# CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * ISSUE 225 * APRIL/MAY 1989 * THREE DOLLARS

FRANK FOSTER * FRANK MORGAN & CEDAR WALTON * SUSAN CHEN * NEW MUSIC AMERICA FESTIVAL * JAZZ BIOGRAPHIES * RECORD REVIEWS OF * THE TROMBONE ENGLISH JAZZ * CANADIAN JAZZ * EDDY "THE CHIEF" CLEARWATER * AROUND THE WORLD

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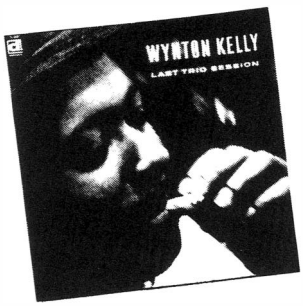


## JAZZ - Brand New From Delmark



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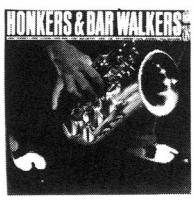
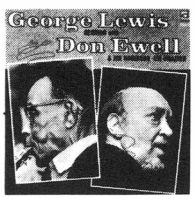



**HONKERS AND BAR-WALKERS DL-438**

'50ssax blowouts! First in a series of recordingsfrom original United, Regal, States, Apollo, JOB and other labels. Most of the players here didnot achieve great famebut contributedmightily to the musicallegacy of the Honkers and Bar-Walkers idiom. A panorama of the stylistic tendencies of the Jazz-R&B tenor of the time: Jimmy Forrest, "Night Train;" Paul Bacomb, "Pink Cadillac;" plus Doc Sausage, Jimmy Coe, Teddy Brannen, Cozy Eggleston, Fred Jackson and Fats Noel. 16 tracks in all (UPC Bar Code #38153-0438-1)



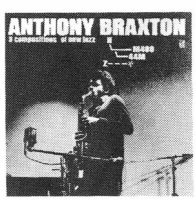

**GEORGE LEWIS — DON EWELL Reunion DS-220**

The Bunk Johnson New Orleans Band that first returned traditional jazz to the publicconsciousness was a George Lewis unit. This mid-'40sgroup played New York with George Lewis, clarinet; Jim Robinson, trombone; and, for a few months, Don Ewell, piano. After Bunk died the Lewis band became the standard-bearer for New Orleans jazz throughout the '50s and '60s. After Ewell left Jack Teagarden he recorded the "Reunion" session at hand in 1966. Jim Robinson and drummer Cie Frazier round out the quartet on this previously unissued date. (UPC Bar Code # 38153-0220-1)

## *Available Once Again*


**IRA SULLIVAN Blue Stroll DL-402**

Ira with Johnny Griffin, Jodie Christian, Vic Sproles and Wilbur Campbell in a 1959 blowing session. It was awarded ★★★★ in *Down Beat*. Ira, only 30 years at the time, was already well-known in jazz circles On this LP he tackled twonew instruments, baritone saxand "peck horn." His trumpet work here is marvelous and he adds a beautiful bary solo and an exceptional alto solo on "Bluzinbee" which takes up all of Side 2. Johnny Griffin handles all the tenor sax work on the LP but is also heard on alto and bary. Ira's other Delmark album, *Nicky's Tune* (DS-422), features the same quintet except Nicky Hill replaces Griffin. (UPC Bar Code # 38153-0402-1)

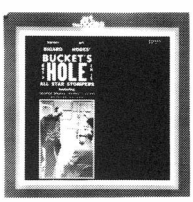



**ANTHONY BRAXTON Three Compositions of New Jazz DS-415**

This is pioneeer jazz man Anthony Braxton's first LP as a leader. Twenty years later it sounds as fresh and contemporary as it did in '68. "Braxton presents a music of constant sonoric motion with its total energies directed at producinglyrical lines and a wide range of textures." (John Litweiler) Violinist Leroy Jenkins is an individual standout; he's got technique, conception and feeling. Trumpeter Leo Smith's "fat tone would please hard bopfans but he reads the free sermon right to the back of the church." (Barry McRae) Pianist Muhal Richard Abrams is added to the trio on Side 2. More reasons why the AACM produced the first valid "Chicago sound" in jazz since the '20s


**LEON SASH TRIO I Remember Newport DS-416**

The late (and blind from age 11) Leon Sash was one of the few players who knew how to swing and get a rich tone from the accordian. He received high praise from jazz critics including Nat Hentoff in *Down Beat* and Barry Ulanov in *Metronome*. In '57 he played the Newport Jazz Festival to a thunderous ovation. He played such famous jazz clubs as Cafe Bohemia (NY), Storyville (Boston) and The Blue Note (Chicago). This '67 session includes Leon's regularworking trioand features eight standards and Leon's fugue-like "Newport."

