelly Manne, Maynard Ferguson, Bob Cooper, Milt Bernhart, Hampton Hawes. ***Viva Zapata*** and ***Bernie's Tune*** are improvised gems.

With the 1954/56 sets (labelled Volume 4), the listener is treated to some very fine flute-oboe/English horn jazz duets, first with Cooper and Bud Shank, then Cooper and Buddy Collette; though much of the feeling generated anticipates third-stream experimentalism, skeptics of that instrumental coupling need have little fear that such a pairing cannot possibly swing: catch Jackson's ***Bags' Groove*** or Collette's ***A Bit Of Basie***. Both recordings have been long-awaited and are high on the recommended list.

Fantasy's decision to plumb the vaults of its Contemporary catalogue, releasing, at this time, a segment of approximately one-fifth of its total reissue potential, may be a applauded for a number of reasons. It has shown, once more, that jazz was alive, well, and thriving in places other than the great eastern metropolises, and that the richness of jazz experimentation in many diverse regions aided in its growth as one of America's authentic art forms. Furthermore, it has preserved a period in the development of jazz which might otherwise be ignored in the rapid diversity of trends so characteristic of today's music; with the passing of so many of the performers from these recordings (Pepper/Manne / Counce / Gordon / Kelly / Butler / Hawes / Webster / Rosolino / Perkins / Humes / Chambers), yesterday's "new" sounds become today's historical perspectives. Thirdly, by offering relatively inexpensive editions (by today's standards) yet retaining a high degree of quality packaging, including liner notes from the originals, Fantasy has re-established a policy, I would hope, which might serve as a role model for other record companies, especially in the full historical documentation of jazz and its continual evolution; certainly, many present-day recordings afford an appalling paucity of information to the purchaser. Lastly, it pays tributes, perhaps unconsciously, to a man, Lester Koenig, whose foresight, commitment and passion made these sessions possible.

— John Sutherland

ATTENTION:
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MARCH 1st

Charles Mingus' Destiny

More than most people, Charles Mingus resisted definitions. He titled his autobiography *Beneath The Underdog*, in order to describe his beat attitude towards his relationship to white society. Black and proud of it, he was in fact "high yaller" – part Chinese, part Swedish and possibly a descendant of that paragon of white virtues, Abraham Lincoln. He claimed Mingus to be the name of an African chieftain; it might well have been a Southern bastardization of the Scottish name, Menzies. The man could have invented the word "problematic." He was a problem to himself, always getting into scrapes caused by his extremely emotional nature. He spent a night persuading a guard to admit him into a mental institution in New York City only to turn around and write *Hellview Of Bellevue* within hours of his incarceration. The man wanted out – of a repressive situation that categorized him as a weird musical freak, a commodity to be exploited in the marketplace. Yet where could he turn? Mingus' story is that of a sensitive artist who spent his life torn between various schisms in his personality and his culture. His sorrow was that the contradictions that he saw and lived through tore him apart. His triumph was that he was able to express his perceptions through his music.

Mingus was born to a middle class family in Watts, the black district of Los Angeles, in 1922. His mother died soon after he was born and his father, an authoritarian ex-sergeant, re-married to a repressive Bible-thumping woman. Mingus found little love at home but much tolerance for his interest in music. His only early training came from an unqualified source, a salesman who passed himself off as a teacher. Mingus later recalled, "He took advantage of my ear and never taught me the fingerboard positions," a statement that other musicians, notably Dizzy Gillespie, have echoed in their own musical histories. Oddly, Mingus learned from this unfortunate experience to compose orally. Many of his later highly complex works were "written" through the process of Mingus singing the various parts to his musicians. By that point in his career, Mingus had acquired the formal training denied him in his youth but had discovered that many things taught by ear and rote were more effective than what could be learned through formal charts.

This was a typical Mingus paradox. Having had lessons from players as diverse as Lloyd Reese, a swing-era brass player, and the virtuoso bassist Red Callender, he felt a certain degree of confidence in his musical training. Callender, who taught him when Mingus was a teenager, later remarked, "All students should be as apt as Charles was." As an emerging bassist on the L.A. scene, the young Mingus rather arrogantly challenged Roy Eldridge concerning musical backgrounds only to be put down by the trumpeter with the line, "How do you know I don't know the supertonic chord?" Yet this same Mingus later wrote to Nat Hentoff acclaiming The Juilliard Quartet, saying, "I wonder if there are *any* jazz players as fine as these cats." Mingus' attitudes towards jazz and his own training reflected his conflicting posture towards most subjects. He held the work of jazzmen dating from the Dixieland days to the present in great esteem, particularly because the form was founded and reached most of its expressive heights through the talents of black artists. Still, the contrary bassist could lament that, "I made an easy success through jazz but it wasn't really success," presuming that a higher compositional level had been achieved by white avant-gardists like Bartok and Schoenberg. Those who appreciate Mingus' works would certainly disagree with this assumption – and indeed, so would have Mingus, at least part of the time.

Growing up in Los Angeles in the 1930s and 1940s, Mingus lived in a multi-racial society. Whites, blacks, Mexicans and Chinese mingled in close proximity. In his autobiography, Mingus describes his affairs with Mexican and white women and close friendship with a Chinese family. His spiritual side was opened up through his Oriental friends towards a profound appreciation of Eastern mysticism while his carnal nature was fed by spicy encounters with a multitude of ladies. However, even in California racism was still evident. *Beneath The Underdog* reflects Mingus' own apprehension of his skin and how the dominant culture was willing to "accept" it. His memories include fights with whites over his adolescent interest in light-hued girls and, sadly, the tale of his father, who passed for white on occasion – and was proud to do so. Mingus' anger at his status in American society boiled over continually, affecting his professional progress. Early on, in 1943, he left what was his first big break, a tour in the Louis Armstrong band, because of all the "Tomming and Mugging." Nearly a decade later he quit the Red Norvo Trio shortly after the vibist employed a white bass player as a substitute for Mingus on national television. His celebrated fight with trombonist Juan Tizol, which caused his resignation from Duke Ellington's band in 1953, occured when Tizol called him a "nigger."

Mingus transformed his rage into art with some of his extraordinary compositions of the late fifties, notably *Fables Of Faubus*, which featured his wonderful put-down of the white-supremist Southern governor: "Oh Lord no more swastikas! / Oh Lord no more Ku Klux Klan! / Name me someone ridiculous / Governor Faubus? Why is he sick and ridiculous / He won't permit integrated schools / Then he's a fool / Boo! Nazi Fascist supremists! / Boo! Ku Klux Klan!" Still, there is no doubt that Mingus, and his career, suffered from his reaction to the racism that he was forced to deal with throughout his life.

One of the finer qualities of Mingus' autobiography is its unsparing look at the night club scene in post-war America. Those of us who are familiar with the jazz world and its romantic depiction in Hollywood's film noir genre must certainly applaud Mingus' account of life for a musician in L.A. during the late forties. Between his glamorous gigs with noted musicians such as Lionel Hampton and late night jams with boppers such as Miles Davis and Charlie Parker, Mingus spent far too much time playing in smoky bars, making the scene. His book evokes that world, its harsh exploitative nature, and the routes of salvation available for the musicians. As usual with Mingus, a dichotomy is presented: one could become a junkie like Bird and Mingus' close friend, Fats Navarro, or one could become a pimp. Mingus didn't care that much for drugs but sexuality was something he did understand. He tried to make it but "To be a pimp, one would have to lose all feelings, all sensitivity, all love. One would have to die! Kill himself! Kill all feelings for others

to live with himself.... *Mingus* couldn't be this... a pimp." The tension caused by his love for the overly sensitive Navarro and his admiration for pimps like his "cousin" Billy Bones propels his book, turning the narrative into a fascinating morality play, a hip Pilgrim's Progress.

Mingus arrived in New York City to stay in 1951. At the age of twenty-nine, the remarkable bassist had decided to exorcize his demons three thousand miles and – by his count – two marriages away from his West Coast roots. Over the next five years, he established his claim as one of the premier bass players of his generation. His coronation occured in the royalist town of Toronto in 1953 when he was invited to organize the Quintet of the Year for the New Jazz Society. The group assembled for that Massey Hall performance consisted of Mingus, his friend Max Roach and the legendary trio of Charlie Parker, Bud Powell and Dizzy Gillespie. The recordings from this great date – the ultimate bop statement – were issued on Mingus' own label, Debut, which was operated by his then-wife, Celia. Mingus' popularity rose with his acceptance into the inner circle of the beboppers. His ranking grew higher on the Down Beat polls as Debut issued more albums featuring him performing with notable players like J.J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Hank Jones, Lee Konitz, Kenny Clarke and John Lewis. Yet during this period, Mingus became accepted through a fundamental misunderstanding of his character and music. He was only a bopper because those people were playing the most exciting, intelligent music of the era. Mingus' music encompassed all generations of jazz and even went beyond jazz in its appreciation of modern classical composers. Mingus' classicism is revealed in an anecdote from his autobiography. He took his young son to a jam session and asked him to stand next to the man who played the most beautiful music, "like Duke Ellington." His son latched onto Charlie Parker, much to his father's delight. His wife asked him to have their son "stop sticking his head into Bird's alto./ Hey boy! Come on. / Bird. Daddy! / Duke Ellington. Bird! Bird! / Yeah, I know son. Bird true is something else."

By 1956, Mingus was able to concentrate his efforts on realising his own compositions. He had formed his own group, the Jazz Workshop, assembling a number of interesting players like Mal Waldron, Eddie Bert and Jackie McLean. During this period he met his alter-ego, drummer Dannie Richmond, who played with him for the rest of Mingus' life. Richmond later recalled, "Some people said that Charles actually taught me how to play which in a sense is true... not only from the musical standpoint but about living." Mingus' work became more highly structured, denser, with a texture that encompassed a swinging bluesy feeling but never lost an essentially abstract quality. Pieces like *Pithecanthropus Erectus* and *Haitian Fight Song*, highlights from this cycle, are programmatic in the classical sense of conveying a specific set of impressions but they also move with a rhythmic sureness that was lacking in his previous performances. An emotional composer, Mingus began to write works that were atmospheric, conveying the turbulent moods of their creator.

During the next decade Mingus scaled the heights, writing his finest works, performing them with great musicians whom he personally assembled in order to realise the pieces. A series of excellent players joined his Workshop, including Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson, Booker Ervin, Jimmy Knepper, Roland Hanna, Roland Kirk and Yusef Lateef. His compositions varied widely from the Kurt Weillesque *Clown* to the cinematically romantic *Nostalgia In Times Square* to the soulful *Eat That Chicken* to the witty *All The Things You Could Be By Now If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother*. During this time, Mingus played a trio date with Duke Ellington and Max Roach, pushing his mentor into futuristic realms in "Money Jungle." Yet he could be down-home, plausibly conservative, able to arrange interesting renditions of *I Can't Get Started* and *Stormy Weather*. This was the peak of the integration period in US politics, the Kennedy years, and Mingus participated both personally and compositionally with endless variations on *Faubus* and his *Freedom* work. In late 1962 he created what was arguably his greatest performance in the "Ethnic Folk-Dance" recording of "The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady."

The title of this piece is pure Mingus, indicative of the dual nature that was psychologically ripping the composer apart. For Mingus there always appeared to be two sides pulling him – the spiritual man who created airy romantic music and the fleshy carnal type who breathed fire onto everything he saw and who played brilliant bass. In his book Mingus calls them "a frightened animal that attacks for fear of being attacked" and "an overloving gentle person who lets people into the uttermost temple of his being." This near-schizophrenic perception pushed Mingus in many directions. He was capable of attacking trusted musicians and friends like Jimmy Knepper, of haranguing audiences, of attacking violently for little provocation. Mingus was also just as idealistic as ever, still maintaining a great belief in a multi-disciplinary education system. Eventually, the tension became too much. Dannie Richmond once remarked, "He wanted to be like a pimp, he wanted to be a gangster, he wanted to be a musician, he wanted to be a great lover. and, you know, he considered himself all of these people." Tom Reichman directed a film on Mingus in 1966, just when all of those inner tensions reached a breaking point. The great bassist-composer had set up his loft as a School for Music, Art and Gymnastics but had fallen short on the rent. Reichman's documentary recorded those dire days when Mingus fought and lost his eviction notice. In late November, his dream shattered, Mingus left his loft – and his greatest period ended.

For three years he wandered the Lower East Side, considering his life to be at an end. As Brian Priestley wrote in his perceptive biography, "In his darkest hours... Mingus must have called out to God and demanded to know why he was still here." Eventually, through the love of his last wife, Sue, and his own inner strength, Mingus recovered. Throughout the Seventies he performed with a number of bands, featuring numerous remarkable players, including Jon Faddis and Don Pullen. Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's Disease) struck him down, but not before he was able to receive the acclaim that had been due him for many years.

Mingus' tale is ultimately a cautionary one. His tragedy was that of a man who was at once an introverted artist and a wild, yet exacting performer. Unlike Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, or – from his generation – Dizzy Gillespie, Mingus could not conceive of a public persona that could mask his inner conflicts. Instead, he presented an image of a cantankerous individual, always eager for a new conflict. This character was memorialized in his Candid recording where he orders the [imaginary studio] "audience" to stop drinking, notifies the "barman" *not* to ring up sales, and tells all just to listen to the music. A self-aware artist, perhaps Mingus should have taken to heart his tale of the Clown who "had all these greens and all these yellows and all these oranges bubbling around inside him," only to discover that people laugh hardest over the corniest lines. The Clown finally achives his greatest success by dying on stage. Mingus' last line for *The Clown* refers to booking agents but it might as well apply to critics: "William Morris sends regrets." – *Marc Glassman*

(All quotations are from *Beneath The Underdog*, Charles Mingus, and *Mingus: A Critical Biography*, Brian Priestley)

Coda Writers Choice '85

CANADA

JOHN NORRIS, publisher
Ed Bickert: I Wished On The Moon Concord 284
Anthony Braxton: Seven Standards 1985 Magenta 0203
Lloyd Glenn: Blues & Boogie Black & Blue 33.563
Johnny Hartman: This One's For Ted Audiophile 181
Khan Jamal: Dark Warrior SteepleChase 1196
Warne Marsh: Ballads Criss Cross 1007
Jackie McLean: Tipping The Scales Blue Note 84427
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season Soul Note 1104
Tete Montoliu: That's All SteepleChase 1196
The Real Sound of Jazz Pumpkin 116

BILL SMITH, editor and publisher
Anthony Braxton: Seven Standards 1985 Volume 1 Magenta MA-0203 (USA)
Miles Davis and John Coltrane: Live In Stockholm 1960 Dragon DRLP 90/91 (Sweden)
Khan Jamal/Johnny Dyani/Pierre Dorge: Three SteepleChase SCS 1201 (Denmark)
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season Soul Note SN 1104 (Italy)
Sonny Rollins Trio: In Stockholm 1959 - St. Thomas Dragon DRLP 73 (Sweden)
New York Contemporary Five: Consequences Fontana 881 013 ZY (Japan)
Joe McPhee: Visitation Sackville 3036 (Can.)
Wayne Shorter: Ju Ju Blue Note 84182 (USA)
Cecil Taylor: Segments II Soul Note 1089 (Italy)
Robert Watson/Curtis Lundy: Beatitudes New Note KM 11867 (USA)

HAL HILL
Art Ensemble of Chicago: Third Decade ECM 25014
Max Roach: Easy Winners Soul Note 1109
Art Farmer: You Make Me Smile Soul Note 1076
Duke Ellington: Presents Paul Gonsalves Fantasy 9636
Lester Bowie: I Only Have Eyes For You ECM 25034-1
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season Soul Note 1104
David Murray: Live At Sweet Basil's Black Saint 0085
Boss Brass: Brass And Woods Innovation 0011
Dave Holland: Seeds Of Time ECM 25032-1
Ed Bickert: I Wished On The Moon Concord 284

DOUG LANGILLE
Muddy Waters: The Chess Box (Japan) Chess PLP6040-6050
West Coast Winners 1953-67 (anthology) Moonshine 103
Maurice John Vaughn: Generic Blues Album Reecy 100
Lightnin' Hopkins: Tore Up Landslide 1008
R.L. Burnside: Mississippi Blues Arion 33765
Sunnyland Slim Blues Band: Chicago Jump Red Beans RB007
Big Daddy Kinsey and The Kinsey Report: Bad Situation Rooster Blues R2620
Lowell Fulson: The Blues Got Me Down Diving Duck DD4306

PETER DANSON
Kenny Barron: Scratch Enja
Ran Blake: Third Stream Re-Composition Owl
Paul Bley: Tango Palace Soul Note
Miles Davis: The Complete Amsterdam Concert Celluloid
David Holland: Seeds Of Time ECM
Oliver Jones: Lights Of Burgundy Justin Time
Clifford Jordan: Repetition Soul Note
Warne Marsh: A Ballad Album Criss Cross
Charlie Rouse: Social Call Uptown
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season Soul Note
Atlantic Rhythm and Blues: 1941-1974 Atlantic

BRIAN TURNER
Charlie Parker: Bird At The Roost Savoy SJL 2259
Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy: I Only Have Eyes For You ECM 250341
Thelonious Monk: Live! At The Village Gate Xanadu 202
David Holland Quintet: Seeds Of Time ECM 250321
Clifford Jordan: Repetition Soul Note 1084
Paul Bley: Floater Savoy SJL 1148
Dexter Gordon, with Junior Mance: At Montreux Prestige 7861
Ahmad Jamal: Goodbye Mr. Evans Black Lion 52006
Carla Bley Band: I Hate To Sing Watt 12½
George Adams, Hannibal & Friends: More Sightings ENJA 4084

MARC CHENARD
Jack de Johnette: Album Album ECM 1280
Wynton Marsalis: Black Codes From The Underground CBS FC 40009
Willem Breuker Kollektief About Time 1006
George Russell: The African Game Blue Note 85103
One Night Preserved (4 record set) Blue Note BTDK 85117

DAVID LEWIS
Art Ensemble of Chicago: The Third Decade ECM 25014-1 E
Art Blakey: New York Scene Concord CJ256
Dirty Dozen Brass Band: My Feet Won't Fail Me Now Concord GW 3005
Vinny Golia: Goin' Ahead 9 Winds 117
Coleman Hawkins: The Indispensable Coleman Hawkins - 1927-1956 RCA (Fr.) NL 89277
Jazzbones Xanadu 195
David Murray Big Band: Live At Sweet Basil Black Saint BSR 0085
Sonny Rollins: St. Thomas - Trio in Stockholm 1959 Dragon 73
Michal Urbaniak: Take Good Care Of My Heart SteepleChase SCS 1195
Various Artists: The Real Sound Of Jazz Pumpkin 116

MISHA MENGELBERG

PETER STEVENS

Charlie Rouse: A Social Call — Uptown
Emily Remler: Catwalk — Concord
Kronos Quartet: Monk Suite — Landmark
Michel Petrucciani: Live At The Village Vanguard — Concord
Sandra King: A Concert Of Vernon Duke — Audiophile
Joshua Breakstone: 4/4 = 1 — Sonora
David Murray: Live At Sweet Basil, Vol. 1 — Black Saint
Eddie South — Disques Swing
Keith Jarrett: Standards Vol 2 — ECM
Wynton Marsalis: Black Codes (From The Underground) — Columbia

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Chu Berry: The Calloway Years — Meritt 21/22
Bobby Watson: Beatitudes — New Note KM 11867
Don Lanphere: Into Somewhere — HEP 2019
Anthony Braxton: Seven Standards, Vol 1 — Magenta 0203
Barrelhouse Women — Magpie 4419
Earle Spencer: The Almost Forgotten — IAJRC 41
Barry Harris: For The Moment — Uptown 27.20
Warne Marsh: A Ballad Album — Criss Cross 1007
Dollar Brand: Live At Sweet Basil, Vol. 1 — Ekapa 004
Lester Bowie: Brass Fantasy — ECM 1296
Fantasy's entire OJC reissue series

AMERICA

BILL SHOEMAKER

Muhal Richard Abrams: View From Within — Black Saint 0081
Alvin Batiste/John Carter/Jimmy Hamilton/David Murray: Clarinet Summit Vol. 2 — India Navigation 1057
Lester Bowie: I Only Have Eyes For You — ECM 1296
Willem Breuker Kollektief — About Time 1006
David Holland: Seeds Of Time — ECM 1292
Khan Jamal: Dark Woman — SteepleChase 1196
Oliver Lake: Expandable Language — Black Saint 0074
Joe McPhee: Visitation — Sackville 3036
Misha Mengleberg: Change Of Season — Soul Note 1104
Sonny Rollins: The Solo Album — Milestone 9137

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IV

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Shirley Horn: The Garden Of The Blues — SteepleChase 1203
Joe McPhee: Visitation — Sackville 3036
Charles Mingus: Music Written For Monterey, 1965 — East Coasting 0013, 0014
Thelonious Monk: Live! At The Village Gate — Xanadu 202
Book — Jack Chambers: Milestones, vols. 1 & 2

MICHAEL NASTOS

Billy Bang Sextet: The Fire From Within — Soul Note
Jimmy & Jeannie Cheatham: Sweet Baby Blues — Concord
Cecil Taylor: Winged Serpent — Soul Note
Anthony Braxton: Seven Standards — Magenta
Mr. Bill Higgins — Riza
Barry Harris: For The Moment — Uptown
The Horizon Quintet: Gumbo — Amigo
Wynton / Branford Marsalis: Black Codes (From The Underground) — CBS
Out Of The Blue — Blue Note
James Newton: The African Flower — Blue Note

DICK NEELD

Duke Ellington: Reflections In Ellington — Everybodys 3005
Barbara Lea: Do It Again — Audiophile AP-175
Zoot Sims: Plays Johnny Mandel — Pablo 2310903
Jeannie Cheatham: Sweet Baby Blues — Concord CJ-258
Coleman Hawkins: Jazz Tones — Xanadu 195
Jack Teagarden's Big Eight / Pee Wee Russell's Rhythmakers — OJC 1708
Benny Carter: A Gentleman And His Music — Concord CJ-285
Duke Ellington: Happy Reunion — Doctor Jazz FW 40030
Lang/Venuti/Rollini/Sullivan/Goodman/Stacy/Freeman/Krupa/Berigan: Jazz In The Thirties — Swing SW 8457/8
Loren Schoenberg: That's The Way It Goes — Aviva 6005

