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Anthony Braxton (Photograph by Bill Smith)

ANTHONY BRAXTON

Imagine the visual artist. After years of painstaking training, he develops a method that concentrates on a strict use of geometric shape and limited, almost spartan use of colour. This gives his finished works a stark, unreal beauty arising from the revealed textures seldom seen before. When the artist displays his work, there is at first heated debate as to his ability to function in the tradition that precedes him, although this matters little in the context of his adopted style. Eventually there is a grudging acceptance of his work and slowly come acknowledgements of his uniqueness. Emboldened, the artist moves forward, changing his method to incorporate more colour, and begins to discard the starkness of his earlier work, choosing instead to formulate a new synthesis of line, motion, and colour, causing no end of shock amongst critics who have only just come to grips with his earlier innovations. There follows a general apprehensiveness surrounding the artist's works. Critics are divided as to whether attention should be paid to this renegade trickster while other artists, sensing the confusion in the air, criticize the artist mercilessly, as they continue to rework innovations from previous eras.

Change the medium under discussion from the visual arts to sound composition and this resembles the controversy created by American composer/instrumentalist Anthony Braxton.

"The real challenge of creativity is to be honest – know thyself. Music involves living, it's not just the execution of sounds in space."

– Anthony Braxton, "Forces in Motion", p. 30

The music of Anthony Braxton as it is explored by Graham Lock in his recently published "Forces in Motion" is the stuff of wonder, a music of strange and elemental nature that challenges the listener to bring to it an attentiveness and thirst for discovery. Lock accompanied Braxton and his ensemble on a twelve concert tour of England in November of 1985 and this book is an exhaustive, unprecedented study of the composer and his music. The author attended all concerts, workshops and lectures given by Braxton over the course of the tour and conducted numerous interviews with the composer in order to shed some light on a music that still remains highly controversial within the music community at large. Given the amount of negative press that Braxton has received over the years both in North America and Europe, it is surprising that this book, which is the first real examination of Braxton's compositional techniques and philosophical orientation, has been so long in the making. Lock is to be praised for undertaking what is a tremendous feat, unravelling and condensing the foundations of Braxton's music systems. The fact that Mr Lock has attempted it at all is commendable. He has, in fact, done it well. The book's dust jacket boasts a telling comment from Braxton himself who considers this book to be, "required reading for anyone interested in my music." Happily the book pursues the methods and orientation of the composer as its primary focus with the author seldom descending into fan-like raptures although it is clear from the onset that he possesses a great respect for Braxton's work, both as an instrumentalist and as a composer. The author's role from the beginning is quite clear: to chronicle and verbally illustrate the sound formations and sound logic that the Braxton ensemble employ. His interview method is surprisingly relaxed considering the enigmatic Braxton reserve, understandable when one considers the composer has been the helpless recipient of more hostility from the critics' pens than any artist since Ornette Coleman. Braxton ducks questions whenever he feels that Lock is either unprepared for the answer or if he feels it will lead the discussion into an area that he has not clarified for himself yet. Braxton's considered approach to explaining his work is a blessing since what he has chosen to reveal in the interview segments (compiled from fifteen hours of interviews Lock obtained during the course of the tour) is part philosophy and part the hard facts of the composer's life and work. He does not allow Lock to lead him off his narrative course, balancing perspectives of creativity and investigation with the blunt reality of economics as they apply to the world of music in the eighties, a chilly environment that is paradoxically enjoying a renaissance of music craft. Braxton mixes it up with Lock, suffering the interview process only as a means of conveying his message to the world.

Lock is quick to address the foremost misconception that has been thrown at Braxton for many years. At long last, the platform of the interview gives the composer a forum to answer his critics with a gleeful vengeance. Does he swing?

"The music business is about as far away from music as you could imagine. The problem with jazz, and this is a point I'd like to stress, is that they're defining the music in such a way that you cannot do your best. So there's something inherently wrong with how jazz has been defined. They have it defined now where, if you think of writing a piece for five hundred saxophones, you're looking at it as having nothing to do with jazz. Or if you practise your instruments to where you really gain the kind of facility you need and create the kind of language that expresses that, they say it's not jazz. Take rhythm. How many articles have I read about the fact that my music doesn't 'swing'? Yet all of the masters have developed their own relationship to forming, to rhythmic contours, etc. The situation now is designed so that jazz is framed in a little box and if you don't follow in someone else's footsteps,someone who is so-called 'jazz', then you're excommunicated. But all the masters followed their own steps, so it's a contradiction in terms."

(Braxton p. 91)

The history of Anthony Braxton is closely linked to the key events of the free music movement's evolution since John Coltrane's passing in 1967. Braxton hooked up in the mid-sixties with the then-newly founded Association for the Advancement of Creative Music (A.A.C.M.), an organization of composers/improvisers spearheaded by Muhal Richard Abrams. After recording two discs (one being the epochal solo saxophone series **For Alto**) Braxton moved to Paris, along with Leroy Jenkins and Leo Smith, to further explore the implications of the music they were then experimenting with. A combination of factors led to the disbanding of the trio, leaving Braxton to pursue his work on an individual level. Tiring of the merry-go-round of bad reaction to his work, he returned to New York City, gaining knowledge of the business of living from Ornette Coleman, who took him in and acted as a guide for Braxton's initial foray into the darkness of American urban life. Braxton grew weary of the music scene's politics and turned his considerable talents to hustling chess in downtown NYC, a likely pastime given his inclination for analytical thinking and reasoned procedure. A chance invitation from Leroy Jenkins reunited the saxophonist with his early associates now based in the metropolitan New York area. Leo Smith, Steve McCall and Muhal Richard Abrams joined the program presented at Washington Square Church, with the event providing as well the opportunity for Braxton to connect with the members of what would later become Circle. One of the more interesting quartets of the period, Circle was short-lived although it did provide Braxton with the necessary spark to launch himself back into the fight for his own music. His long-standing association with bassist Dave Holland and percussionist Barry Altschul produced, with the addition of trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, some of the most innovative small-group recordings of that period,

FORCES IN MOTION AN OVERVIEW BY STEVE VICKERY

establishing for many Braxton's incandescent sound. Arista Records' refusal to deal with Braxton on the level he was aiming towards soured their working relationship, and with the virtual abandonment of his four orchestra piece (composition 82) Arista let Braxton go. The eighties has found him once again in Europe battling to get recognition for his work and running up against the same narrow vision of his compositional work that he had sought to escape by parting with Arista. The scenario of poverty that is so familiar in the creative world continued while the composer turned out an astonishing series of records, mostly for European labels and usually for very little financial return. In 1985, Mills College in California engaged Braxton on a full professorship, ending the cycle of extreme poverty that the composer describes in the book as life-threatening to his family.

Braxton's metaphor for the creation of his work involves the use of all elements in music history. His sense of the music's infinite potential is such that at times he appears to be toying with author Graham Lock, and pointedly so at times when Lock's questions reveal a lack of insight. It becomes obvious that Braxton's reputation for being a serious artist is not the result of a publicist's campaign but rather an accurate picture of a man who has dedicated his life to his work. His philosophical stance in this period draws on many sources including the ancient cultures of Egypt and Africa, the Nile mystery systems, the Books of the Dead, and a wide range of mystic knowledge that has passed down through the ages. This is to say nothing of the self-acknowledged debt the composer owes to his stylistic fathers, Warne Marsh, Charlie Parker, Paul Desmond, and John Coltrane, gentlemen whose music lifted Braxton's awareness of the potential for sound investigation. The revelation early on in the book that Braxton is interested in astrology should come as no surprise to the reader in that the composer's investigative nature inclines him in this direction naturally. Lock prefaces his introduction to the tour notes with an intriguing aside concerning the appearance of the Sun Ra Arkestra in the city of Brixton the evening that Braxton arrives in England. If Braxton's axiom, "For every thought you have, there is knowledge available in that area" is his criterion for the modern composer, it is clear that the influence of visionaries like Sun Ra have touched the generations after them. Lock understands the connection implicit here and quotes the elder bandleader in a revealing framework that suggests the invisible bloodlines that extend outward to the younger composer:

"Music is a spiritual language, n' that's what I have to offer, so I'm gonna put it out there and maybe people will do somethin' right. They may not want to, but they be compelled to!"
(Sun Ra, p. 17)

This sense of struggle toward what is right for the composer (and ultimately for the audience) is echoed time and again by Braxton in interview segments of the book.

"One thing I've found is that you can alienate people by doing anything. Or nothing. Whatever I do or don't do, I'm guaranteed my enemies." (Braxton, p. 57)

In the tour notes, Lock quotes Braxton answering a student's question about the supposed inaccessibility of his music:

"I don't try to make unpopular records. I'm not against people buying my records or me being rich. I'd love to be a billionaire shipping tycoon! But I have to do what I believe in. I would rather I like my music and people hate it, than for them to like it and me hate it!"
(Braxton, p. 27)

What might first appear as a rather ironic situation, that is, the inability of the composer to gain recognition of his orchestral writing due to his prowess as a multi-instrumentalist loses its humorous element rapidly when Braxton explains the financial hardship he and his family were forced to endure in order to record and present his music to the public. Lock's reluctance to let the composer gloss over the situation makes Braxton a touch uncomfortable at times when he would seem to prefer to get on to the business at hand. It is an unavoidable point that Braxton makes concerning the music business preferring to keep "jazz" music and musicians away from the mainstream of culture, relegating them to the role of "black exotica".

"There's a long history to how black culture has been reduced to 'black exotica', and black people seen only in terms of their sexuality. It's happening to white women too in the Western media today. The music has always been associated with the red-light district and all of that mentality, as if the music was an affirmation of lower partials, or sin, when in fact in every phase all of the masters has a viewpoint about humanity, and the music that was solidified – the science and vibrational dynamics of that music – held forth the most positive alternatives for the culture." (Braxton, p. 66)

This issue of the black composer/instrumentalist being viewed solely in terms of one facet (the role of the saxophonist as cultural stereotype) becomes a double-edged sword for someone like Braxton who, too well-informed to subscribe to the role expected of him, and preferring to use all the talents/capabilities at his disposal, runs afoul of the unwritten rule that black "jazz" saxophonists are not permitted an interest in notated orchestral music, the so-called "European concert hall tradition". Lock's writing in "Forces in Motion" is particularly effective in capturing Braxton's outrage at the misrepresentation of both his music and his place in the larger music community. He rails at the idea that as a composer, he is somehow "inauthentic" while, by expressing an interest in notated forms, he is compromising the "blackness" of his improvising tradition. This odd "catch-22" situation enrages the normally mild gentleman not for its theoretical imbalance or incorrectness, but because it

prevents him from making a living at his craft. The unreality of the contemporary classical establishment refusing to acknowledge Braxton's orchestral writing would seem to be an indicator of the "little box" that black musicians are supposed to fit into, sadly another example of institutionalized racist thinking, one that understandably bewilders Anthony Braxton.

"I mean, it's taken for granted that a European or European-American jazz musician has borrowed some aspects of African-American language: why should it be such a big thing that I've learned from Europe? I'm a human being... Why is it so natural for Evan Parker, say to have an appreciation of Coltrane, but for me to have an appreciation of Stockhausen is somehow out of the natural order of human experience? I see it as racist." (Braxton, p. 92)

In the same way that the Western European music system perpetuates a society where there can be no black composers, it also solidifies its barriers against the master composers of other communities, ensuring that there will be no representation of the master women composers, no Asian composers, no representation beyond their own ranks. This lack of respect for the creative forces is redoubled in the current treatment of the music that Braxton seeks to present, from the deliberate mistitling/omissions of graphic titling by the Hat Hut label when reissuing Braxton's Performance 9/1/79 to the pointed manipulation of the composer by the British Antilles label who reneged on their obligation to issue a recording of a Braxton opera. The negligence of the commercial record companies to attempt to extend the music's parameters, offering to the public a new and vital music, draws fire from master composer Cecil Taylor in an 1983 interview Lock appends to the discussion of the record industry's cultural stranglehold:

"It is, if anything, more difficult today to find one's center because of all the defections within the music, the perpetual mountain of false idols, (and) the propagating of values attendant on the most shallow..." (Cecil Taylor, p. 39)

Public perception of the creative music artist of African heritage is a problem Braxton addresses with an insight born of painful experience. In discussing his Tri-Axium Writings, a three-volume reference source written over a ten year period, Braxton illuminates the curious responses of the listener who approaches his music from the realm of journalistic criticism. The distinct separation of the listener interested in the music and the listener/writer who feels he/she must evaluate the music sets up an area of dissonance that is highly unsatisfactory to all those involved: the composer, the listener, and the critic. The mindset of the listener is to listen to the music as it goes by, freely associating sound formations and emotionally involving oneself with the music, if one chooses to. The listener/writer is unfortunately pre-

disposed in inclination to listen for something, whatever that something might be, and impose judgement upon the piece fulfiling their expectation based on a criteria the composer is unaware of. In pinning down the music, forcing the intent of the composer to conform to the limitations of language, the listener/writer often destroys the living music so that it might be appreciated as an example of writing craft. This practice of displacement of applying a critical filter to the sound/performance experience of the music, hampers the emotional connection that the creative musician attempts to make with the listener. To listen to creative music (as distinct from commercial music in its ability to function as a living music) the most important task for the listener is the willingness to be touched by the music, to not place barriers of expectation, critical analysis, and cultural stigmatism in the path of the music. Braxton enlarges on this theme by examining the framework that the critics apply in their oft-times ill-considered analysis of his music:

"The reality of the 'sweating brow' has to do with how white writers have come to interpret whether a given black musician is accurately 'doing the best' he or she can or whether that musician is merely 'coasting' – or not 'really being creative'. What is interesting with this concept, however, is that 'the reality of the sweating brow' is not so dependent on the actual music but instead on 'how' the 'doing' of the music looks." (Braxton, p. 114)

The notion of "black exotica", primary to many listeners' conception of the black creative music artist, distorts the perception of the music for both the listener and the performer caught in the vise of a commercially accepted hyper-aggressive coolness. Lock's analysis, based on Braxton's perspective, is dead-on in isolating this false mystique of the "jazz" worldview adopted by so many white writers. Lock comments:

"Instead of there being any such awareness of the music's multi-faceted nature, Braxton says, 'jazz' musicians are still viewed from the so-called cutting mentality where whoever plays the longest and strongest 'wins'. This kind of criterion not only distorts the musicians' creativity – because some people will be tempted to play up to this image – it also reinforces the already over-accented position of the masculine affinity slant of present-day black creativity; that is, the music is reduced to empty displays of fake 'soulfulness' and pyrotechnic machismo... In actual fact, this phenomenon retards the real power of the music." (p. 115)

The importance of this point cannot be made strongly enough for it is the misperception of the writer who will, in turn, pass on misinformation that is the problem. Lock points to the lack of appreciation given the music throughout "Forces in Motion", and this naming and recognizing the problem at its beginning (misperception of the music) is essential. Support for creative music must stem from the audience's desire to be enveloped in the experience of the music as the primary consideration. Braxton's analysis of the writer seeking the 'black experience' through jazz as a protest against the stultifying effect of his own cultural position represents yet another dilemma for the blck creative music artist. He observes that many critics and writers brandish jazz as a sensual, soulful, 'goodtime' music, completely ignoring its social, scientific, and vibrational facets. Lock observes:

"Black music thus becomes the victim of a white civil war: shunned by the establishment (grant bodies, Pulitzer Prize committees, etc.) because it is too sweaty and not serious enough, yet attacked by the critics whenever they think its practitioners are being too serious and not sweaty enough."

In an interview segment referring to the 'Post-Parker continuum', Braxton makes clear the importance of taking the music forward, not settling for assuming the music stopped at Parker or Coltrane but rather that Parker and Coltrane's solutions represent their own specific moment in time/music chronology.

"The master stylists who would take Charlie Parker's music as a point of departure and within that vocabulary try to make something special happen, people like Cannonball Adderley – they can still be original, but the music that is now coming from the universities – the assumption there being that the technical solutions and scientific dynamics of bebop are now understood – which I say is completely untrue – those people are fundamentally misusing the music – they're playing other people's solutions and other people's versions of Charlie Parker – they're not really playing bebop." (p.66)

Elsewhere in the text, Braxton elaborates on the notion of playing 'bopbe', the music of Bird so distilled and formulated that it loses the essence of Parker and becomes instead a technical exercise on the horn. Certainly it remains the challenge of the serious musician to find their own voice within the music, and then to selflessly pursue the development of a personal music. This is what will carry the music forward and make it most valuable to

both the present and the future. Max Roach, a composer/improviser/teacher of powerful vision draws the clearest conclusion to this discussion of Braxton's importance as a 'seeking' player/composer.

"To me, Anthony Braxton, from a creative point of view, is more like Charlie Parker than someone today who apes Charlie Parker. I think he exemplifies the spirit Charlie Parker had – the fact that he dares to do something else, to try another direction. So, in my search for growth as a drummer, to play with Anthony Braxton or with Cecil Taylor is just as exciting and challenging for me as it was to play with Charlie Parker or Bud Powell – they make me think of other things to do on the instrument." (Max Roach, p. 6)

Lock's experience of touring with the Braxton ensemble through England opens many doors for the reader in examining the odd relationship of the creative musician to the marketplace, where the demand for excellence goes unrewarded in financial terms, only paying off in the dynamic of personal fulfillment. The chapters given over to interviews with bassist Mark Dresser, percussionist Gerry Hemingway, and pianist Marilyn Crispell reveal a common struggle with the economic contradiction of creative music. The unifying attitude shared by the ensemble is the importance of the music outweighing the financial instability that results from committing oneself to this line of work. Bassist Mark Dresser neatly summarized the existing state of affairs for the creative musician when he confessed that the decision to play this type of music limited many opportunities to perform while he was a member of the southern California music community. His association with Bobby Bradford, an alumnus of Ornette Coleman's, widened his playing abilities though his newfound interest made work harder to find. A move to New York City presented more opportunity for interaction with like-minded players but still work remained at a premium, mostly due to the intense competition for work in the insular Manhattan music scene. The only answer seems to be self-motivated study and development while playing every chance that comes up. Gerry Hemingway tells much the same story; years of developing, recording, producing, and administrating an independent record label has taught the percussionist the value of do-it-yourself techniques in the business of music. Work, as ever, is hard to find, with many musicians preferring to work in other styles or give up the struggle completely, opting instead for a regular job that will provide a liveable wage for their families. There is a keenly felt pathos involved in the fact that pianist Marilyn Crispell, certainly the most startling new voice to emerge on the instrument in this decade, is reliant on restaurant work to pay her rent on a shared home in Woodstock, New York, when she is not able to tour with Braxton or with bassist Reggie Workman's ensemble. Crispell has evolved a piano style that now suggests only obliquely her early influence Cecil Taylor (she has been actively recording her own compositions since her first solo release, Spirit Music, in 1981) drawing in threads of sound as farflung as Balinese and Asian music. Having made her debut with Braxton on the European Creative Orchestra Music tour, Crispell has developed the ability to speak volumes in a short span of time musically. Her interview in "Forces in Motion" is the most intriguing of the ensemble but her exchanges with the author leave the reader wishing for a longer, more in-depth view where the pianist could begin to elaborate on her concepts of improvisation and composition. It is outrageous that the granting agencies of New York State would let slip their chance to commission new works from such an innovative composer/improviser. It is doubly intriguing that Crispell does not pick the option that Lock extends to her during the interview to voice her contempt at the prevailing political situation in the United States, preferring instead to express her concern for her fellow musicians on a more community-based level. Lock's attempts to engender a pointedly political response from Crispell on the particular pressure exerted on her as a woman improviser succeed only in antagonizing the pianist.

"O.K. I don't like -isms, you know, movements. I guess I could say that. Doctrines. I feel like I don't want to define myself, or say I'm a feminist, because I'm always changing. And I've never felt a need to adopt a position like that." (Crispell, p. 185)

Lock prefers not to let the issue drop and harangues the pianist with his questions that seem to be formulated to elicit a stinging pronouncement from Crispell, but simply produce little comment from the pianist who, one senses, would sooner forget about the political implications and worry about the music. Similarly, Braxton disavows political sentiments, preferring instead to be left to deal with the immediate concerns of getting his music performed and documented at the highest possible standard and taking care of his family. One suspects that the events of Chicago, Paris, and New York are not lost on Braxton but certainly this is an older, wiser man, less apt to sound off his opinions on politics, at least not for publication. As a restructuralist (see index B, p. 162) thinker and composer, Braxton has taken the steps necessary to gain access to the information that can most benefit those around him. This is not to say that this vision is a narrow one, but rather that he sees beyond the present moment and further than the immediate problem. Lock's politicized thinking prompts Braxton toward the end of the book to make what is for him, a man who is acutely conscious of expression and understanding, a sweeping statement of intent:

"World unification must be, on some level, world tolerance. That must be the objective – understanding, forgiveness, the concept of love; these are not just words. I've been fortunate to travel around the planet and see how other people live and think; I've come to see the beauty in all the differences, and I've also come to see that there are no differences."