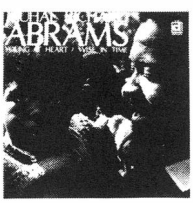



**BARNEY BIGARD-ART HODES Bucket's Got A Hole In It DS-211**

Clarinetist Barney Bigard is well-known for his work with Ellington ('28-'42) and Armstrong ('46-'55). In 1968, when these sides were recorded, co-leader Art Hodes was celebrating 40 years since his first record date. Chicago's WTTW flew Bigard into Chicago as part of a series of jazz television programs. He was persuaded to stay over a few days to make this LP, one of his few as a leader. "Sweet Lorraine," havingthe breathtaking beauty that marks the greatest of Bigard's playing, is the highlight of the four quartet performances. Nap Trottier, trumpet; and George Brunis, trombone; are added to fill out the conventional trad front line on the remaining four tracks

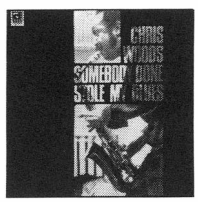
**MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS Young At Heart Wise In Time DS-423**

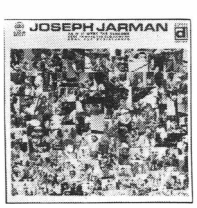
On the second side of this album, named appropriately "Wise In Time," the solo piano plays in blues, marchtime, stride, bop, freedom and at last stretches on out there. Muhal is in contact withthe imprints of those great piano souls who have passed on. He uses this acknowledgement as his offering to Tatum, Waller, Powell and others. Side 1, "Young At Heart," features Leo Smith, trumpet; Henry Threadgill, alto sax; Lester Lashley, bass; and Thurman Barker, drums. The ensemble's sound is spacious and features a mutual rapport on whichthe Chicago "school" has always placed an emphasis




**CHRIS WOODS Somebody Done Stole My Blues DL-434**

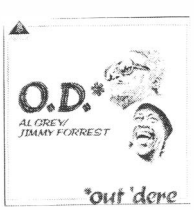
From the '60s on alto saxophonist Chris Woods lived in New York A fre quent fixture in the bands of Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Duke Pearson, Howard McGhee and Ernie Wilkins, he also gigged occasionally with his own quartet. In the early '70s Chris played Europe and developed such a reputation that he continued to play and record there annually Chris resided in St. Louis in the '50s where he recorded these sides. At the time only a singlewas issued. The entire quintetsession plusthree tracks with a group led by Tommy Dean (featuring Chris) are all on this album




**JOSEPH JARMAN As If It Were The Seasons DS-417**

JosephJarman is a lyricist of exceptional range and intensity. "The center of the title piece is a melody of uncompromising strength . . . oneof the most beautifulmelodies thatthis century's musichas produced . . . Jarman's (playing) is a passionately lyrical fusion of the melody he has created with the non-musical sounds out of which it arose " (LK) Side 2 features a larger group with Muhal Richard Abrams. Fred Anderson. John Stubblefield in a "Song For Christopher" Gaddy (late pianist from Jarman's earlier Delmark LP *Song For*. DS-410). *As If It Were The Seasons* ★★★★★ Lawrence Kart. *Down Beat* March 1969




**AL GREY-JIMMY FORREST O.D. (Out 'Dere) GreyForrest GF 1001 $9.98 List Price**

Al and Jimmy became close friends during their stay with the Basie band. Al played with Basie since '57 while Jimmy joined in '69. They beganplaying together with a smallcombo duringvacationperiodsand, in October, 1977, left Basie to go on their own. This 1980 session was recorded only two monthsbefore Jimmy's death from complications of liver disease. Delmark is distributing this limited edition LP which also features Don Patterson, organ; Peter Leitch, guitar; and Charlie Rice, drums. It is unlikely to be re-issued in the forseeable future. Jimmy Forrest LPs on Delmark include *All The Gin Is Gone* (DL-404), *Black Forrest* (DL-427) and *Night Train* (DL-435).