JIM MACNIE

John Zorn/Michihiro Sato: Ganryu Island — Yukon Records
Cecil Taylor: Winged Serpent (Sliding Quadrants) — Soul Note
Willem Breuker Kollektief: Collective — About Time
Ed Blackwell/Dewey Redman: In Willisau — Black Saint
Miles Davis/John Coltrane: Live In Stockholm 1960 — Dragon
Don Pullen: Evidence Of Things Unseen — Black Saint
Julius Hemphill and the JAH Band: Georgia Blue — Minor Music
Steve Lacy Nine: Futurities — Hat Art
Frank Lowe: Decision In Paradise — Soul Note
Billy Bang: The Fire From Within — Soul Note

VERNON FRAZER

Steve Lacy: Futurities — Hat Art
Miles Davis with John Coltrane: Live In Stockholm — Dragon

PETER S. FRIEDMAN

The Complete Blue Note Tina Brooks Quintets — Mosaic MR4-106
Hank Mobley: Another Workout — Blue Note 84431
Barry Harris: For The Moment — Uptown 27.20
Charlie Rouse: Social Call — Uptown 27.18
Miles Davis/John Coltrane: Live In Stockholm 1960 — Dragon 90/91
Dexter Gordon: Nights At The Keystone — Blue Note 85112
Chet Baker/Warne Marsh: Blues For A Reason — Criss Cross 1010
Duke Jordan Trio: Tivoli Two — SteepleChase SCS 1193
The Great Jazz Trio: Monk's Mood — Denon 38C38-7323 (CD)
Jimmy Raney: The Master — Criss Cross 1009

GERARD J. FUTRICK

New Air: Live At Montreal International Jazz Festival — Black Saint BSR 0084
Geri Allen Trio: The Print Makers — Minor Music MM 001
Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers: New York Scene — Concord Jazz CJ 256
Craig Harris: Tributes — OTC Records OTC 804
Charles Rouse/Benny Bailey: Upper Manhattan Jazz Society — ENJA 4090
Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy: I Only Have Eyes For You — ECM 25034-1
Cecil Taylor: Segments II (Orchestra of Two Continents) Winged Serpent (Sliding Quadrants) — Soul Note SN 1089
Chet Baker Quintet: Blues For A Reason — Criss Cross Jazz 1010

BRIAN AUERBACH

Cecil Taylor: Segments II (Orchestra of Two Continents) Winged Serpent — Soul Note 1089
Max Roach Double Quartet: Easy Winners — Soul Note 1109
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season — Soul Note 1104
Taj Mahal and others: Conjure - Music for the Texts of Ishmael Reed — American Clave 1006
Steve Lacy Nine: Futurities — Hat Art 2022
Lester Bowie: I Only Have Eyes For You — ECM 25034
David Holland: Seeds Of Time — ECM 25032
James Newton: The African Flower — Blue Note 85109
Ronald Shannon Jackson: Pulse — OAO Celluloid 5011
Bill Dixon: Collection — Cadence Jazz 1024/25

SCOTT YANOW

Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season — Soul Note SN 1104
Doc Cheatham: The Fabulous — Parkwood 104
Bob Florence Limited Edition: Magic Time — Trend TR 536
Charlie Parker: The Complete Royal Roost Performances, Vol. 1 — Savoy SJL 2259
Max Roach Double Quartet: Easy Winners — Soul Note SN 1109
Pete Minger: Straight From The Source — Spinnster SP 0004
International Sweethearts Of Rhythm — Rosetta RR 1312
Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers: New York Scene — Concord CJ 256
Various Artists: Jazz In The Thirties — DRG Swing SW 8457/8
Jim Cullum: Tis The Season To Be Jammin' — World Jazz WJLP-S-21

KEVIN WHITEHEAD

Paul Smoker: QB — Alvas (USA)
Max Roach: Survivors — Soul Note
Harry Miller Quintet: Down South — Vara Jazz (Netherlands)
Misha Mengelberg: Change Of Season — Soul Note
Toshinori Kondo/Tristan Honsinger/Peter Kowald/Sabu Toyozumi: What Are You Talking About? — IMA (Japan)
Ekkehard Jost Quintet: Carambolage — View
Dave Holland Quintet: Seeds Of Time — ECM
Bill Frisell: Rambler — ECM
Kristian Blak/Yggdrasil: Concerto Grosso — Tutl (Denmark/Faroe Islands)
Alvin Batiste/John Carter/Jimmy Hamilton/David Murrary: Clarinet Summit Vol. 2 — India Navigation

BILL BESECKER

David Holland: Seeds Of Time — ECM 1292
Art Ensemble of Chicago: The Third Decade — ECM 1273
Billy Higgins: Mr. Billy Higgins — Riza 85-104

Vinny Golia Quintet: Goin' Ahead Nine Winds NWO 117
Billy Harper Quintet Pol Jazz PSJ 99
ROVA Saxophone Quartet: Saxophone Diplomacy Hat Art 2013
Arkhangelsk Leo LR135
Anthony Braxton: Four Compositions (Quartet) 1984 Black Saint BSR 0086
George Russell: The African Game Blue Note BST 85103
Paul Winter: Canyon Living Music LMR 6

INTERNATIONAL

JASON WEISS, Paris, France

Steve Lacy Nine: Futurities Hat Art 2022
Kip Hanrahan: Vertical's Currency American Clave 1010
Khan Jamal Quartet: Dark Warrior SteepleChase SCS 1196
Johnny Dyani Quartet: Angolian Cry SteepleChase SCS 1209
Paul Bley: Tango Palace Soul Note SN 1090
Kahondo Style: My Heart's In Motion Nato 469
Didier Levallet Quintet: Quiet Days Evidence EV 101
Marty Ehrlich: The Welcome Sound Aspects sas 002
Ramuntcho Matta Mosquito MOS 007
Geri Allen Trio: The Printmakers Minor Music 001
The Klezmorim Le Chant du Mond LDX 74854 (issued in the US as Notes From The Underground, Flying Fish Records)
Randy Weston: Blue 1750 Arch Records S-1802

ROLAND BAGGENAES, Copenhagen

Sidney Bechet: The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Sidney Bechet Mosaic MR6-110
Miles Davis/John Coltrane: Live In Stockholm 1960 Dragon DRLP 90/91
Billie Holiday: Masters of Jazz, Vol. 3 Storyville SLP-4103
Keith Jarrett: Standards, Vol. 2 ECM 25023
Warne Marsh: A Ballad Album Criss Cross 1007
Warne Marsh/Lee Konitz: Warne Marsh & Lee Konitz, Vol. 3 Storyville SLP-4096
Charles Mingus: The Complete Candid Recordings of Charles Mingus Mosaic MR4-111
Charlie Parker: Bird At The Roost Savoy 2259
Bud Powell: Alternate Takes Blue Note 84430
Lester Young: Masters of Jazz, Vol. 7 Storyville SLP-4107

J. HOSIASSON, Santiago, Chile

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers: New York Scene Concord Jazz CJ-256
Phil Woods Quintet: Integrity - The New Phil Woods Quintet Live Red Records VPA 177
Wynton Marsalis: Black Codes Columbia 40009
David Holland: Seeds Of Time ECM 1292
Lee Konitz Nonet: Live At Laren Soul Note SN 1069
Frank Foster & Frank Wess: Two For The Blues Pablo 2310-905
Charles Mingus Sextet: Concertgebouw Amsterdam April 10, 1964 Ulysse-AROC 5056/507
Duke Ellington and his Orchestra: Featuring Paul Gonsalves Fantasy F-9636
Duke Ellington: Reflections of Ellington Everybodys 3005
Clifford Brown/Max Roach Quintet: More Study In Brown EmArcy 195J-1

ELLEN BRANDT, Berlin, West Germany

Tony Coe: Le Chat Se Retourne nato
King Ubu Orchestru Uhlklang
Beresford/Coe/Cornford/Coxhill/Hacker/Holland/Wachsmann: Sept Tableaux Phoniques Erik Satie nato
Peter Kowald/Barry Guy: Paintings FMP
Joelle Leandre: Sincerely Plainisphare
Louis Sclavis: Clarinettes ida Records
Richard Teitelbaum: Blends & Digital Pianos Lumina Records
M. Westbrook, Biscoe: A Little Westbrook Music LWM
Peter Brotzmann: 14 Love Poems FMP
Andre Jaume: Musique pour 3 & 8, Errance hat Art

EDDIE LAMBERT, Oldham, Lancashire

The Capitol Jazzmen 1943-1947 Swaggie 1406
Duke Ellington: Reflections In Ellington Everybodys EV-5005
Duke Ellington: Duke 56/62 Vols. 1,2,3 French CBS 88653, 88654, 26306
The Real Sound of Jazz Pumpkin 116
Sonny Rollins: Way Out West Contemporary COP 006
Luis Russell and his Orchestra 1929-1930 Swaggie 828
Stuff Smith/Stephane Grappelli: Violins No End Pablo 2310 907
1940: Count Basie, Louis Armstrong, etc. Everybodys EV-3006
Bukka White: Aberdeen Mississippi Blues Travellin' Man TM 806
Teddy Wilson: The Complete School of Pianists Recordings 1938-1939 Meritt 23

ROGER PARRY, Hong Kong

Joe McPhee: Visitation Sackville 3036
ROVA Sax Quartet: Saxophone Diplomacy Hat Art 2013
COMPANY: Epiphany/ies Incus 46/47
Gunther Sommer: Ascenseur pour le 28 Nato 329
New Air: Live At Montreal IJF BSR 0084
Various: Dada For Now ARK/DOVE 4
Didier Levallet: Scoop IAO 1006
Anthony Braxton: Composition 113 SAS 003
Maggie Nichols/Lindasy Cooper/Joelle Leandre Live At The Bastille Sync Pulse 1789
Evan Parker/George Lewis/Barry Guy/Paul Lytton: Hook, Drift and Shuffle Incus 45

JAZZ LITERATURE

The following books are only available by direct mail order.

MARION BROWN
Discography
by Hugo de Craen and Eddy Janssens
New Think!, March 1985

This is the most recent New Think! publication; the first edition – of 200 copies – is dated March, 1985. It is similar in concept to the two earlier well-constructed discographies promulgated from Belgium by these two compilers which covered Anthony Braxton (July, 1982) and The Art Ensemble of Chicago (August, 1983).

The document, under soft covers bearing monochrome photographs of Brown by Roger de Keyser, comprises 52 pages which contain –

* a joint introductory statement by the authors;

* guidance on the use of the discography;

* the body of the work itself, being some 36 pages dealing chronologically with fifty-six session dates (from December, 1964 to January, 1985) of material recorded in which Marion Brown has participated, details of Brown compositions performed by others and of his involvement in film soundtracks, all brought up with concluding consolidated amplifying/explanatory footnotes;

* a series of indexes – Brown albums by title; albums where Brown is not a principal; musicians; Brown compositions; Brown co-compositions together with compositions by others; Brown albums by label; others albums, by label; unissued recordings; albums by others which feature Brown compositions.

This is an attractively produced document which presents a wealth of information in an ordered manner and which, by means of several indexes, gives the user rapid access to that information. For those with more than a superficial interest in the music of Marion Brown, and who would seek some "contextuality" for those performances of his that they may have at their disposal, reading this publication should prove pleasant and enlightening.

New Think! vzw, is at E. Jacquemainlaan 54a, 15, 1000 Brussels, Belgium.

– Roger Parry

BOOK NOTES

Living Texas Blues is a book and cassette package published by the Dallas Museum of Art celebrating the art of Texas Blues. There are 88 pages of text and photographs about the blues, Texas and some of the artists who performed and recorded from that region in the U.S.

The best features of this book are the photographs. Much of the text comes from other sources and the treatment is superficial. No expense seems to have been spared in the book's production while the reality of life for many in that region has changed little since the days when Mance Lipscomb sharecropped twenty acres and good years brought him no more than $200.00.

Dallas and Houston have been the principal urban centres to provide employment for blues performers and the decrepit state of Houston's Dowling Street today, sitting in the shadow of that city's downtown glitter, shows that changes have been few. What has changed is the music – and the cassette recording which accompanies this book is valuable for its recordings by Osceola Mays of *The Civil War* and *The War Is On* – two poems handed down from the past but which still have impact and meaning for today. The music recorded reflects the traditions of Texas Blues up to the time of T-Bone Walker some forty years ago. There are recordings of Blind Lemon Jefferson, Lillian Glinn, Leadbelly, Lightnin' Hopkins, Mance Lipscomb and Pee Wee Crayton as well as newly taped music by Bill Neely, Alex Moore, Robert Shaw, Lavada Durst and two selections in the T-Bone style by Pete Mayes and Joe Hughes.

What this tape doesn't reveal is the vitality of today's music in Texas – and the broad mix of influences to be found there. Neither the tape nor the book give any real indication that the social forces which produced the blues are still there in Texas just as they are to be found in other parts of the South. E.R. Shipp reported recently in the New York Times about racism surviving intact in Dawson, Georgia and the same could be said of a community like Brunswick, Ga. where you only have to find the main street named after Martin Luther King to realize that you have crossed over into a totally different (and poorer) world from that to be found two blocks away.

Perhaps it's safer for the Dallas Museum to spend its money glorifying and romanticizing the past achievements of people unable to benefit from the economic growth of the region rather than doing something to turn that situation around. We wonder, for instance, how many black children in Texas will have the opportunity to discover this documentation of their heritage. The book and cassette are available from the Dallas Museum of Art, 1717 North Harwood, Dallas, Texas 75201 for US $18.00.

Mainstream Jazz Reference and Price Guide 1949-1965 (Published by O'Sullivan Woodside, 2218 E. Magnolia, Phoenix, Arizona 85034 $14.95) is a fascinating and well researched guide to the collector's world of rare jazz lps. Once you have a copy of this book you'll have a better idea of what to offer for rare out-of-print lps (in the swing and bop styles – the book's focus) in the auction lists which are proliferating today. There's a valuable guide to the label and jacket differences which determine the rarity (and value) of different issues of the same record. Collecting original editions of jazz lps has become as complex and expensive a hobby as obtaining rare stamps.

The value of a particular lp in this market has nothing to do with the music. In fact, one could question the motives of people searching for these rare lps. In many cases the music has been reissued and the sound quality improved. But if you own lps from the 1950s and have wondered what they are worth this book gives you the answer. All you have to do is find the person who can't live without it – and you've made a capital gain!! The prices shown give a good indication of their value in today's market.

Two further "Name" discographies have appeared recently. Collectors of music by these artists will appreciate the extraordinary dedication and work of the compilers (and earlier researchers) of these listings. In each case, they are first rate reference works:

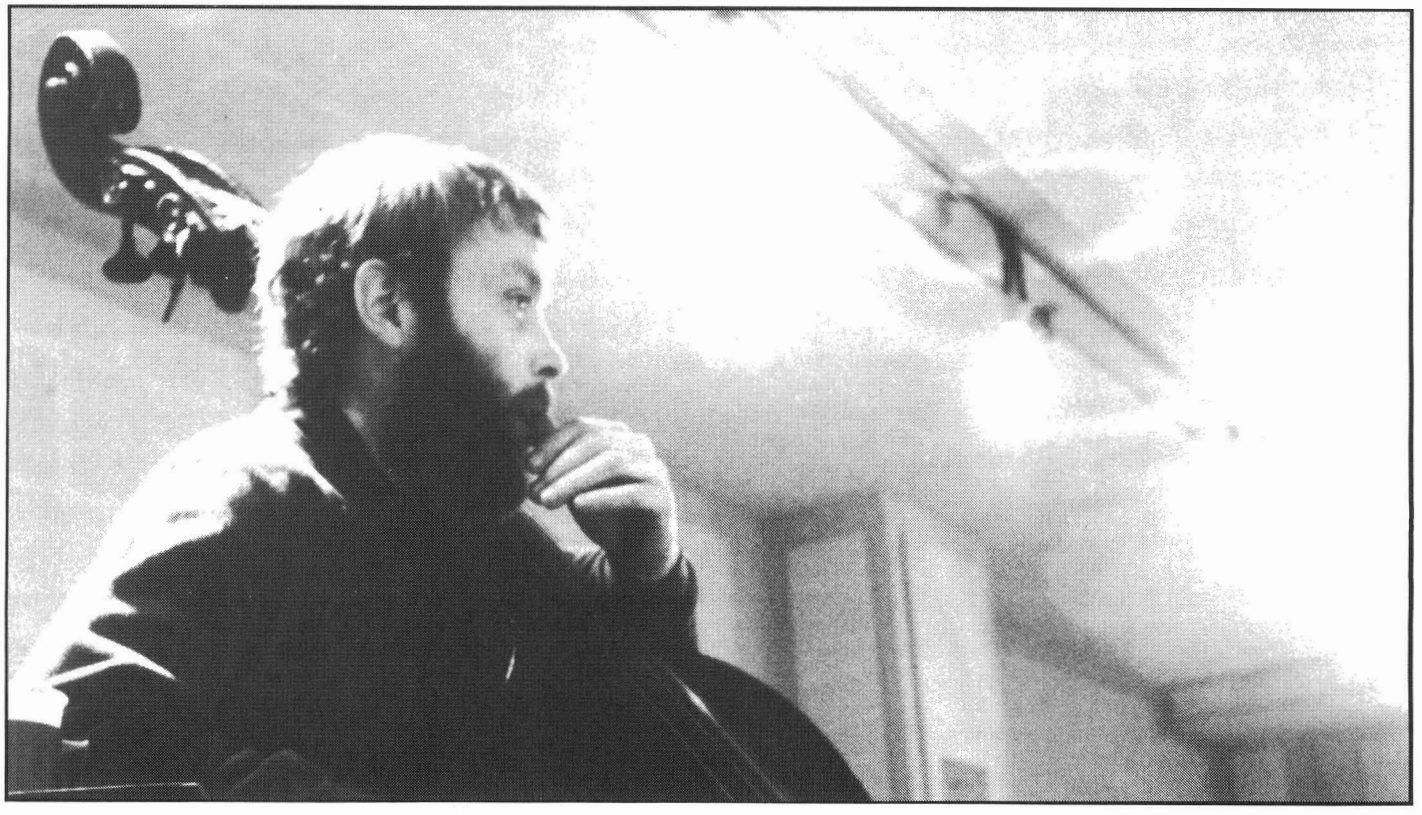
Lee Morgan: Discography by Roger Wernboe, 65 pages. Available from the author at Vantvagen 1, 133 00 Saltsjobaden, Sweden. Cost is 60 Swedish crowns, including postage and handling.

Chet: The Discography of Chesney Henry Baker by Hans Henrik Lerfeldt and Thorbjorn Sjogren. 128 pages of text and photographs. Available from Tidern Skifter, Publishers, Sct. Pedersstraede 28B, DK 1453 Copenhagen K, Denmark. Single copies available for US $15.50 including postage by surface mail. (Airmail rates on request).

In Memory of Ike Quebec: A Discography by Claude Schlouch. This third volume of the Ike Quebec Discography was published in February 1985 and updates earlier versions. 21 pages of discography and two indexes. Available from the author at Les Hesperides Bat C6, Bd des Alpes, 13012 Marseilles, France. No price given. *– John Norris*

David Holland - Seeds Of Time

David Holland is possibly the most famous bassist in jazz today; certainly, with the formation of the David Holland Quintet, the most famous bassist/bandleader. There are many reasons that a musician can become known, and there are many qualities that can make him into the leader of his own group. In Holland's case, he is not known because of termperament, famous associations, or show business flash; his reputation is built on sheer instrumental ability.



To say that Holland is the "best" bassist in jazz would be ridiculous, since by definition everyone who develops their own style on an instrument can do something with it that other players can't. However, it is reasonable to say that his dexterity on the instrument is unequalled — not "technique," because technique can mean so many things. The sheer speed with which Holland can play the pizzicato (plucked) bass is a technical consideration that often stuns the listener even before the deeper musical qualities of his playing can be appreciated. This facility is the basis of his reputation, even to the extent of overshadowing his other talents — his abilities as an improvisor, the musical qualities of his playing, his abilities as cellist and as composer, all of which add up to a musical persona more remarkable than is generally acknowledged.

The speed of his playing has been a central factor in Holland's development, an element so strong that it may at times have hindered as much as helped that development. There have been times when, hearing a Holland bass solo, one feels that those hands have developed such facility that even their owner is no longer in complete control of them. Recent Quintet performances, however, have shown Holland to have overcome this tendency; rather than succumbing to the glibness of extreme facility, he has attacked the bass with a new ferocity, in doing so lifting the intensity of his playing to a new level. A hard-won battle; no doubt when Holland told a university workshop that "whatever you do best is your own worst obstacle to originality," he was speaking from intimate personal experience. (***Coda***, January 1975, review by Greg Gallagher).

Among musicians Holland's reputation is impeccable, and over the years, through teaching, his dedication, self-discipline and knowledge has influenced a whole generation of students. In recent years he has become director of the summer jazz program at the Banff Centre for the Arts in Alberta, and the fact that the faculty there has included Cecil Taylor, Sam Rivers, Anthony Braxton and others, as well as Holland and his Quintet members, indicates the scope of Holland's vision.

That he has arrived at this position, in the context of the bassist's place in jazz history, has been made possible not just through his own talents, but through recent developments, both artistic and technological, in the music.

In the early history of jazz, unlike the brass, reeds, piano, guitar or drums, there were no "stars" of the double bass. Certainly there were virtuosos, but the low volume of the instrument and the supportive, rather than featured, role it played in ensemble music made the virtues of bassists appreciated mostly by other musicians — especially the musicians they played with. To the public's ears, the bass certainly occupied a background role. For many years the bassist could make a strong impression in performance only through novelty, such as Bob Haggart's ***Big Noise From Winnetka*** with the Bob Crosby band (where Ray Bauduc played the bass with his drumsticks) or Slam Stewart's featured solos where he sang along with his bowed bass. "Technique," for a bassist, was understood somewhat differently than it is today; the bassist's ability to maintain a steady beat, and to project his sound were necessary because the music was usually played for dancing, and amplification, if it existed at all, was minimal. Even if placed right next to the body of a bass, a microphone (best wrapped in a cloth and stuffed under the bridge) would easily feed back if turned up too loud. Early experiments with contact microphones often turned the bass itself into a huge microphone, picking up the sound of all the other instruments at the expense of its own.

In any event, efforts to give the bass a more featured role in the ensemble would not have been necessarily welcome anyway, in the context of what was essentially a dance music — regardless of his dexterity the bassist was more valued for his time and his stamina, his ability to keep playing those four, or even two, beats to the bar. For years it was not necessary, pro-

DAVID HOLLAND (Photograph by Bill Smith)

fessionally, for bassists to expand their technique in other directions. As a result, as we can hear on early recordings often a "bass feature" would consist of eight or more bars where the rest of the band would stop playing and the bass would keep walking, still following the changes, the player not expected to step out and make a statement, but to humbly appreciate this brief homage to his contributory role.