Lock's rejoinder causes Braxton to ruminate on the quality of life in Reagan's U.S.A. but it is significant that he ends their discussion by bringing the focus inward to its most personal levels.

"I can understand the ritual sense of good and evil forces, their portrayal on a ritual level; but it's more complex on the physical universe level, in actual life, to partition in the same way. I have no negative feelings about Ronald Reagan. I just want to do my work. I have no need or time for the luxury of hate."

(Braxton, p. 224)

"Forces in Motion" is an engaging study of the life/work of the creative music composer/improviser. Although digging deeply into the personal component of the artists' lives, making it something of a personality study of unit interaction, it is a formidable entry into the history and documentation of this living music. Graham Lock's command of language is direct and concentrated, occasionally (as in his descriptive texts of the quartet's performance) containing flashes of poetic brilliance and maintaining throughout a considerable gracefulness of expression. It is something of a problem that the author is so prominent in the text; one begins to wish at times he would keep his own counsel and defer to the sensibilities of the quartet members. This is particularly evident in segments of the interviews. The author's image looms a bit large and threatens, by continually playing the 'devil's advocate', to upset the flow of the narrative. Nonetheless, "Forces in Motion" is an engrossing journey, and one that comes close to having the impact of Valerie Wilmer's landmark 1977 survey of the creative music world, "As Serious As Your Life". Lock's documentation of Anthony Braxton's systems (appended in the second half of the book along with a complete catalogue of the composer's works 1966 to 1986) is extensively researched and will no doubt stand as an important reference text on the works of a contemporary master. THANK YOU, MR. LOCK.

FORCES IN MOTION
Anthony Braxton and the Meta-Reality of Creative Music
by Graham Lock
Quartet Books, London, 1988

THE RIVERSIDE STORY

Although Blue Note is justly famous as the most important independent record company and their releases spanned the entire nineteen forties, fifties and sixties, it should be remembered that the other independent producers made more than a passing contribution to jazz. Most of them seem to have begun as record shops whose owners were keen to record some of the very greatest jazz musicians who were being totally ignored by the major record companies.

Thus it was that 'Commodore' began and the nineteen thirties 'Kansas City Five' with Lester Young was put on vinyl. In the late forties and early fifties, Miles Davis would probably have gone unrecorded for years had it not been for Bob Weinstock, who formed Prestige Records after several years as a record shop proprietor and gave us the classic early Miles albums that included 'Dig', 'The Musings of Miles', and the first recordings of the original Miles Davis Quintet.

Riverside was different. They began as purveyors of reissues in 1953 and were responsible for rekindling an interest in Louis Armstrong's old **Gennett** and **Paramount** recordings from the twenties. They issued material by 'King Oliver', Tommy Ladnier, Bix Beiderbecke and Ida Cox among others and acquired the old 'Mercer' catalogue which yielded material by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Further catalogues were acquired in the early fifties with recordings by Fletcher Henderson, Johnny Dodds, Muggsy Spanier and early sides by Jelly Roll Morton. They also put out the famous Library of Congress recordings made by Morton in the thirties via Circle Records and also some forties sides by Sidney Bechet made by Rudi Blesh.

The Riverside company was one of the very first to produce an annotated boxed set containing five volumes under the title of **The History of Classic Jazz**.

The company was started by two young jazz experts, Bill Grauer and Orrin Keepnews who had worked together previously on a compilation of jazz reissues for RCA Victor and who had shared authorship of **The Pictorial History of Jazz**.

But by 1955, two years after Riverside began, the dominant music on the jazz scene was hard bop and this was what the young fans wanted and were prepared to spend their money on.

Keepnews and Grauer sat down to think about it and decided that they needed to sign one really good, important modern jazz musician to set them on their way. Orrin Keepnews suggested Thelonious Monk. It was fortunate for Riverside that Monk was being virtually ignored at this time by Prestige Records, who did not seem to know what to do with the iconoclastic, wayward genius of the keyboard. Monk had made a few records for Prestige, one of which I can only describe as a 'classic by accident'. The company made no preparations and said they could not afford to pay for rehearsals, so musicians were rounded up on a Friday morning and driven over to Rudy Van Gelder's home studio in Hackensack and left there until they produced enough material for an LP. Monk's trio record (**Prestige 7027**) is a masterpiece but only because the composer had such excellent original material and selected sympathetic musicians like Percy Heath, Art Blakey or Max Roach to accompany him. The trio format suited Monk because he had plenty of room to play his spiky, difficult compositions with no other soloists to explain the music to and only bass and drums to back him. By 1955 Monk had made a near disastrous LP with Miles Davis where the two men were reported as almost coming to blows. On December 24th 1954, "**Bags Groove**" was completed. It is an excellent LP precisely because of the tension between the leader and Monk and the spontaneous, tension charged music that was taped that day. After that session Prestige did not seem to know how to market Thelonious Monk's music or it may be that they just wrote him off as uncommercial and left him out of their recording plans.

So Riverside stepped in, made an offer to buy up Monk's contract and their offer was accepted.

It has been suggested in print more than once that Riverside misdirected Monk's career and I have also seen the records described as sprawling and unkempt. The first suggestion is nonsensical and the second grossly inaccurate. Unfortunately, it is all too easy for critics to pick holes in the Monk Riverside output when you consider the spontaneously creative nature of the musician and producer Orrin Keepnews' dedication to the music and his almost pernickety honesty. When the 22 LP '**Complete Riverside Recordings**' boxed set appeared recently, Keepnews included his own comprehensive notes on each session. These notes inform us that the title track on "**Brilliant Corners**" was spliced together from several takes after twenty-five attempts failed to produce a perfect take. On the "**Monk's Music**" LP from 1957 Coleman Hawkins can be heard clashing head on with Art Blakey, a dangerous thing for any musician to do however revered he may be. Trumpeter Ray Copeland recalled a few years back that John Coltrane had nodded off to sleep during *Well, You Needn't* and we can hear Monk yelling "Coltrane, Coltrane" just before the tenorist was due to solo. According to Copeland, Coltrane woke up, jumped to his feet and played his solo as if nothing had been amiss.

The point is, surely, that Monk's music was always difficult for anyone except the composer himself and there was never enough time for the kind of comprehensive rehearsals that would have ensured everybody's familiarity with the themes and structures of the music. And the jazz discography of Thelonious Sphere Monk would be considerably poorer without records like "**Brilliant Corners**" and "**Monk's Music**" in spite of all their faults.

There is, in any event, much to enjoy and marvel at on both these records. Monk creates a complex, difficult musical environment and atmosphere in which musicians like Sonny Rollins, Ernie Henry and John Coltrane can break out of the cage of conventional change running and fashion highly original and creative solos. All Monk asked of the men is that they responded to his methods of musical structure and were aware of his rather unorthodox methods with harmony, rhythm and space. Rollins turns in some wonderful solos on the "Brilliant

Corners" LP and even Ernie Henry, certainly a less than gifted soloist (technically) tones up with an emotion-charged statement on *Ba-lue-bolivar-ba-lues.*

As to misdirection of Monk's career, Riverside records virtually ensured his rediscovery after years of neglect with these records and the excellent "**Thelonious Monk with John Coltrane**" on Jazzland LP which contains the only three selections by the legendary quartet that delighted hundreds of fans during a long engagement at the Five Spot club in New York during the spring and summer of 1957. For contractual reasons they were unable to issue the LP until 1961 but by this time the exciting series of records already issued had ensured Monk's commercial success with the jazz public.

Monk with John Coltrane, Wilbur Ware on bass and Shadow Wilson on drums was described by trombonist Jay Jay Johnson as the most incredible, electrifying sound in jazz since Diz and Bird.

Most of Monk's output with Riverside bears comparison with his most creative work while inevitably falling short of the high standards attained on his 1947/48 Blue Note releases. Two live sets, one made in New York with Johnny Griffin on tenor and one in San Francisco with Charlie Rouse, Harold Land and trumpeter Joe Gordon are exciting and driving night club performances.

A 1959 studio set "**5 by 5 by Monk**" had stimulating quartet sides augmented by some pungent cornet playing from Thad Jones. This is hard bop with formal, organised themes played with quirky, dissonant harmonies and setting a high standard for the modern jazz of the day. In general, Monk's Riverside LP's are as progressive and musically satisfying as his later, Columbia records in the sixties are perfunctory and predictable.

A year after signing Monk, however, Riverside was fast becoming a major independent label in contemporary jazz circles. Their second important signing was hardly under auspicious circumstances. Orrin Keepnews heard a homemade tape of pianist Bill Evans played over the telephone but as he said later, it was enough to convince him that the man should be recorded as soon as possible.

If Thelonious Monk's touch on the piano was jagged and occasionally dissonant Bill Evans' touch was as soft as velvet by comparison. But he had a distinctive, lyrical sound and a unique way of blending bass and drums with his piano to produce a flowing, wonderfully integrated trio performance.

The first record by the original and most integrated Evans trio was "**Portrait in Jazz**" (RLP 1162) made in New York on December 28, 1959. This followed two previous trio recordings, the second of which had Sam Jones and Philly Joe Jones on bass and drums respectively. In spite of the quality of the music on the latter LP and the impressive ability of the rhythm players the "Portrait" LP is by far the most stimulating and satisfying. An important ingredient in the success of this trio was the phenomenally gifted bass virtuoso, the late Scott LaFaro who pioneered some astounding front line solo work on double bass while still functioning as a timekeeper in the rhythm section during Evans' solos. LaFaro tended to play quite high creating a guitar-like effect when improvising on his bass.

Evans' interplay with his bass player seemed to reach almost telepathic understanding on a live set recorded at the Village Vanguard in New York in 1961. With Paul Motian on drums the three men played some of the most lyrical, enjoyable and exciting trio jazz ever recorded. The three musicians seem to think and play as one and appear to be reading each other's minds as they go along. The glittering glissandos and double stops of LaFaro's solos are both technically brilliant in execution and enjoyable to listen to in the lyric beauty of his sound. Evans fashions some of his most gorgeous inventions at the keyboard on these records; delicate, pulsing, full of invention, his sound alternating joy and pathos from one solo to the next. Paul Motian, while lacking the blinding virtuosity and charisma of his colleagues is, quite simply, the ideal and most sympathetic drummer to be found for this great trio.

Tragically, Scott LaFaro was killed ten days after this concert when his car hit a tree in Geneva, New York where he had been driving home after visiting his mother. It took Bill Evans years to recover from the shock and sense of loss, and I don't think he ever played as well again. Later trios were very impressive and his rapport with bassist Eddie Gomez was exhilarating and fulfilling to a large extent but he never reached much less surpassed the quality of music on his Riverside trios.

Way back in the early sixties, there

Scott LaFaro (Photograph by William Claxton)

were a number of people, like myself, who found the Beatles totally resistable and eagerly sought out the jazz sounds to be found on the brightly packaged Riverside, Prestige and Blue Note labels. There were new LP's by Monk, Evans, Philly Joe Jones' first albums as a leader, Ernie Henry (rediscovered in 1956 in a downtown bar in New York by Orrin Keepnews), Milt Jackson, Wes Montgomery (the exciting Christian-inspired guitarist who was brought to popularity by his Riverside LP's), Sonny Rollins, Johnny Griffin and many others. Elvin Jones made his first LP as a leader with his brothers Thad and Hank for the label. While we were buying these records and enjoying their contents, most of us were blissfully unaware that fate was stalking Riverside records in a cruel and ruthless manner. Scott LaFaro died in a car crash at the age of 25. Orrin Keepnews' partner and president of the company, Bill Grauer, died of a heart attack at the early age of 41. This last tragedy was the beginning of the end for Riverside in 1961 as the late president of the label had been the one with at least a reasonable amount of money to invest.

On the surface, however, everything appeared rosy and the company had an impressive list of new releases coming onto the market every month. Riverside achieved phenomenal sales figures (by any reasonable jazz standards) with a series of LP's by The Cannonball Adderley Quintet. The Adderley group was skilled in milking the then current "Soul Jazz" craze and while some of the records are very commercial and musically rather dull and limited the group did produce one or two worthwhile and lasting recordings.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco was recorded in front of a volatile audience at the Jazz Workshop on October 18 and 20, 1959 and has a nicely balanced programme of jazz originals played with fire, skill and the enthusiasm which comes from the ambience of a lively vocal audience.

Randy Weston's **Hi-fly** and Oscar Pettiford's **Bohemia After Dark** offer some of the best music made on these evenings with pianist Bobby Timmons, bassist Sam Jones, drummer Louis Hayes and the leader in very fine, robust form.

Bobby Timmons' **This Here**, or **Dish Ere** as it soon became called, is typical soul blues of the era, played with robust swing and intensity, lacking perhaps some of the panache of Horace Silver and Art Blakey's groups of the time.

A studio group recorded "**Them Dirty Blues**" for the label about the same time and this is perhaps the group's best LP in terms of musical quality.

Although they were already struggling financially by this time, Orrin Keepnews kept the company going somehow, probably on a diet of personal enthusiasm and a refusal to accept defeat and some of the best jazz records of the early sixties came from the label in 1960, 61 and 62.

Some of the highlights: "**Bags Meets Wes**", a relaxed, easy swinging meeting between Wes Montgomery and Milt Jackson with a superb rhythm section with Wynton Kelly on piano, Sam Jones on bass and Philly Joe Jones on drums.

"**Interplay**" was Bill Evans' first quintet recording and demonstrates a beautifully structured and formally organised session that certainly more than justifies Evans' criticism of fellow musicians at the time of producing records with "one guy blowing followed by another guy blowing."

The music on this LP offers formally structured ensembles with soloists seemingly flowing out as natural extensions and has the feel almost of composed music where everyone is reading all the time. It is probably the closest jazz ever came to organised chamber music and it makes one wonder how much further Evans could have developed it had he chosen to work with larger groups on a semi-permanent basis.

Worthy additions to the catalogue in the early sixties were George Russell's sextet LP "**Ezz-thetics**" with Eric Dolphy and Don Ellis and Lee Morgan's finely organised session "**Take Twelve**" with Clifford Jordan on tenor and a first class rhythm section. The company still produced reissues albeit more recent ones and the important radio transcripts from the Royal Roost by Fats Navarro with Tadd Dameron was a stirring release on Jazzland, a Riverside subsidiary label.

Last but not least in a brief rundown of the significant Riverside recordings of the period, the company acquired a rehearsal tape by the gifted and neglected pianist Joe Albany which they issued as "**The Right Combination**". This LP features cerebral, finely wrought improvisations and intertwining harmonies by Albany and tenorist Warne Marsh sensitively backed by bass player Bob Whitlock and, on a few selections, sound engineer Ralph Garretson on drums. This very relaxed and lightly swinging session proves once again that players of this calibre can produce first class music together in spite of their different stylistic backgrounds.

In 1963 time was running out for Riverside records. The last important recording for the company was made in September and October of that year. "**Soul Mates**" featured the breathy, warm tenor saxophone of Ben Webster with Joe Zawinul (later to co-found Weather Report) on piano and Richard Davis or Sam Jones on bass and the "house drummer" Philly Joe Jones. Thad Jones' cornet added a lambent lyricism to some of the selections and the music on the LP flows smoothly and creatively in spite of what might appear on the surface to be stylistic differences between the players. Very few copies of "**Soul Mates**" reached the streets however as Riverside records went out of business very soon after the LP was released.

On July 20, 1964 the company filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in a New York federal court. They listed over three million dollars in liabilities and only one million, three hundred thousand dollars in assets. Prior to this the Textile Bank of New York, a leading creditor and previous backed, had taken liens on the company assets such as recording machinery, master tapes and six hundred thousand dollars due to Riverside from their distributors.

Other creditors, who possibly never did get their money back, were Art Blakey ($5,000), Milt Jackson ($15,000), Cannonball Adderley ($7,000), the Staple singers and several record pressing companies. Publisher's agent and trustee Harry Fox had filed suit against Riverside to protect his claim of $12,000 in mechanical royalties and this had set the company collapse in motion.

Riverside records may have lacked the charisma and longevity of such as Blue Note, Prestige and even Savoy records but they did produce an important catalogue of jazz music and reflected the stylistic developments of the fifties and sixties. Some of the records are classics and most are worthy of preserving for posterity. Orrin Keepnews spent most of his working life since 1964 reissuing the material on Milestone Double LP's and other labels and documenting the Riverside years with his honest and fascinating liner notes. Long may he and his successors continue the practice. Riverside is dead. Long live Riverside.

IRENE SCHWEIZER

After hearing Irene Schweizer's solo piano concert given at the Leipzig town hall in 1979, East-German critic Bert Noglik remarked that "she drew her attentive audience to a wide range of musical ideas and emotion, which she expressed more with a sense of abandon than reaching an ecstatic level. In all its virtuosity, her playing has an organic character to it, both in its musical values as in its own internal development."

(In: Bert Noglik: Jazz Werkstatt Internationl, Verlag Neue Musik Berlin (East Berlin) 1981, p. 298 - personal translation)

Some ten years later, these observation still hold true. In 1986, she first performed in Canada at the Montreal Jazz Festival, playing solo once more. Last April, she made a return visit to our city as a guest of a festival entirely devoted to women in new music. During this five day event, the 47-year-old resident of Zurich gave yet another solo performance filled with percussive episodes, neo-taylorish outbursts and many a harmonic exploration spun out of the jazz mainstream.

As an early member of the FMP (Free Music Production) movement in Berlin – and the only non-resident of West Germany as she pointed out in an interview in 1975 – her style has since evolved from the unbridled energy of the late 60s and early 70s. In his recent book ("Europas Jazz 1960-1980", Fischer Taschenbuch Verlag, Frankfurt 1987, p. 164), Ekkehard Jost brings this fact to bear when he states: "More than ever, there now are more tonally centred episodes and typical jazz phrases in her improvisations, in which the predominant use of clusters (preferred in her early playing) take somewhat of a backseat to a more linear style – a likely result of a different approach in her playing which gives precedence to clarity over pure energy."

Also of note is her increased interest with the drums. As a professional, she has been doubling regularly since the late 70s as part of the "Feminist Improvising Group" (F.I.G.). Nowadays, she pursues this interest in a new all-European collective, known as "Canaille". But this interest in percussion was not a later discovery on her part; in fact, it goes as far back as her teenage years, as she explained at the beginning of the interview.

IRENE SCHWEIZER: Actually, I started out with both instruments, more or less at the same time. When I was 12, I started to play piano just by ear, without really having any knowledge of music. There was also a set of drums in my parents' restaurant in Schaffhausen and there were little dance bands that played there regularly. From time to time, the drummer would leave his sticks behind, so I would just pick them up and try out the set when no one was around. But I did this more for fun than anything else. The piano, on the other hand, was much more important to me, and I really worked hard on it. In fact, I am mainly self-taught and what I play now is the result of a lot of listening and personal practice. So, as much as the piano was my main interest, the drums were more of a hobby to me. Only once was I asked to play publicly as a youngster; I played in a Dixieland band when I was 15, because the regular drummer fell ill. It was only 20 years later that I decided to play the drums when I took part in our first women's collective, the F.I.G. I decided to use them, because we did not know any female drummers. More recently, I am playing more and more drums, not only with "Canaille," but also in a duo with saxophonist Co Streiff, who is another member of Canaille, and sometimes as a trio with an added bassist. But in Canaille, I play both piano and drums.

The first concert took place just two years ago in Frankfurt. The main instigator of this band was Dutch trombonist Annemarie Roelofs who is now living in that city. She and two associates organized a type of festival to which all of the members of the F.I.G. were invited, like Maggie Nichols, Joelle Leandre and myself. But at the same time, many more women joined us, most of whom I had never heard of before. So Canaille is somewhat of a consequence of the F.I.G., though in a larger sense. Essentially it is like a pool of 15 musicians who get together in varying numbers for each concert. For instance, I was not at a performance in Amsterdam, but was at another one in Vienna in October. As for the name, it was thought up by Annemarie; in English, it means something like "rascal" or "rabble", and that sort of captures the mischievous nature of our group.

MARC CHENARD: *You are here in Montreal as part of a festival devoted to women improvisers. Now the issue was raised during a discussion period with*

Photograph by Gerard Futrick

some of the musicians that such an event may tend to ghettoize women by casting them off into a separate category. What are your feelings in that respect?

To me, I view this as necessary for the time being. Only 20 years ago, no one ever wondered why men were almost exclusively featured at jazz festivals. Nowadays, women are taking the initiative to organize their own festivals which, for some people, might seem curious because of this obvious gender separation. But this has to be done in order to make people conscious of the fact that women also have something to contribute and that by sticking together and organizing such events they can state their point more effectively. After awhile, it would then be possible to integrate women and men performers, so that equal participation can be reached some day. But since this is not the case, I think that more festivals like this one (le Festival international des Musiciennes innovatrices) are needed, even if they are one time events.