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# CODA MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1958
ISSUE 225 / Published April 1st / 1989

BILL SMITH (Editor/Art Director/Publisher)
JOHN NORRIS (Publisher/Administration)

CODA PUBLICATIONS * BOX 87
STATION J * TORONTO * ONTARIO
M4J 4X8 * CANADA


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*CODA MAGAZINE* is published six times per year, in February, April, June, August, October and December, in CANADA. It is supported by its subscribers, and by its advertisers. We also gratefully acknowledge the assistance of **The Canada Council** and **The Ontario Arts Council**. Second class mail registration number R-1134. For availability of current and back issues of *Coda* on microfilm, contact University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106 USA, or Micromedia Ltd., 158 Pearl St., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1L3 Canada. Indexed in the *Canadian Magazine Index* and available on-line in the *Canadian Business & Current Affairs Database*. Printed in Canada. ISSN 0820-926X

# FRANK FOSTER HIS DREAM CAME TRUE

Frank Foster was in Korea in 1952 serving in the Seventh Division Band. One day a member of the division emerged with a copy of *Downbeat* magazine which included a picture of the Count Basie Band with an insert photo of Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and Paul Quinichette. The accompanying article on the Basie band so impressed Frank that he began to wish that he could become a member of that great swing machine. Little did he know that in less than a calendar year one of those tenor chairs would be his. A rare behavioral act allowed Frank to dream and step out of it into reality.

The jazz world knows that that dream has been extended beyond its expected possibilities and in 1988, 36 years following that barracks scene in Korea, Frank Foster stands in front of the Basie Band, following in the footsteps of the Chief, Eric Dixon and Thad Jones.

If we relate the trip that has brought Frank to the forefront of the present Basie Band, then it can be acknowledged that some big shoes have been filled. One, however, has to grow into these shoes as our feet are not fully developed at birth. So how did Frank get from there to here might be asked.

Let us begin in Cincinnati as Frank did on September 9, 1928. Now in his sixtieth year Frank can look back to a long period of affiliation with music in general, and jazz specifically. The obligatory piano lessons began at age six. Maybe the compulsory factor has not been true for all the jazz greats, but it was inescapable for Frank, who had a university-educated mother ready and willing to instill in her son the "finer things of life." An accident of an undefined nature prohibited further study of the piano but the foundation was laid. Clarinet lessons began at age 12 with 13 years behind him Frank Foster was on his way to the instrument of his future, the saxophone.

Several interesting factors may have been operating as Frank made his choice of music as his life force. Music became central to his nature. Frank Foster grew up with the son of Zack Whyte, a real historical figure in jazz. Just a few of the names associated with Zack Whyte have been: Sy Oliver, Herman Chittison, Al Sears, Elmer Crumbley, Vic Dickenson, Truck Parham, Eddie Barefield, Dick Wilson, Tadd Dameron and a host of others. These above names are mentioned to indicate the quality of musicians who must have impressed Frank Foster and his young friend, the son of a jazz pioneer. Frank did not get to hear the Zack Whyte band but he did have the opportunity to play with a number of former members of the organization.

The first gig for Frank came at age 13, the same year he obtained his saxophone. Further gigs ensued during his high school years. Interest in arranging came one year later at age 14. Both skills, performing and arranging, have been beautifully honed through the years.

Frank's first band job was with Jack Jackson and his Jumping Jacks. Many young players in the Ohio Valley and surrounding regions became interested in big band jazz as a result of their membership in these popular territory orchestras like Jack Jackson, Edith Curry, Snookum Russell, King Kolax and the like.

After high school graduation came a stint at Wilberforce University for Frank. He would have preferred to go to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music but in those days it was still an all-white school. Oberlin College, which has a long history of racial integration, was a second choice but he elected Wilberforce University, and thereby followed his mother, an early 1920s graduate of the school founded by the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Xenia, Ohio. Frank found some kindred souls there, like Jimmy Wilkins, a later friend in the Basie Band. Paul Brown, a trombone player, was also something of a similar interest peer, who was a good arranger and transcriber. Along with his former colleagues in the Jack Jackson orchestra his new musical buddies at Wilberforce shared a strong enthusiasm for jazz in the large orchestra format;



Photograph by Barry Thompson

witness Jimmy Wilkins again with Basie.

One of the highlights of the year at the university was an opportunity for the Wilberforce Collegians to play Carnegie Hall in 1947. This was heady stuff. *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a national weekly in the African-American tradition, sponsored, in those days, an annual Negro College Dance Band Poll. With the strong support and backing of Dr. Charles Wesley, an eminent educator and president of Wilberforce, the band won the poll. They received, as the prize, a week at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem as well as the Carnegie Hall engagement where they appeared onstage with the Lucky Millinder Orchestra.