In the 1950s, the bass assumed a more prominent role in jazz. This was partly due to the move towards smaller ensembles — which almost always still retained a bassist — and the rise to prominence of two brilliant bassist/composers who were also strong personalities as leaders: Oscar Pettiford and Charles Mingus. As the music became accepted as an art for listening rather than for dancing, the demand for volume became less severe; the need to spend hours every night producing a big, fat sound, four to the bar and right on the beat, began to relax.

These changes were conducive to the researches musicians were making into greater liberty of form and tempo. Bassists were central to this movement: Mingus' ***What Love*** duet with Eric Dolphy's bass clarinet is perhaps the most advanced for its time in terms of using the arco (bowed) bass as a voice. With Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden was taking great harmonic liberties with the bass, although still keeping fairly strict time. On the other hand, Cecil Taylor's music blossomed outwards when his bassists stopped keeping an insistent 4/4 beat, and he began working with Alan Silva and Henry Grimes.

By 1961, perhaps the most influential bassist was Scott LaFaro, who worked both within the song form (eg. with Bill Evans) and outside of it (eg. with Ornette Coleman). LaFaro was a very musical bassist, but what made him influential was his incredible dexterity; musicality cannot always be emulated by other musicians, but dexterity can. Advances in the technology of amplification were allowing bassists to be heard more easily, and this enabled them to play faster, since they did not have to work so hard at being audible. Furthermore, since amplification made it unnecessary to make the whole body of the bass vibrate in order to project their sound, bassists could lower their bridges to place the strings closer to the fingerboard and reduce the tension on them, to make the instrument much easier to play. As it is the bridge that transmits the vibration of the strings through the body of the bass, the decreased tension made for a thinner tone, but for most players this was offset by the speed that they gained, and the fact that improved amplifiers and the new bass pickups allowed them to be heard under any conditions.

Scott LaFaro died in 1961, at the age of twenty-five. His successor, in terms of being a bassist of astounding facility, comfortable in styles ranging from the song form to completely free improvisation, was David Holland.

"I think Scotty (LaFaro) was a very important stage and I would never underestimate what he represented. But Scotty also had his roots, and he drew from other people like Mingus and Paul Chambers. Now Paul's approach to the bass was a very important step too, because you know that the way the bass would be playing four in a bar and there would be a little triplet drop — well, right there is where the whole thing started for me. Scotty took the idea and said, well, maybe I could even leave out more than that, and maybe color a little more. One of the beautiful things about Scotty was that he was able to do that and still be a bass player. A lot of bass players when they heard Scotty felt the bass doesn't have to be a bass at all. And they just went out and played as much as they could over the top. I felt called to that too. And still do. But what Scotty had got together somehow was the ability to color and to make the rhythm very, very free, but at the same time always giving you the feeling that he was there supporting in a very solid way." (***Coda***, interview with Bill Smith, March/April '73).

The English bassist David Holland was still in his very early twenties in 1968 when, playing with a local group opposite The Bill Evans Trio at the Ronnie Scott club in London, he was heard and hired by Miles Davis. A tenure with Miles is the pinnacle of most musicians' careers. For Holland it was a great turning point in his life: it brought him suddenly from England to America, from obscurity into the spotlight of working with a jazz legend; yet it was only the beginning of his development as an artist. Miles had brought to the USA the most startling bassist of his generation; yet the direction Davis was taking in his music meant that his own need for musicians as creative as Holland was diminishing. Holland left Miles Davis to play with Barry Altschul and Chick Corea. With the addition of Anthony Braxton they formed the quartet Circle. After Circle, Holland played with the two most long-lasting and influential groups of his career, those led by Sam Rivers and Anthony Braxton. The quartet of Braxton, Holland, Altschul and Kenny Wheeler is still considered Braxton's "classic" quartet, and Holland during these years, the early and mid-seventies, was the most consistent member of it. Indeed neither Braxton nor Holland have ever found fellow players of quite their own magical compatibility — players as adventurous as they both are, plus schooled in so many facets of music as to meet any musical challenge they might create for each other.

As is often the case with skilled "rhythm section" musicians living in the New York area, the musicians Holland has played with are truly too numerous to mention. Obviously it would be well within his abilities to make a living playing in other peoples' groups, and still find time for family life and his own musical projects. When asked why, instead, he chose one of the most difficult paths open to a musician — leading his own band, in the process taking a host of musical, personal and professional responsibilities, he cited his experiences with Circle, Anthony Braxton, and Sam Rivers. His membership in such long-term working groups has been his most satisfying musical situation to date. A situation in which one's identity contributes to the group, and where in turn the group supports and nurtures each member's individual growth. No amount of "jobbing," no matter how good the money, can provide the fulfillment of being part of a unique musical language. Holland also cites his illness of several years ago. A virus infection, affecting his heart, suddenly hospitalized him. Upon his recovery, he felt the impetus that such a crisis can often provide — the realization that "now's the time" to make the most of his talents, and that the responsibility was his to make his music heard in an optimum context.

The David Holland Quintet is made up of associates from different stages of Holland's career — his old friend Kenny Wheeler on trumpet and flugelhorn, trombonist Julian Priester, whom he met while teaching at the Cornish Institute in Washington, and relative newcomers Steve Coleman (alto saxophone) and Marvin Smith (drums). The music they play is very much jazz — although Holland was part of the Spontaneous Music Ensemble in England during the sixties, and has more recently recorded with Derek Bailey, Evan Parker and George Lewis for Incus, he readily acknowledges that it is the Afro-American improvising tradition that draws him the most. His loyalty to that tradition is just one of the reasons that he chooses to remain in the USA rather than return to his native England. It's not surprising that a jazz musician of his energy and ability would want to stay close to the musical hotbed of New York City rather than return to the relative quiet — and much more tenuous work situation — that London offers.

The Quintet is in a sense a microcosm of Holland's playing — disciplined and precise, yet confident to take improvisatory leaps whenever the opportunity arises. Holland's compositions are always interesting, especially as they reveal the fruits of some of his past experiences with Anthony Braxton. In his writing Holland has never searched for the extremes of conceptual abstraction, or sheer expression, that Braxton has, yet it has seemed, ever since his brilliant quartet recording of 1972, "Conference of the Birds" (ECM 1027 with Braxton, Rivers and Altschul) that Holland has consolidated many of the compositional ideas of Braxton and other members of the post-Ornette generation into a jazzy, lyrical style that is very much his own.

It is easy, and not uncommon in this period, to mourn the passing of the great days of jazz. The music's demise can be proven by pointing out how many of its great artists have passed away; the premature loss of Mingus, Monk, Dolphy, Coltrane, Ayler, Booker Little, and so on, who should be alive today, have left in their passing an orphaned generation of musicians, who have been robbed of a great source of strength and inspiration. This is true as far as it goes — but it is also true that the brilliance of these artists went largely unrecognized in their lifetimes. By the same token we have among us, now, musicians of comparable stature. One difference is that improvised music has taken so many directions that "jazz" as a living tradition often seems to have vanished. If so, its legacy continues in many wonderful forms. Perhaps in the future, this time in improvised music will not seem like the scattered landscape that appears to us now; rather it will appear as a world-wide movement promulgated by a host of major figures. Artists such as Roscoe Mitchell, Leo Smith, Anthony Braxton, Derek Bailey, Evan Parker, Peter Kowald and others, as well as their predecessors Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, will be seen as part of a great movement into a new music. One of these major figures, especially in the sense of linking the past traditions of jazz to its multiple futures, will certainly be David Holland.

*— **David Lee***

THE COMPLETE CANDID RECORDINGS OF CHARLES MINGUS

Mosaic MR4 - 111

As with most English jazz fans of my generation, the middle 50s, the major way to hear American music was via the phonograph record, so although I would eventually, in 1963, move to North America to live, and experience American music in its own social reality, my teenage introduction to Charles Mingus was through the Paul Bley trio recording on Debut with Mingus and Art Blakey. Debut – what an apt name that has turned out to be.

One of the disadvantages of growing into the music through recordings is that there is a tendency to become a paper chase expert, and my early experience of Charles Mingus live at the Five Spot Cafe in the middle sixties, with Dannie Richmond, Paul Bley, Charles McPherson, Roy Burrows and Jaki Byard, made me understand that although I *knew* a great deal about jazz music, and although I had the experience of hearing it live in concert, to sit in a small club on the lower east side of New York and be *with* the music, was to bring about a totally new awareness of what it represented. In a way it was similar to the intimate experiences I'd had in my youth, in the cellars and backrooms of English pubs, but elevated to the level of the master musician.

Let's not forget that Charles Mingus was a master musician.

In the fifteen years that I was privileged to hear his music in person (he passed into the spirit world on January 5, 1979), the variety and power was such that it was impossible for it to ever leave me. From those nights at the Five Spot Cafe on Saint Marks Place, the Colonial Tavern and the El Mocambo in Toronto, the Monday nights at the Village Vanguard, and the privilege of being a guest at his fifty-second birthday party, there was never a doubt about the continuing strength of Mingus, and even though, like all creative people, he was not always at the peak of his abilities, his average was so splendid that the ordinary nights were still a participation in paradise.

On numerous occasions throughout his lifetime, Charles Mingus is purported to have denigrated the avant garde, and yet when one considers the definition of this term – The pioneers or innovators in any art in a particular period – and the quartet, completed by Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson and Dannie Richmond, that is the nucleus of the music contained on the first five sides of this four record set, one has to wonder just what Charles Mingus thought being avant garde represented.

It's clear that by the time he recorded "Pithecanthropus Erectus" (Atlantic 1237) on January 30, 1956, the crystal ball had cleared allowing the first glimpse of the music's future. This would be clarified over the next four years with the recordings "The Clown" (Atlantic 1260), "Tonight At Noon" (Atlantic 1460), "Tijuana Moods" (RCA 2533), "Blues And Roots" (Atlantic 1305) and "Mingus Ah Um" (Columbia 8171), which constitute, prior to release of the Candid issues, my six favorite Charles Mingus recordings.

The system he had invented, imagined, or simply developed as part of a tradition that was already used by his hero Duke Ellington, is described by Michael Cuscuna in the booklet in the Mosaic boxed set as follows....

"In order to realize his compositions without the stiff execution that reading musical parts leads to, Mingus had learned by '56 to convey the intent and feeling of a piece and to sing the parts to each player and make him memorize it orally. This forced each musician to grasp what he could and to interpret it naturally through his own sound, phrasing and instinct. The result was a deliberate, powerful looseness that served the individual and the collective. In a controlled reading of a composition, an error or unsynchronized phrase would be a jarring flaw. With Mingus, ensemble music sounded as natural as breathing or conversation. And it was. He pushed his sidemen so hard that they did it in spite of him."

The first one hundred and seven minutes of this Mosaic set were recorded in just one day. October 20th, 1960. One could assume that the cohesiveness, spontaneity and, on many occasions throughout these sessions, pure genius was in part a natural process of a working band that had, at the time of these recordings, been in residence at the Showplace, which eventually became known as The Scene, located on West 4th Street in New York's Greenwich Village, since the beginning of that year.

When one sees the actual recording sessions' compositions layed out in logical sequence, as in the enclosed informative booklet, the idea that produced these sessions becomes somewhat akin to the nature of the events that must have taken place at the Showplace. The basic quartet of Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson and Dannie Richmond recorded *Folk Forms No. 1, Original Faubus Fables, What Love, All The Things You Could Have Been If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother* and *Stormy Weather*; representing some of the most eloquent improvisation in the history of black american music. For the previously unreleased *Reincarnation Of A Love Bird*, the quartet is expanded by the addition of Lonnie Hillyer (trpt), Charles McPherson (alto) and Nico Bunick (piano). Booker Ervin's tough tenor expands the group for *Vasserlean*, and the final addition of the trombonists Jimmy Knepper and Brit Woodman, expanding the original quartet into a ten piece orchestra climax of the marvelous composition *MDM* (Monk - Duke - Mingus) which consists of "...three intertwining themes – Duke Ellington's *Main Stem*, Thelonius Monk's *Straight, No Chaser* and Mingus' *Fifty First Street Blues*."

To give even more atmosphere to this

CHARLES MINGUS (Photograph by Bill Smith)

miracle that took place a quarter century ago, the excerpt that follows, from the liner notes of the original Candid release, written by producer Nat Hentoff, clearly explains the emotions that jazz music in the past could muster. The most that we can have in this period is the reproduced sounds on this recording, but Nat Hentoff was there, involved with this important part of American history.....

"Until the end of October, 1960, Charles Mingus had been in volcanic residence at the Showplace in Greenwich Village for nearly a year. The room is comparatively small, and there were times when the towering passions of Mingus himself, let alone his men, seemed about to burst through the walls and level the buildings on West 4th Street. When visiting journalist friends of mine came to New York, I invariably ended a jazz tour by taking them to the Showplace. There was no other experience in jazz at all like it.

"For most of that year, Mingus' colleagues included his perennial drummer, Dannie Richmond; trumpeter Ted Curson and Eric Dolphy on alto and bass clarinet. Mingus subtitles his band, The Jazz Workshop, and the term is entirely accurate. For almost a decade, since basing himself in New York, Mingus has served as a kind of Lee Strasberg of jazz. He has taken many men into his group (most of them virtually unknown when they started with him) and has challenged them to find themselves musically. Some have lasted only a night, others a week, and a few stayed for long stretches. The conditions of apprenticeship in the Mingus Jazz Workshop are fiercely demanding. Mingus, for one thing, cannot endure evasion or musical sleight-of-hand of any kind. He insists on a man giving all he can all the time. The goal is impossible; but it's always on the wall in the Workshop, and there are nights when Mingus hovers over his men like a brooding Zeus making up the final score card for eternity. His own moods are unpredictable. When he is buoyant, the bandstand becomes a picnic ground in Elysium. When he is angry, the room contracts and is filled with the crackling tension of an impending electric storm. At those times, Mingus' bass begins to mutter like a thunderbolt on the way. This huge cauldron of emotions at the center of a band can be taxing to a sideman; but if the latter has his own center of emotional and musical gravity, he can survive – and grow."

The preceding recordings were made in a period of personal crisis in Mingus' groups, and soon this incredible quartet would no longer exist. Dolphy recorded several more times with Mingus, including five pieces, as yet undiscussed, contained in this boxed set. For Ted Curson, on the evidence that I have, this one year (1960), must have been the highlight of his contribution to jazz music, for on record at least he has never again achieved these illustrious heights.

The second recording session for Candid took place on November 11, 1960, and for convenient discussion can be divided into two sections. The first of which is the whole of side six, and contains three compositions. *Bugs* and *Reincarnation Of A Love Bird*, both previously unissued, and *Lock 'Em Up. Bugs*, a beboppy styled composition is performed by the septet of Lonnie Hillyer, Charles McPherson, the two replacements for Curson and Dolphy in the Jazz Workshop, the addition of tenorist Booker Ervin and pianist Paul Bley, and the rhythm team of Mingus and Richmond remain the perennials.

There is a small disappointment with *Bugs*, in that both McPherson and Hillyer are simplified extensions of the Bird/Diz syndrome, and do not have the effervescence of the original Jazz Workshop group. This becomes even clearer in the following two pieces, *Reincarnation Of A Love Bird* and *Lock 'Em Up,* as Curson and Dolphy are once again added to the front line and the music miraculously takes on its previous exuberant character, except that the solos taken by the new members harken back to a past era and the greatness of Mingus' music, although not destroyed, certainly loses the force that made the five previous sides of this release so spectacular.

The final two sides of this four record set, also recorded at the November 11th session, are just simply amazing in that they bring together, as a result of the inspiration that was produced earlier that summer at the Newport Rebel Festival, music of several different stylistic areas. The quartet of Roy Eldridge (trpt), Tommy Flanagan (piano), Charles Mingus (bass) and Jo Jones (drums) perform *Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams* and *Me And You*. They are joined for the remaining three compositions, *Mysterious Blues,* the previously unreleased *Body And Soul* and *R & R* by Eric Dolphy on alto and Jimmy Knepper, trombone. Once again, I turn to Nat Hentoff, this time quoting from the original liner notes of the Candid album, "Newport Rebels – Jazz Artists Guild."

"For the first time on this album, Roy Eldridge and Charlie Mingus recorded together. Mingus, who has enormous respect for Roy, was diffident at first about playing with him. At the end of the date, Mingus was lifted into euphoria when Roy told him: 'I'm glad I made this. I wanted to find out what bag you were in. Now I know you're in the right bag. I'm not naming names but a lot of the young ones are so busy being busy on their instruments, they forget the basics. They don't get all the way down into the music. You did, baby. It's good to know. There are very few of us left out here.' As the opening *Mysterious Blues* (which was born at the date) demonstrates, Eric Dolphy, Jimmy Knepper and Tommy Flanagan also got as far down into the music as did Roy and Jo Jones. Roy was startled as Eric plunged into his solo. He kept nodding, his smile broadening, and pointed to his ear, mouthing the words 'He can really hear!' Knepper again indicates that, along with Bob Brookmeyer, he is the most individual and imaginative of the post-J.J. Johnson generation of trombonists. There is a brilliant Mingus bass solo, and then Roy authoritatively calls all the children home. A young modern trumpeter from Detroit was watching Roy in sudden admiration. At the end of the take, Roy laughed, and said to him, 'We're still trying, aren't we?'"

Every Saturday lunchtime, for years, a small group of us would meet in a pub on the corner of Winnet Street and Wardour Street in London's Soho district to partake in Youngers Scotch Ale. We came from different parts of the city, and some even came from other towns. This was our weekly ritual. Hang out and drink beer. Then peruse the various shops that we were interested in. Sometimes attend a movie. Finally, as the day was coming to a close, we would head for our favorite jazz club, the Marquee on Oxford Street, to listen to the music of the Joe Harriot quintet. The record store that was the supplier of our sound addiction was Dobell's, at that time located at 77 Charing Cross Road. One of these Saturday afternoons, in the summer of 1961, because Charles Mingus was in town to make the film "All Night Long", there was a display in the store window of Charles Mingus' records. The one that I purchased, and the one that I still own, was "Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus" (Candid 8005), which is the first record in the Mosaic boxed set. This record has been a significant part of my jazz education, my history as a man. If Charles Mingus has not been a part of your experience, then there is a vast discrepancy in your existence that you should rectify by purchasing this fine recorded example of his art.

– Bill Smith
3 January 1986

Research sources include "Mingus: A Critical Biography" (Quartet Books) by Brian Priestley – and "Eric Dolphy: A Musical Biography and Discography" (Smithsonian Institute) by Vladimir Simosko and Barry Tepperman.

As American musicians were heading to Europe in the 60s in order to find a greater creative and social freedom, a reverse trend seems to be taking place in the 80s, namely, that European musicians are coming to America to offer us some of their own inputs. Orchestras like the Willem Breuker Kollektief, the Vienna Art Orchestra and a host of individual players like Peter Brotzmann and Peter Kowald, to name only a few, have recently performed in Canada. Some have even been fortunate enough to be in residence here, performing and organizing workshops which offer a different venue than the standardized training dispensed at our universities and conservatories.

To that effect, German bassist Peter Kowald spent the latter part of June '85 in Montreal, playing various duo and trio combinations while heading a three day workshop rehearsal band. Born in Germany in 1944, Peter Kowald works out of Wuppertal, but is equally active with the financially beleaguered Free Music Productions (FMP) of Berlin, one of Europe's long-standing alternate vistas for what is known to be "new" or "avant-garde" improvisational music.

To his credit, he has been a driving force behind Alexander Von Schlippenbach's Globe Unity Orchestra, both at its inception in 1966 and at its revival in 1973. Between the smaller units and the large 19 piece workshop band he led here, there is a whole range of activities he is pursuing, some of which he shared with me during his recent stay, made possible through a government grant for visiting artists.

PETER KOWALD · A Global Musician..

The creation of music through spontaneous improvisation is always a hit-and-miss experience, especially when there is absolutely no preconceived material involved. The music may either be muddled by inexperience or confined by the mannerisms of the performers, or else it may be completely fruitful on account of the sensibilities of those involved. Moreover, as the number of participants increase, so does the difficulty to produce a cohesive level of interplay. Kowald best describes his own perception of the music he strives for:

"In fact, improvisation can be like composition, in that it can be so clear and so defined on the spot, that it could have been composed like written parts. My approach to music over the years is to make improvisation much more clear, or to say something more clearly through improvisation."

But the clarity he is looking for comes out of his own particular evolution within the music played in Europe in the late 60s which, at first, was deeply influenced by the ESP records and a few on the Impulse label. Those incentives helped that new generation of improvisers to follow their own course by asserting a brand of free music that they could document via the recordings of independently owned labels such as FMP in Berlin.

"In the 60s there was a lot of this very energetic free improvisation in Germany. But after everything had been freed for a while, people then have to get back to thinking about what the contents of that freedom might be. Having discussed this with people like Fred van Hove, Peter Brotzmann, Alexander von Schlippenbach and Irene Schweizer, we all seem to say that after having done all this improvisation for such a long time, it gets more and more clear and that is what interests me."

As for the situation of FMP, which was reported to be near its imminent demise (See *Coda* 201, p.22), Kowald nevertheless tells us of some more recent developments.

"Our subsidies were just about running out when the Berlin Government decided to support us again. At this time, we have slowed down the tempo and we are now trying to put out five or six records a year.

"I think that people now have to consider more precisely what they are going to put out, instead of just wanting to think about why *the record is coming out and to me, that is positive. In other words, you have to make a little more definite choice of what you want to do and what you want to have out, so that is good too."*

However, this change alters the original purpose of FMP, which was to document on a regular basis the on-going development of their work. He gives full credit to Jost Gebers and Dieter Hahne for having maintained such a frantic pace over the years (some 18 records a year) up until 1982 or 83.

But his activities in recording and performing do not fully account for his main interest in workshops and musical associations. Having been active in that area over the last decade in his native Germany, he has more recently expanded his horizons by working with professionals and non-professionals alike outside of his own country. In 1982, he spent the better part of two months in Japan and, in 1984, he had an extended stay in New York City, during which time he was instrumental in organizing the Sound Unity Festival, an event which brought together some of today's most exciting players of the new music. During our conversation, he explained how this event came about.