How did the organizers here get in touch with you?

Well, I met one of the members of your local band Wondeur Brass in Zurich, then met them all here after my performance two years ago. I also met them in Moers and it was at that time that they invited me to participate, an offer which I gladly accepted.

Have there been similar initiatives of late in Europe?

In October '86, there was a three day "Canaille Festival" in Zurich with thirteen women playing in different combinations. Now there is a record that just came out from that event, it's on my own label, Intact Records.

For musicians working in innovative music, it is always hard to reach a wider audience. In North America, and in the United States in particular, it is quite difficult to market one's music with the lack of financial help. Despite that, many musicians still manage to produce their own concerts and records, even if the budgets are quite modest. Since you now have your own recording label, is the situation in Europe much more conducive to creating and distributing one's music?

It might be easier, but only slightly. You see, we have to ask for assistance all the time, it just does not come to us automatically. We have to write many letters, make phone calls and always be persistent. In my case, I do get some help from the Pro-Helvetica Foundation, which is the Swiss equivalent of Germany's Goethe Institut. Generally, one can say that the opportunities are better, even if one has to work at the business end of things on a regular basis. But at least we get some recognition for what we do, unlike the States, where such music is not even considered an art form.

Can one talk of an alternative music scene in your home country, just like one that is now well established in Germany, Holland or England?

One could not talk of a "scene" per se in Switzerland, because it is much too small to make it viable. Still, there are a few people who are active in this area, one of them being the guitarist Stephan Wittwer, who has played with Radu Malfatti and recorded also on FMP. Amongst the younger musicians, I can think of saxophonist Hans Koch and bassist Martin Schutz. In fact, Hans will be the only Swiss representative at a major workshop held this summer in Berlin. FMP has invited Cecil Taylor for a two month stay, in which he will give master classes for professionals and play duets with drummers and various horn players. All of this will wind up with a big concert conducted by Cecil himself.

An important part of your career has been your association with the FMP. As you were starting out in the early sixties, you were inspired by some of the important American players of the day, like Horace Silver, but soon thereafter you were drawn into the then budding European avant garde movement. Were there any significant events or meetings with specific musicians that guided you in that period of change?

First of all, it was not like a sudden or forced change, but it was more like a natural consequence of what I did before. Basically, I was looking for a way to stop copying the American musicians and to come up with my own. As you know, a strong European scene was happening in the mid-60s and with the emergence of people like Brotzmann and Schlippenbach in Germany, there was a forceful affirmation taking place. For myself, I acknowledge some American musicians as important in my own development: I remember hearing Cecil Taylor for the first time around 1966 when I listened to a radio broadcast from Stuttgart; I was so amazed at the strength of his playing that I even thought about quitting because I felt there was no use to carry on. That in itself made me aware of the importance of creating a music for oneself, though I still remain influenced by a lot of American musicians, like John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman and Thelonious Monk; these people are still very much idols of mine, because I find the inspiration from them to keep on creating my own music.

On this question of European jazz style, there seems to be a shifting in musical interests of late: as much as the music was wide open and energetic in the 60s and 70s, a younger generation is now coming on the scene that is bringing back the notions of composition and orchestration in a more formal sense. One sees nowadays larger groups that use more detailed charts which take as much from contemporary techniques of composing as from the energy levels borne out of free jazz. Do you notice this trend, so to speak, and has this affected your own musical approach in recent years?

That is quite true; there is indeed a trend towards composing, which leaves certain parts open for improvising. But as more people are getting into writing again, it is also getting more academic in a sense. For myself, I have no inclinations in that direction: when I play solo, I work both with totally free parts and try to "instantly compose" others. But that doesn't mean that I completely dismiss any form of writing, because I still do play some things of Ornette or Monk. But I have very little interest in writing a set part that I will play directly off the paper. As I said, this method of "instant composition" suits my own musical interests much better.

I noticed this trend very much during my last trip to Europe and I have been receiving some albums from musicians who were once practionners of the free form style, but who are now working in that much more composed vein. One example that comes to mind is Maarten Altena and his octet.

It is interesting that you mention this, because there are different European jazz identities according to each country. This is quite typical of the Dutch scene, and

people like Guus Janssen and Willem Breuker, of course, are good examples of that tendency.

For quite a few years now, you have had a long standing association with German saxophonist Rudiger Carl. Do you still perform regularly with him?

We first started playing a quartet in the early 70s, then reduced it to a trio with drummer Louis Moholo and, finally, a duet for the better part of ten years. But we are not playing as frequently together now, the last time being at the Free Music Workshop in the summer of '87. In June, I will tour with him again around Germany and Austria, mostly as a duet, but other musicians will join us for a few concerts.

As for recordings, are there any special projects in the works?

At this time, I am in the middle of a series of duets with six different drummers, all of whom I have worked with at some time or another in my career. Since I began this project in 1985, two albums are out, one with East-German Gunter "Baby" Sommer, the other with Louis Moholo. Awaiting release is a third session with Pierre Favre, all to be released on my own label. In the next two years, I hope to do the other half, and I want to do one album each with Andrew Cyrille, Han Bennink and, if all goes well, with Paul Lovens. So, once that cycle is finished, there might be a compendium in cassette form, featuring cuts from each album.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

With Pierre Favre:
Santana (1968) FMP 0630 (With Kowald)
Pierre Favre Quartet (1969) Wergo 80004 (Same as above plus Evan Parker)
As a leader:
Early Tapes (1967) FMP 0590
Messer (1975) FMP 0290 (With Carl and Moholo)
Hexen-Sabbat (1977) FMP 0500 (Solo)
With Canaille:
Live in Zurich (1986) Intact Records 002
Duets with Louis Moholo:
Intact Records 006
(Available from: Marginal Distribution, 37 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 1V6 Canada. ph. 416-767-5168)

LONNIE JOHNSON

In colloquial terms, a maverick is usually perceived to be one who departs from the customs and beliefs of his group. This, of course, can be a negative or a positive ascription. Deviating from the customs and beliefs of one's group can be an act of sheer wanton violence, or it can be an act of unqualified heroism and redemption. A maverick can be a reprobate or a leader; an unprincipled scoundrel or an unparalleled achiever; one who profanes his own community, or one who renews it by forcing it to re-examine itself.

By all accounts, Alonzo "Lonnie" Johnson was the quintessential blues maverick of the twentieth century. He was born in New Orleans, Louisianna around 1899 and he died in Toronto, his adopted home, in 1970. In between, while he worked his way north up the muddy Mississippi on riverboats, north through the dusty industrial heartland of America, and finally north past the 49th parallel to the city of utopian cleanliness, he made bold forays into the worlds of jazz, rhythm and blues, and pop.

It was his penchant for musical peregrination that caused the purists and soidissant experts to look askance. There is no question that he was an exceptionally gifted and versatile bluesman. The question is whether Alonzo Lonnie Johnson's maverick nature distinguished him as a musical aberrant or a musical innovator. He seemed as happy singing or playing mawkish pop ballads as more profound, moving blues. Here, the old saying held true to form: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear". Even Lonnie Johnson couldn't make nauseatingly sentimental pop pap into anything other than nauseatingly sentimental pop pap. Nevertheless, without being mawkish ourselves, let the record show that this maverick was one of the most technically assured of all blues guitarists and singers, and a wholly individualistic performer who seldom lacked that essential blues feel.

At his best, his guitar work was twangy, polished, full-bodied and ultra-ultra-urbane. On either acoustic or amplified, Mr. Johnson, as they say, could make the guitar talk. He had the capacity to extract subtle nuances that few others of any generation have mustered. In addition, he was an accomplished singer, with a strong, melodic, almost sophisticated vocal style.

During the 1920s he began his career working on the Mississippi riverboats playing both violin and piano. Near the end of the 20s Lonnie settled in St. Louis, playing by night with the bands of Charlie Creath and later Fate Marable, while working by day in a foundry. As a result of winning an Okeh Records talent contest, Lonnie commenced a long association with that label in 1925.

In 1927 he hooked up with Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five, and they recorded the now classic songs *Savoy Blues, Hotter Than That* and *I'm Not Rough*. On these cuts Lonnie demonstrated his prodigious soloing abilities, as well as his ability to provide rock-solid rhythmic support for Armstrong's scat vocals. The next year Lonnie went on to wax a record with Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. This session marks one of the comparatively rare examples of a guest soloist being featured by the uncanny Ellington. As with the Hot Five recordings, Johnson adapted himself with skill and taste to the uptown, mellow-tone Ellingtonian framework. By this time Lonnie Johnson's reputation for com-

Lonnie Johnson & Buddy Guy (Photograph by Bill Smith)

THE QUINTESSENTIAL MAVERICK

fortably crossing musical lines was already well established.

It was also in 1928 when Johnson began his extraordinary two-guitar partnership with Eddie Lang. The total empathy between the pair never was anything less than exceptional, at times, as they say, achieving the musical sublime (as with *Stringing The Blues*). This duo also provided sympathetic accompaniment for blues singer Texas Alexander and cornetist King Oliver.

During this same period he met the incomparable Victoria Spivey, and began an association that would last a lifetime. There is little doubt – for blues afficionados, at least – that with Spivey he achieved his life's work. He provided the perfect back-drop for Victoria's dramatic vocal delivery. Her style employed bent notes, slurs and rhythmically adventurous use of rests, which (a la Bessie Smith) placed her at a midpoint between country blues and instrumental jazz. Lonnie's versatile guitar and smooth vocal extras enhanced Spivey's talents to the point it seems a new dimension was born in the blues tradition. Of particular note is the late 50s album, "Three Kings and a Queen", on the Spivey label. The enterprising Victoria assembled an all-star cast one summer day that included, along with herself and Johnson, blues giant Big Joe Williams and Roosevelt Sykes, plus a young unknown quantity by the name of Bob Dylan. Altogether they alternated and meshed their talents into some of the best house-rent blues that has ever been packaged.

By the mid-1930s the maverick Lonnie Johnson was transplanted to Cleveland where he combined radio work with a stint in Putney Dandridge's band. Next he went to Chicago (1937) and became the resident guitarist (working with Johnny Dodds among others) at the Three Deuces. During this period and in the 40s he almost commandeered the entire blues tradition on the sheer force and enormity of his talent. Every emerging blues guitarist from T-Bone Walker to Muddy Waters was deeply influenced by his "brilliantly evocative" style. He became the equivalent of a master musical painter, filling his canvas with rich textures of color, contrast and excitement.

MCA Records, for instance, was compelled to include his composition *Flood Water Blues* as part of an anthology of all-time jazz and blues classics. With his cascading voice and his talking guitar he captured the atmosphere of a poor, desolate backwater town:

Women and children were screaming
Saying Mama why must we go
Women and children were screaming
Saying Lord why must we go
The floodwater have broke the levies
We ain't safe here no more!

Subsequent moves in Lonnie's life and career came in the 40s, 50s and early 60s in the cities of Cincinatti, then Philadelphia (1958-62), where he worked as a chef at a leading hotel. This is part of the on-going education of a blues legend. His calibre of play never wavered from the level achieved in his earlier peak years. But his life-experience grew by leaps and bounds. Finally he cast his apron and chef's hat aside and reformulated his commitment to the blues. This manifested itself in a triumphant European tour in 1963, as part of a blues package show in the company of pianist Otis Spann. The tour yielded a superb album recorded in Copenhagen by Storyville Records originally entitled "Tomorrow Night", where Lonnie reprised his former brilliance (especially on the tunes *Swinging With Lonnie* and a fine reworking of his 1948 hit *Tomorrow Night*).

After Europe, Lonnie took up his final residence in Toronto and he played in the local clubs and beer parlors throughout the rest of the 60s. Then in 1969 he suffered a stroke, after a serious accident, from which he never fully recovered. He died peacefully the following year.

In the final analysis, the term maverick will always be associated with the life of Lonnie Johnson, and his voracious appetite for exploring across the lines that demarcate the blues world. But from now on let's remember that the term doesn't necessarily imply error, impropriety or inconsistency. It can imply recrudescence, rejuvenation or renewal. Indeed, from now on let's remember Alonzo "Lonnie" Johnson as a man as far away from blues solecism as is possible; a man who not only came to redouble his commitment to the blues tradition over the years, but who also redoubled the tradition itself. The quintessential maverick.

ARTICLE BY DR. LORNE FOSTER

THE SIX WINDS

THE SIX WINDS
The Rivoli, Clinton's, Toronto
June 23 & July 6, 1988

The Six Winds (De Zes Winden), a saxophone ensemble of composer/improvisers from Holland, Denmark, and Canada were featured recently in Toronto in two concert performances as part of their first Canadian tour. The first of the two shows was also the first stop on a tour that would take the ensemble across Canada to Calgary, Vancouver, and Edmonton before returning to Toronto for a final concert. The ensemble arrived in Toronto just as the city's annual summer jazz series was getting underway and the time was right for their introduction to Canadian listeners, with the Rivoli show (performed without amplification to best convey the richness of the sextet's sound) being a revelation for many in the audience that evening. The potent expressiveness of the sextet's sound was striking, filling the room with vibrant colour. The sextet, formed by baritone saxophonist **Ad Peijnenburg** in Eindhoven, Holland in 1984, is a distinctive unit dealing in sound and composition in a manner that unifies the bond between the worlds of European orchestral tradition and the work of the modern improvising composers, building on the innovations of master composers Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. The sextet members include a diverse mixture of performers: tenorist **John Tchicai**, altoist **Frans Vermeerssen,** bass saxist **Klaas Hekman**, **Bill Smith** on sopranino, and **Dies Le Duc** on soprano. As players, the individuals of the Six Winds represent the spectrum of the world improvising community, uniquely drawing together a powerful locus of music, experience, and energy to create an unmistakable sound.

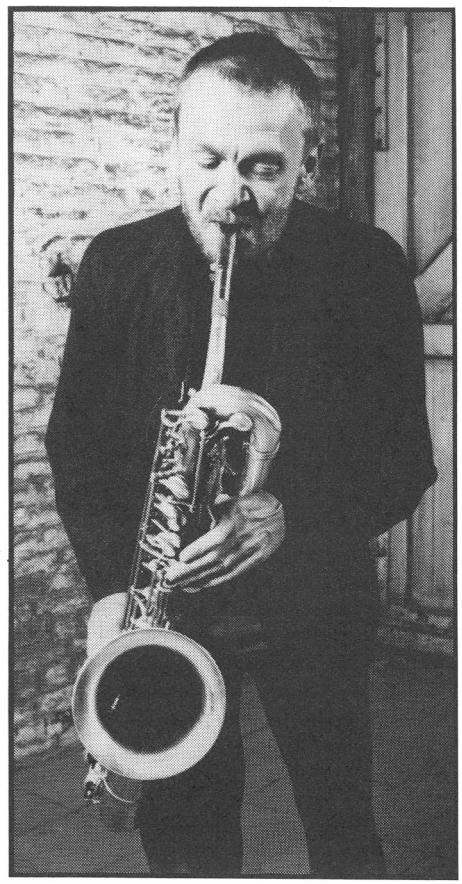
Spirit music, the historical music legacy given to this generation by Albert Ayler, John Coltrane, and Ornette Coleman (among many others) figures prominently in the Six Winds' vocabulary although its influence seemed to be sublimated in favour of the ensemble's affinity for a more orchestrated attack. "The Undressing", a Frans Vermeerssen composition, was a fresh new piece for the ensemble at the Rivoli, a welcoming to the audience, and an invitation. The theme caused many in the house to step back and stare, building a mountain of sound in the room that gradually gave way to a duet between bass saxophonist Klaas Hekman and sopranino Bill Smith. Hekman's command of the formidable bass saxophone was heartening as he twisted and coaxed a supple and inviting line to dance out from the horn, alternately choosing tones that would shake the glasses in the front tables and others that seemed incongruous in their delicacy. Smith, by contrast, approached the dialogue as though oblivious to the constraints of its rhythms, mulling over a phrase at first casually and then in great earnest. The line he settled on in the end joined up to Hekman's own to create a figure of surprising lucidity. The ensemble, merry as ever, reintroduced the theme and then fell away to reveal a duet between baritone Peijnenburg and soprano Le Duc. Peijnenburg, a quietly humorous gentleman who viewed the performance of the other soloists with a bemused expression, threw himself into the solo, opting for long phrases to bring a polished golden texture from his horn that suggested the french horn rather than a member of the sax family. His duet with Le Duc developed along a more directly confrontational ground than that of Hekman and Smith. Dies Le Duc, a gifted composer of orchestral writing, jumped at the opportunity offered by the baritone and set off on a fiery course, leaning into the solo with conviction. Le Duc's soprano seemed at this point more in the tradition of the American hard-bop sound than it later did, developing over the course of the performance the multiphonic intricacy that is associated with the European masters of the straight horn, Evan Parker and Steve Lacy. The theme once again taken up by the ensemble yielded a multiplicity of colour, an effect that was presented in its broadest sense with the ensemble's performance of the Thelonious Monk composition "Monk's Mood", during the second half of the concert. "The Undressing" was also notable for the emergence, breathtakingly so, of tenor saxophonist John Tchicai. His tenor, instantly identifiable, pinned the audience to the wall with the strong emotional power of his horn. After a pause, a composition of Bill Smith's, "Filled With Fancies" was introduced with a dedication to T.S. Eliot. It was another surprise, a rare piece of orchestral formalism that one would not immediately associate with a composer of Smith's leanings. The emotive force of the ensemble unison was beautiful to hear yet hard to convey through the written word. Formal yet free within the range of the line, the horns arched and dived with each other in a manner that made one imagine Eliot to be a somewhat frightening but compelling character. The strength of Peijnenburg's baritone in tandem with Hekman's bass saxophone lifted the ensemble (and audience) a few feet off the ground. Next up was the Dies Le Duc composition "Drumdrie", a piece that began with a stuttering ensemble horn line that led into a cascading round-like line. Le Duc soloed convincingly on soprano against a bass saxophone line from Hekman that would not have sounded out of place on a contemporary funk album, slippery and puckish. Although renowned in Holland for his compositional prowess, Le Duc demonstrated an engagingly personal solo style in his improvisation, never losing the audience's rapt attention as he spun out the line against the ensemble reading of the theme, jumping back into place at the last possible instant.

Six Winds is in a particularly good position to develop and grow given the presence within the ensemble of six different compositional voices, each at a distinctly different point of orientation. The working plan of the ensemble for group division of compositional responsibility is for each member to prepare two or three new pieces each year that can be rehearsed and prepared in the spring for summer performances. The selection of compositions must present a troublesome task to the unit as it becomes apparent that this program of music prepared for the Canadian tour draws from all sides of the ensemble's palette to create a multidimensional sound-painting. It is a shame that we did not get to hear the other compositions passed over for lack of rehearsal time and the more immediate demands of these selections. Still, the inclusion in the Rivoli performance of John Tchicai's "Increased Cosmopo" was a blessing, with the composer soaring through the tune invoking the spirit from his early teachers, Ayler and Coltrane. Vivid sound textures rushed out from the ensemble, creating a sort of mutual hypnosis of performers and audience that abated only temprarily at the midway interval that was announced. This feeling of being caught up in a canopy of sound that lifts the listener out of the present moment and freezes them in the space between one breath and the next is something that is collectively acknowledged in the room but is not spoken of. The performers in the ensemble walked into the crowd and seemed much relieved at the reception from the audience. The feeling of bonhomie extended into the second half of the concert as the ensemble returned to the stage and unexpectedly presented a charmingly impromptu reading of the Duke Ellington ballad, "Azure", sung by baritone saxophonist Ad Peijnenburg, confirming what the audience had begun to suspect; truly a collection of transatlantic Ellingtonians. Other routes to the source included the performance of John Tchicai's "Pechanga # 7" with a virtual free-for-all of solos from the upper register horns, Le Duc and Smith pairing off for some particularly torrid section work. Klaas Hekman's "Elephants Can Dance" was another composition that achieved the impossible to predict effect of using the room's acoustics in the context of the piece. The alternating sound/silence/sound that was as much a part of the theme development as its harmonic center led the listener's ears to play tricks on themselves. One began to fill in the silence, or rather, to feel that the silence required an equal amount of attention as did the theme. The solo voice of the low register saxophone is almost never heard in live performance but Hekman's command of the horn was clean and affecting, pulling the energy

THE INTERNATIONAL SAXOPHONE SEXTET

level into an intimate space that was enhanced by the natural sound of the horn speaking in the open air of the room rather than by way of an amplification system. The final mention in this note would have to be given to the Six Winds reading of the previously-mentioned "Monk's Mood". It can be heard on the second Six Winds record (due out in September). The ensemble's arrangement of the Monk ballad brings together in one piece all the divergent stylistic elements of the Six Winds' members. The harmonic sophistication and humour of Thelonious is still very much alive in the ensemble's presentation of this piece, with the theme yet retaining the bittersweet quality that identifies its composer. An impressive debut for the Six Winds.