At the end of his first year in university Frank Foster decided that his future was probably in the more realistic setting of the world of music than the simulated experiences being gleaned on the university campus. Following some musical activity around Detroit, Michigan, Frank was inducted into military service during the Korean War. A series of assignments preceded Frank's opportunity to audition for the Seventh Division Band. There he was able to perform every day as well as continue his arranging. It can be said that the military offered Frank a chance to get into the routine and the discipline that would be needed for advancement in his musical career. Frank was able to play in the jazz band, the marching band, the concert band, and in combos. He was able to absorb a wide variety of music in a very practical frame. He met a lot of fine musicians most of whom went into non-musical vocations following discharge.

What detoured Frank Foster from using his G.I. Bill to complete his college degree and prepare for the acceptable teaching certificate? There was never to be another world in which Frank would live except the musical one. That decision or rather that dream was established in his high school years. An endless number of activities served only to solidify the goal. Frank, as was true of many of the surviving jazz greats, had an early start and all else was to prepare for the ultimate role of musician.

A few months in Detroit in 1953 and good words from Ernie Wilkins and Billy Eckstine, according to Leonard Feather in his Encyclopedia, found Bill Basie with a new man in the reed section. What Count Basie did not know was how great a model he was to serve for the young, ambitious Foster. Music as a complete way of life was adopted by this talented arranger and tenor player. Frank knew that he was not in jazz for a lark nor was he on a romp. Frank Foster firmly believes that a true jazz musician's life is forever.

What was it like for one so young to be a member of one of the few great jazz orchestras to survive? Frank was not the youngest member of the band. He was right along beside other aspiring youths such as Bennie Powell and Eddie Jones. Here these young tigers stood, in the spotlight, on the big time and free of the kinds of constraints that the army had imposed. They simply traded one disciplined unit for a smaller more tightly knit one. Frank was encouraged by the "old guys" who set a great stage for him. As current leader of the Basie Band, Frank is now in the role of providing a model for the young persons on the way up in their musical careers. The scene has been reversed.

There are four roles that Frank is called upon to handle 35 years after joining in his now historical place. Frank is, at once, composer, arranger, performer and conductor. Here we have a multi-talented person facing the charge not only to fulfill his dream but to enlarge his range of abilities.

Frank was already a player when he joined Count Basie. He brought his arranging skills with him at the inception of his professional life. It can be assumed that the compositional bug bit him as he sat night after night among some of the grand improvisors of all times much as did Sy Oliver with the Jimmy Lunceford Orchestra. Conducting was a post-Basie acquisition.

After leaving the Basieites Frank formed The Loud Minority, a large band which he conducted. Some small groups with names like The Non-Electric Company and Living Color came in succession. For 22 years he managed to survive artistically before returning to the scene of his initial triumphs.

The Basie camp always had a lot of arrangers in the band and Frank feels that the best arrangements came from those who have constant stylistic contact with the sound and the feel which emerges from such an assemblage of creative performers. Frank Wess, Thad Jones, Ernie Wilkins, Eric Dixon emerged as arrangers after the band's reorganization in the 1950s. Now in the 80s Dennis Wilson leads the pack of younger players who have followed in his footsteps. Add to these the charts provided by Neal Hefti, Quincy Jones, Benny Carter, Billy Byers and Chico O'Farrill and you will have the answer to the question of being known by the company you keep. Sam Nestico was a post-Foster addition from the outside.

Frank Foster has an opportunity now to put his stamp on the band in the manner Thad Jones would have had his death not been so untimely. He is adding a tenor lead in the reed section in spots. He is restoring a few of his old compositions in new clothes for the band. In addition some old favorites such as *Blues* in *Hoss' Flat, Down for the Count* and *Shiny Stockings* will be performed more and more and his fans can look forward to a resurrection of tunes like *Rare Butterfly, Easin' It*, and *Back to the Apple*. What a great listening feast we are going to have from the Count Basie Orchestra conducted by Frank Foster, who also composes, arranges, and plays tenor. The Basie connection has been a nourishing one for him.

The young high school graduate Frank Foster was unable to attend the school of his first choice, the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. In 1987 Frank was honored by the conservatory when he performed in concert with the student jazz ensemble. The concert was later broadcast on the American Jazz Radio Festival, hosted by Michael Bourne, for all the jazz world to hear.