"A friend of mine, A.R. Penck, is a well-known and wealthy painter from Germany who gave me a gift of 18,000 American dollars so I could put on this festival. That money was first used to start up an organization, a kind of musicians cooperative, that includes people like William Parker, Butch Morris, Wayne Horvitz and others who have been supporting such activities. Basically, we organized a festival and I think that about 115 musicians played over 5 nights, 5 bands a night, and it was a great thing to do. But we also put on a lot of events before the festival: we organized a series of duo concerts on the Lower East Side and we had things going on every Sunday afternoon for two and a half months right up until the festival. We also did other things at another place, the Shuttle Theater Lab, also on the Lower East Side; we organized little festivals and a series of concerts in cooperation with other organizations in that area."

Central to his concerns is this cooperative aspect that is essential to all musical associations and to the performance of the music itself; whereas a lot of music has been subordinated to written parts and to the composer's intentions, the workshop concept now permits the establishment of a democratic process that allows for the growth of a work from nothing more than a few sketchy thematic phrases to that of a complex group-oriented performance. In his own words, he describes this approach in these terms:

"I just do not see the workshop as rehearsal sessions, but I see it as well as something working towards a result, which was the concert itself. So the concert aspect of it is as important as the workshop itself."

Beyond these immediate considerations, though, Peter Kowald sees this formula as a significant means for better understanding between musicians of different stylisitic inclinations and technical capabilities, so they can be more closely drawn together than in the past.

"I believe very much that musicians can work together by playing their own music and by organizing what they do, even if they come from different stylistic directions. But that does not happen very often, because in every place where I go (and even in my home town) there are all these little cliques. But that is normal after all: because some people do feel close to each other and work out together on a regular basis, it turns out to be a clique. Still, they could cooperate more. I believe that if musicians would pursue a little more their own interests towards self-determination, they could put more pressure on the money systems in terms of being better subsidized than in the present situation, where they are just separated from one another and looking out for their own thing."

In essence then, this freedom of association is reflected in the freedom of playing, but not a gratuitous sort of freedom that lapses into an "anything goes" type of approach. For his own part, I detect a clear intention that he wants to go beyond certain mannerisms inherent to the high energy playing that has been so prevalent in their music.

"So it is just not like the Jackson Pollock aspect of scribbling that is in the music now, but there are a lot of clear lines happening and that is what it is all about. That may even be

the difference between those musicians who have been doing this a long time and those younger ones who are just starting to find their own language, in which case there may be a lot of scribbling."

The paramount importance of improvisation in his aesthetic is tributary to his very early interest in jazz. Having heard Louis Armstrong at 12 years old, he was suddenly turned on to jazz, listening then to both the early and contemporary styles of the day. Most important to his early development was the first contact he had with Ornette Coleman's music, which, oddly enough, he did not find so new then, though he points out "maybe I could not hear what was new." In his view, it was the "human expression of jazz" which really turned him on. Another influence on him was the prevailing social climate in the 60s.

"In a way, there was also the anti-bourgeois behaviour that was quite strong during those years in Europe, and that had an effect on the music too."

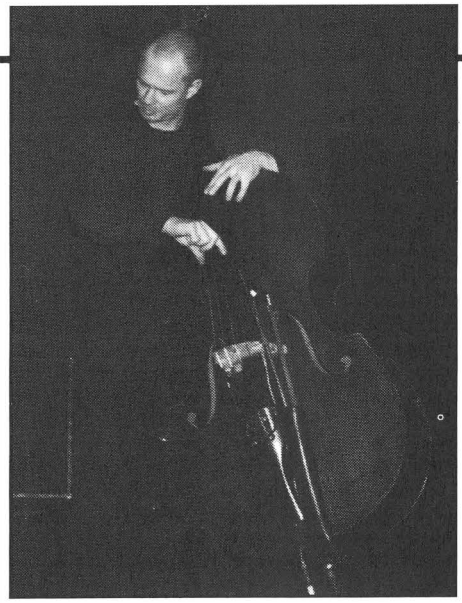
As that particular situation had impact on the European scene, the effect of the "New Thing" was equally decisive on a whole generation of musicians who came up at that time. Set in those terms, he describes how that influence helped him and others find their own style and structures.

"I remember when we first heard those Impulse and ESP records: it took Peter Brotzmann and I just a few months to put out something really new. We were just ready to do it, but we could not formulate it yet; but somebody had done it first, so we could formulate it too, though not in the same way. We then met other players elsewhere in Europe and over the next few years, there was the creation of a European language which may have developed differently from the afro-american one. We were proud that we just did not copy the licks, but did our own thing and added our own structure. But at that time, we had very big mouths about it, and we wanted to do our own stuff and be independent from the American players."

These factors help us to understand his own critique of the traditional European musical culture: without rejecting it in toto he finds it insufficient for a particular balance he wants to strike.

"When I play a bass solo, I may use a lot of virtuoso contemporary techniques, but I want the music to come from inside. For example, when I hear Siegfried Palm play a solo cello concert, I find that the earth, or the bottom, is missing at times. Basically, the bottom is missing in a lot of contemporary music. I think Europe has too much of "concert" and not the balance between that and the "inside". For me, that is what I am trying to find. When I talk about structure, that has to do with this "concert" aspect, but it should not be just that: for instance, African music has a clear structure too, but it also has the bottom, the earth. As a matter of fact, I believe that Europe got out of balance and you can see that in Western society too. I think that is a problem, because the concert aspect of it could not make a clear and positive world."

In contrast to the European situation, he has been further influenced by working with many prominent figures in New York City and his six month stay over there has given him



added insight on the music he first heard on records. He now realizes that he did not fully grasp the cultural and social significance of the music back then.

"During my stay in New York, I learned something about time and also about the drums. For example, you may think that some people play loud, but when I think of Dennis Charles or Rashied Ali, they are not loud drummers: they just have a great sound. If a drummer like Rashied Ali goes out, he is not aggressive but emotional. In Europe, when people think they are emotional, it's often aggressive and loud, but it does not have to be. But it's generally hard to talk about this in specific terms, though I can say that things are different there, insofar as there is more bottom, or more earth to what they do."

Yet, for all the personal satisfaction he gained out of his stay, it was a difficult experience in some ways. The period of acceptance was a gradual one, especially amongst the black musicians.

"In the beginning, the white musicians invited me to play with them, because they knew me and it was easier, while the black musicians hesitated. They did not know me, so it may have taken a while to gain a certain kind of acceptance as a person. When you come from Germany and have blue eyes, I understand that they come in and check you out for a while. I can only see now that there are so many deeply rooted racial problems happening every day in America, and I can see why certain situations are like that. In any event, I came to play in their bands, like Rashied Ali's band on one occasion, Bill Dixon, Jemeel Moondoc, Butch Morris. When I got the chance, it was a very nice experience.

"As a matter of fact, I know that some people who knew me got phone calls from certain people asking them what I was about, and was I okay. It was after that that I would get invited. So it just takes time and people want to know what you are about: by that, I mean not just what and how you play, but who you are in general. As for my own playing, I heard some people say that I was doing things with the bow which were unusual and very few people were doing such things. Even if they were saying it was not "jazz-jazz", it was still something of my own and that was much accepted. So rather than just copying, I had a little something of my own to say.

"Basically then, I have the feeling that I have done a certain kind of music long enough, that I can be positive about playing with American musicians too."

From all of these experiences he has had with performers from the United States and other foreign cultures, he concludes that the music we call "jazz" is now experiencing a profound mutation, as it is now rapidly expanding its stylistic frontiers towards uncharted territories, still to be defined and understood by the musicians and public alike. This leads us then to the notion of encompassment, which Kowald explains in these terms:

"What is new since the 60s is that jazz is just not an American music — which was originally a fusion between Africa and Europe — but it has now become a pre-development of GLOBAL MUSIC, which I think is what is taking place now, in whatever way it may be.

"In fact, there is a small town on the White Sea called Archangelsk, where there is a group of improvisers who are completely removed from Western society. On the weekend, they play dance music for the crowds, but before that they play a type of free jazz for an hour. It is quite amazing that this happens. Socially speaking, it is more amazing that this group exists than the Ganelin trio, for example, because it plays in the big cities like Leningrad, Moscow and so on. Beyond that, there are improvisers who share such interests, be they in India, Africa or Japan, and all of this is happening in different ways."

But this global music he talks about goes beyond an explicit juxtaposition of different musical cultures: it is less a question of replicating specific techniques, but more of an intellectual approach which derives from different musical values than those we are accustomed to. Global music then is a confluence of very different attitudes and concepts into something new. Peter Kowald best describes this in the following statement:

"All aspects can be in there, but you don't have to use African rhythms or an Indian scale to do it. All these relationships are still in the music and you can perceive them. Leo Smith is a player who exemplifies this very well. He has a way of making it a new music, yet it relates as much to the blues as to Richard Wagner, even to Japanese, African or whatever musical culture or style it may be. But he does not use any Indian scales or whatever to achieve that."

To sum up then, the approach that Peter Kowald shares with many new musicians can best be appreciated with the help of an astute and appropriate observation by John Litweiler in his essential book "The Freedom Principle" (W. Morrow and Co., New York City, 1984 page 257).

> The contemporary improvisor faces a bewildering array of musical choices. Because he or she is a citizen of the world, without cultural imperatives, choosing to play within one genre or idiom can be arbitrary, self-limiting; even some kinds of freedom can be restrictive if the player's message is thereby narrowed. One alternative is in the direction of dilettantism or eclecticism; a more promising alternative might be "free improvisation". (Italics mine)
>
> *— Marc Chenard*

PETER KOWALD (Photograph by Bill Smith)

William Parker · Sound Unity

ED HAZELL: *You've been putting a lot of work most recently into organizing Sound Unity. Could you go into the history of Sound Unity and some of its activities?*

WILLIAM PARKER: There are two things going on at once: one is the concept of self-determination for musicians and then there was the Sound Unity Festival, which was an idea that originated from a patron of the arts. He came to New York and saw Rashid Bakr, Daniel Carter, Roy Campbell and myself play at the Life Cafe. He got very excited about the music and from there he got an idea for doing something at Air Studio. He invited us to play with the addition of Charles Tyler, Frank Wright, Jeanne Lee, Peter Kowald, and a few other people who came as an audience and also to perform. It was very exciting because nothing like that had happened in New York for a while; people just playing. As a result of that he said he would like to come back and do a larger project, and he would provide the money for it. He had been a friend of Peter Kowald's, so he was relating ideas to Peter, who told me, and of course we said yes, we'd like to do a festival.

It's always different when a musician does a festival than when a producer does it. Sound Unity Festival was especially good because we didn't have to make a profit. It wasn't like we were trying to make money.

When we finally got a program worked out, we thought we had a program that was pretty fair. We couldn't give everybody in New York City a gig, for financial reasons. But a lot of people got to work. In contacting people, one of the things we said was that everyone would be paid the same amount of money. A leader won't get paid more money because he was a leader, the sideman would get paid the same amount. The idea of the festival was to have as many musicians work as possible and to generate some sort of movement in New York.

So you had one line, the festival idea, which was put forth not just as a festival, that would begin and then end, but the tip of an iceberg, of things to come. It was supposed to be a big splash, but not just a big splash that would then die out.

Sound Unity came out of the organization of the festival. After the festival was over, we were left with trying to define what it was and make it clear to musicians. There were so many discrepancies during the festival and during the period about whether we had large sums of of money we were hiding, or that Peter Kowald had the money — some people called it Peter's festival, some people called it my festival. So everybody had their own interpretation of it. In the long run, I think it was successful.

The reason people have these attitudes is the very reason the festival happened. There's a lot of psychological things happening with human beings who don't have anything. It really causes a lot of things to manifest. We're dealing with a lot of frustration which leads to unneeded paranoia and a sort of striking out at the wrong things. Instead of seeing what the real cause of the problem is.

After the festival, we had Sound Unity, but no one really knew what it was, because it wasn't clear. Now it's just beginning to clarify itself. Sound Unity is not an organization, it's a movement. It's not a booking agency, it's a concept. It already existed before it was created. It existed before, during the October Revolution, in Sun Ra, in Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman, and many other people who pro-

WILLIAM PARKER (Photograph by Bill Smith)

duced their own concerts. Rashied Ali. Studio Rivbea. Studio We. So it's going along on different lines of thinking. Because usually people think of an organization as "give me a gig," and that's all. If they don't give you a gig, then it's useless. We're trying to deal with consciousness raising. Because musicians have to understand the political implications of our lives and of this music in America. So we have to stress self-determination, it cannot just be an idea. It is a necessity for black musicians living in America. As well as trying to find concert spaces and trying to set up things on an ongoing basis.

We're also trying to blend. To try to keep Sound Unity as what it's shaping into being and then try to blend with other people. Even though the festival had 119 musicians, people don't consider themselves part of Sound Unity because they really don't know what it is. There are four or five people on staff, in the business thing. So we're trying to get more people to come in and combine, and set up a music program or policy within the Lower East Side community.

What are some of the social things that motivated you to get this started?

Well, all the poor people in this country have no power. If we want food, if we want an apartment, if we want to say something to the public, we have no newspaper, we don't own stores, we don't own any buildings. All our resources are owned by gangsters or big businesspeople, and we have no say in what they do. They are only interested in people so they can make a profit, to sell people ideas and things that rob them of their individuality.

And then the writers who write about this music don't really write about this music in New York. They seem to think the music that came out of the 1960s was just one atonal scream. But the '60s music was multi-dimensional both musically and socially. It was very badly understood by critics and by the musicians of the so-called mainstream. The avant garde has always been misunderstood, underplayed, and misinterpreted. Like Bill Dixon. He uses the entire trumpet, from top to bottom and the notes in between. "Intents And Purposes" is a classic, where he develops an individual language out of a common language. The same is true of Cecil Taylor, Jimmy Lyons, Ornette, Albert Ayler, Milford Graves, Andrew Cyrille. They all are playing or did play in the language of their own reality. But few people get credit because the history of this music is usually written one-sidedly, favoring conservatism. With John Coltrane, it is always his weaker, more popular achievements that are cited. But the essence of Coltrane, that has nothing to do with popularity or technique, is never dealt with.

So there's no publicity, there's no outlet to the public. The reason there's no outlet to the public is that they set up this thing of rock music, pop music, of what's commercial versus what's not commercial, and they can't get rid of it. And people's ears have been closed and de-sensitized, so it's really hard to break in. So there's the false business reason why contemporary improvised music isn't being promoted.

The other reason is political. It's very strong music from back in the '60s, and it could have repercussions, people actually stopping to think or stopping to question. Which the United States doesn't want.

During the 1960s, you had the civil rights movement as the thread, threading all these things together. Besides two 24-hour jazz radio stations in New York, which are now pop stations, and Impulse, ESP, Blue Note recording Coltrane, Shepp and others. People were marching and rallying all over the country. These things were not welcomed by the system. But every apparent gain of the civil rights movement was achieved by force. Even Kennedy didn't support it until he had no other choice. But before things could really get off the ground in regard to the music, Malcolm X was killed, Martin Luther King was killed, and John Coltrane died, and things began to regress. The CIA and the FBI had files on the music. It was looked upon as a threat to the existing lies that kept the country running. If blacks could listen to Cecil Taylor with the same enthusiasm that they listen to Motown, it would be awesome, and the government knows it. So the unification of minorities through the music had to be stopped.

The system will go to any length to hold back the truth; drugs, setups, even murder. Today we are in a situation where the media is monopolized by one thing only. The people who make the bombs also make the bread. We support destructive things without realizing it, just by walking down the street, just by living. And the education system is designed not to bring out our individuality. It is designed to make us fit easily into an unhealthy society. When I was in high school, up in the Bronx, they told us, you're not going to be anything. You're going to be a messenger or you're going to work in the garment district. There was no encouragement at all. You couldn't be a lawyer or a doctor. You were nothing. And these were your teachers!

It's really about human beings who believe life is worth living and about musicians who believe music can help transform and heal. The whole idea of the American Dream and the reality of the hypocrisy is lifetime motivation for protest. Until the distribution of power changes to where we can actually begin to have a say.

And then there are drugs in the community — the musicians become inactive. So whenever there's a chance for us to move, no one moves because we're fighting among ourselves, we're ego tripping, or we've already sold out. They don't even have to defeat us in some cases. We've done some things that have been self-defeating.

What are some of the musical things you've been doing?

Since I've started playing, I've always played in five, six, seven groups at the same time. I'm a bass player, but also you have to do that because there's not enough work. Even with six or seven groups you don't always work. So, I'm participating in a group, Commitment, which I've played with the last seven or eight years. I'm also playing with Jemeel Moondoc, Daniel Carter, Roy Campbell Jr., Billy Bang, Will Connell Jr., vocalists Ellen Christi, Lisa Sokolov, Brenda Bakr, and drummer Rashid Bakr. The singers and Rashid make up the core of Centering Music/Dance Ensemble, which I've co-led with Patsy Parker since 1975. It combines dance and music together. Which is a whole other thing which not many people are doing, and is a whole other problem. Dancers usually use taped music and dancers usually don't improvise. There's a core and it has ranged from orchestra to duets, trios, but mostly compositions with voices, strings. There might be twenty musicians who play in the concept, probably more, throughout the years. So I've been doing that, and I think I'm going to be trying to do that more. There are some things with words. I use a lot of words: songs, poems, chants. I wrote a peace opera called "A Thousand Cranes." We did it first at the United Nations for the opening of the special sessions on nuclear disarmament in June, 1982. It involved a 20 piece orchestra and dancers. The idea and concept of the opera was Patsy Parker's. She commissioned me to write the music and words.

Did you have any training as a composer?

Not really as a composer. I studied theory and bass, but mainly it's life experience and an evaluation of what life needs from me. Like why I play music, and what is musical composition in relation to how I want to live. It's not what I want, it really has little to do with me. We don't choose to play music; we are chosen. I've studied aesthetics through every poem, dance, and film I've ever seen or experienced. Kenneth Patchen and Stan Brakhage have been most influential to my concept of sound construction. The music usually orchestrates itself. The job of the composer is to help music flow more easily through the musicians who are playing it. To help create the best carpet for the spirit to enter.

There are several areas where you can function. There's tone, melody, rhythm, presence, and a combination of these. Some people, their function is tone. They don't have to play a melody, they don't have to play lots of notes or rhythm. If you just hear their tone, it makes you weep. Other people, they can just play the melody over and over again and affect you. The thing is to move people the way you can move them, and change them. if you're lucky enough to be functional in all areas, like Coltrane was, you can move people.

Whatever you do, you're trying to move people to feel something. It's not important whether it's composed or not composed, the main thing is that you move people. You have lots of people who can really compose music, but that alone is useless to me if it doesn't move people. Then, of course, part of moving people has to do with the listener. You can't really hear anything you don't already have inside you. So, it's part the listener and part the music.

How do you see your function as a bass player?

I don't think in terms of notes. I think in terms of a drum set. Dividing the strings up like a drum set. My G-string is a ride cymbal, A-string a tom-tom. The E-string, the lowest, is always a gong. One of my influences in playing, as far as that goes, was Milford Graves.

Having that concept, of the bass as a percussion instrument, that brings in the thing about projection; the concept of playing acoustically and projecting. There are certain things you can't do acoustically because certain sounds don't project. That's something Wilbur Ware, who I studied with, taught me: about projecting one note and making it ring

and putting a lot of things in one note. That's another concept which leads you to play different things, how the instrument is set up and how you look at it.

Some people look at the bass as a melodic instrument, or a guitar or a sitar. I look at it as a melodic instrument, too, but more as talking than as playing melodies. If you listen to Albert Ayler, he played melodies, but it was also as if he were talking, talking to you like a preacher. That's different from just playing a melody.

Most people know you, probably, through Cecil Taylor's music. How did you meet?

I met Cecil in 1974. I played in a big band he had. We played at Carnegie Hall. I was one of four bassists, with Sirone, Earl Henderson and Dave Sappra. There were four drummers, Sunny Murray, Andrew Cyrille, Rashid Bakr, and Marc Edwards. And there was Arthur Williams, Jemeel Moondoc, Raphe Malik, a lot of people.

It's always a happy and joyous occasion every time I play with Cecil. He's one of the founding fathers of the new music. Cecil's a visionary. He's committed to understanding the urgency of restoring life, moving forward within an organic form, not going back in time.

It was very easy to hear Cecil's music for me, because I'm not really a traditionalist. The first music I heard was Duke Ellington. My father listened to Ellington and I didn't see what he saw in it. I mean I liked it, but I wasn't into music at the time. When I began to listen to music for myself, I listened to the Modern Jazz Quartet first, then I listened to Ornette Coleman, Coltrane, Albert Ayler. So the whole middle period — Monk, Mingus, Bird — I never heard. Whatever of those people I hear, I hear through Ornette and those people who came after him. The newer music that came out of the sixties, that's what I listen to.

It's odd to hear you say that, because historicism is so popular now.

Tradition can be very intimidating. Like in Indian music, it's a whole tradition that certain things have to be played one way: a certain rhythm is a certain rhythm. In jazz, some of that exists, but basically it's not even about "jazz," it's about each human being, and finding out what they have to say and develop things the way they want to say it, and not really be intimidated by tradition. It is finding out the process that leads us to life on its highest level. Not accepting anything less. Life is the most valuable resource we have.

So I don't think it's necessary to really be schooled in one kind of music to play, or for your existence to be valid. You just have to be yourself. That's what people should give other people: the message that their existence is valid no matter what they do. Even though they're considered part of the jazz community they just have to be whoever they are, and should be able to play without having this thing over their heads of what is music and what isn't.

Every discovery and every song is a gift. We learn from Ellington, Monk, and Charlie Parker to look inside to find our own reality. Life can be valid on many levels. There are thousands of ways to play the bass. The only tradition is the tradition of life and living things.

Any musician there is, on any given night, whether he's latin, rock, jazz, they can go to heaven with their music. The music can move somebody. And as long as there's the possibility that that can happen unannounced, then that music is valid. I don't see the point in criticizing someone because they don't play tunes or they do. I think there has to be life in their music. There has to be an urgency. There has to be a standard, I think the standard is that it has to move people. It's not style that stops music from moving people, it's something else.

There are visionaries and there are musicians. There are lots of excellent musicians. But being an excellent musician isn't enough. A visionary is someone who sees something that other people don't see. It has to do with an urgency for mankind to move in a certain direction. And those are the people who, because of what they have to do here, whose music is probably more radical, and who move people more directly. If someone swallows poison, you tell them immediately or they're going to die. You don't waste time. And that's sort of what it's like.