Thirteen days later, after playing at the Calgary, Vancouver and Edmonton Festivals, the Six Winds returned to Toronto's Clinton Tavern for a farewell performance as a unit (Tenorist John Tchicai hung out a few more days and was an honoured guest of the Jane Bunnett Quintet, while bass saxophonist Klaas Hekman visited with friends to rest after the whirlwind travel of the tour). After an unexpectedly sparse turnout for their first set, the ensemble began playing their compositions with redoubled energy, aware that this was the last date and determined to go home feeling full up. The first two selections I inadvertently missed, walking in out of the rain and scrambling to catch the name of the piece the ensemble was playing. It was Tchicai's "Smoke Signals", that made use of a recurring theme interlaced with solos from alto, tenor and sopranino. Smith seemed determined to blow the tiny sopranino apart but contented himself with a muscular, growling solo as bass sax and baritone passed the theme back and forth. John Tchicai, certainly the best known member of the ensemble as a result of his participation in the founding of the "free jazz" vocabulary (captured on record with John Coltrane on the Ascension session) demonstrated his powerful command of the tenor saxophone, a wondrous moment for this listener to hear the weight of music history that is contained within one man's sound. Dies Le Duc was not satisfied to sit back to watch and pushed the energy level up further, howling with his horn in a spirited release of sound – the joy of a man whose burden has been lifed. The piece concluded in a unison note of tremendous consonance. A few heads were turned on the bandstand, as though that last reading was an off-the-cuff gem that should have been captured on tape. No matter, when Tchicai, catching his breath, introduced Smith's "Tickle Yet Fancy" and counted off the introduction. Immediately the contrast between the unit that performed at the Rivoli and this same unit thirteen days later is clear. "Fancy" fairly leapt off the stand, benefitting from the continuous live performance of the past fortnight. There was an almost overwhelming intensity to the ensemble reading of the theme, with Dies and Frans taking solos that explored the extremes of range and voice. It is interesting that this performance of the selection should take more to heart the dedication to Eliot than the composer gave it in its previous Toronto performance. This version conjured nightmares and the confusion of dreaming, the casual event being refocused into the fearsome conclusion. "Elephants Can Dance", Klaas's composition and feature, began to resemble an early civilisation's attempts at forming languages, moving from slow rumbling beginnings to cries that suggested the premise of language evolving from the familiar toward the unusual as imagery becomes more complex.



"The Undressing" picked up the inquisitive element of Hekman's tone and expanded it for the ensemble, the theme of Vermeerssen's composition pushed and pulled about like a boat in a storm, secure at its mooring but subjected to the elements. Smith's horn was questioning, telling jokes and riddles that were taken up again by the others, his sopranino in striking contrast of timbre with Hekman's bass saxophone. Ad Peijnenburg dug in with a short solo after the theme was played, commenting on the preceding soloist by interpolating bits of Smith's rhythmic devices (sharp bursts followed by an unravelling line) in half time. Tchicai stepped forward, splendid in hand-painted shirt, and introduced a discursive element of his own, pulling the tune back to level ground where Peijnenburg and Le Duc duetted until at last the theme was again played, concluding the first half of the concert. Frans Vermeersen grinned approval, putting down his horn and slumping into a chair.

Le Duc's "Drumdrie" with its memorable percussive, telegraph-like introduction was taken at full throttle in the second set, with Tchicai shouting his line from the tenor saxophone's throaty midregister. Again it was remarkable to see the tight horn section work of Le Duc and Smith, with the two horns locking together to solidify the rhythmic complexity of the ensemble before Le Duc set off on a solo that doubletimed the existing line and caused shouts of glee from the audience. Theme restatement and out.

Everyone looked around for a moment to reorient themselves as Ad introduced his composition "Duke's Little Fingers" to applause that he was frankly baffled by, until Smith quipped that it had reached the top twenty on the charts in town. Ad flashed a quick smile and the ballad form was reinvented before our eyes. Frans on alto stepped forward and picked up the theme for a skydiving solo, all swoop and birdsong, his horn recalling more the fleetness that gave Johnny Hodges his nickname than any moodiness of spirit that history and biographers have pinned to him. The touch of Ellington's understatement and dignity were renewed in this tribute from Peijnenburg. A new composition from this spring's rehearsals was John Tchicai's "Pachanga # 7", its lilting theme suggesting some 13th century country fair dance. There was a ferocious exchange of four-bar solos by the entire ensemble that pushed the tune toward an accelerated tempo conclusion. Dies and John howled with laughter after the piece was allowed to settle. Their happiness with the ensemble was a pleasure to see, particularly at the end of a tour when physical exhaustion can begin to dominate even the blithest of spirits. There was a concluding thank-you to the audience who had come out to send the ensemble home with good wishes and then... "Monk's Mood", the new classical art form that is just now gaining its rightful place in the public light. As the old is crushed by the vitality of the new, just so the horns take apart the familiar Monk theme, breaking the song structure down to its component parts as a jeweller polishes the roughest gem to expose its inner beauty. Luminous, the pure emotional clarity of Monk hangs in the air for a moment, a sound painting of spirits aligned. SIX WINDS/ DE ZES WINDEN. **– Steve Vickery**

Ad Peijnenburg

Du Maurier International Jazz Festival
Vancouver, B.C.
June 24-July 3, 1988

The third annual du Maurier International Jazz Festival was a rousing success. Attendance was up over fifty percent and there were a number of creative and artistic highlights. Large crowds showed up for the eight hours of free performances on three stages at the Plaza of Nations the last three days, and regional media coverage was much more extensive than in previous years. This festival may not match the numbers of Montreal's, but creative programming has developed a loyal, supportive audience for music on the cutting edge. Vancouver is already known as the place in Canada to watch for the most interesting new music and musicians in rock, alternative rock, and folk music circles and, as the local creative music scene burgeons, should become equally revered in jazz/creative music circles.

I've written before of the difficulties surrounding the use of genre labels in music. This festival surmounted that problem by largely ignoring it. Sure, there was lots of straight-ahead mainstream jazz played by the original practitioners and by younger interpreters, but the most exciting and challenging music was produced by genre-busters. For me the highlight of the entire festival was English altoist/composer **Trevor Watts'** multicultural **Moire Music**. Hearing them on record, however rewarding that may be, cannot prepare you for the impact of seeing this band live. For this tour Watts, one of *the* masters of post-bop alto sax, assembled a band which united the rhythmic complexities of African music (Ghanaian percussionist Nana Tsiboe), the rhythmic propulsion of funk (drummer Liam Genocky), the intellectual appeal and drive of minimalism (keyboardist/vocalist Liane Carroll and pianist Veryan Weston), the primal appeal of Celtic roots (accordionist Richard Granville-Smith), and the excitement of jazz soloing (tenor saxophonist Simon Picard, Watts, and the whole band). "Moire" refers to the shifting patterning visible on finely woven material like silk, and this is an apt description of the teetering, seductive, constantly changing musical strutures Watts has built, revolving around the powerful electric bass lines of Colin Mackenzie.

Another multicultural performance brought together South Indian mridingam (double-headed drum) player **Trichy Sankaran**, now based in Toronto, and Los Angeles multi-woodwind player **Vinny Golia**, a welcome returnee from last year's festival. (Amusingly enough, they had first met the previous night in the raucous Commodore nightclub surrounded by rockers failing to comprehend Bill Bruford's mediocre Bill Evans Trio impressions). Sankaran displayed amazing virtuosity and invention, polyrhythms and percussive melodies rolling from those practised hands. He inspired Golia first to a beautiful duet with alto flute, then soprano sax circular breathing pyrotechnics which ended up sounding positively Azerbaijani. As Golia laughingly put it afterwards, "I was afraid I'd get hit by those fingers!" They closed with a reflective duet on kanjira (a small hand drum) and shakuhachi. A rewarding musical meeting of minds.

Trevor Watts (Photograph by Dennis Austin)

The MVP award for the festival must surely go to drummer **Claude Ranger**. If I counted right, he had fourteen different gigs, ranging from a **Jack Walrath**-led quartet at the Landmark to three performances with his own quintet, and it's safe to say he knocked out each and every one of his stagemates with his never-ceasing creativity and flow of polyrhythms and ideas. By the end of their second night Walrath and tenor player Carter Jefferson were openly admiring the way Ranger was driving their solos, and it was amazing to watch Rene Worst transform from facile Skywalk electric bassist to diggin'-in, hard-driving acoustic bassist during the six times he and Ranger functioned as a rhythm section.

Of course, Ranger's favourite playing mates are still young tenor players, the kind who may still have a few rough edges but will blow forever. So when he was asked to form a quintet for several performances during the festival, he hired Worst along with Vancouver's Phil Dwyer, Toronto's Perry White, and the peripatetic Rob Frayne. The quintet opened for Quartet West, performed again three days later during the Plaza of Nations event, and the next day with special guest Robert Leriche. The one tune per set functioned as a head, releasing a torrent of solos, duos, trios, and group interaction of a high order. Dwyer, who generally comes out of the Joe Henderson school of tenor sax – though as the week progressed John Coltrane reared his head more and more – was a revelation here and in the David Friesen trio. Freed from the rhythmic straightjacket of the neo-hard bop bands, he reveals a sure, relaxed melodic and rhythmic sense. Perry White is more directly Coltrane-derived, at least in this format, while Rob Frayne comes off as a mature combination of Archie Shepp and Sonny Rollins. He understands how to build and release tension in a solo, often beguilingly remelodizing the tune he's playing.

Robert Leriche (alto and soprano sax) has a highly developed conception, his lines unfolding with the same relentless logic and precision as those of fellow Parisian Steve Lacy, his distinctive compositions marked by wry melancholy. Trio performances with Ranger and bassist Clyde Reed were outstanding, and his addition to the Ranger quintet for their last performance was a stroke of genius. By the time the three young tenors had begun to function as a saxophone trio, soloing simultaneously or improvising backing lines without getting in each other's way. Leriche's conceptual strength organized them into a unified whole – I wish this group could stay together!

Returning this year was trombonist **John Rapson** with what was billed as a quartet of fellow Santa Barbarans Bill Hartley (trumpet), Chris Sermen (bass), and Tom Lackner (drums), but also included Los Angelenos Vinny Golia and Kim Richmond on reeds. This band plays creative post-Mingus small-group jazz, highlighted by great compositions and arrangements, a well-developed group interplay, and excellent solos by every single member. Superb music which deserves to be widely heard! A similar musical turf was inhabited, albeit in the less-polished form one would expect from a pickup group, by the abovementioned quartet fronted by trumpeter Jack Walrath, which on opening night provided a welcome pick-me-up after the slickness of the Zawinul Syndicate. Walrath's quartet was a little sloppy at times, but they produced vital, on-the-edge, music, taking chances in the spirit of the great Mr. Mingus. The same could be said of Vancouver's **Chief Feature**, powered by a front line of Bill Clarke on trumpet and Bruce Freedman on tenor, though with nods in

the direction of Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman's quartets.

More top-notch small group jazz was heard from **Charlie Haden's Quartet West**. Haden's instrumental gifts are well-known – as he moves into old masterhood, that beautiful tone becomes ever more burnished and full, and he's never lost touch with his folk roots. More surprising was bandmate Ernie Watts' fluidity, swing and technical proficiency, only hints of his days in the fusion pits peeking through a well-paced program of Haden originals, standards, and compositions by Ornette Coleman and Pat Metheny. **J.J. Johnson's** welcome return with a quintet proved that during his retirement from jazz he may have lost a few notes per hour but none of his beautiful tone and lyrical inventiveness. J.J. was clearly enjoying himself hugely, and compatriots Ralph Moore on tenor, Stanley Cowell on piano (including two exceptional unaccompanied solos), Rufus Reid on bass, and the outstanding Victor Lewis on drums, certainly inspired him. Welcome back. J.J.!

Out Of The Blue surprised me, cooking a lot harder than I had expected of their overly-faithful Blue Note/Art Blakey revivalism. Solo honours went to trumpeter Michael Mossman, though it was rather disconcerting to hear him apologize for venturing "outside the tradition" with a pentatonic, Japanese-sounding head for a piece named after a kind of sushi. After all, one of the aspects that made the best Blue Note recording sessions so enjoyable was their willingness to take chances once in a while. I guess the best way to enjoy OTB is to treat them as a master class at the University of Blue Note, but here's hoping the students loosen up a little!

There were contrasting solo performances by two legendary pianists. **Andrew Hill** seemed somewhat disconnected, his performance at first tentative and then getting stuck in restricted harmonic ranges for extended periods which the oppressive heat made unbearable for myself and much of the audience. There were moments of enjoyment as he deconstructed stride piano or showed flashes of the harmonic and rhythmic complexities which have contributed to some of my favourite moments of recorded jazz, and I hope to see him again under better circumstances. Local openers **Unity**, with versatile woodwind player Graham Ord, dig-deep bassist Paul Blaney, melodic free drummer Roger Baird, and new member trumpeter/violinist Daniel Lapp, achieved a chemistry reminiscent of the Art Ensemble of Chicago in a continuous set of originals.

A much more enjoyable solo piano performance came the next night from legendary L.A. community bandleader **Horace Tapscott**. He quickly deciphered the peculiarities of the piano and acoustics at the Western Front, and soon booming left-hand sonorities were driving a thoroughly-enjoyable program of standards and originals. A very physical player, Tapscott constantly shifts moods and dynamic levels, but always refers back to the blues. The Western Front piano hasn't sounded as good since the appearance of Abdullah Ibrahim a few years back.

George Lewis, who'd been in town for a few weeks for a computer music workshop, gave a very different solo performance at the Front the next night. He played two trombone duets with interactive computer programs, the first devised by local composer Martin Bartlett and the second by himself. While the former was intellectually stimulating, his own achieved the difficult task of making computer-generated, non-linear sounds seem to develop in a living-breathing manner, and of course his trombone virtuosity is beyond question.

The New York "downtown crowd" invasion led off with a solo performance by cellist **Tom Cora**. A versatile and creative performer, he is rarely content to play his instrument in the "usual" manner, instead processing the sound electronically, modifying the cello with attached rubber bands and strings, plucking, bowing, hammering with the bow, inserting objects into the strings. His music contains echoes from around the world, Jimi Hendrix to bluegrass to Scottish country laments to Bo Diddley to Arab vocal music. A highlight was his trio performance with Quebecois madmen **Jean Derome** and **Rene Lussier**, who cover more ground, and more instruments, in one song than some groups do in their entire careers, yet make it all hang together with a unique humorous vision. The Quebecois folk roots are very strong; a down-home stomp with Lussier on clog-dancing, Derome on jaw-harp and vocals, and Cora on cello was inspired lunacy. The trio opened for New York art-rockers **The Semantics**, who certainly provided the loudest and most hard-rocking performance at the festival. Elliot Sharp very creative tapping, hammering, and triggering samples from his double-necked guitar/bass.

Michele Rosewoman led a very enjoyable afternoon workshop, demonstrating how she tries to bring the rhythmic complexities of Cuban music to her jazz efforts. Unfortunately, at her quintet performances that night, drummer Cecil Brooks III, who had been almost *too* tasteful when I'd seen him with Houston Person and Etta Jones a year earlier, certainly made up for it this time out, drowning out those rhythmic subtleties I was trying to hear. Greg Osby and Gary Thomas produced rather generic saxophone solos, and overall the special qualities that may well have been there just didn't come across. Mention should be made of local openers **Turnaround** featuring Rob Frayne, Kate Hammett-Vaughn on creative vocals, versatile guitarist Ron Samworth, and the empathetic rhythm section of Scott White on bass and Claude Ranger on drums. This is a very unified group with a nice relaxed feel, highlighted by Frayne's compositions and arrangements.

Hal Russell's NRG Ensemble, from Chicago, was completely unknown to me before this festival, but they made a lot of friends with their hard-driving, polystylistic, multi-instrumental approach, leavened with a generous dose of humour.

Saxophone-only groups are all the rage these days and **The Six Winds**, with four Dutchmen, John Tchicai, and *Coda*'s own Bill Smith have staked out their own territory. Rather than the virtuosity and majesty of the World Saxophone Quartet, the serious fun of the Rovas, or the street smarts of the 29th Street gang, the Six Winds build their sound on a loose togetherness, leavened by a generous dose of humour. The strongest soloists are Tchicai on tenor and Frans Vermeerssen on alto, but each member contributes strong compositions. One of those priceless moments occurred at a free noon-hour outdoor gig at Pacific Center in the heart of downtown. Six Winds was playing a long-held, full, six-note chord, when they were surprised by the noon-whistle, generating a few surprised looks on the bandstand. "Did *we* do that?" Tchicai and Smith also joined Vinny Golia and Vancouver's Clyde Reed on bass and veteran drummer Gregg Simpson for a rollicking improvised performance at the Plaza of Nations which ended with great get-down vocals from Tchicai.

Reed and Simpson, a long-standing rhythm section with an easy accomodation to the other's individualistic style, powered **Lunar Adventures**' opening set for the festival closer at the Commodore. With Samworth on guitar and Coat Cook on saxophones, they are a fusion group with a difference, drawing on similar roots to Moire Music. Pieces like "Harmolodic Highlanders" proved a perfect warmup for **Ornette Coleman**'s new band, which stuck mostly to mutated R&B and even

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a great country-style hoedown. The music is stripped down, with less simultaneous soloing, and a much improved sound mix means you can actually hear what's going on most of the time. It's too bad that Badal Roy on tabla was virtually inaudible. He provided a physical link to Miles Davis' music in the early '70s, of which the new edition of Prime Time reminds me a great deal, although Davis' conglomerations were more solo-oriented and Prime Time thrive on a tight ensemble feel. A perfect ending to a great ten days! *– Scott Lewis*

Real Art Ways RAW August Jazz Festival
Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut
August 6, 1988

In recent years, Hartford has become something of a bebop haven. Straightahead trios and quartets abound in the clubs, but the avant garde is rarely found in public. Real Art Ways is the only organization in the greater Hartford area that presents freely improvised music on a continuing basis.

Real Art Ways celebrated its first decade of presenting avant-garde jazz in Hartford by featuring a delightful blend of old and new faces at its 10th annual RAW August Jazz Festival, held August 6 on the lawn of Trinity College.

Vibist **Khan Jamal**, who last appeared at RAW in 1978, opened the event with a solo performance. He gave infrequently-played tunes like *Easy Living* and *Bemsha Swing* an angular but leisurely four-mallet treatment. His set warmed the audience of 1,000 to the hotter acts that followed.

Percussionist **William Hooker** and his quartet of bassist William Parker and alto saxophonists Alan Michael and Claude Lawrence blazed through "Lifelines", Hooker's five-piece suite, with unrelenting intensity. Michael's sometimes Lyonsesque lines burned in tandem with Lawrence's ferocious phrasing while the percussive interplay of Hooker and Parker broiled around them. In his first appearance at the RAW festival Hooker, a former Connecticut resident, continued the tradition of "energy music" with his compelling set.

Craig Harris and the Tailgaters' Tales summarized the continuity of the Afro-American oral tradition in an inspired set that began with the leader intoning a tribal chant while drumming on the didgeridoo, an aboriginal instrument, then concluded with him rapping over Ralph Peterson's funk beat. In between, Harris and his sidemen played an exciting array of textural improvisations over marches, shuffles, loping grooves and backbeats. The set was Harris' first appearance at RAW as a leader. Previously, he performed at RAW as a sideman with **Mario Pavone.**

Pavone returned to the RAW Festival with reedmen Thomas Chapin and Marty Ehrlich and drummer Thurman Barker. Performing original compositions from his "Sharpeville" LP, the bassist backed his pyrotechnical front line with propulsive basslines phrased more percussively yet more melodically than even his finest bop playing in the Hartford area. Ehrlich and Chapin rank among the finest saxophonists on the contemporary scene. Barker offered nothing less than outstanding support.

Leroy Jenkins' soothing solo violin set served as the calm before the storm of **George Russell's Living Time Orchestra**.

Russell presented his tone poem, "The African Game", a ten-movement programmatic work that recreates the evolution of human life from its origins in Africa. Beginning with electric pencil sharpeners buzzing the birth of living organisms, the fourteen-piece orchestra evolved through a kaleidoscope of consonant and dissonant textures, at times lingering on a Kurt Weillian melodic line or a cauldronous brooding reminiscent of Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew". Solos were infrequent, usually brief passages that emerged from and submerged into the shifting ensemble textures. Tenorman **George Garzone**, however, made some forceful statements in his several extended solos. Russell concluded his set with Miles' *So What* stated over a polyrhythmic pulse, after which the ensemble played an orchestrated transcription of Miles' solo from *Kind of Blue*. It was Russell's first appearance at the RAW August Jazz Festivals.