The young college freshman attended Wilberforce University for one year. A latter-day counterpart of the university which Frank attended, Central State University, awarded him an honorary degree, Doctor of Music. Doctor Frank Foster is once again at home in the academic world. It is all *Discamotion.*.

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Data for this article came from an interview with Frank Foster on September 9, 1987, at the Town House Motel in Fargo, North Dakota. Tape transcription by Laurel Meagher.

# HELLO WE MUST BE GOING

**PHIL MINTON - Berlin Station (FMP SAJ 57) / MAGGIE NICHOLS/PETER NU - Don't Assume (Leo Records LR 145) BIRDYAK - Aberration (Klunderzounz KZ 8801) / AMM - Generative Themes (Matchless Recordings MR 6) / AMM - The Inexhaustible Document (Matchless Records MR 13) / EDDIE PREVOST QUARTET - Continuum (Matchless Recordings MR 7) RUSSELL/DURANT/BUTCHER - Conceits (Acta 1) / LOL COXHILL - Before My Time (Chabada OH 17) / THE MELODY FOUR - Hello We Must Be Going (Chabada OH 16)**


When North Americans think about English improvised music, the few that do, they probably think first of Derek Bailey and Evan Parker and not much else. This is understandable given the importance of their groundbreaking work over the last twenty years. But this focus on their work alone gives a very distorted view of the English improvised music scene, first of all because they are both entirely idiosyncratic and do not represent "schools" of playing, but also because English improvised music comes out of a diversity of approaches and ways of playing. Listening to these recent records from the U.K. shows that this variety is still characteristic of the scene there.

One of the most interesting aspects of the music has been vocal music (the other is percussion) and **Phil Minton** exemplifies this better than anyone. Little known on this side of the Atlantic, he is one of the most interesting vocalists to have emerged in the last few years. Not that he is completely a newcomer: he has been singing with jazz and r&b groups since the 50's, and notably with Mike Westbrook's groups in the 60's and 70's. Minton is undoubtedly the best improvising vocalist around. To see him in person is like watching a kind of free form glossolagia. It's as if he is a medium for all kinds of voices and sounds – by turns operatic, electronic, Persian, abstract, going from screaming and laughing to whispers, to pub conversations, to animal noises. Whole subway trains full of people seem to pass through his voice. This amazing sonic range might wear thin except that Minton is a very good improvisor, at his best when responding to instrumentalists.

On **Berlin Station**, recorded live in Berlin between 1984 and 1986, Minton is matched with players who keep him improvising non-stop. This is especially true on side two where Minton appears with three different trios. The first, with **Ernst Reiseger**, cello, and **Tony Oxley**, live electronics, is the most abstract, with the instruments and voices often fusing into a single sound at several points. The next trio, with **Peter Brotzmann,** saxophones and **Michel Waiswicz**, live electronics, is more energetic with exchanges of bursts between the players. The last piece with Brotzmann and **Hugh Davies** on electronics has yet a different feel, ranging through a series of contrasting sections. It is interesting that each of these groups includes live electronics with a completely different approach and sound. Likewise, each brings out a different aspect of Minton's vocals. Overall, very fast, articulate music, at once abstract and highly emotional.

Side two features Minton and drummer/accordionist **Sven-Ake Johannson** and has a greater sense of dramatic effects. Johannson's playing has a kind of intensity and humour that suits Minton's approach. At times Minton even seems to sound a bit German, an effect heightened by Johannson's accordion which gives it a continental cabaret flavour. Although it doesn't have the sustained brilliance of the duet recording with **Roger Turner** (Ammo), this music is certainly worth checking out.

**Maggie Nichols** is another remarkable improvising vocalist and in fact she worked with Minton and Julie Tippett in a group called Voice in the late seventies. She comes at it in a completely different way though. On **Don't Assume**, with **Peter Nu** on piano she moves easily from spinning out a continuous series of impro-



STEVE BERESFORD & LOL COXHILL (Photograph by Patrick Hinely)

vised songs, chants, drones and recitations. With Nichols, even at her most abstract, you are aware of her as a singer above all.

One of the pleasures of this record is the easy way that Nichols and Nu work together. There is a constant weaving in and out of ideas; when they are waiting for a new sequence to emerge, they are content to drone on a set pattern or rhythm until something comes along (I am assuming that all of the music is improvised but then again the record is called Don't Assume). Many of the pieces are unabashedly tonal and melodic – another difference from Minton – but the freshness of invention remains all the way through. What I really liked about this record is that it gets personal. At several points she talks/sings about thoughts and feeling in a candid way that brings things down to earth in a way that not many performers are able to.