Even though you say, well, life is long, it's not. There are enough things taking life away. So every time you put the horn in your mouth, or you pick up the bass, or sit at the drums, you have to put as much life as possible into it. I can only describe it as being visionary. Those who see certain things and have an urgency to say certain things.

Are you trying to tell people about these greater things when you play? Or find them and let them come out?

There's really no other reason for playing music. It is the acknowledgement of supernatural forces that are both inside and outside of us. Improvisation is just emptying yourself. The climate is the composition, the setting, the arrangement of sound and silence. The head is a call to a spirit. Like what Albert Ayler was doing. And the spirit comes down and comes through you. And you play until you've made communication with the spirit. Afterwards you know because you're exhausted. You've made this communication and you don't even know what you've been playing. It's not about chords or you don't do this, you don't do that. The more you do it, the more consistently you know how to call. You know how to knock to get the spirit. You know what door to go in. But again, it keeps changing. You can't go in the same door you went in last night. It keeps moving, but the process is the same.

What I would like to do is to help people see the best way to live here. It would help them to bypass all the superficial things and get down to the essence while they're here and start feeding that. What's most important is maybe talking to some kids, or taking part in some education process about how to live. Music is just one part. Music complements something else. What's most important is people's lives. Not what Bird did. Some people really get wrapped up in their horns and spend a lot of time playing and practising. But you have to be aware of more things than what the scales are and what the notes are.

We have to watch what we do and how society manipulates us, and not help them manipulate us. When you just live in America and go with the program, you're helping to kill somebody.

There is so much neglect. I don't know anyone from the neighbourhood who didn't come out dead or a junky. I was just lucky, what can I say? I had a room and I just locked myself in there with books and I practiced for six hours a day. Then I would go downtown and play music all night.

The turning point was when I was in high school, after I began listening to John Coltrane. The first records I listened to were Cecil, then Ornette, then Coltrane. When I heard the music, I loved it, but I didn't understand the philosophy behind it. After I understood that, or thought I did, I developed my own philosophy. I ended up getting my own reasons for wanting to do it. Before I got the bass, I knew why I wanted to play music and what I had to do. I played cello in junior high, but I just played it because they gave it to me. I had no musical interest at all. I ended up playing bass and studying with Jimmy Garrison.

I began going to the East Village and played with Dewey Johnson, Rashied Ali, Sunny Murray, Charles Tyler, Sam Rivers. At Studio We, Archie Shepp, Wilbur Ware, Milford Graves, Dave Burrell, Karl Berger. There was a lot of playing. I got to play with Billy Higgins, which was nice. We used to play just bass and drums, plus he'd play tablas and little Morrocan instruments and different kinds of things. Plus just listening to all that avant garde music.

I just think of myself as a one-five player, playing the root and the fifth.

I also took some lessons with Milt Hinton. He would tell us — I can play slap bass — when you're playing a blues or something and you can't play anything, just play one note, just play C. Play C for 32 bars and make it sing. And that's what I base my whole thing off of: simplicity. Somehow I trusted him more than a few of the more modern bass players.

People who I was influenced by, I had to trust them. A lot of it has to do with studying music with someone you trust, and who you have a kinship with. You can call it a kinship of spirit. Not so much style as spirit.

Cambridge, Ma. 9/13/84

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA — Johnny Griffin, Al Cohn, Jimmy Knepper, Harry Edison and Woody Shaw were among the recent attractions at East 85th and more are promised for 1986 despite the increasingly difficult situation of the exchange rate on the U.S. dollar. This increased cost has curtailed the Stage Door's initial policy and it seems unlikely in the foreseeable future that there will be much change... Tommy Flanagan, Oliver Jones, Sammy Price and Lou Stein kept a steady flow of people through Cafe des Copains but it seems that Bourbon is not much more than a memory... George's Spaghetti House, the city's longest established jazz club, continues with its intelligent mix of local attractions. A highlight was the one week stint of Phil Nimmons in November with Gary Williamson, Steve Wallace and Barry Elmes... Elmes, long associated with Time Warp, is finally beginning to emerge as a well rounded jazz drummer. He has been heard on Toronto Alive and was the anchorman in a Unisson Records session showcasing Art Ellefson's talents in November. Tommy Flanagan and Dave Young completed the quartet on that occasion... Unisson Records' first two releases — a Rob McConnell Sextet date (with Rick Wilkins, Guido Basso, Ed Bickert, Steve Wallace and Terry Clarke) and a collaboration between Lorne Lofsky and Ed Bickert (with Neil Swainson and Jerry Fuller) — were released early in December. Innovation came out with two lps of The Boss Brass; one of which features Phil Woods.

Kenny Wheeler performed in concert at the Music Gallery November 30 with Toronto's Composers' Co-Operative Jazz Orchestra in a program of the trumpeter's compositions. The orchestra, a mix of such younger musicians as John McLeod, Perry White, Jill Townsend, Mike Murly, Martin Rickert, Jim Vivian, Rob Frayne and Mike White as well as veterans Don Thompson (piano), Arnie Chykofski, Ian McDougall and Claude Ranger responded well to the challenge to make the event one of the highlights of the fall season.

Paul Cram brought his Orchestra of instruments and voices to the Music Gallery December 11 for a performance of his work, Detente: Music From No Man's Land (a post-modern song cycle). The players included Marilyn Boyle and Bob Olivier (voices), Taras Chornowal, Rob Frayne, Nic Gotham, Mike Murly, Perry White, Graham Norrish, John Gzowski, James Young and Franklin Kirmayer.

Buddy Rich was at the Bamboo December 4 for a one nighter. Pianist Barry Kiener was one of the band's outstanding soloists... Madame Gertrude, Salome Bey's well-conceived musical about the life of Ma Rainey, concluded its lengthy run at Garbo's on December 28. Ron Small and Jackie Richardson handled the vocals admirably while musical director Joe Sealy at the piano, bassist Bill Sharpe and drummer Archie Alleyne all participated whole-heartedly — both instrumentally and in an acting capacity... guitarist Reg Schwager, who was profiled in the Globe and Mail November 26 by Mark Miller, has recorded an lp for Justin Time Records. He can also be heard on the already released Oliver Jones lp "Lights of Burgundy"... Ed Bickert's Concord lp "I Wished On The Moon" and the Budd Johnson / Phil Woods collaboration on Uptown headed the list of CJRT's best jazz records of 1985. Also prominent were lps by Lloyd Glenn, Benny Carter, Barry Harris, Lorne Lofsky/Ed Bickert, Warne Marsh, Anthony Braxton, Joe Williams, Frank Foster/Frank Wess, Dick Katz and Misha Mengelberg. Top archival choices were Jackie McLean's "Tippin' The Scales", the Bud Freeman-Shorty Baker collaboration on Swingville, The Real Sound of Jazz and Bob Brookmeyer's "Traditionalism Revisited". .... Moe Koffman was in the studios in December recording a new lp for Duke Records... Competition is fierce in both Toronto and Montreal for the remaining FM radio channels. One group seeking the Toronto station includes Moe Koffman, Henry Cuesta and Peter Appleyard on its advisory roster but the Montreal group seems to be preparing a deeper commitment to jazz in its programme outlines.

Muhal Richard Abrams will be guest composer at the 1986 Banff Jazz Workshop to be held between July 14 and August 8. African master drummer Abraham Adzinyah, trombonist George Lewis and pianist Richie Beirach have been added to the faculty this year. The program is under the direction of bassist/composer Dave Holland and brochures and full details are available from The Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, P.O. Box 1020, Banff, Alberta T0L 0C0.

The CBC's Jazz Beat program (heard Saturdays between 8 and 10 p.m.) will shortly feature music by Brian Browne, Tim Brady, Jeff Johnston, Fred Stride Big Band, Floyd Hall, Rachal Paiment, Dave Young, Makoto Ozone, Ran Blake/Ricky Ford, Jon Hendricks, Paquito D'Rivera, Ramsey Lewis and Birelli Lagrene.

— John Norris

HALIFAX — While much of Canada was shivering in November, this town remained warm inside and out. Inside at Pepe's, **Oliver Jones** came to town, prior to a trip to Toronto's Cafe Des Copains. It was a recording session for Justin Time records (his fourth for that label), and promises to be a bit looser, perhaps more exciting, than previous releases. Still firmly in the mainstream with great tunes, and that special ability to make everyone present feel a part of things, Jones pianistic personality was tapped and probed by bassist Skip Beckwith, who not only books for the club, but obviously enjoys his work, and by Amil Sharma on percussion. Sharma doubles as a medical doctor, and his relatively "free" approach undoubtedly had much to do with Oliver's repeated praise of both the ambience of the club, and the desire to record with this backing. Apparently, one half of the album was done in the studio in Montreal... should be an interesting contrast.

I first heard/saw guitarist **Lorne Lofsky** at a Saturday afternoon jam in a Toronto pub along with Greg Pilo (both were about 17 years old), with perhaps the nominal leader being tenorist Glen McDonald, one of the most natural players Toronto ever had access to. Lorne followed Oliver Jones into Pepe's and, at 31, has developed into very much an individual voice. Much like Jones, who is compared to Oscar Peterson (not bad for starters, but dig the other masters

KENNY WHEELER (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

in his playing – eg. Errol Garner; nonetheless, Jones has a distinctive sound). Same with Lofsky. More than most guitarists, he is very much the horn-player, and has a distinct affinity for Bill Evans. Lofsky spent time studying in New York with Lee Konitz, has an album out on the Pablo label at the urging of the aforementioned Peterson (who produced it), and at a time when lesser guitarists are being hyped, deserves as much exposure as possible. As good as the duets with Ed Bickert are, Lofsky is ready to really emerge. I know the late Lenny Breau has been referred to as the "Bill Evans of the guitar", but after five nights of listening to bassist Skip Beckwith and Lofsky in duo performance, the guitarist deserves to aspire to that Valhalla.

Beckwith, who along with reedman-teacher Don Palmer, is a real force down here, is working towards a mini-tour of various eastern cities for some Toronto musicians. It could spell good news for the spring. *– Brian Turner*

VANCOUVER – The Vancouver jazz scene received a considerable shot in the arm this year with the formation of the Pacific Jazz and Blues Society. The organization is the brainchild of Ken Pickering, owner of the local jazz record store Black Swan records, John Orysik, former disc jockey for C-JAZ (now KISS FM), Ron Simmons, blues disc jockey for CO-OP radio, and record store manager Bob Kerr. In conjunction with a six to twelve member board of directors the society presented the First Annual Pacific Jazz and Blues Festival, August 19-25.

The festival organizers took a low key approach in their inaugural year, emphasizing local (B.C. and Washington State) talent. The venues were bars throughout Vancouver as well as the Expo Center. The festival was extremely well atended with highlights including Washington's **Bert Wilson** (tenor sax), Vancouver's **Paul Plimley Octet**, and Hungarian bassist **Aladar Pege.**

This year the festival's scope will be more international, coinciding with Expo 86's World's Fair. The jazz festival receives some support from the Expo organizers and with an increased budget for this year some major talent is expected.

In addition to the festival, the Pacific Jazz and Blues Society continued to promote major jazz concerts, which represents an attempt to maintain an active profile for jazz throughout the year in Vancouver. Acts promoted by the society included **Dave Holland** and his band, **The World Saxophone Quartet**, blues guitarist **Albert Collins**, blues singer **Koko Taylor** as well as several local talents.

"Jazz Prose" (Concord 269) is the latest offering from Vancouver tenorman **Fraser McPherson**. Performing with McPherson on the album is Ed Bickert. Bickert has made the rounds this year performing on no less than eight albums.

The album is a live performance and also includes pianist Dave McKenna. McKenna and Bickert have performed together on previous Bickert efforts. "Jazz Prose" has received rave reviews from the Jazz Times and the Vancouver Sun.

Vibraphonist **Paul Plimley** and his octet are still touring in Europe. Plimley is extremely popular on the local scene and has been receiving great reviews throughout his tour.

Kate Hammett Vaughan is a local jazz singer making a considerable impact on the jazz scene. Vaughan, originally from Nova Scotia, performs regularly at Hy's mansion where she is the "in-house" singer. In addition to this, Hammett Vaughan sings with her trio Gettin' Off Easy (Bonnie Ferguson and Colleen Savage). Vaughan spent some time in Japan during the past year in which her jazz experience was intensified.

In a case of West meets East, Vancouver performers are learning their trade and beginning to make their mark in the Big Apple. In the past year several young local jazz performers have taken to New York to revitalize their careers.

Phil Dwyer, who is 19 years old and plays in a style reminiscent of Joe Henderson, departed for New York at the tender age of 17. Dwyer, who is originally from Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Island (population less than 1,000), is in no hurry to return. Commenting to Mark Miller (Globe and Mail) Dwyer stated, "I won't be going back for a while. Maybe I was too young, but I wouldn't trade the experience for anything."

Hugh Fraser, 26, and a popular pianist and trombonist in Vancouver, made two trips to New York this year. Fraser describes himself as an "organizer" and has rounded up many musicians in New York for jam sessions. "It focuses your direction being in New York. There are so many people at so many levels you don't have to be a jack of all trades, as in Vancouver, to be playing."

The free jazz style of Ornette Coleman is being kept alive and well by the Vancouver Art Trio. The trio consists of **Clyde Reed** on bass, **Gregg Simpson** on drums and **Bruce Freedman** on saxophone. Simpson has been a part of the Vancouver art and jazz scene for some time (he has a showing at Simon Fraser University with the West Coast Surrealists).

Both Simpson and Reed played in the experimental and highly successful New Orchestra Workshop in the late seventies, as well as in Paul Plimley's band Motion. Freedman is best known for co-founding Rio Bumba, a latin-flavoured jazz band with Albert St. Albert.

"Music is stepping off the edge," says Freedman, "In our music the emphasis is on organic improvisation as a group. It was very free. Often I don't know if I'm following Clyde or he's following me. I'm not sure it matters."

– Grant Shilling

BOSTON – Just some highlights from the past two months:

The November 16th meeting between **Billy Bang** on violin, **Andrew Cyrille** on drums, and **Joe Morris** on guitar, at Tufts University produced some serious discussion on a wide range of musical topics. The exploratory first set, in which everyone got musically acquainted, found them pushing and pulling each other into energetic realms with funky or swinging beats, or areas with no explicitly defined beat. Bang seemed exhilarated at the opportunity to freely improvise, intertwining his sweet, bluesy lines with Morris' more biting melodic leaps and chording. Cyrille, one of the most liberating of drummers, alternately supported or goaded the group. Often it was not a matter of leading and following, but a matter of instantaneous accord. The second set contained the night's best playing. A free energy bombardment settled into a medium tempo Bang composition on which the violin fairly sang and everyone swung.

On December 11th at the 1369, **Joe Morris** and his trio, with **Sebastian Steinberg** on bass and **Thurman Barker** on drums, played one of the strongest sets I've heard them do. Barker has quickly learned the tricky and highly personal rhythmic and melodic content of Morris' tunes, and added his own complementary touches. A blues for the Reagan age, called ***A Heart Don't Bleed If It's Stone***, featured some screaming guitar work from Morris, and a low down, brutally direct solo from Steinberg. A quiet ***The Object Of Color***, tinted by sounds from scraped guitar strings, rumbles from Barker's tom-toms, and bowed bass, erupted into a boisterous vamp tune, whose title escapes me, to close the set.

Thurman Barker returned (for the eighth time this year, by my count) for a solo concert on traps, marimba, glockenspiel, and percussion, at Brandeis University on December 18th. Barker's sound on traps is invitingly warm but filled with tension between an earthy buoyancy and a brooding, dark, blues drenched undercurrent. The tensions made these well-structured solo pieces lively and emotionally varied. A trap piece started with an introductory cymbal cascade which gave way to African-derived tom-tom patterns and drum and bugle corp inspired snare work. Barker created emotional nuance with displaced accents, sometimes funky and sexy, sometimes marching and proud. The following piece, played on marimba, glockenspiel and traps, was both texturally and emotionally different. He created an icy, bleak atmosphere using hard mallets on the instruments and cymbals. The composition ended with cymbals over a bass drum pulse which was as lonely and isolated as the heart beat of the last man on earth. A beautiful performance, hampered only by some logistical problems in moving among the instruments. This was only Barker's second solo concert, and I'm sure these problems will be overcome in time.

– Ed Hazell

DETROIT – The University of Michigan's Eclipse Jazz organization was ten years old on November 2. Ten years of music of all descriptions, by ensembles of all sizes, instrumentations. We were at that first concert (11/2/75), by McCoy Tyner and a quintet that (if memory serves) included Azar Lawrence and Juney Booth. Through the years the musical quality has varied, as you might expect, but the quality of the presentations has always been uniformly high. That includes the three years (1978-1980) during which Eclipse produced an Ann Arbor Jazz Festival in the early fall; I enjoyed those festivals as much as I've enjoyed the more recent, larger, slicker Montreux-Detroit festivals (which essentially knocked Eclipse out of the festival business).

November 2 happened to fall on a Saturday this time around, and Eclipse booked the duo of pianist **Stanley Cowell** and saxophonist/bass clarinetist **David Murray** to play at a new venue, the relocated Ark coffeehouse. The perfor-

mance was a good representation of the type of surroundings (the Ark seats about 150), good sound, and superb music. With the serendipity which seems to attend Eclipse productions, Murray and Cowell put on a concert which ranks with the best of Eclipse's first decade.

Thomas Wolfe titled one of his novels "You Can't Go Home Again", a phrase that came to mind on November 17 as we listened to a rare appearance by **Wayne Shorter** leading his own quintet, at the Ark. The Shorter/Zawinul funk factory, Weather Report, seems to be on temporary hold (new model changeover?), and Shorter (with a new lp, "Atlantis," just out) was touring with a quartet of Tom Conti, piano and keyboards; Gary Willis, electric bass; and Tom Brechtlein, drums. Before Weather Report, while Shorter was a part of Miles Davis' quintet, he seemed destined to be a major force in the music. Several of his compositions had already become "jazz standards", and his work had an identity of its own. But Shorter disappeared into Weather Report, gradually becoming one more color on Zawinul's synthesizer.

So here we had Shorter, away from the factory, with his own group and own repertoire. But "you can't go home again".

At presstime, Eclipse only had one concert definitely scheduled for the winter season, a performance by **Out of the Blue**, a new troup out of New York, on 2/1. The band includes Detroiter Bob Hurst on bass; with Michael Phillip Mossman, trumpet/flugelhorn; Kenny Garret, alto; Ralph Bowen, tenor; Harry Pickens, piano; and Ralph Peterson, drums. The band records for Blue Note.

Back at the beginning of January Ann Arbor Musicians Local 625 ran a benefit for itself, finances being rather tight. Included among the performers were trumpeter Louis Smith of the University of Michigan, leading a band that included drummer Danny Spencer; clarinetist Morris Lawrence of Washtenaw Community College at the head of his Afromusicology Ensemble; pianist Kathy Moore and vocalist Stephanie Ozer; Coda's Detroit correspondent leading a trio with Ted Harley, bass and Eric Nyhuis, drums; the Easy Street Jazz Band led by pianist James Dapogny, and a jam session hosted by bassist Ron Brooks' trio.

The Creative Arts Collective produced two concerts at their regular venue, the Detroit Institute of Arts, early this year. On January 4 the New Chamber Jazz Quintet (Anthony Holland, David McMurray, saxophones; Spencer Barefield, guitar; Jaribu Shahid, bass; and Tani Tabbal, drums) played new music composed by (among others) saxophonist Faruq Z. Bey. On February 14 Roscoe Mitchell will lead his Sound Ensemble, including trumpeter Michael Philip Mossman, Barefield, Shahid and Tabbal. — *David Wild*

HARTFORD — The **Ricky Ford** sextet performed for the Hartford Jazz Society November 3. The young tenorman grows more authoritative each time I hear him. He used the dancing theme of his ***Wolf Trap*** to spring into a strong, sometimes acrobatic solo. James Spaulding dug into the tune's calypso beat for an alto solo whose excitement overflowed as it peaked with a chorus of exuberant overblowing. Stanley Cowell followed Spaulding with an effort whose hard edge departed pleasantly from his customary legato approach. Wayne Shorter's ***Yes Or No*** was a musical discussion of Eastern philosophy that Ford answered strongly in the affirmative. Throughout the set, bassist Ray Drummond pushed the soloists with his massive tone and soloed with a master's grace and power.

November 8, the Jazz Society brought **Jimmy McGriff** and **Chick Chicetti** face to face in a "Battle of the Bands" at the Howard Johnson Conference Center in Windsor Locks.

Returning to its home base, the Hartford Holiday Inn, the Society held its Annual Awards Dinner. The people receiving rewards were: Paul Brown, producer of the CRT Festival of Jazz; Al Casasanta, owner of the 880 Club; Bill Stanley, the leader of the Hall High School Jazz Band; Jackie McLean, who helped establish a Jazz Studies curriculum at the University of Hartford; and Joseph Celli, the director of Real Art Ways. After host Gene Solo presented the awards, vocalist Kitty Kathryn and her trio provided an evening of music.

Roger Kellaway, with sidemen Michael Moore and Mel Lewis, presented an intriguing synthesis of jazz, classical and gospel music in his December 1 Jazz Society concert. Concerts like Kellaway's will ensure the Jazz Society a blockbuster 25th anniversary season.

Ottawa-based tenor saxophonist **Billy Robinson** made his first featured appearance at the 880 Club October 10. A straightforward improvisor with an impeccable sense of thematic development, Robinson managed a unique twist on Monk's ***'Round Midnight***; playing the tune in 3/4 heightened the beauty of its harmonic movement and spurred the saxophonist into an astonishingly lucid solo that unfolded surprise after lyrical surprise.

"Big Nick" Nicholas was the featured guest the following Thursday, but bassist **Nat Reeves** nearly stole the show from him. Reeves continued to surge during **Randy Johnston**'s October 24 visit, pushing the normally mellow guitarist into an improvisational fury. It's easy to see why Kenny Garrett took Reeves into the recording studio with him.

After **Bill Hardman**'s October 31 performance, **Ted Dunbar** made a return engagement November 7. On ***All The Things You Are,*** the guitarist displayed a Monkish sense of space that pared his emotions to their essence. Mario Pavone, filling in for Reeves, pushed Dunbar with his punching lines. His solo on ***All Blues*** juxtaposed slipping, sliding phrases with ringing tones plucked below the bridge.