In the bop haven of Hartford, the old faces and the new sang songs of musical freedom that rang a day's relief from the area's dominant musical conventions.

– Vernon Frazer

Festival international de jazz de Montréal
July 1-10, 1988

Nine editions and eight years later, the Montreal jazz fest has now become one of the biggest musical supermarkets on the planet. Because of its size, and its concurrent need to attract more people to guarantee its success, one cannot help but notice greater diversity in its musical content. In many ways, the festival has taken on the look of a successful department store full of well advertised and mainly marketable goods for the throngs of musical tourists who gather around the five outdoor stages for a bewildering number of free daily and nightly concerts.

Equally varied, yet more focused on jazz, were the indoor series. Overall though, there was a marked contrast between the first and second half of the festival. Quite a few series presented their best acts in the first days, losing a bit of their edge after the customary night off for the indoor concerts at the half-

way point. In all fairness, the organizers realized that by holding a festival a week later, they encountered greater competition from many of the European festivals.

A case in point was the early evening 'Jazz Beat' series' for the mainstream jazz fan, the choices of Frank Morgan, Arnett Cobb, J.J. Johnson and Kenny Burrell were excellent; none of them have ever played at the festival before. Afterwards, the choices seemed a little more geared to attract larger audiences. With guitarists Larry Coryell and Joe Pass (the latter in a duet with local bassist Michel Donato), as well as the glossy lady of the soprano sax, Jane Ira Bloom, these choices were not as felicitous as the first ones. Even more distressing was the double bill featuring Ray Anderson's quartet opening for rock bubble drummer cum fusion thumper Bill Bruford and his band 'Earthworks'. As feared, a teenage-minded crowd overflowed the hall but chatted incessantly throughout the trombonist's excellent, albeit too brief set. This just goes to show how important sold out shows are for the promoters.

Elsewhere in the festival, one felt the same schism in the 'Grands Concerts Air Canada' series. With the hoary 'Preservation Hall Jazz Band' and the ballroom nostalgia of the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra in the second half, there were two happy exceptions to that rule. First, **Ornette Coleman** is now busying himself breaking in his newest version of 'Prime Time'. While the concert was largely given over to the leader improvising over a slick, but static, rhythmic framework – propelled, as usual, by his son DeNardo – it was impressive nonetheless. The following evening, **Jack DeJohnette** presented his latest Special Edition. Even though he is casting about to recapture the magic of his previous editions, he still managed to give a performance which allowed him to shine through the difficulties inherent in his new electrified lineup. As a little "jack-in-the-box" percussionist, **Nana Vasconcelos** added some spice to the proceedings. As a special guest, festival favourite **Pat Metheny** joined the band for a few numbers – as he did in four other concerts – showing off his collection of four guitars. To open up that series, a special gala evening showcased some of our talents recording for our own prospering label, Justin Time Records. In a close to four hour marathon, the spotlight shone on pianist **Oliver Jones**, guitarist **Sonny Greenwich, the Denny Christianson Big Band**, vocalist **Karen Young** with **Michel Donato** and the **Jubilation Gospel Choir**, a soulful group of singers who managed to bring the house down in spite of the show's length.

Also included on that gala night was pianist **Jean Beaudet**, whose quartet was inserted at the last minute. Even if their appearance there was short, he and his cohorts had more ample opportunity to flex their muscles in the 'Jazz sur le Vif' series. Exclusively devoted to our own musicians, that series was one of the most consistent in terms of solid jazz content. Minus their leader, the remaining trio under the name of tenor saxophonist **Yannick Rieu** excelled in combining pure acoustic energy and interactive group freedom, two commodities not always easy to find elsewhere. In a larger context, the quartet was joined by five other local stalwarts – including guitarist **Nelson Symonds** and trumpeter **Charles Ellison** – in a varied and well-rehearsed program of five originals. In the mass of shows heard, this particular concert was a standout.

In the 'Piano Plus' series, variety was at the forefront of these more intimate duo settings. For openers, pianists **Mal Waldron and Andrew Hill** faced off for the first time in what many said was an austere and searching meeting, which only started to jell by the time they played *Evidence* as an encore! **Ran Blake**, for his part, teamed up with a familiar partner, tenorist **Ricky Ford**, and one not so familiar, clarinetist **Robert Lepage**. As a multi-media presentation, they played in various combinations, exploring in a curious way the relationship between sound and the images of a series of obscure dada art films of the 1920s. In so doing, they achieved an odd inseparability between both the aural and visual challenges of their presentation. Speaking of inseparability, three concerts in that series were somewhat like family affairs. Be it the husband-wife team of **Randy Brecker and Eliane Elias** or the father-daughter meeting of **Jimmy and Stacey Rowles**, the music was tasteful and intimate, but not particularly arresting. Such can also be said for **Steve Swallow and Carla Bley**; their duet was mainly focused on Ms. Bley's blossoming romantic streak. On the other end of the scale, pianist **Dorothy Donegan**'s keyboard fireworks might have wowed the audience, but her playing demonstrated how thin the line is between technical brilliance and bad taste. Yet **Phil Woods** (of all people!) managed to save the night, first by making the music count before the 'show', then by playing along like a good sport from time to time. Given the fact that neither musician had ever met before, one wonders about the motives behind such an odd choice.

In previous years, the 'Jazz dans la nuit' series was one of the best festival barometers for solid jazz content. This year, stylistic variegations had crept in there too. Chief among these was the performance given by **Ronald Shannon Jackson and his 'Decoding Society'**. Dismissed by most as vulgar and heavy (as in metal), the drummer actually fared better in this reviewer's mind. Even though the personnel of his newest band is quite young and that the leader himself was equally guilty of meandering, the show was rewarding because of Jackson's intricate and instinctive feel for the drums, something most heavy metal drummers never come close to capturing. For his part, **Charlie Haden**'s 'Quartet West' may not be travelling forward past the boundaries of jazz as in the days of Ornette Coleman's early quartets, but this band's appearance on opening night showed them skidding sideways satisfyingly enough.

An instrument which is gaining new life these days is the clarinet. Proof of that was found in three concerts. Apart from a duet featuring **Alvin Batiste** with pianist **Henry Butler**, there were late night concerts featuring **Eddie Daniels** and **John Carter**, two musicians whose interests cannot be wider apart. As a popularizer of that horn, Daniels is dipping into a mainly bebop repertoire to demonstrate his technical wizardry. But pianist **Roger Kellaway** dished out the flashiest solos, easily the runner-up to Dorothy Donegan in the glitz department.

For the more adventuresome, John Carter assembled an octet for a live rendition of his suite Castles of Ghana". By far the most serious of all concerts, the atmosphere was quite cool and controlled, slow to develop but hitting its stride thanks to the excellent rhythm team of bassist **Roberto Miranda** and drummer **Andrew Cyrille**. However, a live and extended version (twice as long as on the record) of an already demanding work might not have been the best of services for listeners and musicians alike. Equally demanding, though less original, was the young British phenom of the tenor **Courtney Pine**. Over six lengthy numbers, he spun out more notes to the mile, as one of my journalist colleagues wrote. Moreover, his resemblance to his role model is uncanny, both musically and physically. At 23, this man has arrived at the point where the great John Coltrane left off, at least technically. Essentially, the evening was a sparring match between him and his volcanic drummer, **Mark Mondesir**, while the pianist offered some solo relief from the saxophone flights and the bassist was reduced to a second-fiddle role. Even though he hinted at possible developments in his own style, the question still looms, where to now, Mr. Pine?

As much as the music is now replete with virtuoso superstars, the old masters still possess a certain intangible magic. A very special case in point was the appearance on film of bebop piano master **Bud Powell**. Well-known French devotee and filmmaker **Francis Paudras** was a special guest this year and he brought with him some rarely seen footage of his famous American friend. The very fact of seeing a legend performing before one's eyes was a very special moment and, in some ways, these musical performances on film managed to outshine quite a few live concerts. Moreover, a second program featured Dexter Gordon in Denmark, Thelon-

ious Monk in Paris and Bill Evans from an American TV show.

Billed as 'a festival for all', the ninth edition of the FIJM was wildly successful in attendance (650,000 according to estimates). Given its success, it is now engaged in a process whereby size and quantities are of prime importance, sometimes to the detriment of the actual musical content. With this in mind, one will have to wait and see how much more there will be for next year's tenth anniversary extravaganza. And you can be sure that all stops will be pulled out on that occasion.

– Marc Chenard / Andrew Jones

ATLANTA JAZZ SERIES
Atlanta, Georgia
June 4, 1988
Arthur Blythe & Art Blakey

The summer-long Atlanta Jazz Series is back on track. No more pop acts with scarcely a tangent connection to jazz. Nearly all of the 36 groups on the 1988 roster merit the label "jazz" without compromising qualifiers.

This is good news, for few musical events are so pleasant to attend as the Atlanta Series, held in the inner city parks. For those tired of staying up all night to experience unhealthy environments at exorbitant prices, but never entirely satisfied with the concert hall, it is the answer. Not only is attendance free (bless Atlanta's Bureau of Cultural Affairs), it is a wonderful opportunity to expose children to jazz. The alfresco setting permits "ringside" seats for the most ardent listeners, while those whose interest is less intense can picnic a hundred yards from the stage and still hear.

Best of all is the congeniality. You always end up getting acquainted with the party on the next blanket, and no one ever seems to do anything to offend their neighbours.

At this year's opening program I missed the first two local groups, the **Simone Quartet**, but caught most of a good hard bop set by what was billed as the **Bob Miles Quintet** (actually a sextet, with a Latin percussionist added). An MC who needs instruction in the use of a microphone precludes my naming the personnel, but tenorist and leader Miles and a Miles Davis-influenced trumpeter are persuasive new voices.

The younger of the two top-billed Arthur B's opened with a 3/4 piece which was perhaps a little too close to the Coltrane quartet. At least I was constantly reminded of that classic group by the material, Blythe's sound – powerful and even in all registers – and the work of drummer **Bob Battle** and pianist **John Hicks**, rooted in Elvin Jones and McCoy Tyner, respectively. Let me hasten to add that Hicks is one of a very few who have succeeded in building on the Tyner manner; his soloing was a joy to hear. This number emphasized the peace at the core of the "revolutionary" music of the 60s. It was perfect picnic-in-the-park music.

The following *Miss Nancy* better portrayed the Blythean swagger. Hicks was outstanding, weaving rapidly moving lines through a drone without the mood clashes this device can produce. Blythe and Battle engaged in some 4's (with Battle at times evoking Gene Krupa). Battle anticipates Blythe well) at times they seem to have rehearsed every interaction. But then one reflects that Battle has been with the leader for ten years – an astounding figure on today's scene.

A ballad over piano ostinato gave Blythe a chance to sing on the horn, with Battle doubling up behind him, sometimes making effective use of one stick and one mallet, a possibility too many drummers still ignore. Bassist **Andy McCloud** got his only chance to solo on this one, showing a style which combined some of the more attractive aspects of the modern "fast" bass approach, with a strong bottom showing attention to the older masters.

On *Ruby, My Dear*, Blythe's sound was as wide as Coleman Hawkins', while Hicks steered away from Monkisms. The finale was another Traneish tune, more intense this time, with Blythe showing off his mastery of wide intervals, leaping repeatedly between the highest and lowest registers of the alto. This could easily become an unmusical device, but in moderation it is exhilarating. In fact, although one magazine reviewer (who I suspect of having a problem with black people representing complexity) found Blythe's "tuba band... disgusting", the best word for this performance by the quartet, and in my opinion most of Blythe's work, is "exhilarating".

Arthur Blythe may still qualify as an innovator. **Art Blakey** no longer does. Who cares? Though his highly original percussion licks may no longer shock, and though he is much less disposed to impose his will on his sidemen with power plays in mid-solo, he is still the driving force behind one of the most invigorating units in jazz.

On the Messengers' opener, *Falling In Love With Love*, everyone soloed while the leader played basic time. Not one of the trademark licks appeared, nor a bar of drum solo, yet there was clearly a great power in reserve.

Of the sidemen, all of them young enough to be Blakey's grandchildren, tenorist **Javon Jackson** is the most adventurous, stretching the hard bop style back to the borders of R&B and forward into freedom. Pianist **Benny Green** was the crowd pleaser – a funky fire-eater who, at times, sounded like a supercharged Red Garland. Over the long haul, a bit more attention to dynamics would help him, but as the pianist in a group with three horns and a powerhouse drummer his passionate approach does not go unnoticed. **Robin Eubanks** combined post-bop speed and execution with the "trombonistic" approach increasingly favored by the younger exponents of his horn. Trumpeter **Philip Harper** seemed most at ease on up-tempo material. (Of course, it's hard to follow balladeers like Wynton Marsalis and Terrence Blanchard). He had apparently digested his influences and begun to develop a personal style. Playing bass with Art Blakey demands a selfless approach. Think of all the famous horn players and pianists who claim the Messengers as their Alma Mater, but how many Messenger bassists have gone on to fame? As it turned out, the opener was the only solo opportunity for current bassist **Philip Washington**, who produced a strong but conservative statement.

As the excellently paced set progressed, it was most apparent that these guys *rehearse*. On *Moanin'*, there was a different riff behind each solo. And one of the great joys of jazz is to hear a master drummer like Blakey play charts. How many times, with how many editions of the Messengers, have I heard *Moanin'*? Yet every time it is a fresh kick to hear Blakey roll and lift the band into the bridge.

At the end, the leader seemed to be competing for Dizzy Gillespie's laurels as the ham laureate of the bebop generation, but it was genuine. Hamming it up, taking a solo or playing familiar charts, Art Blakey radiates joy and power. May we all be so lucky as we approach our seventh decade.

– Bill McLarney

2ND ANNUAL JAZZ ON MAIN
Columbia, South Carolina
June 26, 1988

Various agencies and organizations are attempting to establish jazz as a viable form of entertainment in Columbia, in improvised music. Concurrently, Columbia, inspired by a letter to the newspaper columnist Abigail Van Buren about why New York is called the Big Apple, is claiming that the term originated at a nightclub (that was originally a synagogue) called The Big Apple, where the dance of the same name apparently was first performed. All of this is, of course, intended to promote Columbia.

In May, as the first concert in its "Jazz in the Parks" series, the City of Columbia Parks and Recreation Department presented **Betty Carter** for the bargain price of $5 a ticket. The location was not ideal. Riverfront Park is near a prison, the inhabitants of which shouted the expected comments at women walking to the concert. Further, because the park itself is a dust bowl, occasional gusts of wind caused the listeners some discomfort. But these were relatively minor irritations to endure in order to listen to Betty Carter. Unfortunately, few of the approximately 2,000 people who came to the concert heard her. Skip Pearson and Sunrise, two local groups, preceded her. The emcee – apparently eager to demonstrate his ability to control a crowd, and secondarily to give the local performers an opportunity to shine before

a large audience – insisted on encores, despite the groups' over-long sets. Whatever the reason, the audience became impatient immediately upon Carter's appearance on stage (the time was late; the temperature had dropped from hot to cool); people began filing out – many of them exiting, thoughtlessly, directly in front of the stage. The exodus was so obvious and insulting that Carter commented on it. Her words did not daunt the faithless, who continued leaving. At the end of her set, which was magnificent, approximately 200 people – one-tenth of the original number – remained. Perhaps the multitude merely wanted a nice picnic and unchallenging entertainment; possibly Carter's unique singing, especially on ballads, is more of an acquired taste than those of us who have listened to her for decades can imagine. Certainly, though, few in the audience had heard of her before coming to the concert. But for whatever reason, Betty Carter was received coldly.

Fortunately, Columbians redeemed themselves somewhat the next month at the second annual Jazz on Main, or Jazz at the Epicurean (the latter name comes from a local restaurant). As I reported in *Coda* # 216, this festival is, I believe, unlike any other. A local restauranteur and jazz fan, Veron Melonas, books the musicians and sells tickets for $100 each. (The proceeds go to the local Jazz Foundation, a non-profit organization). While the cost might seem high – and therefore excludes what is, in my experience, the typical jazz fan – it is not. For that amount, one gets approximately six hours of music, in addition to unlimited drink (including champagne) and gourmet food (shrimp, lamb, baklava, etc.), the comestibles provided by Melonas.

The festival is held in the middle of Main Street, between the restaurant and city hall. It is therefore at the mercy of the elements, which this year almost caused the proceedings to be moved to the rain location, which was the Greek church. The rain came at 5:00, but ended by 5:20, just in time for table cloths to be changed and chairs wiped dry before the festivities began shortly after 5:30. Lightning and the threat of rain forced the music to end a few minutes before midnight. The only announced music not performed was a jam by all of the musicians on *One O'Clock Jump*, which was to have been the finale, as it was last year.

For those liking bebop and with $100 to spare, this festival, on 26 June, was the place to be. The local Epicurean Festival Band, led by trumpeter **Dick Goodwin** and with **Lew Tabackin** filling in for a missing tenor player, opened with a forty-five minute set. (No overexposure of the locals at this event). Then, two groups of mostly veterans alternated sets, with each group playing twice. Named the Zoot Sims Memorial All Stars (**Carl Fontana, Tabackin, Johnny Helms, Bucky Pizzarelli,**

Hilton Ruiz, Major Holley and **Ed Soph**) and the Al Cohn Memorial All Stars (**Urbie Green, Buddy DeFranco, Red Rodney, John Pizzarelli, Roger Kellaway, Michael Moore** and **Don Lamond**), the musicians delighted even the uninitiated among the 400 or so paying customers and approximately 200 non-paying listeners (who, located behind those who had paid, nonetheless had decent proximity to the stage). The tunes were familiar to everyone (*In A Mellotone, Exactly Like You, There Is No Greater Love, On Green Dolphin Street*, among others). While no new musical ground was broken, the musicians' familiarity with their material, their spirit of camaraderie, and the audience's ability to mingle with the musicians created a most congenial atmosphere. Plus, few present had ever attended a real jam session, which is what these musicians provided. Foremost among the numerous highlights were the consistently ebullient playing of pianists Hilton Ruiz and Roger Kellaway, the energetic soloing of saxophonist Lew Tabackin, and Major Holley's bowing/humming.

Two of the musicians had a set of their own. The Pizzarellis, favorites at last year's festival, held forth again in their inimitable manner. They were most pleasing on a Benny Goodman medley, and particularly on *Sing Sing Sing*; here the guitarists captured most of the nuances of the classic Goodman Carnegie Hall performance of fifty years ago, including an evocation of *Christopher Columbus*, John Pizzarelli's singing also delighted, especially as he interpreted Dave Frishberg and Bob Dorough's *I'm Hip*. In addition to being masterful guitarists, father and especially son have a winning stage presence: they mug, they register surprise at succeeding in what they attempted, and they obviously enjoy playing together.

Separate from all other musicians, however, was the headliner, **Clark Terry**, who flew in from Zurich for the occasion. If any musician is *sine qua non* for a festival such as this, Terry is. He is known to many people from his years in the "Tonight Show" band and for his mumbling blues singing. That is, he is known as an entertainer. But what better way to make jazz palatable to those relatively unfamiliar with it than by having it presented by someone substantial with whom they are already familiar and are predisposed to like? Terry made a couple of jokes, but he did not compromise his music. He didn't mumble. He provided high-quality trumpet and flugelhorn playing, with just enough puckish humor to enthrall everyone. Former Basie trumpeter Pete Minger joined Terry for a few numbers, to no great effect, except on the attractive *I Don't Want To Be Kissed*.

By the end of Terry's last set, which concluded the evening, only a minority of the audience – sated on good music and good food and drink – remained. And the next day was Monday. (The Betty Carter concert had been held on a Saturday). Further, those who left early did so inconspicuously. This event was, finally, as successful *as an event* as the Betty Carter concert was unsuccessful. Both were excellent musically.

Concurrent with Jazz on Main was a celebration of the Big Apple nightclub and the dance that presumably originated there in 1936. Strangely, but perhaps not so strangely, those honored were the four surviving dancers (of sixteen) who, in 1937, took the dance from Columbia to the Roxy Theater in New York. They were brought to Columbia for a special Big Apple celebration; they were introduced to the audience at Jazz on Main and were presented with trophies (with an apple atop, appropriately). These four and their deceased colleagues doubtless deserve credit for exporting the dance, but missing from the festivities were the people who apparently originated it: the blacks who frequented the Big Apple club, which was a black enterprise for blacks. This is what happened: Three University of South Carolina males drove by the club in 1936, liked the music they heard, and asked the proprietor's permission to enter. Permission was granted, and the three sat in the Big Apple balcony observing the black dancers doing a new dance, the Big Apple. The students taught the dance to their schoolmates, and from there, after auditions, it went to the Roxy. Once again, as happens too often, black culture was appropriated by whites – not maliciously, to be sure – and credit for the black cultural creation was and is given to whites. Whether this dance that possibly began here is actually responsible for New York being called the Big Apple is problematic.