This may be the first time **Bob Cobbing** has been reviewed in a jazz magazine, but it would not be accurate to describe him as new on the scene. With more than seventy-five books and a dozen recordings under his name, Cobbing is widely recognized as the leading British exponent of visual and sound poetry. He arrives at improvised music via another route altogether, linking it with the wider world of the European avant-garde, lettrisme, Joyce, Stein and Henri Chopin.

Cobbing is one half of **Birdyak**, the other being guitarist/multi-instrumentalist/sonic terrorist **Hugh Metcalfe**. Their album **Aberration** was recorded in 1987 and features **Lol Coxhill, Bill Smith** and **Ma-Lou Bangerter** as guest artists. Cobbing's voice is not a singer's in the sense that Nichols' or Minton's is and he doesn't have either their speed or versatility. It is powerful in a quite different way, guttural and droning, closer to some Native American singing, or Noh or Blind Willie Johnson than to anything. His voice is so rich in overtones that he often gets several notes at once, not in imitation of Tibetan chanting, but as a result of his own vocal intensity. You get the feeling, listening to him that there might be a secret line of English shamans going back to Blake and beyond. You are also aware of each piece as an individual piece, perhaps reflecting the discipline of poetry.

Metcalfe's playing can't really be called accompaniment since he is on an equal footing with Cobbing throughout, but his playing is full of parodies of accompaniment, like flamenco rhythms and strummed major chords. Sometimes this creates funny tensions with Cobbing's vocals, at other times they roar along, Metcalfe often playing two or more instruments at once. Each of the guest players sparks a unique piece within this unique context (Available from Klinker Zounds, 144 Tottenham Rd., London N1 4DY England).

**AMM** seems to be coming from yet a different stand in the music which goes back to the mid-sixties and includes people like Cornelius Cardew and others. The most striking thing right off about this group is their deliberate effort to articulate the political and social theory that is implied by their music. The liner notes of **Generative Themes** relates improvised music to the work of Paulo Freire, an influential thinker in the popular education and literacy field. They paraphrase him "The music is about the relations between men(sic)" (It might be unfair to dwell on these notes since they weren't written by a band member, but I found them very interesting).

What is interesting about the music is that it doesn't seem to be particularly about the "relations between men". To do this you need to have a strong sense of separate identities so they can relate to each other. The strength of AMM is the remarkable collectivity of their sound. The band moves as a unity, exploring areas of sound, atmospheres, textures which rely completely on the combination of their instruments. Their individual "voices" seldom emerge to solo and there is very little sense of the identity of the individual instruments. **Keith Rowe's** guitar might not sound much like a guitar but he manages to create some very beautiful sounds with whatever equipment he is using. There are some exceptions to this, **Eddie Prevost** always sounds like a drummer (as opposed to a 'percussionist') even at his most abstract. Likewise, **John Tillbury's** piano playing stands out from time to time. Part of the strength of this music seems to lie in the way these individual voices go in and out of the collective whole without changing the overall spacious, deliberate feel and direction.

**The Inexhaustible Document** was recorded five years later and has the addition of **Rohan de Saram** on cello. The music has the same group strength, especially on side one, where the swelling, wave-like movement rolls under the surface of detailed, percussive playing. But there is also more variety here than in the 1982 record. As well as collective sound pieces there are sections with clearly delineated themes and clearly stated harmonies and themes. These are, by turns, elegaic, minimal, folk-like (to my ears) and generally less abstract than the 1982 record. AMM is a rare thing in the world of improvised music – a group that has stayed together over the long haul and continued to find new aspects of music to explore. Part of the explanation for this might be that all the players are involved with very different projects.

Eddie Prevost is a case in point. **Continuum** by the Eddie Prevost Quartet with **Larry Stabbins** (tenor/soprano), **Veryan Weston** (piano), and **Marcio Mattos** (bass) is completely different from AMM. With a jazz instrumentation the playing is reminiscent of nothing so much as free jazz as it was playing in the 60's. A single piece recorded at Bracknell in 1983 is full of straightahead, full throttle playing. Stabbins' tenor holds the lead voice throughout, alternating between modal and more open playing, keeping enough in reserve to go right over the top when he needs to. But it is the rhythm section that really stands out here. Prevost and Mattos have worked out a unique sound that churns along controlling the ebb and flow of the piece at every point. Mattos' solo on side two is a torrent of snaps, twangs and strums. This music has all the key characteristics of improvised music while staying within the idiom of high energy free jazz (Available from Matchless Recordings, 2 Shetlock's Cottages, Matching Tye, near Harlow, Essex CM 17 OQR England).