In his November 14 appearance at the club, **Bill Barron** sounded as strong as I've ever heard

THURMAN BARKER (Photograph by M. DeFrancesco)

him. Although Barron always plays with an abundance of craft and conviction, the 880 Club's intimacy and superior acoustics showcased his fresh approach to linear improvisation more effectively than the Crowell Concert Hall's echo chamber acoustics.

The **George Slovak/Mario Pavone Ensemble** exceeded its customary level of inspiration during its November 21 set at the club. Apparently, the challenge of playing new material sharpened the group's performing edge. ***Pussycat Dues*** received a treatment whose sensitivity was a tribute to Mingus. Faithful as they were to the late bassist's great spirit, the musicians nevertheless informed the work with their personal passion.

Charles I. Williams returned to the club Thanksgiving night to play a solid set. The alto saxophonist's sweet tone, clean phrasing and inventiveness make hearing him a continual delight.

Also appearing in the 880 Club's All-Star Jazz series were **Bobby Watson** (December 5), **Bill Saxton** (December 12) and **Melvin Sparks** (December 19).

The **Michael Rabinowitz Quintet** returned to Waterbury's Hillside Restaurant the weekend of October 18. The bassoonist and tenor saxophonist-flautist Charlie Haynes comprised a highly complementary front line. Behind them, Steve Lucas' subtle keyboard impressionism, Dominic Duval's no-nonsense basslines and Skip Scott's steady drumming provided supple rhythmic support.

The following weekend, the **Jerry Weldon Quartet** skillfully navigated through standards like ***Without A Song*** and ***Someday My Prince Will Come***. On ***Moanin'***, however, Weldon struck a hot tenor groove that turned the clock back twenty-five years to rediscover the freshness of the music that used to be called funk.

In November and December, the Hillside featured Gerry Bergonzi, Marty Ehrlich, Steve Slagle, John Purcell, Charles I Williams, Charles Davis, George Slovak, Bill Saxton and Melvin Sparks.

The Club Car, a new Union Place nightspot, has featured the trios of Don DePalma, Lee Callahan, Alex Nakhimovsky and Diane Becker.

Shenanigans features Teddy Wilson on Tuesdays... Aldo's continues to feature fine vocalists with the Kent Hewitt Trio. Recent guests included Diane Mower, Roberta Peck Vater, Linda Ransom, Donna Byrne, Claudette Soucie and Nick Mathis.

The Emery Smith Quintet performed November 25 at the Wadsworth Atheneum. Smith also worked as a sideman in western Massachusetts with the Fred Tillis Quartet October 27 at the Springfield Art Museum and with Curtis Fuller December 22 at the Springfield Marriot.

Max Roach performed December 27 at the University of Massachusetts Fine Arts Center in Amherst. *— Vernon Frazer*

ODDS & SODS

Jazz fans on many PBS stations were presented with the perfect New Year's gift – a two hour session from Ethel's Place in Baltimore. The live remote featured the **Milt Jackson Quartet** (with **Cedar Walton, Ray Brown, Mickey Roker**), **Phil Woods, Gerry Mulligan, Toots Thielemans, Joe Williams** and **Ethel Ennis**. It was a joyous musical occasion as well as being a demonstration of the skills of these master crafts people. The spontaneous creation of music is taken for granted in the jazz community but to see it captured by the TV cameras was a gratifying experience. For once a TV music remote documented the indefinable nuances of the music in all its shades. The camera work was imaginative while the sound was excellent. It meant that the program was one of the few times when the spirit and flavour of jazz and its performers were accurately showcased by the cameras. It is an important document as well as being highly entertaining.

The centenary of **Jelly Roll Morton**'s birthday has been quietly celebrated in various parts of the world. One of the more intriguing radio salutes was done in Australia. Pianist **Ian Pearce** presented a fascinating assessment of the still controversial jazz pioneer in a program which examined the nature and structure of his approach to composition and performance. It is a timely repudiation of Leonard Feather's latest testy denigration of Morton's abilities.

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers saw in the new year at Sweet Basil (where a new lp was recorded) and were followed by **McCoy Tyner**. February 4016 are the dates of this winter's **Music Is An Open Sky** – a two week celebration of contemporary music with **Beaver Harris, Frank Lowe, Cecil Taylor, Ray Anderson, Don Friedman, Jane Ira Bloom, Barry Altschul, Hugh Ragin, David Murray, Roscoe Mitchell** and **Jimmy Giuffre** among the participants.... **Al Grey** was featured with the Dean Pratt Big Band at the Jazz Hall of Fame on November 24... The AACM celebrated its twentieth anniversary December 7 at Symphony Space with a concert presentation under the title of **Spectrum**. A trio of **Leroy Jenkins, Henry Threadgill** and **Muhal Richard Abrams; Amina Claudine Myers Trio; Adegoke Steve Colson Quartet** and the **AACM Orchestra** were the featured attractions..... **George Coleman**'s student orchestra was showcased December 20/21 at the Universal Jazz Coalition headquarters on Lafayette Street.... Pianist **Geri Allen** was at Greenwich House January 11... The Sculpture Court of the Whitney Museum is the location for six early evening concerts which began January 28 with pianists **Valerie Capers** and **Billy Taylor**. The remaining concerts reflect other aspects of America's musical culture... Bassist **Arvell Shaw**'s "Armstrong Legacy" performed twice for the International Art of Jazz in December. On December 7 they were in Garden City, L.I. while on December 29 they were at the State University of N.Y. in Stony Brook. Spanky Davis, Norris Turney, Benny Powell, Jack Wilson and Ray Mosca complete the personnel.

The Jazz Messenger is the newsletter of the newly formed Connecticut Jazz Confederation. More information is available from 169 Vernon Ave., # 93, Vernon, Ct 06066... Boston's Northeastern University presented **Free At Last, Free At Last**: A Musical celebration of the life and work of Dr Martin Luther King Jr. on January 15/16. The music was composed by **Malcolm Goldstein** and **Archie Shepp** and was performed by an outstanding ensemble which included Shepp, **David Murray, Ray Anderson, Fred Hopkins, Henry Threadgill** and **Borah Bergman**.

New York State's New Music Network was a

multi-concert presentation at SUNY/Buffalo. **The Art Ensemble** (November 14), **Cecil Taylor** (November 15) and **Jane Ira Bloom** (November 17) were among the attractions.... **Benny Goodman** performed December 8 at Oberin College with the Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble... The University of Northern Colorado is presenting its 16th annual festival May 1/3. Various collegiate bands and the **Phil Woods Quintet** will be among the participants... **Frank Morgan** and **Horace Tapscott** fronted groups at Hop Singh's in Marina del Rey on December 13. It was a double celebration: for Morgan it was a chance to promote his outstanding new Contemporary lp called "Easy Living" while Tapscott had recently returned from a successful tour of Northern California.... The National Association of Jazz Educators conference seems to grow with each succeeding year. **Ernie Watts, Jane Ira Bloom, Tito Puente, Nick Brignola, Dave Frishberg, Bill Watrous, Jon Faddis, Joyce Collins, Richie Cole** and **Anita O'Day** were among those performing and conducting workshops at this year's event January 9/12 at the Anaheim Marriott Hotel.... **Jay McShann** will be in the following Nebraska communities in March for the Mid-America Arts Alliance: Atkinson (9), Gordon (11), Hyannis (13), Bridgeport (14) and Scottsbluff (15).... **Nick Brignola** was in Texas November 26 for performances with the North Texas State University's One O'Clock Lab Band.... **The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra** will be touring Japan in October 1986 as part of the celebrations for Toshiko's 40th year as a jazz performer. The band will be at Amherst College March 7 and is booked back to the Ravinia Festival in July. A profile of Toshiko ("Jazz is my Native Language") has begun to be shown on various PBS stations. Look for it. Records by the band are issued on Ascent Records, P.O. Box 20135, New York, N.Y. 10025 and catalogs and mail order prices are available.... **The George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band** is planning tours in Europe and the U.S. for 1986 as well as a second lp for ECM Records..... **Lawrence Brown** (434 Avant, San Antonio Texas 78210) is compiling material for a history of Texas Jazz. If you have something to contribute contact the author at the above address.

Multi-instrumentalist **Scott Robinson** was in Southern France in December for performances with pianist **Horace Parlan.... Anthony Braxton** was one of the few foreign performers at the second Salon European du Jazz held in Paris November 21/24. The event showcased the contributions of Europeans (and more specifically — French) to the world of improvised music... Zurich's Widder Bar is closing. Among the last performers to be heard at the club were **Ralph Sutton, James Moody, Judy Carmichael** and **Johnny Griffin**.... Trombonist **Eje Thelin** has assembled a new international jazz group under the working title of **E.T. Project**.... Pianist/composer **Jarmo Savoiainen** was selected as Finland's "Key" jazz musician of the year by the Finnish Co-operative Bank Association... Recently formed is the Israel Jazz Society, P.O. Box 206, 26103 Kiriat Haim Maar.

The International Blues Calendar has been published by Saturn Communications, 1454 84th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228. US orders are $7.00 per copy and for other countries the cost is $9.00.... Oxford University Press has published **James Lincoln Collier**'s controversial biography "Louis Armstrong: An American Genius" in paperback. Collier also recently authored an article in The New Republic (November 18) titled "The Faking of Jazz" in which he questioned the beliefs propogated by many early writers of jazz... "I Hear You Knockin' " is the title of a new book about rhythm and blues by **Jeff Hannusch.** It's published by Swallow Books, P.O. Drawer 10, Ville Platte, La 70586 and sells for $13.95.... Also new is a discography of King Records. This is the latest of **Michel Ruppli**'s monumental tasks and the book is published by Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Box 5007, Westport, Ct. 06881 and the two volume set retails for $95.00... **Jack Litchfield** has published a 69 page booklet detailing all the recording data as well as much background information on the 1947 "This Is Jazz Broadcasts". It is available from Oak Lawn Books, Box 2663, Providence, R.I. 02907 for $9.95 plus $3.50 for shipping.

"I Hear A Rhapsody" is **Don Friedman**'s new solo recording on Empathy Records. **Art Farmer** is guest of the **Joe Carter Quartet** on the same label's other recent release. Upcoming are quartet dates from **Cecil Payne** and **Don Friedman**.... Parkwood Records has issued a trio date by **Johnny O'Neal** with **Dave Young** and **Terry Clarke**. It was recorded live at Baker's Keyboard.... New from Landmark Records are **Mulgrew Miller**'s trio date "Keys to the City" and **Jimmy Heath**'s "New Picture." Landmark Records are distributed by Fantasy who have issued **Sonny Rollins**' solo concert from the Museum of Modern Art.... **Art Blakey**'s live date from Sweet Basil has won first place in Swing Journal's reader poll. The lp is now issued in the U.S. on GNP... New from Grammavision are lps by **Billy Hart** (which features **Branford Marsalis, Steve Coleman, Kenny Kirkland, Kevin Eubanks, Bill Frisell** and **Didier Lockwood**) and **Harvie Swartz**... East Wind Trade Associates (99 Hungerford Street, Hartford, Ct. 06106) is a new company releasing recordings of Russian and other east European musicians. Their initial release is of five lps... New from SteepleChase is a second release by **Pierre Dorge & New Jungle Orchestra**... Capri Records (2015 South Broadway, Denver, Co 80210) has made available **Spike Robinson**'s "London Reprise" recording with **Martin Taylor, Dave Green** and **Spike Wells**.... Swing Records has reissued **Mezz Mezzrow**'s "A La Schola Cantorum" lp as well as a collection of sides from the 1950s which features trumpeters **Bill Coleman** and **Doc Cheatham** as well as vocals from **Eartha Kitt**.

The December 7 issue of Billboard carried a report that CBS had obtained a permanent injunction against **Charles Garrod**, owner of Ajax, Ajaz and Joyce Records, for unauthorised use of recordings owned by CBS and other companies.

Two major musicans who helped shape the course of jazz music died in November. **Dicky Wells**, who had been in poor health for several years died November 12 in New York. He was 78. Vocalist **Joe Turner** died November 23 in Inglewood, Ca. He was 74.... British jazz writers **Rex Harris, Derek Jewell** and **Philip Larkin** died November 16, 23 and December 2 respectively. Trumpeter **Richard Williams** died November 5 in New York and pianist **Calvin Jackson** died December 12 at Encenitas, Ca.

— compiled by John Norris

BLUES

A COLUMN BY DOUG LANGILLE

As Volume 14 of the Savoy "Blues, Soul And Early R'n'R" series an excellent **Billy Wright** collection was issued as "Goin' Down Slow" (Savoy SJL 1146). The 15 R'n'B and blues cuts included here focus on Wright as a strong and expressive blues shouter. Billed as the Prince of Blues, Wright was the main man of Atlanta R'n'B in the early 1950s. He influenced the likes of Chuck Willis, James Brown and Little Richard.

The material here was recorded between 1949 and 1954, and nicely covers his Savoy years. He was to later record with Duke and Fire. While there is some annoying duplication (5 cuts) with the Route 66 reissue ("Stacked Deck," KIX-13), there is none with Volume 11 of this Savoy series "Southern Blues" (SJL 2255). Some of the stronger sides include the hard blues of ***Sad Hour Blues*** and ***Four Cold Cold Walls***, and the rocking ***After Awhile***. Really beautiful stuff. Backing ranges from a full studio band with some good period horn parts to the very effective solo piano on ***Walls***. Highly recommended.

In a more commercial vein comes some Savoy/**Joe Williams** sides under the cover of "Every Day I Have The Blues" (SJL 1140) and some Savoy/**Big Maybelle** via "Roots of R'n'R, Blues and Early Soul Vol. 13" (SJL 1143). The Joe Williams release is nice if you like standards such as ***Everyday...., In The Evening*** and ***Kansas City Blues*** done in a manner that would not intrude at even the most intimate dinner. Certainly nothing here to wilt your tossed salad. While rather smooth in the best Joe Williams tradition, Joe and his sidemen get somewhat bluesy on ***Time For Moving*** and conjure up a few whiffs of smoke on ***Blow Mr. Low***. On the latter, baritone sax man McKinley Easton gets in some good shots. These 10 sides were cut in Chicago in 1951 and 1953 and feature disciplined bands led by King Kolax and Red Saunders.

Generally speaking, the Big Maybelle reissue zeros in on high calorie, syrupy ballads and nondescript R'n'R. Check out ***White Christmas, Until The Real Thing Comes Along*** and ***How It Lies***. Maybelle was such a strong overpowering vocalist that having her tackle material like this makes sweetness extremely oppressive. The only cut that I find half way engaging is the bluesy ***Goin' Home Baby***. Although the sidemen are virtually the same as on her Okeh sides of the same period, these Savoys are dismal compared to the raucous and bluesy Okehs.

On the more earthy side of the Savoy catalog comes "Climbin' Up" by **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** (SJL 1137). To be honest, my appreciation for these staples of commercial folk blues has long been jaundiced by overexposure. Here we find a reasonably varied collection featuring Brownie on all vocals with his brother Sticks covering second guitar on 4 cuts and Sonny's harp on 4 others. The remaining cuts find the Brownie/Sonny act fattened up with a rhythm section featuring Mickey Baker, Ernie Hayes, Leonard Gaskin and Gene Brooks.

Cut in 1952 and 1955 the most interesting are those with Sticks that feature some relaxed and unpretentious guitar duets. For example — ***Dissatisfied Blues***. The guitar/harp duets are stock Brownie/Sonny. The ensemble tracks allow for some nice contributions by Hayes and Baker, and provide a pleasing urban edge to this otherwise folkie duet. One of the more interesting cuts is ***I'd Love To Love You***.

While the titles appear to be original there is a heavy reliance on stock blues phrases and melodies from standards like ***Key To The Highway, See See Rider, Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee*** and ***Sittin' On Top Of The World***. Although not an essential reissue release, it is a satisfying departure from the routine Brownie/Sonny folk diet and provides the listener with a glimpse of the more urban or R'n'B side of their early New York City years.

Also from **Sonny Terry** is "Whoopin' " on Alligator (AL 4734). Originally produced and issued by Johnny Winter on one of his own ventures, "Whoopin' " casts Sonny Terry in a small ensemble setting with Winter on guitar and piano, Willie Dixon on bass and Steve Homnick on drums. The sound here is much harsher than the more mellow work with Brownie McGhee. There are certainly Delta and Chicago elements at work, fueled by the intense electric slide of Winter. Sonny Terry is strong vocally and lays down some great harp outside of his usual licks.

The material is comprised mainly of originals with a rocking interpretation of Lee Dorsay's ***Ya Ya*** and some stone Dixon blues under the title ***I Think I've Got The Blues***. On the original side are hard blues in ***Roll Me Baby, I Got My Eyes On You*** and ***Burnt Child***. A good solid release.

If you like **Johnny Winter**'s harsh, rock hard approach to blues, check out his recent Alligators — "Guitar Slinger" (AL 4735) and "Serious Business" (AL 4742). On both releases the basic unit is Winter on vocals/guitar, Ken Saydak (ex Lonnie Brooks) on keyboards, Johnny B. Gayden (Albert Collins) on bass and Casey Jones on drums. On "Slinger" there is the addition of Gene Barge on sax, Billy Branch on harp and Big Twist's horn section. The material comes from interesting and often neglected Southern sources. On "Slinger" there is Clifton Chenier's ***My Soul***, Earl King's ***Trick Bag***, Bobby Bland's ***It's My Life Baby*** and ***I Smell Trouble***, Lonnie Brooks' ***Don't Take Advantage Of Me***, plus a cutting version of ***Boot Hill*** (originally cut by one Syl Williams). Winter also squeezes in some homage to Muddy via ***Iodine In My Coffee***. On "Business" tribute is paid to Clarence Garlow with ***Route 90*** and ***Sound The Bell***, to Dr. Clayton with ***Murdering Blues***, to Slim Harpo with the swampy ***It Ain't Your Business*** and to Sonny Boy with ***Unseen Eye***. Even Geddins' ***My Time After Awhile*** gets a hearty Winter airing.

There is nothing subtle about Johnny Winters' approach. His vocals are geared to command attention in a barroom of bikers while his heavily amplified slide is on the heavy metal side of the urban blues genre. He is definitely not for the meek and mild. On both releases the selection of material provides a real imaginative dusting of the blues and R'n'B archives.

Koko Taylor's new one, "Queen Of The Blues" (Alligator AL 4740), is also of the powerhous gutbucket mold. Her releases seem to keep getting better with this one topping the scales thus far. Her vocals are strong, gritty and purposeful. The core backing unit is dynamite with Chris Johnson on guitar, Eddie Lusk (an organ wizard) on keyboards, Johnny Gayden on bass and Ray Allison on drums. The Gator All-Stars, including Lonnie Brooks, Albert Collins, Son Seals, Abb Locke and James Cotton join her for some guest leadwork on the bulk of the cuts. This makes for some hot Chicago blues. Especially catch the fire on ***Queen Bee*** with Brooks and Cotton, and ***I Don't Care No More*** with Seals, Lusk is also very strong. Again — Koko at her funky best fueled on by a tight driving Chicago unit and some torrid performances by her peers. Highly recommended.

One time swamp session pianist **Katie Webster** also has a new lp out. While falling a touch short of being an exceptional lp, "You Know That's Right" (Arhoolie 1094) does have some very strong performances and generally makes for an entertaining release. Katie Webster is known for her steady rolling piano work on recordings by Hop Wilson, Slim Harpo, Lightnin' Slim, Lonesome Sundown and the like, plus some of her own sides for J.D. Miller. She also spent three years touring with Otis Redding when things were clicking for him in the mid 1960s.

On this release Katie is backed by a competent 6 piece Frisco Bay area unit called Hot Links, with individual members dishing up some good tenor, alto and guitar solos. The material here provides a bridge between Koko Taylor and, let's say, Helen Humes or Julia Lee. She turns in some hearty vocals and pumps out some knuckle-busting piano. Especially catch the driving ***I Know That's Right*** and the slow, purposeful ***I Want You To Love Me***. On the Julia Lee side there is a naughty ***Snatch It And Grab It*** plus a soulful torch ditty ***Don't Accuse Me. Bo Jenkins*** is a downhome, back porch talking blues about an easy living Mississippi guitar player. ***Katie's Boogie Woogie*** is a solo piece recorded live as opposed to the other studio sides.

Next is an essential **Lightnin' Hopkins** release. "Houston's King Of The Blues" (Blues Classic 30) presents some 1952/53 sides originally out on Mercury and Decca. This is Lightnin' at his peak — at his moody and balling best.

The true, creative poetic spirit lives in the haunting ***The War Is Over, She's Almost Dead, Sad News From Korea*** and ***Bad Things On My Mind***, while a down-home Saturday night jumps to ***Highway Blues, I'm Wild About You Baby*** and ***Happy New Years***. Sixteen cuts in all with stinging electric lead by Lightnin', and unobtrusive backing by drums and bass.

The sound quality is quite good with some good informative musicological liner notes. Highly recommended to down-home Texas urban blues fans, especially if you liked Lightning's "Sitting In With" and "Herald" releases.

DIZZY GILLESPIE, PERCY HEATH & THELONIOUS MONK (Photograph by Bill Smith)

RECORD REVIEWS

CHARLIE PARKER
The Complete Royal Roost Performances, Volume I.
Savoy SJL 2259

52nd St. Theme / Ko-Ko / Groovin' Hight / Big Foot / Ornithology / Slow Boat To China / Hot House / Salt Peanuts / Chasin' The Bird / Out Of Nowhere / How High The Moon / Half Nelson / White Christmas / Little Willie Leaps / Be-Bop / Slow Boat To China / Ornithology / Groovin' High / East Of The Sun / Cheryl
Sept. 4, Dec. 11-12, 18 & 25, 1948 and Jan. 1, 1949.

From December 1948 through March 1949, Charlie Parker and his quintet worked regularly at the Royal Roost in New York City, broadcasting on the Symphony Sid show each Saturday (often at 3 a.m.). For years these airchecks have appeared in haphazard fashion in a variety of bootleg labels and also on Savoy itself. Finally, thirty years after Bird's death, this essential music is being released in chronological order. The 2-lp Volume I (a second set is planned) consists of four regular broadcasts, a special Sunday concert and a guest appearance by the quintet three months earlier, along with Symphony Sid's announcements. The lengthy and fascinating liner notes by Phil Schaap perfectly sums up Parker's life to the time of this fortunate booking. To call the music performed in late 1948 'significant' would be a major understatement; Charlie Parker was at the top of his form and in prime condition both physically and mentally. His solos are longer than on his commercial releases (tunes here generally clock in at 4-5 minutes) and are full of stunning passages twenty years ahead of his contemporaries. Miles Davis is in the frontline up to the December 18 broadcast and even this early he was making expert use of space (and hitting some surprising high notes). Kenny Dorham replaced Davis starting with the Christmas aircheck and plays strong enough so as not to be completely overshadowed by Parker. Pianist Al Haig is a bit underrecorded although his fluency still comes across as impressive; many of his solos were cut out on the bootleg issues. Tommy Potter plays fine supportive bass on all but the September date where Curly Russell fills in the same role. Max Roach, who works especially well behind Miles Davis, departed by New Year's; Joe Harris is his worthy replacement. But it's Charlie Parker who is of main interest on these sides, which rank among his most exhilarating performances. ***Big Foot*** and the unique rendition of ***White Christmas*** are particulary remarkable.