Columbia, South Carolina, is attempting to promote itself by presenting indigenous American music and claiming credit for naming New York the Big Apple. The means to the end are admirable, assuming that the second (Big Apple) is correct. But in these endeavors Columbia is best served by Jazz on Main, which is so impressive that musicians yearn to attend. Clark Terry, for example, reportedly passed up an opportunity to perform at Carnegie Hall in order to participate in this year's festival. For this success to continue, those in charge must resist the temptation to attempt more than they can provide, and they must not try to please too many tastes. The fewer people making decisions, the better served everyone will be. Veron Melonas has found a successful formula that should not be altered. If the next festival or two are as successful as the first two have been, jazz fans outside of Columbia and South Carolina will begin to associate the state capital with the music we love, and the city authorities will have been successful in placing Columbia on one important part of the cultural map. – *Benjamin Franklin V*

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The Pensacola Jazz Party will issue personal patron badges. The price per badge is $120. Reserve your patron badge now by mailing your cheque to The Pensacola Jazz Party, P.O. Box 18377, Pensacola, FL 32523. VISA and Mastercard will be accepted. Please list your card number and expiration date.

The Pensacola Jazz Party will get under way at 4:30 p.m., Friday afternoon, January 20th, with a complimentary cocktail and hors d'oeuvres reception hour.

The Hot Jazz starts Friday evening, January 20th, at 7:30 p.m. in the Pensacola Hilton Ballroom, going until midnight.

The swinging continues Saturday afternoon, January 21st, at 12:30 p.m. until 5:00 p.m. The excitement continues Saturday evening, January 21st, from 7:30 p.m. until midnight.

We look forward to receiving your patron badge reservations and seeing you at the Pensacola Jazz Party!

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8:30 to 12:30 Monday to Saturday
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ATLANTIC RECORDS

Though you may not subscribe to the saying that "everything old is truly new again", for jazz collectors in search of long-out-of-print recordings, the launching of a reissue programme by some major record company is a desirable undertaking, "a consummation/devoutly to be wish'd". In recent years, early Blue Notes have reappeared, RCA has plumbed its vaults for long-overdue archival material, west coast Contemporary gems have been systematically released on the OJC (Fantasy) label; now, the Warner Communications Company has delved into its acquired Atlantic jazz collection, and, under the "Jazzlore" banner, is about to assuage the musical appetites of fans hungry for those jazz morsels.

Atlantic Records, founded in 1948 by the brothers Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun, soon became a significant force behind the rhythm and blues movement of the early 50's (The Clovers/The Drifters/The Diamonds/Ruth Brown/et al), but its growth was not one-sided. Big Joe Turner, for example, became a prolific recording artist for Atlantic in 1951, and Jimmy Yancey was rescued from certain obscurity by a series of sessions (one for Atlantic) before his passing that same year; moreover, Ray Charles began a successful recording career with Atlantic in 1952. By the mid to late 50's, a diverse cross section of musical talent had been drawn, at least once, to Atlantic studios: Lennie Tristano, Warne Marsh, Phineas Newborn Jr., Lee Konitz, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Erroll Garner, Milt Jackson, John Lewis, Champion Jack Dupree, Wilbur DeParis, Jimmy Witherspoon, David Newman, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, La Vern Baker. The wave continued with Nat Adderley (1964), Freddie Hubbard (1966), Charles Lloyd (1966), Herbie Mann (1960), Ellington (1963), George Lewis (1962), Yusuf Lateef (1967), Elvin Jones (1961), Roland Kirk (1967), Sonny Stitt (1962); one can see that any release from such an extensive catalogue is of major interest to the collector.

All of the recordings are numerically indexed, and most bear original liner notes. Of the 19 under consideration here, spanning the years 1955 to 1971, one unifying factor stands out: 16 of them were produced by Nesuhi Ertegun, a dedicated devotee of jazz, and, presently, chief operating officer for the internationally recognized WEA conglomerate, as well as president and spokesman for the International Federation of Phonographic Industries in its struggle against unauthorized duplication of recordings

Nick Stabulas, Warne Marsh, Lee Konitz & Lennie Tristano (Photograph by Robinson)

THE JAZZLORE REISSUES BY JOHN SUTHERLAND

which ultimately robs both industry and artist of revenue. Moreover, it is surprising how often the name of recording engineer Tom Dowd appears on the album covers, a tribute, I'm sure, to his professionalism in that capacity.

One of the liner notes is by Nesuhi Ertegun. Apart from offering what liner notes generally do, Mr. Ertegun set forth some basic philosophy which the Atlantic Company at that time intended to pursue (1955): "Atlantic intends to illustrate various aspects of the experimental school, because I have a feeling something of real and lasting importance is about to emerge ... which will form the basis for a new approach to music in general, and may be recognized in much later time as the beginning of a new era in music ... experimentalists should be encouraged, and their works should be brought to the attention of interested listeners." Now that's vision! And, I suppose, good business acumen too. These records speak for the effects of that policy decision.

Certainly, those exponents of what has been termed the "cool school" are well represented. Album number 16 **(Lee Konitz with Warne Marsh)** echoes the influence of Lennie Tristano; both reedmen project a somewhat flat, uninflected tone to their playing, an almost dispassionate feeling for the music at times, and, coupled with Mosca's digressive piano intrusions, almost deliberately perverse, and Bauer's harshly metallic guitar sounds, one wonders how it can possibly work. But it does, partly due to the delicate but insistent backdrop provided by bassist Pettiford and everybody's drummer, Kenny Clarke. "The arts of tone and time" (Barry Ulanov: liner) are critical to the apparent simplicity and ultimate continuity the group achieves, especially on numbers such as *Topsy* and *Donna Lee*, refreshingly reworked here. The overall result is a seemingly endless and effortless flow of ideas, as perfectly meshed and precision-made as a well-crafted Swiss timepiece. Only Pettiford's blues-rooted *Don't Squawk* breaks the mood.

Jimmy Giuffre is another of those players who, "...hobbled and troubled by the limitations of his form", sought to break new ground, especially in the areas of rhythm, melody and instrumentation. Recorded originally over 30 years ago, Jazzlore 22 **(The Jimmy Giuffre Clarinet)** begins with Giuffre as "backroom" soloist, beating out the time with a very audible foot-tapping *(So Low)*, a result that would send most engineers rushing to controls to check equipment. Giuffre and Rowles, on celeste, produce a delightfully relaxed and mellow *Deep Purple*, while the incorporation of such instrumentation as English horn, oboe and bassoon on numbers such as *The Side Pipers* and *My Funny Valentine* creates a musical experience that defies categorization, yet is pleasing enough rhythmically and melodically. Side 2 is more conventional in format, ending with a comparatively swinging nonet rendition of Giuffre's own *Down Home*, though the 3 clarinets (including alto and bass) on *The Sheepherder*, devoid of any rhythm accompaniment whatsoever, surely test the jazz listener's powers of adaptability.

It seemed only natural that the quietly understated clarinet of Giuffre should inevitably be paired with the MJQ (Jazzlore 15). This session at Music Inn (1956), a Massachusetts' retreat for musicians interested in sharing their material and fresh ideas, featured Giuffre on 3 numbers. On *Serenade*, his playing is absorbed into the delicately introspective, almost inert, rococo jazz style which so often characterized the group; yet, the MJQ could just as readily generate a swinging pulse, and on *A Fugue For Music Inn* and *Fun*, Giuffre's clarinet is caught up in a gentle rhythmic interplay given momentum largely through vibraharpist Milt Jackson. However, put into a quintet context with the likes of Shorty Rogers, Pete Jolly, Curtis Counce and Shelly Manne (Jazzlore 8), Giuffre flourishes on clarinet *(Oh, Play That Thing)*, baritone *(My Heart Stood Still)*, and tenor *(Trickleydidlier)*, and seems charged here with a vitality that his later recordings generally do not reflect. Perhaps the fact that Rogers was the nominal leader, or that 5 of the 8 selections were Rogers' originals, or that the rhythm section was so strongly dynamic, had something to do with it. Nevertheless, the versatility of Jimmy Giuffre is attested to in these three recordings which make it possible to appreciate and enjoy the many sides of this unique though sometimes forgotten artist.

Back to Milt Jackson for a moment. A pivotal figure in the thirty year success story of the MJQ, Jackson cut some fine early recordings under his own name for Savoy, Prestige and Atlantic. What a line-up on Jazzlore 4 – Blakey, Silver, Cannonball Adderley, Joe Newman, Sahib Shihab (a virtually unheard giant on the baritone), Frank Foster, Jimmy Cleveland, and Percy Heath! The indomitable Blakey and blues-based Silver lend a Jazz Messengers' flavour to it all, with the earthy tones of Adderley and Newman putting *Plenty, Plenty Soul* into the Jackson number. With his church music background, Milt holds his own on Side 1, hammering out a richly beautiful ballad *(Heartstrings)* in the presence of such an august assemblage of players. With Blakey and Adderley out on Side 2, and Lucky Thompson on tenor, the results are much more relaxed and fluid; Jackson steps front and centre on *Blues At Twilight*, and captures the essence of his own composition, *The Spirit-feel*. This is a recording to treasure, as relevant today as it was thirty years ago. And how could you miss with "Bean-Bags", so to speak? The combination of Jackson and the Hawk (Jazzlore 27) works wonderfully well. The man who had heard and played it all (After all, he was cutting discs with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds in 1922!) seems at no loss for extemporization, even on old chestnuts like *Close Your Eyes* or *Get Happy*, and his umpteenth rendition of his own *Stuffy* is given new life in the hands of Tommy Flanagan, Kenny Burrell, Eddie Jones and Connie Kay. The sensually "...ripe, bursting, passionate horn" (liner) of Hawkins is just the right contrasting ingredient to the delicate deliberations of Jackson's vibraharp, and, on *Indian Blues* and *Sandra's Blues* especially, the two forces coalesce into some excitingly expressive jazz.

John Lewis, of course, was the guiding genius behind the longevity of the MJQ. A superb musician, scholar, composer and arranger, Lewis was frequently under the critical gun for fashioning a kind of bloodless pseudo-jazz that had little to do with the "real thing". Years with the MJQ have undoubtedly dispelled much of that criticism. Yet, he remains something of a dilettante (in its original sense) whose varied pursuits sometimes get in

the way of, yet often become an integral part of, his musical creations. There is little he won't try – a ballet score *(If I Were Eve)*, a movie soundtrack *(Winter Tale)*, a composition inspired by an intense interest in Italian commedia dell'arte charactherizations, or a full score for jazz quartet and symphony orchestra. Jazzlore 32 **(European Encounter)** offers some of these sources reworked in quartet format with old friend, Svend Asmussen, doing what Stuff Smith, Joe Venuti, Ray Nance, Eddie South did, and what Stephane Grappelly still does, so effectively: proving that the violin can carry on a fascinating dialogue in a very jazz-oriented way. And "Two-bass Hit" Lewis shows us, too, *(Lonely Woman/Django)* that he is a flesh-and-blood performer. Better still, listen to a more recent album (1982) entitled **Kansas City Breaks** if you retain any doubts.

Atlantic nurtured some of the giants of jazz before they had achieved such gargantuan stature. The John Coltrane recordings from the late 50's and early 60's reflect a watershed period between his earlier high speed harmonic explorations and the intense, spiritually-motivated improvisations that were yet to come. What we have on Jazzlore 24 **(Countdown)**, originally released in 1974 as previously unissued and alternate take material from 1959/1960, are four quartet settings with Cedar Walton, Tommy Flanagan, Wynton Kelly and McCoy Tyner respectively. Renditions of numbers like *Naima, I'll Wait And Pray* and *Syeeda's Song Flute* mark a hiatus in Coltrane's creative progression, melodically appealing and relaxed, readily accessible to those who might have found his "sheets of sound" approach too overwhelming; "Coltrane was now focusing ... on distilling lyricism and time, as well as working on composing", observes Nat Hentoff in the programme notes. Despite the blazing pace of the title tune, the sessions token a new articulation of phrase and beauty of line seldom heard before by the artist. Moreover, the presence of Don Cherry on two 1960 performances (Jazzlore 7) including Charlie Haden (or Percy Heath) and Ed Blackwell, "...catches these men and these ideas at a time when all the freshness of discovery was on them" (liner). Cherry, Haden and Blackwell, especially in their stints with Ornette Coleman, had already gained reputations as players of the "avant-garde"; the catalytic effect on Coltrane's playing is apparent, in particular on the three Coleman originals: *Focus On Sanity, The Blessing, The Invisible*. Coltrane undertakes fresh essays with time and structure, and now freely deploys both soprano and tenor saxes; there seems here a decisive movement away from those modes of expression developed, in part, through his lengthy association with Miles Davis' groups.

Whatever you may think of the paths Ornette Coleman is treading these days, those releases from 1959 to 1961 constitute a remarkable period both in the artist's own development and in the shaping of the general directions that jazz was to take to "...a world of sound ... which is free, and ... beholden only to its own innermost logic and discipline" (liner notes: Gunther Schuller). Though the process churned up a controversial tempest in the music world, in the sanity of retrospection, we can now judge more clearly how significant these experiments were, especially to the individual player who, without a distinct pre-arranged structure to work within, could now improvise spontaneously, responding only to a loosely pre-conceived plan established beforehand, and to cues afforded by other performers during the playing. Ironically, in some ways, it is a principle that hearkens back to jazz of a much earlier era – to the core of Louis' Hot 5 sessions, or those Morton Red Hot Pepper gatherings, for example. Coleman, however, dismissed harmony in favour of stresses on technical skill, counterpoint and melodic line. The results (Jazzlore 3/Jazzlore 29), though seemingly untutored anarchy to some, do produce flashes of raw lyrical beauty *(Monk And The Nun/C. & D./R.P.D.D.)*, moments of marvelous emotional intensity *(First Take/W.R.U.)*, sudden dramatic tempo shifts *(Check Up/T. & T.)*, and a joyfully daring sense of playfulness *(Little Symphony/Joy Of A Toy)*. They still bear repeated listening, even for Scott La Faro's contributions alone.

No performer was, perhaps, more at the heart of this excitingly innovative stage in the development of jazz than Charles Mingus. Atlantic was there to capture some of the best of it. At this point, Mingus, somewhat like Coleman, had abandoned any reliance on the written score; as he himself explained: "I 'write' compositions – but only on mental score paper – then I lay out the compositions part by part to the musicians. I play them the framework on piano so that they are all familiar with my interpretation and feeling and with the scale and chord progressions to be used. Each man's own particular style is taken into consideration, both in ensemble and in solos ... but they choose their own notes and play them in their own style, except where a particular mood is indicated." (liner: Mingus). Thus, as the many players who graced Mingus sessions discovered, there was a great deal of personal freedom of expression. Though it didn't always work, the glue that held it all together, of course, was the fiercely dedicated, unyielding Mingus (along with his longtime associate, drummer and alter ego, Dannie Richmond). Yet, as it was with his idol, Duke Ellington (and Sonny Greer?), the leader could sometimes become the forgotten player amidst the raised voices of his individual musicians. Certainly, Mingus 'the composer' will be remembered, – and probably Mingus 'the man'; one could readily recreate the essence of that man – his passion, influences, aspirations – from a verbal collage of those titles on these 3 albums alone (Jazzlore 2/Jazzlore 20/Jazzlore 31): *The Clown, Folk Form, Haitian Fight Song, Better Git Hit In Your Soul, Love Chant, Prayer For Passive Resistance, Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting, Pithecanthropus Erectus*. It's memorable music, with top honours going to **Mingus At Antibes** (# 31) with Ted Curson, Eric Dolphy, Booker Ervin, guest Bud Powell, and Richmond. Nevertheless, all of the above should be considered 'essential' to any collection.

While fortune may smile on some, so that success seems almost preordained, for others, the gods are less kind. Discovered "playing alone in a hotel cocktail lounge", Keith Jarrett became part of the 1966 Charles Lloyd Quartet on the threshold of its "sensational debut in Europe ... and shared in the accolades" (liner). From that point on, the pianist/composer never looked back. Yet, for Phineas Newborn Jr., who cut his own first recordings in 1956 (for Atlantic),

and was soon hailed as the greatest living jazz pianist since Tatum (RCA put him on contract immediately, even titling one release **Fabulous Phineas**), poor health and adverse critical response (not mature yet/not yet emotionally meaningful/too facile in technique) took their toll, and the brilliant young pianist never fully recovered from these setbacks. Though he continues to record (There is a gorgeous solo effort on Atlantic from 1974!), that initial momentum has all but been lost. Which, in a way, make Jazzlore 1 **(Somewhere Before)** with Jarrett (1968), and Jazzlore 33 **(The Piano Artistry Of Phineas Newborn Jr.)** (1956) all the more interesting. With a strong support from bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Paul Motian, and a responsive audience at Shelly's Manne-Hole, one can already detect the Jarrett touch *(Pretty Ballad/ Moving Soon/A Moment For Tears)* that eventually led to such successful solo concert tours from 1973 on. Though Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke give some credence to Newborn's interpretations of Parker's *Barbados*, Clifford Brown's *Dahoud*, and his own *Newport Blues*, there is truly an overwhelming aspect to his style – akin, somewhat, to those early Montreal RCA Peterson recordings (1945) – that somewhat detracts from the fare he intended to offer. For all that, both records are good to have back in circulation, even as part of the continuing story of jazz.

Then there are those like trumpeter Tony Fruscella, who, though deserving more noteworthy recognition, tragically fell victim to powerfully debilitating palliatives (1969), only to become a collector's item to astute jazz fans. Unfortunately, his total output was meagre, so that releases such as this (Jazzlore 25) are, as Ira Gitler phrases it, "a minor event of major proportions". Fruscella's approach is sensitive and warm, best suited here to the standards *I'll Be Seeing You/Blue Serenade*, and Phil Sunkel's compositions and arrangements of *Metropolitan Blues, Raintree County* and *His Master's Voice*. The presence of too-seldom heard tenorman, Allen Eager, along with pianist Bill Triglia *(Salt/Old Hat/Let's Play The Blues)*, are additional rewards from this 1955 date that needed to be heard again.

Jazzlore 30 **(Phil Woods And His European Rhythm Machine)** may not live up to the extravagant praise expressed in the liner notes of presenting "the greatest alto-player alive", but it does offer some exciting boppish-rock, post-Parker music. Sandwiched between Woods' earlier small group sessions (with Gene Quill, in particular) and his own extended work, *Rights Of Swing* (1961), and later Grammy-award winning efforts (one with Michel Legrand), or "live" at the Vanguard outings, this 1970 recording highlights the mid-point of Woods' widely acknowledged European phase. The accompaniment of English pianist Gordon Beck (replacing George Gruntz), bassist Henri Texier, and drummer extraordinaire Daniel Humair, provides Woods with the kind of latitude suited to his fiercely intense yet playful inventiveness, especially with the non-stop technique utilized in *Freedom Jazz Dance, Ode To Jean-Louis*, and *Josua*. The Frankfurt Jazz Festival audience certainly found it to their liking.

Ray Charles, the singer, is universally recognized and admired; Ray Charles, the instrumentalist (He is proficient on piano, organ, sax, clarinet, and trumpet!), is not so widely known. Hence, a recording such as **Genius After Hours** (Jazzlore 26) serves to remind us that musicians, like the rest of us, may indeed be more multi-dimensional than what meets the common eye (or ear). Though the anticipated soulful Charles' brand of playing is indelibly stamped on *Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Genius After Hours*, the Bud Powell-influenced boppish tinges to *Dawn Ray, Charlesville* and *Joy Ride* (nice tenor work by David Newman here), and the gentle, harmonically varied rendering of Gershwin's *The Man I Love*, surprise and delight the listener. Charles' interpretation of Teresa Brewer's 1950 gold record pop hit, *Music, Music, Music*, seems a fitting conclusion to a recording that lives up to its title.

The above constitute only a portion of what Atlantic has already reissued, and the venture, thus far, has not just provided a trip down memory lane; rather, it affords listeners a journey back to times when enthusiasm was high, when jazz workshops sought to meet new musical challenges, and where there were discerning people around willing to take a chance on the unknown. Let's hope the trend becomes fashionable.

SUMMER JAZZ IN ITALY

Contemporary jazz festivals of significant size now dot the Italian peninsula during late June and the entire month of July. This summer's highlights included performances by Herbie Hancock and Michael Brecker in Perugia (Umbria Jazz), the Bill Dixon Quartet and Bass Desires in Bolzano, the Rita Marcotulli Trio and Joe Henderson in Bolzano, Wynton Marsalis in Cagliari (Sardegna), Tony Williams in Aosta, Charlie Haden's Quartet West in Padova, Roberto Gatto and Ricardo Zegna in Siena (also a workshop for aspiring Italian players), and Frank Morgan's Quartet in Pescara. No matter where you travel in Italy during the summer, America's indigenous artform is available to you in historic settings well suited to the music.