**Conceits (John Russell** guitar, **Phil Durant** violin and trombone, **John Butcher** tenor and soprano) contrasts with the Prevost group in almost every way. The pieces are short (5-10 minutes) and within each piece there are shorter thematic units. The playing is detailed, edgy and articulate, with each player

staying away from the standard sound of his instrument. The result is a collection of miniatures, sharply defined shards of sound, briefly explored.

John Russell's acoustic guitar is the key element in this unique mix. His percussive attack keeps the groups from falling into a chamber music sound which could easily happen with this instrumentation, with his insistent crackling rhythms. Together, with Butcher, whose tenor playing avoids the instrument's cliches, and Durant's detailed violin and trombone playing, they create a rich variety of timbral combinations. In spite of not having a drummer (or perhaps because of it) there are lots of punchy, interesting rhythms. Each piece is made up of shorter sections, often divided by moments of silence, almost as if they touched on an idea, left it and then kept its nerve while waiting for the next one. Each has its own logic: some have contrasting themes, some are quiet with guitar harmonics percolating underneath the horns, and some are intense fullout playing from start to finish. This music repays repeated listening. (Available from ACTA Records, 23b Charteris Road, Finsbury Park, London N4 3AA).

So far, all this could be described roughly as improvised music. **Before My Time** by **Lol Coxhill** cannot, except for the fact that all the musicians (**Dave Green** bass, **Paul Rutherford** trombone/euphonium, **Bruce Turner** and Coxhill, reeds) are coming from extensive improvised music backgrounds. But then Lol Coxhill is a category unto himself anyway. His playing experience includes everyone from Alexis Korner to Chris Macgregor's Brotherhood of Breath to Henry Cow to playing in the street. This last is probably good preparation for Before My Time, a collection of New Orleans standards. There is definitely an outdoor feel to the music and at the same time it is not just a recreation. In Coxhill's words "it is approached from diverse points". The players combine playing with a free feeling with some free playing and come up with an entertaining and original combination. Most of the tunes have singing (wonderful lyrics), some have bird sounds (*What A Friend*), some are free (*Down The Line*). The ensemble sound ranges from calypso (*Huggin' Girl*) to Sally Ann brass band (*Sidewalks of New York*).

Lol Coxhill is also featured on **Hello We Must Be Going - A Selection of Marx Brothers Goodies** by **The Melody Four** which also appears to be a nostalgia record at first glance. The Melody Four is made up of three musicians – Coxhill, **Tony Coe** on tenor saxophone and clarinet and **Steve Beresford** on keyboards and a variety of other instruments (all three sing). The music is a celebration of the Marx Brothers both through tunes that appeared in the movies and original pieces by the trio (quartet?). But this is much more than your typical "tribute" record. On the jacket it quotes one of their songs – "Minnie Marx's minimarxes made Marxist minions of us all" and this conveys the general tone of this project. The songs from the movies manage to avoid being nostalgic while keeping the charm of the original performances. It's as if the Melody Four has the same ironic distance from the tunes that the Marx Brothers had. The singing is wonderfully bad throughout. For example, it takes a special kind of singer to do justice to lines like these from *Lydia the Tattooed Lady* – "she has eyes that folks / adore and her torso even more so / Lydia, oh, Lydia / the encyclopidia..." These renderings seem to recall long hours spent in rep theatres in various altered states of consciousness.

The original pieces are something else again. *Alone* is a slick ballad worthy of Al Green. *Margaret Du Monk* is an infectious composition accompanied by background coughing and Coxhill's Autreyesque vocal on *Riding the Range* is splendid, complete with horse's hooves.

The overall flavour of this record, as well as "Before My Time", reminds me of Dennis Potter's TV series Pennies From Heaven and The Singing Detective: suave, funny, emotional beneath a surface of nostalgia and brought off just right.

These records do not fit neatly into the category of "free music" but they demonstrate another kind of musical freedom – freedom to play whatever kind of music you feel like, however you want, which may be the result of a sustained environment open to experimentation and improvisation. (Available from New Music Distribution Service, 500 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012).