KRONOS QUARTET
Monk Suite
Landmark LLP-1505

Well You Needn't / Rhythm-a-ning / Crepuscule With Nellie / Medley: Off Minor, Epistrophy / Round Midnight / Misterioso / It Don't Mean A Thing / Black And Tan Fantasy / Brilliant Corners
Fall, 1984

The virtuosi who comprise the Kronos Quartet are non-improvising classical musicians. Recognizing that Thelonius Monk was one of the major composers of the 20th Century, this string quartet decided to perform some of his greatest originals. Tom Darter, editor of Keyboard Magazine and possessor of a doctorate in composition, is the real star of this successful session. His arrangements somehow transfer not just Monk's notes but his sound and spirit to the strings, particularly on ***Brilliant Corners.*** The first four tracks also feature bassist Ron Carter, whose accompaniment and solo spots add swing and improvisation to this date. The two Duke standards are based on the 1955 "Monk Plays Ellington" album and have bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Eddie Marshall playing in support of the quartet. All in all, this is a remarkable session; if only Thelonious were alive to tell us what he thought.

MARILYN CRISPELL
Live In Berlin
Black Saint BSR 0069

ABC (for Anthony Braxton) / Chant / Burundi
November 4, 1982

Pianist Marilyn Crispell has been compared by many writers to Cecil Taylor. True, she often plays atonally, quite often percussively and occasionally violently, but to imply that she "sounds" like any other player is doing her an injustice. She has an original style and since she first appeared with Braxton in 1978, her records have been rather fascinating.

This Berlin concert matches Crispell's talents with violinist Billy Bang, bassist Peter Kowald and drummer John Betsch on three lengthy compositions. The sidelong ***ABC*** is highlighted by an impressive Bang-Kowald string duet in which they sound like one player and a Crispell improvisation that shows hints of her roots, although Betsch's menacing drums remind her of the present. The seven minute ***Chant*** is a group improvisation with impressive interaction between the musicians. ***Burundi*** starts off with a remarkable unaccompanied violin section during which Billy Bang fully ex-

plores the potential of the violin, at times sounding like a synthesizer. An explorative piano solo and a drum feature (bringing to mind Ed Blackwell) precede the closing group ensemble. A record worth searching for.

CHARLIE PARKER
The Cole Porter Songbook
Verve 823 250-1

Easy To Love / Begin The Beguine / Night And Day / What Is This Thing Called Love / In The Still Of The Night / I Get A Kick Out Of You / Just One Of Those Things / My Heart Belongs To Daddy / I've Got You Under My Skin / Love For Sale / I Love Paris
1950 - 1954

Here's a rather unnecessary repackaging of some of Charlie Parker's recordings from the 1950s; tossed together as part of the recent "Songbook" series on Verve. All of the music is available elsewhere. ***Easy To Love*** is from a Bird and Strings session, ***Begin The Beguine*** was part of a Latin date, the next two numbers find Bird backed by a rather conservative big band while the infamous ***In The Still Of The Night*** has Parker drowned out by the insipid Dave Lambert singers. The six remaining selections date from 1954 and are the master versions from Bird's final two recording dates. This is not Charlie Parker at his best, nor is it rare or vital music. Verve instead should have released an lp of Bird's alternate takes left out of their previous American series. "The Cole Porter Songbook", when it is cut out in a year or two, won't be missed.

EDDIE COSTA QUINTET
V.S.O.P. 7

Get Out Of The Road / In Your Own Sweet Way / Big Ben / Nature Boy / Blues Plus Eight / I Didn't Know What Time It Was / Stretch In "F"
July, 1957

ANDY JAFFE SEXTET
Manhattan Projections
Stash ST247

Manhattan Projections / Samba de Saudade / So You Say / Blues For Cannonball / The Scorpion
January 24, 1984

These two albums, recorded 27 years apart, both feature some of the top young players of their time. The Eddie Costa quintet included Costa (almost 27) on piano and vibes, altoist Phil Woods (25), trumpeter Art Farmer (not quite 29), bassist Teddy Kotick (29) and drummer Paul Motian (26) playing originals and standards from the fertile period of the 1950s. Farmer, although not as distinctive as he would become, was already an exceptional player. The extroverted Phil Woods alto continually bursts with enthusiasm. Pianist Costa is at his best on ***Stretch In "F"***, an uptempo piece that allows him to display his trademark, rapid octave runs in the lower register of the piano. The leader also contributes some arranged passages; his chart of the then rarely played ***Nature Boy*** is memorable. On vibes for two songs, Costa sounds a lot like Milt Jackson, while Woods competently comps behind him on piano. It's a fine bop date with plenty of youthful fire. This album, reissued by the mail order company, V.S.O.P. (Box 5082, Washington, D.C., USA 20004), was originally on the long-defunct Mode label.

The Andy Jaffe sextet is also composed of players mostly in their 20s. Pianist Jaffe, an educator on the East Coast, wrote all six compositions. In making his recorded debut, Jaffe gathered together some expert players to perform his modern chord-based originals. Altoist Ed Jackson is a major find; a street musician from New York City who plays furious and exciting solos that, although boppish, show that he has certainly heard Dolphy and Ayler. He deserves his own recording date. Trumpeter Wallace Roney is also a potentially great player. He is proof that even 30 years after his death, Clifford Brown remains a major influence on trumpeters. Branford Marsalis is also on this date, at this point sounding unlike any other player on soprano although on tenor Wayne Shorterisms pop up here and there.

One may wonder fatalistically about the future of jazz when it seems that crossover and fusion albums dominate the jazz charts. Albums like "Manhattan Projections" should put these fears to rest; the future is bright.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Presents
Affinity AFS 1013

Summertime / Laura / I Can't Get Started / My Funny Valentine / Everything But You / Frustration / Cotton Tail / Daydream / Deep Purple / Indian Summer / Blues
February 1956.

One glance at the large number of non-Ellington compositions should tell readers that this date was slightly unusual. Originally released in the U.S. as "Duke Ellington: The Bethlehem Years, Vol. 2" (BCP 6005), this session took place shortly after Johnny Hodges rejoined Duke after a four year absence. Ellington was gradually emerging from the only creative slump of his career, one fueled by the change in the public's musical taste. All of this would permanently end a few months later with Duke's riotous Newport appearance but at this time he was still searching a bit.

There are six standards, four Ellington-Strayhorn remakes and a blues on this session; all but the blues clock in around three minutes and feature one main soloist apiece. Quite a bit of the music is rather routine: Cat Anderson screaming a bit on ***Summertime***, Paul Gonsalves' tenor sounding romantic on ***Laura***, Jimmy Hamilton mostly sticking to the melody on ***Deep Purple***, etc. Only a too-fast ***Cotton Tail*** and the ***Blues*** jumps a bit with the latter tune featuring seven of Duke's stars. Overall, a subpar date for Ellington although it would be considered a very good outing for most other bands. The inspiration is lacking.

THE RAINBOW GARDENS JAZZ ORCHESTRA
RGO A-1928

Rhythm King / I'm Coming Virginia / Louisiana / Lazy Day / Minor Drag / Brother, Can You Spare A Dime / Big Boy / If I Could Be With You / Mississippi Mud / Six Or Seven Times / Sunday / Telling It To The Daisies
May 8, 13 & 15, 1984.

THE BRASS CONNECTION
A New Look
Innovation JC-0005

All The Things You Are / Someday My Prince Will Come / My Funny Valentine / I Love You / Mood Indigo / My Shining Hour / My Foolish Heart / Night And Day
April - June, 1983.

OLIVER JONES
Lights Of Burgundy
Justin Time Records Just-6

Oleo / Dark Eyes / Lights Of Burgundy / In A Mellotone / Snuggles / Fulford Street Romp / Close Your Eyes / My One And Only Love / Broadway / Here Comes Summer Again
April 3-5, 1985

Any band attempting to play music from the 1920s is faced with a major dilemma; whether to copy the recordings of the era or to try to be creative within the boundaries of the time period. The Toronto-based Rainbow Gardens Jazz Orchestra, although not recreating old solos note-for-note, tends to lean towards the former approach. Although this concept may work well in live concerts where only selective members of the audience are familiar with the original recordings, on records this band comes across as quite derivative. Why listen to their version of ***I'm Coming Virginia*** when one can hear Bix? Also, the so-so vocals of Gordon Vogt, based in Bing Crosby, dominate several of the songs. Pity, because the musicianship is quite high. Paul Pacanowski on clarinet, alto, tenor and bass sax is a strong soloist (although restricted by the charts) and the spirit is there. But why revive a dog tune like ***Lazy Day*** or play the obscure ***Six Or Seven Times*** just like Don Redman did? Wouldn't it be more fun to interpret a Duke Ellington song as Paul Whiteman would have, or vice versa? Imagine ***Sunday*** as played by Fletcher Henderson or Jelly Roll Morton's version of ***Big Boy***! It is possible to be creative in playing 20s jazz, a fact maybe the RGO will discover before cutting their next record.

Doug Hamilton's Brass Connection is a five-trombone four-rhythm nonet that won Canada's Juno award for their first album a couple of years ago. "A New Look" has this unit running through eight veteran standards on arrangements by Hamilton, Bill Holman, Warren Barker and Mark Taylor. It's an enjoyable bop date with oddly enough the best solos coming from the two non-trombonists Don Thompson on vibes (particularly on ***My Funny Valentine***) and guitarist Lorne Lofsky, although Ian McDougall gets in some good licks. The utilization of the trombone sound is appealing if not very innovative on this fine middle-of-the-road session.

Oliver Jones' "Lights Of Burgundy" is one of the most impressive small-group dates I've heard thus far this year. It opens by jumping immediately into an uptempo ***Oleo***. Fine solos by Jones on piano, guitarist Reg Schwager and bassist Michel Donato pave the way for the entrance of Fraser MacPherson's smoking tenor. ***Dark Eyes*** has the quartet without Fraser and also cooks. Oliver Jones is then showcased on

FRASER MACPHERSON (Photograph by Bill Smith)

the title cut (one of four originals contributed by the leader), a tasteful ballad. Although he plays in a modern mainstream style well populated by players influenced by Oscar Peterson, Bud Powell and McCoy Tyner, Oliver Jones sounds unlike anyone else, especially on the slower pieces. A relaxed but swinging ***In A Mellotone*** by the quintet is followed by a hot trio rendition of Jones' ***Snuggles***. Bassist Michel Donato, who solos on most cuts, improvises melodically and with wit. ***Fulford Street Romp*** is gospellish hard bop, a little reminiscent of Horace Silver's ***The Preacher***, and it swings furiously. After MacPherson romps through ***Close Your Eyes*** (sounding a lot like Zoot Sims), the remainder of this date (two ballads and an average ***Broadway***) is a little anticlimactic. Oliver Jones, a name little known in the U.S., deserves much greater acclaim; he's an original.

JACK DEJOHNETTE
The Piano Album
Landmark LLP-1504

Minority / Lydia / Countdown / Spiral / Time After Time / Milton / Ahmad The Terrible / Quiet Now
January 14-15, 1985

I first heard famed drummer Jack DeJohnette play piano on Chico Freeman's "Tradition In Transition" (Elektra 60163). He appeared on Monk's ***Jackie-ing*** and did the most perfect imitation of Thelonious I've heard to date, just remarkable. Otherwise, he utilizes keyboards now and then with his Special Edition band. Apparently DeJohnette, whose original instrument was the piano, has wanted to make a keyboard album for some time.

Assisted by the superb rhythm team of bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Freddie Waits, Jack performs a diverse program, at times almost stretching a bit beyond his limits. Not a virtuoso, DeJohnette is able to play creditable bop (***Minority***), sounds quite comfortable on Coltrane's ***Spiral*** and introduces a fine childlike, but complex, original ***Ahmad The Terrible*** (for Jamal). Weaker is his usage of synthesizer for color on three numbers, notably the dull rendition of ***Time After Time***, and he emerges from the finger-buster ***Countdown*** alive but a bit strained. He's better on the solo ballad ***Quiet Now***. Overall this is a worthy effort; it does not sound like a drummer doodling on the piano.

PRECEDING REVIEWS BY SCOTT YANOW

JOHN RAPSON
Deeba Dah-Bwee
Nine Winds 0112

Riff/bass, bridge head / The Implication Isn't / Virile / Shelton's Sweetime / Lament For Earache D

John Rapson, trombone; Bill Hartley, trumpet, flugelhorn; Vinnie Golia, bass, tenor, and alto saxophones, bass clarinet, alto flute; Wayne Peet, piano; Robert Miguel Miranda, bass; Alex Cline, percussion.

Ever since its inception, Nine Winds Records has been one of the brighter, more progressive independents based on the West Coast. A very modest operation by today's standards, it revolves around a close knit circle of forward-looking musicians who happen to function on basically the same wavelength. With the exception of an occasional appearance by the likes of clarinetist John Carter or trumpeter Baikida Carroll, the nucleus of the personnel remains relatively stable with the leadership roles changing on a loosely rotating basis. Having previously been heard to good advantage on Vinnia Golia's "Gift Of Fury" (NW 0109), trombonist John Rapson, like a number of his contemporaries (Craig Harris, Ray Anderson, Glenn Ferris et al), favors the grittier, gutbucket style as opposed to the leaner, slicker bop oriented approach. On this, his debut outing as a leader, Rapson is rejoined (except for trumpeter Bill Hartley) by his cohorts from "The Gift of Fury". While there is intense, high-spirited solo work from all quarters, the main interest here lies in Rapson's oddly structured compositions. Utilizing Golia's arsenal of reeds in conjunction with the muted and full blown configurations of the brass, Rapson weaves a complex web of broad tonal variations, awkwardly shifting rhythmic patterns and vigorous interplay. At the core is the powerhouse trio of Peet, Cline and Miranda, inciting but at the same time striving to stabilize and solidify the unruly turbulence generated by the front line. ***Riff/bass, bridge head*** sets the tone of the album as big, burly riffs rumble out at the listener punctuated by Hartley's snarling trumpet and Peet's stabbing chords. The leader launches a muscular solo and Golia succeeds at wrestling his cumbersome bass sax into submission. A rough and tumble melee ensues, eventually leading into a sleek, agile statement from Miranda. ***The Implication Isn't*** is a swiftly moving piece built around the rhythm section with the horns supplying short, pointed interjections. Peet builds to a frenzied peak, paving the way for Rapson and Cline's brief but effective remarks. Full of urgency and drive, ***Virile*** is most notable for Golia's super-charged tenor solo, more probing piano from Peet, heated exchanges between Hartley, Rapson and Golia and another dose of Cline's well-balanced percussion. Flirting with the blues, ***Shelton's Sweetime*** moves along at a sluggishly clumsy pace as the raunchy, plunger muted utterances of the trombone and Peet's thunderous keyboard work grab for the center of attention. The brooding, atmospheric ***Lament For Earache D*** finds Rapson toying with multiphonics in the manner of Albert Mangelsdorff while Cline assumes a more reflectively subdued posture. As these two trade ideas, the full ensemble enters, briefly touching on Coltrane's ***Naima*** and jolting the sensibilities with sudden, sharply stated exclamations. This music is refreshingly loose and unpredictable and provides a welcome challenge to anyone who is open and adventurous enough to give it a listen.

Nine Winds Records can be contacted at 6325 De Soto Avenue, Suite J, Woodland Hills, California USA 91367. ***— Gerard Futrick***

IN PERFORMANCE

WALT DICKERSON / ANDREW CYRILLE
The New Mexico Jazz Workshop
Albuquerque, New Mexico
November, 1985

The New Mexico Jazz Workshop, Inc., has been celebrating its tenth anniversary as the southwest's most innovative and successful presenter of Black American improvisational music. The nonprofit arts organization known here as "the Workshop" has consistently served a variety of necessary functions for the middle Rio Grande Valley, not the least of which has been the annual Guest Artists Series, a prior showcase for performers as diverse as Art Pepper and Cecil Taylor.

This year's series has taken no exception with the established standards of excellence, bringing to Albuquerque for the very first time the talents of Randy Weston (with Herbie Lewis, Eddie Moore and Kwaku Daddy!), Abdullah Ibrahim, Walt Dickerson, Andrew Cyrille, Charlie Haden, Don Cherry, and Tito Puente with his orchestra. The pairing of Dickerson with Cyrille and of Haden with Cherry in a set of "Great Duets" is an innovation which creates vital musical situations for both audience and performers.

The premiere concert of what is now projected as an annual series was the Dickerson/Cyrille duo in late November. As a debut for a format no pairing could be more appropriate to the Workshop's stated intention. Certainly both players are among the giants of improvisational music; equally certainly they are not household names to the concert-going public. Building an audience and presenting concert music in a concert setting is what organizations like the New Mexico Jazz Workshop are all about.

Undoubtedly, Dickerson and Cyrille have become familiar names in some local households as a result of their doubly hypnotic performance at the historic KiMo Theatre and their shared workshop at Sandia High School the following day. They communicated very ably the heightened and joyful spirituality which has become a familiar aspect of the music presented so far in this year's Workshop series.

In conversation before the concert, Dickerson gave a perspective of what was to come: "The impetus tonight will be the overview of a planet going through the final stages of change from being a warlike planet to being a planet of peace. This change is inevitable." He communicated the same confidence in his opening remarks at the KiMo and then proceeded into a 35-minute solo which sustained the rapt attention of all present.

Although the tone of the Musser concert vibraphone provided for the occasion was distinct from the tone of Dickerson's more familiar Deagan vibraharp, all the aspects of his sound were there: the restrained use of vibrato for ringing notes to punctuate the liquid arpeggios, achieved mostly with two (occasionally three) hand-whittled, short-handled, rubber-headed mallets, the long runs of notes resolving into melodies and unraveling once again into pregnant pauses with Walt poised over the instrument as though receiving vibrations from the air. When one such pause became a conclusion, Dickerson introduced "the genius of Andrew Cyrille" and turned the stage over to the percussionist's nearly volcanic burst of energy.

Beginning quietly with rimshots on his snare drum, Cyrille built a long and complex drum solo, slowly incorporating each additional part of his drumset into an awesome exercise in polyrhythms. The performance was accented by powerful snare drum rolls punctuated by complimentary rhythms on highhat, bass drum, and toms. At one point Cyrille rose to dance around the drumset, maintaining a beat by stamping his feet. Proceeding to sing and tongue a variety of sounds, he removed the snare drum from its stand to play both sides simultaneously with hands and body. Finally, flexing a cymbal with his hands and playing backstage hardware with his sticks, he brought the audience back to Earth with a renewed knowledge that music is found everywhere.

A final duet between Cyrille and Dickerson, although disappointingly short, clearly displayed the ease of communication wrought by a quarter-century of working together. Creating a lush three-mallet melody with ringing vibrato, Dickerson made wide use of overtones, creating a fabric of sound which was embellished by Cyrille's extensive vocabulary of percussion. With the same gift for pace and phrasing which were evident in the earlier solos, this first "Great Duet" subsided into a collaboration for drumsticks and mallet handles on the frames of

WALT DICKERSON (Photograph by Maurizio Brenzoni)

the respective instruments, and ended with a warm onstage embrace by the performers.

The following day's clinic, co-sponsored by a local drum shop, was well-attended and informative. Cyrille gave an extremely articulate presentation of his experience "coming up" in the music, with the twist of adding that he could just as easily have become a chemist if he had received the same positive energy in the chemistry department at St. John's University as he received on the bandstand. Following a 35-minute exercise in drum technique which rivaled in ways his performance of the night before, Cyrille introduced Dickerson, who offered "a melody to help us all experience a beautiful afternoon." On a shaky old Deagan with a noisy motor he pulled a new day's music out of thin air, improvising a melody that had the sound of tranquillity.

One wonders, after a Great Duet weekend in Albuquerque, why it has been seven years since Cyrille was recorded last by a North American company (Tomato, with Leroy Jenkins), and an incredible two decades since Dickerson's last American label release. On the way to the airport, Andrew mentioned that, except for students and a few school gigs in New York, he had nothing scheduled until a European trip in March. Walt said he is usually busy in February, ever since it became "Black History Month."

This music subverts the world system many of us feel confined by. It calls us to the liberation of our spirits with a whole new vocabulary of human expression. No thanks to American record companies or radio stations, but many thanks to the Workshop for bringing these unique and very vital voices to our part of the world. — ***Roy Durfee***

(Roy Durfee is a freelance arts and environment writer currently residing in Albuquerque, New Mexico).

TOTAL MUSIC MEETING
Berlin, October/November 1985

Some kinds of music exist to make money. Other kinds of music cost money; profit is out of the question.

Free Music Productions presented — as it has every other year during the Total Music Meeting — music that costs money. Unlike former years, this TMM was designed less as a workshop than a festival. FMP sought to answer the question of whether there is a specific German musical movement, by representing musicians who had built their own style of creative music, not built on American models. Of course there was no intention of putting forth an event of a chauvinist nationalistic nature; especially since frequent international collaborations are one of the main characteristics of the German jazz scene. The achievement to be recognized is the preservation of national characteristics within a cultural internationalism.

Albert Mangelsdorff and **Wolfgang Dauner** are surely two of the musicians responsible for the evolution of a national musical language. Mangelsdorff developed (simultaneously with Paul Rutherford) techniques of playing polyphonically on the trombone. Dauner is a sympathetic partner. His piano solo was reminiscent of his role in bringing free jazz to Europe.

Alex Schlippenbach (piano), **Evan Parker** (saxophones) and **Paul Lovens** (percussion) are a fine trio. Like the Schlippenbach trio, **Peter Brotzmann** (saxophones), **Hugh Davies** (electronics) and **Phil Minton** (voice) are old hands of free music. In Brotzmann's playing the berserk powerplays are giving way more and more to a new lyricism. Minton's body is a factory of sounds, ranging from abstract vocalisms to a parody of Elvis Presley. Even his most extreme expressions still refer to a good deal of world song literature. Hugh Davies controlled his live electronics-sound factory with genius and intuition.