One such example is **Verona Jazz**, held in Teatro Romano, a beautiful 2,000 seat open-air amphitheatre built during Roman times. Since the festival's inception in 1979, Verona's producers have sought to combine forward-looking iconoclasts and experimentalists with masters of the traditional mainstream. Bookings at Verona Jazz are more of an artistic statement than a contrived commercial effort to fill theatre seats.

Each year, Verona's ever-expanding talent roster carries with it a bold thematic context. Verona Jazz '88 brought together several artists of different musical persuasions and generations. Many of the artists who performed this year share a common affinity for the 1950s, in that either rose to global prominence during that decade or their current work displays an awareness and reverence for this period of jazz history.

Verona Jazz '88 opened to an enthusiastic response with Max Roach's all-percussive octet, **M'Boom**. In contrast to the many bands travelling throughout Europe this summer, M'Boom's appearance in Verona was an exclusive booking and marked their first public appearance since their sellout week at the Blue Note in New York several months ago.

M'Boom remains a fully cohesive unit. Several of the band's members have distinguished themselves as prolific composers and most of their extended set at Verona consisted of original material. One exception was a reading of Thelonious Monk's *Epistrophy*. This composition found Roach at the trap set, laying down rich rhythmic underpinnings for Joe Chambers' estimable vibraphone solo and Freddie Waits' formidable work on marimba. Omar Clay's tympanic thunder enhanced this and other compositions.

"Whatever became of **Teddy Charles**?" This is a question jazz lovers have been asking, unaware of Charles' semi-retirement in the Caribbean, where he ran charter boats from 1968 to '82 (Teddy is an accomplished sailor). Verona Jazz marked Charles' first European appearance since his return to the music scene in 1983. This top-drawer vibist has lost none of his flair or fire. He enjoys a sympathetic relationship with pianist Harold Danko, bringing to mind the special chemistry he shared with Hall Overton during the '50s and '60s. Tony Reedus' exemplary brush work and Ray Drummond's solid bass anchor provided a sensitive framework for Charles' free soloing.

On Verona's second night, **Buddy Collette** opened his set with a tasty blues, nicely accented by Sonship Theus. Collette's flute work remains a beacon of refined clarity. Pianist Geri Allen comped with soulful affection and rendered some tasty solos of her own. *Emily*, taken from one of Collette's movie scores, again spotlighted Allen: Geri was first featured in duet with Buddy and next as a compelling soloist over a Latin beat. Collette then got off some nice runs on alto before he was joined in the front line by co-leader **James Newton** on flute. Newton's suite dedicated to Jesse Jackson and Nelson Mandela featured Sonship Theus' thundering drums and drew a warm applause.

Tenor saxophone giant **Johnny Griffin** employed the same rhythm section brought over by Teddy Charles to good effect. Griffin and company delivered a set of delicious standards associated with Charlie Parker, including *Just Friends* and *If I Should Lose You*. Living in the European countryside apparently agrees with Mr. Griffin. He looked well rested and his full bodied blues-tinged tone belied any sense of slowing down. Griff raced through the changes with finesse. His sense of telepathy with Danko, Drummond, and Reedus was uncanny. Jet lag having caught up with me, I was unable to review **Bill Dixon's** set on this evening.

The following evening's program provided a broad mix of the idiom: from **John Zorn's** reworking of film scores, to the pyrotechnics of **Cecil Taylor**, to the hard bop of **Art Blakey**. Zorn's well-rehearsed octet delivered creative arrangements of music by the resourceful Italian film composer Ennio Morricone. In addition to these strikingly original re-creations, Zorn delivered soulful readings of the themes from *Taxi Driver* and *Chinatown*, both demonstrating a romantic, lyrical approach to his alto not evidenced on most of his recordings.

Cecil Taylor's solo performance began

M'Boom (Photograph by Enzo Bassotti)

VERONA / LUGANO '88 BY GARY G. VERCELLI

in total darkness, with Taylor chanting poetic phrases praising "the sacred silent language and the divinity of ancestral wisdom." Then, out of the darkness, Taylor emerged, prancing toward the piano and attacking the concert grand with his accustomed tenacity and bravado. Although he got off to an uneven start, Taylor finished strongly with a revealing and expressive effort. Normally a respectful and attentive audience, a minority of those present at Teatro Romano showed impatience and profound disrespect for Taylor's lengthy set by talking during his performance. After Taylor's stormy set, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers spread a comforting blanket of hard bop over the restless audience.

Verona Jazz '88 closed with a proficient but predictable set by **Gerry Mulligan's** quartet and a nostalgic walk down memory lane with **Cab Calloway** and his revue. At 82, Calloway remains an alert and vibrant showman. Although certain segments of his repertoire smacked Vegas-style kitsch, Calloway held the full house in the palm of his hand. On his obligatory encore, he triggered a frenzied response of "hi-de-ho" with Italians hurling their seat cushions high into the air. (This harmless practice seems to be becoming a Verona tradition on closing night!).

From Verona, I travelled north to Lugano. This year marked the tenth anniversary of the three day **Lugano Festival**. Although located in Switzerland (just over the Italian border), Italian jazz fans consider this festival part of their season. Italian is the preferred spoken language here and the lire is often accepted along with the Swiss franc.

Lugano Jazz is unique among European festivals in that it enjoys sufficient government and corporate funding to allow free admission to all concerts. The beautiful lakes of this Ticino region also make this festival one of a kind. All of Lugano's concerts are held outdoors in Piazza della Riforma, a large public square that seats thousands. Free admission has its good and bad points. A sophisticated artform is made accessible to a public that otherwise might not be exposed to it. If you don't arrive early enough, however, you'll find yourself standing in the rear of the piazza, surrounded by people who are there more for the event than to hear the music. The trick is to come early and stay late!

Horace Silver began this year's festival with reworkings of some of his sterling compositions. Silver's new band features a strong front line (Ralph Bowen from O.T.B. on tenor and Vinnie Cutro on trumpet) as well as the rock solid support of Phil Bowler on bass and veteran drummer Carl Burnett. *Song For My Father* and *Cape Verdean Blues* were given new life by the uniquely expressive voice of Andy Bey. Silver and company didn't explore any new compositional avenues here, but the updating of classics with the addition of Bey's vocals proved refreshing.

In celebration of Lugano's tenth anniversary, producer Jacky Marti assembled a top-notch group of Swiss-Italian musicians. The Ticino region has produced many great improvisors, most notably **Flavio and Franco Ambrosetti**. This father and son team led their group through a refreshing set of neo-bop compositions. Franco's work on fluegelhorn rivals Woody Shaw in terms of his technical wizardry and emotional content. Bassist Marco Viaggi and drummer Guido Parini provided solid support.

Lugano's second night featured a stunning duet performance by pianist **McCoy Tyner** and drummer **Elvin Jones**. This rare reunion of Coltrane colleagues opened with a spirited reading of 'Trane's *Moment's Notice*. On Tyner's *Contemplation*, Jones' solo was a study of propulsive precision. Elvin remains a master of polyrhythmic expression. The musical telepathy these two musicians enjoyed as one half of Coltrane's classic quartet has lost none of its perception or glow. This was an awesome display of musical purity.

Lester Bowie's ten piece **Brass Fantasy** then delivered a set of popular tunes read with sincere affection. Bowie's arrangements left room for some strikingly original improvisation by band members. Solos by Vincent Chancey on French horn and Steve Turre on trombone were particularly moving. At the set's conclusion, Bowie led his troup in a New Orleans style march through the audience, capturing the heart of the large crowd. Brass Fantasy's performance was emotionally uplifting and technically brilliant.

Lugano's final night opened under threatening skies. All the thunder was on stage, however, as **Pharoah Sanders** joined **Randy Weston's** quartet for interpretations of Randy's originals and other standards. On Monk's *Well You Needn't*, Pharoah's trademark cries and upper register howls stimulated and excited Weston as much as they did the audience.

The festival's high point came next, with the exceptional acoustic trio of pianist **Michel Petrucciani,** bassist **Gary Peacock** and drummer **Roy Haynes**. Petrucciani has truly blossomed as a composer, coming out from the shadows of Bill Evans' influence. While still a romantic at heart, Michel's performance at Lugano was also a show of invigorating and imaginative technique. At the conclusion of his set, Petrucciani said, "It's a great thrill for me to play with two of the world's greatest musicians." Water seeks its own level.

Every night of the Lugano Festival involved the presentation of at least four different groups and concerts ran well into the early morning hours. During set changes, the audience was treated to video highlights of past years' performers on a large screen adjacent to the stage. Additionally, the final three hours of every night's performance were broadcast live throughout Switzerland on Swiss National Television.

The Lugano Festival began ten years ago with an auspicious solo performance by Archie Shepp. The selection of Shepp as a seed for future growth was prophetic in that producers Jacky Marti and Andreas Wyden have continued to seek out some of the idiom's most innovative and uncompromising voices. While this year's event also included performers from the popular music arena, including The Yellowjackets, Curtis Mayfield, and Ruby Turner, the festival as a whole remains relatively true to its roots. Lugano has blossomed into a world class festival commensurate with its location in one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

With all the fine jazz in Italy, one can easily be overcome by too much of a good thing. It's better to be selective in your listening choices and take time out to enjoy Italy's beautiful surroundings and fine cuisine.

ORIGINAL JAZZ CLASSICS

TEDDY CHARLES/SHORTY ROGERS COLLABORATION / West / Original Jazz Classics OJC-122 (Prestige 7028)
Teddy Charles, vibraphone; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Curtis Counce, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Jimmy Giuffre, saxophones

KENNY DORHAM QUINTET / Original Jazz Classics 113 (Debut 9)
Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, saxophones; Walter Bishop, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums

KENNY DORHAM SEPTET / Blue Spring / Original Jazz Classics OJC-134 (Riverside 1139)
Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, alto saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; David Amram, French horn; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums (4 titles); Philly Joe Jones, drums (2 titles)

SHELLY MANNE / "The Three" and "The Two" / Original Jazz Classics OJC-172 (Contemporary 3584)
"The Three" (Side One): Shelly Manne, drums; Shorty Rogers, trumpet; Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet and saxophones. "The Two" (Side Two): Shelly Manne, drums; Russ Freeman, piano

RED NORVO / Music To Listen To Red Norvo By / Original Jazz Classics OJC-155 (Contemporary 7534)
Red Norvo, vibraphone; Buddy Collette, flute; Bill Smith, clarinet; Barney Kessel, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; Shelly Manne, drums

This latest group of releases from the prolific Original Jazz Classics budget series allows us to examine two aspects of 1950s jazz, the so-called West Coast style illustrated by Norvo, Manne and Charles, and Kenny Dorham's East Coast-based groups. Each album is reissued with its original jacket and liner notes, the original label and number given in parentheses.

The East-West dichotomy at its most extreme contrasts the mostly white groups of the West coast, concerned with a controlled, "cool" approach and with classically influenced writing, with the mostly black groups of the East, devoted to aggressive jam session style improvising. These stereotypes almost work for this group of LPs, but not quite. The Western groups are indeed white, except for Buddy Collette, and the Eastern ones are black, except for David Amram. The Western performers do have a cool sound, largely due to the use of vibraphones, flutes, and clarinets, and are greatly concerned with a dry imitation of classical composition. However, they are not concerned with a dry imitation of classical music but with the creative possibilities of twentieth century composition combined with jazz. And they are not afraid to attempt improvisation without any pre-determined guidelines, something unheard of on the East Coast at the time (1953). Finally, Dorham's East coast records feature his lyrical and imaginative writing throughout, both on originals and in arrangements of standard popular songs, and are anything but open ended jam sessions.

The free improvisations occur on the albums of Charles and Manne. The basically identical personnel of these albums had worked together in numerous contexts during the early 1950s. These were their first recorded experiments at improvising with a minimum of pre-determined guidelines, and in a couple of cases, with none at all. But they had already practiced such improvising in private sessions and at concerts. The Teddy Charles album of August 1953 was chronologically the first, followed by Shelly Manne's LP recorded in September 1954. (Both of these had been anticipated by the brilliant Lennie Tristano and his group in 1949, but the two titles they had recorded of unpremeditated improvisations were not released until years later.) Charles had been influenced by the composer and jazz vibraphonist Hall Overton, and Giuffre was, and remains today, one of the most original of jazz composers in his own right. Shelly Manne's color-conscious percussion work is a highlight on all three of the West Coast discs. Everything on these albums is fresh, light, and swinging, with exceptional intellectual interest as well. They represent a very different approach to freedom in jazz than that pioneered later by the great John Coltrane and others, and it is one that classical listeners may find easier to enjoy at first hearing. (Note: There is no band between the two takes of "Bobalob", but both *are* there.)

The Norvo date of 1957 (in stereo) concentrates on heavily written out pieces. The highlight is the 20 minute "Divertimento" by William O. Smith, the phenomenal clarinetist and composer better known to jazz audiences for his work with Dave Brubeck, where he is called Bill Smith. He applies forms such as the sonata and rondo but uses melodic materials that derive from the jazz idiom, for a successful combination. The five short pieces that complete the record contain varying amounts of written material and fine solos by all. The composers include Norvo and Kessel, with one piece each.

Kenny Dorham was respected among musicians for his delicate and lyrical trumpet style, which is amply displayed on both of these albums. The quintet sessions of 1953 were his first as a leader, and even with only one other wind instrument they brought out a colorful writing style that had been dormant during Dorham's previous tenure as a sideman with Charlie Parker and others. This album adds two alternate takes that were never previously issued. The 1959 "Blue Spring" date has a much richer sound, partly due to the instrumentation, partly due to the stereophonic recording techniques, but also due to the depth and increased maturity of Dorham's own playing and of saxophonist Adderley. It also contains more original themes by Durham.

All of these albums offer much interest and enjoyment for the newcomer to jazz, as well as the seasoned collector who already has many better known works.

REVIEWED BY LEWIS PORTER

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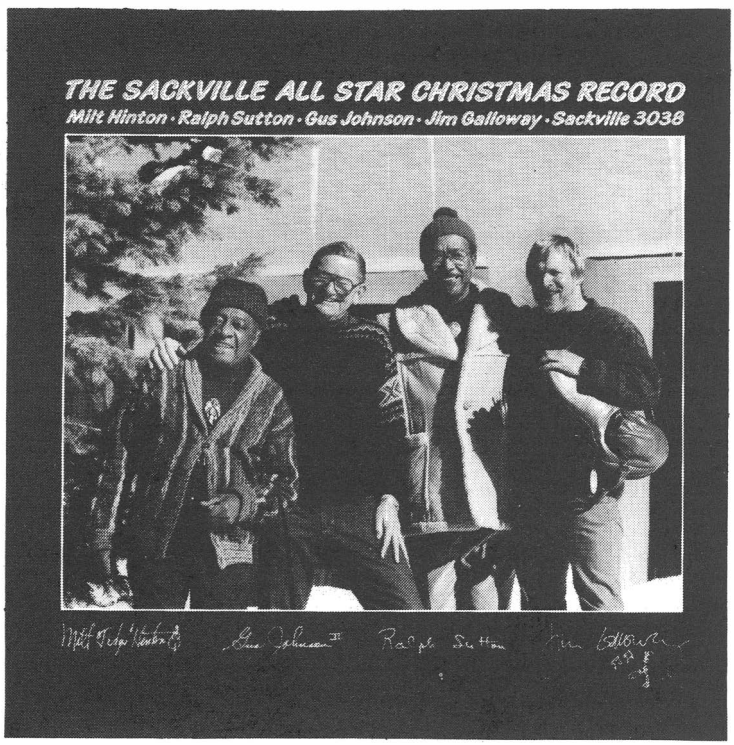

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DAVE BRUBECK A PROFILE

"It isn't that big a step for a classical musician to move into jazz, if he has a background in composition and improvisation," insists jazz piano great Dave Brubeck. "Playing jazz isn't that far removed from being a composer. A jazz musician thinks like a classical composer and vice versa."

Brubeck goes on to make it clear that he's not trying to imply that classical music and jazz are exactly the same, or that jazz is European-based. "It's the African rhythmic feeling that makes the difference in jazz. Without the black man, we'd never have had jazz. But he did use European elements from the beginning. Jazz encompassed African and European cultures. Now it's branched out to all the world. Japan, the Middle East, India – they all contribute to jazz."

Brubeck sees nothing unusual in his own strong interest in both classical music and jazz. Actually, he says, most prominent jazz pianists that he knows – from Marian McPartland to Chick Corea – are also interested in classical music.

Born in Concord, California, in 1920, Brubeck started on piano at age four. He began getting his first gigs at age 13, working his way through area Dixieland, hillbilly, and swing bands. He led his own big band while a student at the College of the Pacific (1941-42). At Mills College, he studied composition under Darius Milhaud (who in the early 1920s had made some of the first attempts to incorporate jazz elements into extended "serious" orchestral compositions). He later studied under Arnold Schoenberg and Fred Saatman (and returned, off and on, to Milhaud).

He began recording as a jazz combo leader in 1949. In the 50s, his quartet – playing coolly modern, harmonically intricate music – became one of the best-known attractions in jazz. He used devices associated with classical music (such as atonality and counterpoint) in his jazz, and made musical allusions to works of masters such as Beethoven and Bach. He was ahead of his time in the use of unorthodox signatures in jazz (such as 5/4 in his famed *Take Five*, 9/8 in *Blue Rondo A La Turk*, etc.).

There were some hot jazz buffs and critics who were put off by Brubeck's classical leanings. But the general public went for what he was doing in a big way. His Columbia Record albums (such as "Time Out," "Time Further Out," and "Gone with the Wind") enjoyed huge sales, both in the US and abroad. And Willis Conover, jazz program host for "The Voice of America," helped create an audience for Brubeck's music even behind the Iron Curtain.

Brubeck toured England, Western Europe, the Middle East, Poland and Australia. He built a fantastic home for his family in rural Connecticut (with a backyard that seems to extend forever, including a brook, pond and a meadow with deer), which he still owns today – but he rarely got to spend much time there.

Even now, at age 66, Brubeck is still on tour most of the time. But only about 25% of his dates these days are exclusively devoted to jazz. The other 75% include performances with symphony orchestras, ballets, and concerts of "sacred music" which he composes.

In 1987, Brubeck fulfilled a long-held goal by performing in the Soviet Union. For years, Soviet leaders had scorned jazz as inextricably linked to "decadent" American culture. Brubeck had tried to set up tours in the past, but either the Soviets or the Americans would wind up vetoing the idea.

Randy Jones, Chris & Dave Brubeck and Bill Smith

BY CHIP DEFFAA

"We were ready to go, but then there'd be a political disagreement between the superpowers. The last time, we waited ten days in France, when we were supposed to be in Russia. We were cancelled at the last minute."

But in 1987, the pieces finally fell into place. For reasons best known to the Soviet leaders, the Soviet government changed its mind. They invited Brubeck's quartet to perform as their guest. The US government had no objections. "And the public acceptance was phenomenal," he notes happily.

Brubeck was startled to find how familiar Russians were with his music. "Some of the older Russian jazz fans said that to hear this music in a proper concert hall was a dream come true. They used to sit in rooms with lights turned low, and the sound turned low, listening to American jazz on Voice of America or smuggled records," Brubeck explains.

The concerts were all sell-outs. The government moved the Dave Brubeck Quartet (including Randy Jones on drums, Bill Smith on clarinet, and his son, Chris Brubeck, on electric bass and trombone) from a 4000-seat hall to a 7000-seat hall for the last two concerts. And the patrons crowded towards the stage, trying to get as close to the music as possible. "You could feel the joy."

The Soviet government broadcast an hour-long special on Burbeck and his music. (When was the last time you saw an hour-long special of his music in [the US]?) And he recorded a new album in the USSR, which he hopes will eventually be released by Concord Jazz (his current record label) in the US.

He was pleasantly surprised to find, too, that classically-trained Russian musicians were capable of sitting in effectively with his quartet.

But wherever there's the Voice of America, he adds, there's some awareness of jazz. And besides, improvisation – despite what many people seem to believe – is not unique to the jazz tradition. Improvising, Brubeck feels, really should be in the repertory of skills possessed by every classical musician.

"You know, in the old days, in classical music, they *insisted* you improvise," Brubeck points out. "Bach and Mozart were great improvisers – maybe the greatest ever!" – *Chip Deffaa*

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA – Despite an unprecedented number of musicians performing in Toronto during **DuMaurier's Downtown Jazz Festival** that event has not resulted in a major upsurge in activity. Even while the festival was taking place it was apparent that it has no central focus. There was little sense of a "festival" and many of the clubs were obviously only participating because the cost of the entertainment was being underwritten by the sponsors.

There was music to suit all tastes – much of it in underpublicised venues. The poolside concerts at Roy Thomson Hall were an ideal setting for summer music. Highlights included **Fraser MacPherson's Quartet** with guitarist **Oliver Gannon** and the Swiss band **Reflexionen** which featured American pianist **Don Friedman. Houston Person's Quartet** reflected jazz values not readily apparent today. It was a rarity – an organised unit which worked hard behind the drive of **Michael Carvin's** drums and the sensuous singing of **Etta Jones. Martial Solal** and **Dick Hyman** offered vivid contrasts in their approaches to solo piano at Cafe des Copains which also showcased the unique duo of tenor saxophonist **Eugene Amaro** and pianist **Wray Downes**. The name "Velvet Glove" obscured the identities of an exceptional band under the direction of **Stacey Rowles** which featured the saxophone stylings of **Kathryn Moses and Jane Fair**.

One bright moment in the summer has been the presentations at the **New York Hotel.** McCoy Tyner's Trio played to packed houses at the beginning of August and they were followed in September by the Herb Ellis Trio. **Max Roach's Quartet** were in residence October 3-6.

Pianist **Gary Dial**, in town for a recording session with **Steve Lederer**, worked out the repertoire at George's Spaghetti House August 15-20. **Mark Eisenman** and **Steve Holt** have been splitting the week at Barristers, the bar in the Toronto Hilton International. This early evening gig evolved from the successful appearances of **Shirley Horn** and **Marty Grosz** during the DuMaurier Jazz Festival.

This endless summer has produced its lighthearted moments. **Val Clery**, the Toronto Star's man about town wrote the following in the August 4 edition: "Jordanian error: In the haste of review Tuesday, I compared McCoy Tyner's bassist Avery Sharpe to 'guitarist' Clifford Jordan, the famous trumpeter. I meant, of course, guitarist Stanley Jordan."

The Coastal Jazz and Blues Society continues its mission to present outstanding music in **Vancouver. David Sanborn** was at Expo Theatre August 18 and was followed by **Abdullah Ibrahim's Quartet** on September 19 at Vancouver East Cultural Centre and the saxophone duets of **Bill Smith and Wolfgang Fuchs** October 1 at Western Front. The latter event was co-sponsored by the Goethe Institute.

The Oliver Jones Trio were in New York for a week in July at Sweet Basil. **Ed Bickert, Terry Lukiwski** and **Dave Turner** each did two nights with the trio which was completed by **Dave Young** and **Terry Clarke**. Also in New York was pianist **Jon Ballantyne** for an appearance at Sweet Basil during the Greenwich Village Jazz Festival. Ballantyne will also be appearing at the Sheraton Park Avenue from October 19 to 29.

Wolfgang Fuchs (Photograph by Caroline Forbes)

"Swinging in Paradise" is the title of **John Gilmore**'s 300-page book about the history of jazz music in Montreal. It retails for $16.95 and is published by **Vehicule Press**, P.O. Box 125, Place du Parc Station, Montreal, Quebec H2W 2M9.

Several recordings by Canadian artists were issued this summer. They include "Looking Up" by the Hugh Fraser Quintet on the CBC's **Jazzimage** label; "Oop-Pop-A-Da" by Moe Koffman's Quintet on **Duke Street** with Dizzy Gillespie added on several tracks. A solo guitar album by Rob Piltch is another new release by Duke Street. **Innovation Records** has three new productions – Eugene Amaro in an orchestra setting, a third album by the Brass Connection which features guest soloists Jiggs Whigham, Carl Fontana and Bill Watrous as well as the group's Ian McDougall. There's also a trio recording by McDougall, guitarist Oliver Gannon and keyboardist Ron Johnston titled "Rio". **Justin Time** has released a second collaboration between Karen Young and Michel Donato. Coming soon on **Darklight** will be Jane Bunnett's project which also involved Dewey Redman, Don Pullen, and Claude Ranger. The label also will be releasing a solo album by Mal Waldron. **Sackville** is preparing new recordings by The Six Winds, the international saxophone sextet. Titled "Elephants Can Dance", it documents the music performed during the group's summer tour of Canada. A follow-up album for The Sackville All Stars (Jim Galloway, Milt Hinton, Gus Johnson and Ralph Sutton) focuses on the music of Louis Armstrong.

ELSEWHERE – **Joe Williams** and **Dave Brubeck** headlined the 6th annual jazz festival at Heckscher State Park August 27/28. The seventh annual **Greenwich Village Jazz Festival** took place August 26 through September 5 under the direction of Horst Liepolt and Mel Litoff. The **third annual Festival of Women Improvisors** takes place November 3-5 at Performance Space and Kraine. **The Michael Weiss Quintet** was at the Blue

Note July 18. **The Rick Stone Quartet** was at Brown's Cafe July 29 and 30.... The new venue for New York's piano elite is Dim Sum Jazz, an elegant Chinese restaurant at 209 East 49th Street. **Sir Roland Hanna, Adam Makowicz, Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, Roger Kellaway** and **Kenny Barron** are among those who have performed there.... **Art Taylor** hosted the Musician's Show on WKCR during June.... "Jazz on Screen" is a three-week festival taking place at NYC's Film Forum from October 21 to November 10.... **The Manhattan Blues Alliance** (105 East 10th Street, # 3C, NYC 10003) provides up to the minute news of blues activity in New York.

The New England Foundation for the Arts initiated its jazz program with a first meeting of its advisory panel of musicians and media people on July 19.... **Jemeel Moondoc** was at Harvard's The Joint on June 23.... **Roomful of Blues** held a 20 year reunion June 11 at Cranston's Rhodes-on-the-Pawtucket ballroom.

Another twentieth anniversary took place in Toledo, Ohio, on the first weekend of July. It was the **Cakewalkin' Jass Band** who celebrated a lengthy participation in the music. **Art Farmer** and **Shirley Horn** gave concerts in Dayton as part of City Folk's "Jazz Tradition" series. The final concert takes place November 19 with Ellis Marsalis, Alvin Batiste and Ed Blackwell.

Roscoe Mitchell premiered a new work September 3 during the Madison Festival of the Lakes.... Fargo, North Dakota was the recipient of a day of "Jazz in the Park" July 10. At least eight bands performed under the sponsorship of radio station KDSU.... **The Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz** is now affiliated with Duke University.... **B.B. King** will host the 9th annual blues award show in Memphis November 13.

New Music America is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a major festival this December in Miami. The event takes place December 2 - 11 and will feature artists from widely different backgrounds. Workshops, seminars, gallery exhibitions and video presentations will augment the many concerts. Among the artists from the jazz tradition who will be performing are Anthony Davis, Michele Rosewoman, Marilyn Crispell, Roscoe Mitchell, Charles Austin, Joe Gallivan, Pat Metheny, Ornette Coleman, Bill Frisell, Gerry Hemingway, Steve Lacy and the Don Pullen/ George Adams Quartet.

Art Davis participated in a tribute to John Coltrane at Carduff-by-the-Sea, California July 24 as well as a performance with Alice Coltrane July 31 at the 12th annual Watts Towers Festival.... **KLON Radio** co-hosted a series of concerts in Long Beach. Featured in August were Swing Street, Bob Cooper, Mike Fahn and Lanny Morgan.... If you want news of **Buddy de Franco** you should write to John Kuehn, 267 Lucerne St., P.O. Box 29, Lucernemines, PA 15754 for a copy of his newsletter about the clarinetist's activities.... **The National Association of Jazz Educators** will hold its 1989 convention at San Diego's Town & Country Hotel January 12-15.

Jazz festivals are no longer the preserve of the major cities. Here are some we have heard about recently: The Great Connecticut Traditional Jazz Festival was held in Essex August 12-14 with at least 13 bands participating.... The tenth annual Chicago Jazz Festival was held at Grant Park August 31 to September 4.... The Cocoa Beach All Star Festival was held September 2-4 at the Holiday Inn. Red Rodney, Ricky Ford and Pete Minger were among the participants.... The Jacksonville Jazz Festival takes place October 13-15 and includes the finals of the Great American Jazz Piano Competition.... The University of Miami's Music Festival took place between September 16 and October 2. Jazz was part of the activities with Rob McConnell as special guest with the university's Concert Jazz Band.... The third annual King Biscuit Blues Festival takes place October 7-8 in Helena, Arkansas.... The Pensicola Jazz Party is to be held January 20-21 at the Pensacola Hilton under the direction of Gus Statiras and Norman Vickers.... Next year's New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival takes place April 28 to May 7. The fourteenth edition of the Bern International Jazz Festival takes place April 26-31.

Stanley Jordan, Larry Coryell and **Chet Atkins** are among the performers at the 8th international Guitar Festival which will be held December 1-10 in Martinique.

The International Jazz Federation

holds its general assembly in Budapest November 18/19. The final of this year's competition for young European jazz groups takes place during the Leverkusen Jazz Days on October 20.... **"L'Orchestre National de Jazz"** is seeking a new music director. The deadline for applications was September 30 so this information may be academic but further details are obtainable from Sylvain Torikan, A.J.O.N., Theatre Jean Vilar, Place Stalingrad, F-92150 Suresnes, France.... "Birdology" is a discographical portrait of **Charlie Parker** which was on view this summer at the Discotheques des Halles, 8 Porte St-Eustache in Paris... The **European Jazz Ensemble** will celebrate its 12th anniversary in 1989 with a special tour. The musicians involved are Manfred Schoof, Enrico Rava, Alan Botschinsky, E.L. Petrowsky, Louis Sclavis, Gerd Dudek, Rob van den Broeck, Ali Haurand and Tony Oxley.... **Quasimodo** (Kantstr. 12a) is a jazz club in Berlin which is endeavouring to return jazz to its natural environment. Charles Lloyd, Horace Silver, Tony Williams and Charles Tolliver were among the performers in July.... **Dizzy Gillespie, Stephane Grappelli** and **Willem Breuker** were recipients this year of the North Sea Festival's "Bird" awards.

European jazz festivals have included: Birmingham, England July 1-10 with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Art Blakey, the Basie Band.... Cecil Taylor was in residence for FMP's Improvised Music 11/8 from June 17 to July 17. The pianist was heard in many widely different settings.... The Edinburgh festival was held from August 20-27.... Rocella Jonica was the venue for the seventh Rumori Mediterranei festival from Auguest 26 to 29.... This year's Willisau Festival, Sept. 1-4, showcased widely varied elements of contemporary music. ... The Zurich Jazz Festival takes place November 3-6.

An unfortunate typo in **Martin Davidson's** CD column in issue 220 altered his desire for "less brittle sound" into "less sound" for Brown and Roach.

Books - "Update" is the second supplement issued by **Uwe Reichardt** to his Eric Dolphy discography "Like A Human Voice".... **78 Quarterly**, which published two issues twenty years ago, has been resurrected and issue 3 is now

available from Yazoo Review, P.O. Box 810, Newton, N.J. 07860.... **The New Grove Dictionary of Jazz** will be available this fall. There are more than 4500 entries and should be available through your local reference library. Retail cost is $295.00! **Greenwood** announces the publication of the Blue Note Label discography by Michael Cuscuna and Michel Ruppli. Cost is $75.00.... **Nightwood Editions**' entire catalogue, which includes "Imagine The Sound" by Bill Smith and the books on jazz in Canada by Mark Miller, are now distributed in the USA by University of Toronto Press from its address at 340 Nagel Drive, Buffalo, NY 14225-4731.... **The University of Illinois Press** has published "Happy in the Service of the Lord" – a book about Afro-American gospel quartets in Memphis by Kip Lornell.... "Body and Soul" is a beautifully produced jazz photography book by **Christer Landergren**. It is available from Box 15310, S-10465 Stockholm, Sweden and costs 150 Swedish crowns plus postage.

Included in **Arhoolie's** recently released series of double length cassettes (combining two lps) is one simply titled "Gospel". It contains the two marvelous lps on Folk Lyric (9045 and 9046) which document A Cappella Quartets and the "golden age" of gospel singing. These recordings cover the period between the 1930s and the 1950s when gospel music reached its most creative heights. Included in the collection are such famous groups as the **Dixie Hummingbirds, Five Soul Stirrers, The Pilgrim Travelers, The Jackson Harmoneers** (Original Five Blind Boys) and the **Davis Sisters**. These rare recordings, rescued from obscurity, are a definitive introduction to the world of gospel music and an inspiration for so much which passes today as gospel music and is an inspiration for so much popular music of the past three decades (James Brown, Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin etc.). A reminder of this world is apparent in **"The Gospel at Colonus" (Elektra/ Nonesuch 79191)**, which is a gospel adaptation of Sophocles' Oedipus at Colonus which opened on Broadway in March 1988. These recordings are probably from the version of the show which was seen on PBS television a couple of years ago. Even without its visual impact it is still a stirring contemporary version of the gospel sound. The featured artists include Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama, J.J. Farley and the Original Soul Stirrers, the J.D. Steele Singers and the Institutional Radio Choir.

Kenny Neal is **Alligator's** newest signing.... Koko Taylor, one of their most successful artists, appeared on David Letterman's "Late Night" on August 11. ... **Atlantic** has issued the first recording by Illinois Jacquet's current big band under the title "Jacquet's Got It".... **Bluebird** is continuing its extensive reissue program (mostly on CD) with packages by the Metronome All Stars, Sidney Bechet, Joe Williams, Illinois Jacquet and Duke Ellington's The Far East Suite.... Eliane Elias' "Illusions" is available on a **Denon** CD. Now, **Blue Note** are released LP and cassette versions of the same material.... New from **Cadence** is guitarist David Sidman's debut lp with his group Speak of the Sun.... **City-Zens for Non-Linear Futures** has released an album by Audio Letters, a group from Seattle. Now based in New York, this lp also features Dennis Charles and Ornette Coleman.... CD versions of Commodore material are being released by **Pair Records**. You can obtain a catalog by writing them at 87 Essex Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07601. If you want everything which Commodore recorded **Mosaic** are issuing multiple box sets on LPs.... **Creative Digital Products** has released a CD by trumpeter Craig Fraedrich titled "First Flight".... Tina Marsh and the Creative Opportunity Orchestra are from Austin, Texas and their debut recording "Benediction" is issued on **Daagnim Records.... Delmark Records** has repressed many of its earlier records as well as releasing several new archival lps featuring Don Ewell, Roosevelt Sykes, Wynton Kelly and George Lewis, as well as a newly recorded lp by Chicago's Brad Goode Quintet.... New from **Enja** are recordings by Abdullah Ibrahim, Kenny Barron and Marty Ehrlich.... **Fantasy** has compilation lps in the stores by Coleman Hawkins, Cedar Walton, Mose Allison, Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons. The material is drawn from their many Prestige sessions. Look for new recordings by Joe Pass, Barney Kessel, Bobby Hutcherson, Richie Cole,

Art Farmer, Tom Harrell and Frank Morgan on the Fantasy family of labels this fall.... Harvie Swartz and his band Urban Earth are heard on "It's About Time" on **Gaia Records**.... "Circle The Line" is a **GM Recordings** release featuring pianist Simon Nabatov, bassist Ed Schuller and drummer Paul Motian.... Pianist Lazlo Gardony's new recording on **Island** is titled "Secrets".... **Jazz Archives** is now located at 100 Stevens Avenue, 5th floor, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550.

Jazz Connoisseur is a new Swiss jazz record company who have issued two recordings by organist Wild Bill Davis. "Live at Swiss Radio, Studio Zurich" (8701) is a quartet recording with saxophonist Clifford Scott, guitarist Dickie Thompson and drummer Clyde Lucas. In sharp contrast to the extrovert nature of the quartet music is "Greatest Organ Solos Ever" (8702) – a solo session with half of the music being composed by Duke Ellington/Billy Strayhorn. These recordings are available from the producer, Jorg Koran, Maiacherstrasse 2, 8916 Jonen, Switzerland at a cost of SF. 23.–.

Divox is another Swiss company who are releasing music – this time on CD. There's an excellent quartet session by Eddie Lockjaw Davis from Zurich's Widder Bar (CDX 48701) with pianist Gustav Csik, bassist Isla Eckinger and drummer Oliver Jackson. Divox is also releasing material from Nilva Records. "Ashanti" (CDX 48703) has four selections (*Riff Raff, Third World Express, Teminha Pra Bebe, Beneath The Surface*) not on the original LP. Alvin Queen and Bill Saxton co-led the sessions (in 1981 and 1984) with trumpeter Dusko Goykovich, saxophonist/flutist James Spaulding, pianist John Hicks and bassist Ray Drummond. "Watch What Happens" contains all of the original Nilva Junior Mance trio date with Martin Rivera and Alvin Queen as well as all but one tune from the piano/bass duo session which was originally issued as "The Tender Touch".

Sonny Sharrock and Karl Berger are guest performers of "Machine Gun" in their **Mu Productions** recording.... Michele Hendricks has recorded a second album for **Muse**.... **Polygram** is now marketing the **JMT** label in the US. Newly released are recordings by Cassandra Wilson, Hank Roberts, Craig Harris and Bob Stewart.... **Polygram** is now a major supporter of contemporary artists through such signings as the Harper Brothers and Terri Lyne Carrington. They are also issuing new recordings by vocalists Betty Carter and Helen Merrill (her collaborations with Gil Evans) and have repackaged Betty Carter's recordings for Betcar. Their reissue program continues to return important recordings from the past to the catalog. Now in the stores are such gems as the Cannonball/Coltrane Mercury session, the second Gillespie/Rollins/Stitt date "Duets" and compilations by Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins. These are all CD-only releases. Polygram's restoration of Erroll Garner's Mercury recordings continues with the original "Misty" album and "Mambo Moves Garner".... New from **Red Records** are concert recordings by Cedar Walton, Kenny Barron and Joe Henderson and a studio session with Bobby Watson which features the piano of John Hicks.... Ornette Coleman has now signed with **CBS** and his first recording for the company is on **Portrait Records** as "Virgin Beauty". Tenor saxophonist Jed Levy's debut lp on **Reservoir** is called "Round Trip".... The Joe Morris Trio has released their second lp, "Wraparound", on **Riti Records**.... **Advanced Music Company** has acquired **Sea Breeze Records** from John Brechler and is issuing new material on DAT tapes by Tom Talbert, Roger Neumann's Rather Big Band and Rob McConnell's Boss Brass recording "Live in Digital". The latter will also be on CD.... **Stash** has released "Truckin' " by the Grover Mitchell Big Band and Steve Turre's "Fire and Ice".... **VSOP Records** has released Art Monroe's last recording as "Memories".

Saxophonist/vocalist **Eddie Cleanhead Vinson** died July 2 from a heart attack. He was 70.... **Paul Meyer**, who for many years attended to the needs of jazz record collectors in Geneva, Switzerland died June 21. He was 56.... **Kay Sorensen**, proprietor of the Jazzhus Montmartre in Copenhagen and a friend to musicians all over the world died August 11 following a cerebral haemorrhage. He was 50.... Saxophonist **Pony Poindexter** died April 14 in Oakland.... Trumpeter/arranger **Sy Oliver** died May 28 in New York.... Guitarist **Nappy Lamare** died in May in Los Angeles.

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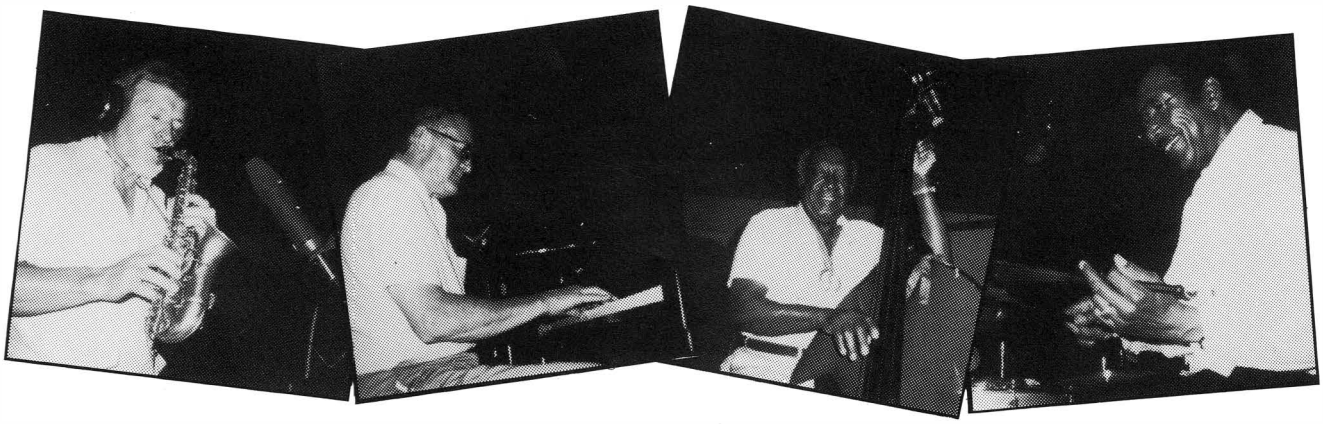

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