Peter Kowald (bass), **Curtis Clark** (piano) and **Anthony Brown** (drums) are most experienced free jazz musicians, so that their improvisations work as instant compositions, very dense, very structured and very well-thought-out.

Who does not admire **Lol Coxhill's** crystal clear soprano saxophone playing, his full tone and his thoughtful structures? His trio with **Achim Knispel** (guitar) and **Willi Keller** (drums) could be said not to integrate different individual styles, but cultivated stylistic excrescence as a style in itself.

Gunter Christmann was one of the pioneers who widened the expressive range of the trombone. In his cello-playing he has made similar radical steps. At the TMM he showed films, putting himself in front of the screen to become part of the movie. In ***Explico***, letters as graphic signs circled around on the screen and around the trombonist in front of the screen. In ***Balance*** the cat burglar in Harold Lloyd's slapstick "Dream Dancer" seemed to crash down on top of the cellist in front of the screen. The musician's interaction with the events on screen called into question the distinction between film-reality and real life, of immediate present and celluloid-past.

As Christmann has done with the trombone, **Pinguin Moschner** is attempting to free the tuba from its traditional roles. His techniques range from circular breathing, extreme leaps in register, multiphonics and the disassembling of the instrument for sound production. He casts a new perspective on the flexibility of this big instrument. **Herbert Joos'** solo playing was less impressive. Ten years ago he was a pioneer of trumpet and flugelhorn techniques, and the accompaniment of his playing by tape-recordings was very unusual. Now his incidental music — imitations of nature-sounds — simply served as a background to his improvisations.

The trio "Transition" featured three musicians of a younger generation, although of such different styles that their collaboration was sometimes puzzling. **Louis Sclavis** (clarinet, saxophones), **John Lindberg** (bass) and **Heinz Becker** (trumpet); Sclavis pleased with his thoughtful improvisations.

It is **Keith Tippett's** declared intention to make his piano sound like an orchestra, and his music is a highly individual blend of different cultures, traditions and styles. However, his duet with **Hans Reichel** (guitar) was marred by Reichel's deliberate refusal of a musical dialogue. **Wittwulf Malik** is a young cellist in the tradition of Tristan Honsinger and Maarten Altena; like them he is not uninfluenced by Bartok's string quartets. His solo concert was a study in contrasts.

The Bernd Konrad Quartet lay it on thick. A giant percussion set was used with incongruous economy by **Ferdinand Forsch. Paul Schwarz** did not content himself with keyboard frenzy. Konrad jumped on the piano, and blew his horn; strong-arm stuff. The macho powerplay was countered by vocalist **Maria De Alvear**. She played with the cliches of the woman performer, parodying the concept of sex-appeal with the same ironic distance that she parodied avant garde singing. The group brought her in to replace Buschi Niebergall. One more man in that group would have been far too much for my tolerance of macho behaviour. I suspect that in the would-be emancipated free jazz scene, De Alvear genuinely forced open a new door.

Martin Theurer, a pianist active in free jazz since the late '70s, organized "Cash in Advance," with three other noise-musicians. Theurer simply played like he always played and tried to unify the group musically. **Lars Rudolph** produced sounds with his demounted trumpet, a bucket or a radio. **Wiegald Boning** likewise worked alternatively with his alto, with tapes, with his voice or scratching records. **Burghard Pogalla** scratched his guitar; in general the musicians did not take the time to develop instrumental statements. They could have stopped after a quarter hour, since they had nothing new to say.

Grubenklangorchester consisted of Heinz Becker, Horst Grabosch, tr & fl; Radu Malfatti, Johannes Bauer, tb; Harald Dau, Dietmar Diesner, Roberto Attaviano, saxes; Melvin Poore, tba, Georg Grawe, p; Phil Wachsmann, v; John Lindberg, b; Achim Kramer, dr. One aspect of this group was its adaptations of Hanns Eisler material, but in doing so the orchestra reduced its fantastic musicians to the lowest common denominator of the arrangements. Only in their solos could the musicians show their abilities. The complete contrast was the **King Ubu Orchestru**, which encouraged its members' individuality. Mark Charig, Guido Mazzon, tr; Radu Malfatti, tb; Wolfgang Fuchs, Norbert Moslang, reeds, Erhard Hirt, g; Phil Wachsmann, vln; Alfred Zimmerlin, clo; Hans Schneider, b; Paul Lytton, dr: a new music like I've never heard so far, unpretentious, playful yet serious, witty and reasonable. The instruments are used in a most creative way, the music does not need a rhythmic underpinning and the musicians do not need notation to direct their improvisations.

Jost Gebers, the organizer of the Total Music Meeting, centered the program around German musicians, who themselves had put together the groups in which they played. Seemingly none of them wanted to play with any of the many reputable female musicians such as Maggie Nichols, Irene Schweizer, Lindsay Cooper, Joelle Leandre, Anne Le Baron, Candace Natwig or Sybille Pomorin.

To let the TMM audience dance after hours, the swing band "Night And Day" (Schlippenbach, piano; Rudiger Carl, tenor saxophone, Jay Oliver, bass, Sven-Ake Johansson, drums) played jazz standards of the 20s, 30s and 40s. They played them faithfully, but in reality those in the audience were longing for some free jazz inspiration.

— ***Ellen Brandt***

WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET
Robson Square Cinema
Vancouver, British Columbia
November 15th, 1985

Music can drive you out of your mind —
or bring you to your senses!
Oliver Lake, W.S.Q.

And what a short drive. On a typically grey Vancouver Friday night at the Robson Square Cinema the World Saxophone Quartet put the sold out crowd in the passenger seat of their jazz cadillac and painted the road. The scenery along the way ranged from the swinging plains of Duke Ellington to solitary Coltrane mountain-like solos and romantic drives around Stan Getz lake. A ride you wished was endless.

The members of the W.S.Q. sauntered or stage with their saxes blowing. Moving rhythmically they played a short bouncy opening theme song which was repeated before the end of their first set and the end of of the second set. At first, the band members looked serious, almost hostile. Oliver Lake (alto sax) laughed when I mentioned this backstage later. "Oh man, I hear that all the time." This impression was quickly dispelled when David Murray stepped up to the microphone and commented in a lightly sarcastic tone "We've been playing together nine years, next year is our tenth anniversary. You can be sure we'll be selling t-shirts and posters to commemorate the event." The irony is that in spite of widespread critical acclaim, especially for tenor saxophone player Murray, the band members are dependent on government grants to keep afloat.

None of this mattered to the enthusiastic audience once the band began to play. The music was entirely acoustic in that no sound system was in place. The first number, ***Paperworks***, by Hamiet Bluiett (baritone sax) was representative in format of many of the numbers to follow. While one band member would solo the others would provide the background melody or step off stage.

It was in the solos that the audience was allowed to see the unique character of each member of the band and also appreciate why the band works so well together. Bluiett plays the baritone sax as if to challenge the upper registers of the instrument's range. Bluiett would take the sax to a high alto pitch and quickly punctuate the point with the sound of a ship stuck in the fog. His audible breathing served as a beautiful reminder that the soul of ths engine was truly human.

The sad eyed David Murray on tenor holds the sax as if he is engaged in a ballet. His body movements parallel the rich rhythms of his music, a pas de deux between player and instrument. One of Murray's compositions entitled ***Lovers*** (wryly introduced by Julius Hemphill as ***Star Crossed Lovers***) indicated the romantic statements found in his music. Murray's ability to vary tempo and pitch allows a unique rhythm, offering thematic improvisation much in the style of Sonny Rollins.

Julius Hemphill (alto and soprano sax), who writes the greatest number of compositions in the group ("nobody can match him", commented Murray), appears as the sage of the group. Hemphill winds up slowly in his solos as if conserving energy, never hinting at the explosions from the instrument he'll offer later. Hemphill at times traded licks with Murray, each bending toward the other, coaxing and cajoling the music to greater heights.

Lake's composition ***Urban*** offered the nuances that make him the innovator he is. Lake also read some of his poetry while playing. Reading, Lake altered the tone of his voice as he'd scream his way into the sax at the same pitch. On another number, Lake had the rest of the quartet back him while he read. It was difficult to discern what he was saying; nevertheless, it was an experiment appreciated by the audience.

It is the wide background and styles of the members of the W.S.Q. which provides the band with its unique character. However, it is the band members' ability to merge their talents without compromising their individuality that makes the quartet a tight unit.

— David Shilling

JAZZFEST BERLIN 1985
West Berlin, Germany
October 31 to November 3, 1985

In 1985 Europe was celebrating a year of European music. That's why the Berlin JazzFest organizers wanted two thirds of the festival program contributed by European musicians and one third by U.S. musicians. The JazzFest hoped that in doing so they would demonstrate that European jazz can compete with American jazz. The organizers are not free from the same inferiority complex that many European musicians have. I would like to try to review groups on the basis of their musical success, outside of this unproductive competition.

Trumpeter **Manfred Schoof** intended to make connections between the record ("European Echoes") he made nearly twenty years ago, and this year's orchestra. "European Echoes" was the response of European free jazz to the U.S. avant garde. For Schoof it was an expression of "European feeling and thinking." In 1985 Schoof considers European jazz to have its own unique connections between composition and spontaneity, but these were not especially well-demonstrated by this big band. The free jazz solos seemed inhibited by the conventional context they appeared in.

The **Franco Ambrosetti Tentet**, consisting of musicians from Europe (Daniel Humair drums, Ambrosetti flugelhorn, trumpet, Dave Holland bass) and the U.S.A. (Dave Liebman, soprano sax, Howard Johnson, baritone sax, tuba) attempted to resuscitate the style of arrangements of the West Coast jazz school, without very interesting results. It remained a secret in what sense the **Peter Herbolzheimer Combination & Brass** was European, apart from the fact that its members were Europeans. Their guest star was Dizzy Gillespie, and the group played Gillespie originals, and Herbolzheimer's own compositions — which sounded as if they could have been written by Gillespie in the '50s, except that Gillespie's pieces had more variety.

One of the few groups of the festival whose music could actually be called European was

WSQ - MURRAY, HEMPHILL, LAKE & BLUIETT (Photograph by Ming Smith)

Tony Oxley's Celebration Orchestra. A real orchestra, in which collective consciousness supplanted the unmotivated routine of solo after solo plus accompaniment. The orchestra's most conspicuous feature was its use of five percussionists, which threw light upon a specific difference between European music and U.S. jazz: the drums and other percussion instruments were not basically used to insert the rhythmic backbone into the music. They participated on equal terms in the overall sound production; when rhythm was demanded, it strove less for continuity than for contrast, eg. a drum-major sequence, that extricated itself from a passage of general rustling and shuffling. Tony Oxley became famous for having reversed the expected function of percussive instruments to develop a kind of sound-play. Like the rhythmic continuity, the melodic continuity was superceded in favour of sound-colour, whose specific English version is its "noise" character. Noise was not just a contrast to melody in this ensemble; it was the dominating musical structure. Like the drum section, the string section had an expanded role, and the strings often met the percussion with a surprisingly similar sound-colour. Another European specialty, the use of displaced thematic quotations, was brought to bear with an old pop song celebrating a famous Berlin avenue. Besides Oxley, the orchestra consisted of percussionists Christoph Haberer, Ettore Fioravanti, Nigel Morris and Willi Kellers, bassists Barry Guy, Ali Haurand and Paolo Damiani, Marcio Mattos on cello, violinists Phil Wachsmann and Alex Kolkowski, pianist Ulrich Gumpert, saxophonists Larry Stabbins, Ernst-Ludwig Petrowsky and Gerd Dudek, and trombonist Johannes Bauer.

Completely composed music without the slightest reservation was executed by the **Franco-German Jazz Ensemble** together with the **Young Franco-German Philharmonic Orchestra**. The meeting of jazz and philharmonic musicians was a special contribution to the European year of music. The composers were all experienced in free jazz. The temptation to bring jazz and the classical avant garde together has a long tradition, from Schlippenbach's compositions for Globe Unity in 1966 to Penderecki's ***Actions*** for Don Cherry and the New Eternal Rhythm Orchestra in 1971. Most efforts aimed at a complete synthesis of both kinds of music.

The six compositions presented at the Philharmonic stood explicitly for different models of conjunction: **Rainer Bruninghaus'** ***Sinfonietta Nova*** threw the dualism into sharp relief and forced the synthesis by combat, which in turn the jazz music won in the improvised part and the philharmonic music won in the symphonic part. Synthesis misunderstood as forced integration and subordination. In the third part the jazz musicians destroyed minimal structures by inserting free jazz elements and swept the symphony orchestra along with a "vital and free-chaotic playing." **Francois Jeanneau's** composition ***Amalgame*** is described by its title: he wanted the two orchestras to grow together and speak with one tongue. Improvised parts were left to the responsibility of the jazz musicians. **Alex Schlippenbach's** ***Colori di Olevano*** also maintained a division of labour between the freely-improvising big band and the symphony orchestra; only in the last

two parts of the composition were both orchestras treated as a single unit.

Patrice Mestral's composition ***Actions/double*** showed different ways of bringing the orchestras together: confrontation, integration, dissociation etc. It was his declared will to preserve both orchestras' identity, culture and repertoire. **Martial Solal** as well, with ***Fantaisie Pour Deux Orchestres*** intended no synthesis of jazz and "avant garde" music. His composition consisted of two parallel musical developments, recognizing that they each have their own history, and can coexist in peace. **Wolfgang Dauner** presented a collage of musical styles: a bit of minimalism, and bit of Wagnerian atmosphere, a bit of impressionism, some big band accompaniment to free jazz solos; with such a variety of material nearly everybody found something to their tastes, so Dauner's ***Tranz Tanz*** had the audience's unanimous sympathy. Wagner's polemic fits here: "Everything except the good, has its audience."

In general I found none of the orchestrations except for Schlippenbach's (he studied composition with B.A. Zimmerman) convincing. All the other pieces seemed to rely on effects and contrived structures. The festival, however, should be praised for its ambitious intention of encouraging large ensembles. The United Jazz and Rock Ensemble was not invited because it had just played in Berlin; however one can only surmise that the Mike Westbrook Band, one of Europe's most original formations, was simply overlooked.

The festival's last big band was a radio-studio band to accompany **Ernst Jandl's** stumbles. Jandl is a composer of concrete poetry in the Dada tradition, in certain respects comparable to John Cage's poetry. ***Loud And Luise*** was the name of his program. Here is one of his poems to give an idea:

pi
ano
anino
anissimo

pi
pi

o
nano
nanino
nanissimo

o
pi

Despite his use of the pure mechanical devel opment of words, his poems are full of comedy (mostly tinged with irony), of pathos and of sensuality. What seems to be nonsense turns into an engaged protest against nescience and nuisance and nonsense. Unfortunately, the poetry was chained by a musical accompaniment that was a mere background of the most banal tautologies. The usual jazz-and-lyrics jumble was all the more irritating in that the Radio Studio Band seems to be an old peoples' home for former avant garde musicians (Schoof, Dudek, John Marshall) who disposed of the music no better than is possible as part of a civil service machinery.

Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone and **John Surman**, baritone saxophone, seemed to pick up their musical dialogue where it left off ten years ago, when they were known as "Mumps." Their music is timeless in its beauty, and fascinating in its unique European style of working with folk melodies.

After two years **Miles Davis** was again invited to the festival, but his music has hardly changed in that time, and his performance was more interesting as a spectacle than as music.

Apart from the "Battle of the Big Horns," a staid traditional jazz combo, Joe Zawinul solo, Wayne Shorter's group and the Neville Brothers, nothing more took place at the Philharmonie. The link and frame concerts at a hall more suitable for popular music, offered music to dance or to dream or to shake one's head. I leave it to the reader where to file **Arto Lindsay's Ambitious Lovers'** noise music, the **New York Jazz Explosion, the Carmen Lundy Quartet, Johannes Faber's Consortium,** featuring **Billy Cobham, the Annie Whitehead Band** and **Blue Box.**

The JazzFest showed that, on the whole, European musicians are still mostly concerned with cloning US jazz. Innovative music of an autonomous and original European style was hardly to be heard. It seems that the organizers considered a group to be "European," if they hadn't been flown in by PAN AM (this company's label was printed in the program behind all of the US groups' names).

— Ellen Brandt

DIZZY GILLESPIE with the FARGO — MOORHEAD SYMPHONY
Moorhead State University,
Sunday, November 24, 1985

Here in the far reaches of the upper mid-west, good fortune continues to smile on us, with jazz performances that will equal, to what we refer as, that of the outside world. The great Dizzy Gillespie performed with the Fargo-Moorhead Symphony on Sunday, November 24. Dr. J. Robert Hanson, the conductor, has long been a friend of jazz and attempts, in alternate years, to bring in a jazz performer (unit) to appear with an excellent orchestra.

Fargo (ND) — Moorhead (MN), seat of over one hundred-thousand persons, contains two universities and a college, all of which contain viable music departments. As a result, a lot of first-rate teachers/performers are available to serve in the orchestra. I had the good fortune to be able to attend the rehearsal of Mr. Gillespie and the symphony. The guest was immediately aware of the rapport that was to exist between him, his quintet, and the orchestra. What a treat it was to observe such a rich interaction.

The competence of Dizzy and his associates was, in both rehearsal and performance, truly exceptional, as would be expected. Included in the quintet were John Lee, bass guitar, Walter Davis, Jr., piano, Nasyr Abdul Al-Khabyyar, drums, Sayyd Abdul Al-Khabyyar, reeds and Dizzy Gillespie, whose trumpet facility in person was even greater than what we are used to hearing on record.

The concert began with two works by the orchestra: ***Colas Bregnon Overture*** by Dimitri Kabalevsky (b. 1904) and ***Three Movements*** from the ***Grand Canyon Suite*** by Ferde Grofe (1892-1972). The movements performed were ***Sunrise, On The Trail*** and ***Cloudburst***. Since this commentary is related to the jazz portion of the concert, I will concentrate on the part Mr. Gillespie played.

Following the first intermission (interval), the quintet played three selections without the orchestra. The first tune was not announced so I do not have the title. But the up-tempo work had a 6/8, 3/4, 6/8 kind of feel and interchange. The object was to give a good deal of opportunity for their highly developed musical skill to be displayed, and it was. The best comment that can be made on the improvisational abilities of the fine musicians is that the audience had a rare treat and the musicians in the audience, who came from a one-hundred mile radius, had a master class offered of the highest calibre. The second tune was a blues by Lalo Schifrin. Because of Lalo's background, one would expect a strong Latin flavor, and we were not disappointed. Dizzy Gillespie has an affinity for the Latin feel which he explained to the audience. Dizzy gave full credit to Chano Pozo for helping him to discover the wonderful Latin contribution. The third number in the quintet portion was a Gillespie composition, ***Tanga***, which has been recorded by Gillespie/Brown/Roker/Pass on the Pablo label. Here again, the fire for the quintet was felt.

After a second intermission, the quintet and the orchestra joined on stage for four (4) works, all Gillespie compositions, with fantastic arrangements by such luminaries as J.J. Johnson.

Night In Tunisia — the orchestra gave a very North African sound to the piece which set the stage for a 128 bar interlude by Davis, Gillespie and Sayyd.

Con Alma — a very moving arrangement that contained a brief rhythmic break.

Fiesta — a west Indian flavor came to the fore to underscore a beautiful melodic line. Both baritone and bass guitar played prominently in the work.

Manteca — it was at this stage of the concert that Mr. Gillespie paid verbal tribute to Chano Pozo. The fullness of the orchestration complemented the verve of the quintet and the concert came to a rousing conclusion.

In the 1987-88 symphonic season there will be another jazz instrumentalist on the pop concert. The 1986-87 season will feature a vocalist. Thanks and praise are heaped upon Dr. Hanson for his continued recognition of the jazz tradition. We applaud Dizzy Gillespie and his entourage for a wonderful display of jazz virtuosity.

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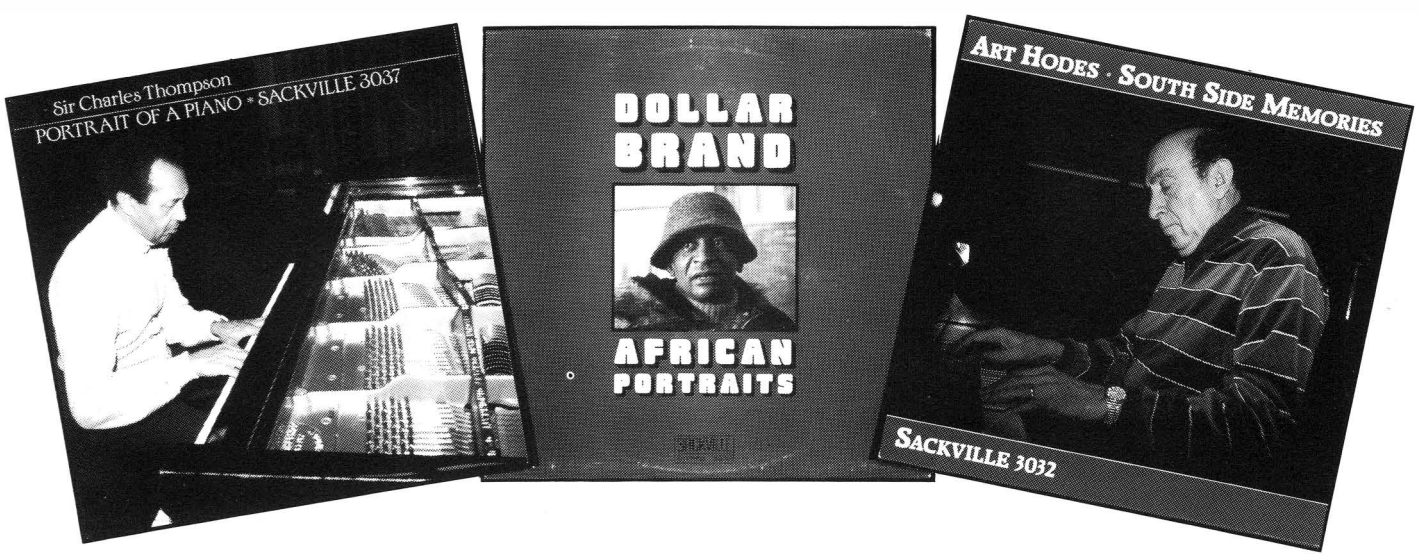

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