# SUSAN CHEN * THE NEW FACES

Susan Chen, a 34 year old pianist/composer, and New Yorker by residence; began life in Lafayette, Indiana, the same state that spawned jazz greats J.J. Johnson, Freddie Hubbard and the late Wes Montgomery. Chen's mother dreamed of young Susan becoming a concert pianist. In fact Susan Chen did appear as a guest soloist with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra at the age of 10! Chen says: "I just got into music when I was only about 7. I used to peck around on this tiny toy piano, so my mother finally gave me lessons. So, she made me practise for hours and hours a day. And I hated it, but – in a way I really liked it because it made her leave me alone." Though Chen attended Oberlin she speaks candidly about her experience there. "I was playing classical music, until I was about 17 and I totally quit playing. Because I got so disgusted with this conservatory. I said, there's got to be a way to play your own music spontaneously. Not have it written down and be able to improvise whatever you feel, and that's the great thing about jazz". During the early 1970's Chen lived in Los Angeles for 7 years, at that time she frequented a number of jazz clubs as a listener. In search of the sound of jazz and the knowledge. Eventually, Chen heard pianist Alan Broadbent play with the late vocalist, Irene Kral and asked Broadbent for lessons. Within two lessons he sent her to saxophonist Warne Marsh (died in Dec. 1987) whom she studied under and later became the pianist in his group.

When she moved to the East Coast, Chen studied under the tutelage of blind master jazz piano teacher Lennie Tristano. Under Tristano she learned to get in touch with her own sound on the piano. Although she studied only 4 months with Tristano before he suddenly died, Chen wasn't left in limbo.

"I remember my first lesson with him. He just set up everything so orderly and beautifully, in a way it was so easy to comprehend for me. I'm talking about years of actual work, so when he died, I wasn't left going away in the deep. I knew, I just had to learn my stuff. That's what I love most about him, his thing was you don't imitate anybody! You don't learn Charlie Parker solos from transcriptions. You don't just memorize notes, so he was really great."

Chen participated in workshops but felt indifferent about that situation. "It didn't hit home – never learned one thing from workshops! All they do is tell you what scales to play with what chords, it didn't mean anything, it didn't hit home!" Chen came to jazz rather late, in her early 20's, though listening to her perform you'd think otherwise. First experiencing big bands, then saxophonist Lester Young and vocalist Billie Holiday. "I remember, somebody played some Lester Young. It was Lester Young's *Poundcake*, the first time I heard Lester play *Poundcake* I just listened to it over and over and over. I said I never heard anything so beautiful in my whole life. Then I heard Bud Powell, and that really knocked me out"! In the fall of 1984 Chen went on a European tour with Warne Marsh saxophone, Frank Canino bass, Tim Pleasant drums. The tour included stops in Paris (the New Morning club), Rotterdam, where the group participated in the Heineken Jazz Festival, also various cities in Norway and radio shows. Usually, when a group tours Europe, at some point they are recorded. But for Chen and her cohorts this apparently did not occur. I say apparently because jazz festivals like the Heineken are often recorded.

But more important than abstractions and speculation, the sound of Susan Chen has been documented on records. The albums: **Warne Marsh and Susan Chen** (Interplay Records IP-8601, P.O. Box 9135, Calabasas, CA 91302) is an album of improvised duets; whereas the **Greg Marvin** (Hi-Hat Records, CM-1, c/o 21 Park Ave., Ardsley, NY 10502) album you can hear them in a quartet setting that includes George Mraz, bass and Akira Tana, drums. Fans who may not be cognizant of the jazz life might think that recordings and a European tour signal dollar signs and work; this is not always the case. New York has presented problems for Susan Chen. Finding steady work for herself has been sporadic. Though she did have a steady gig for a 5-month period. Posing the question: being an Asian-American (Chinese) woman playing jazz – does that stifle you from working as a jazz pianist?

"Oh yeah! I think there's a general prejudice about it, I really do. It's nothing that's said, as usual it's all unsaid. But they say all kinds of stuff as excuses not to hire you – "you're too technical", "you're too good"... for a sleazy dump! I feel like if I were a man, be it black or white, I'd be hired. It's just not a hip thing to walk into a place and see an Asian woman playing piano! Especially a tiny, small... like, you should be big, whatever. It's this image of what a jazz pianist should look like! You know, and I really completely don't fit it!"

Although Chen has had her battles with inept club owners, she has seen blue although the skies have been grey. She has worked at The Lido, Hanratty's and has had a steady job at the Metropolis Cafe. On a visit to Los Angeles, in 1985, she played at the Silver Screen Room in the Hyatt Hotel in Hollywood, California.

Jazz at best is a very fortuitous music to "make it in", especially when you play the acoustic grand piano. Taking everything into consideration Susan Chen is not bitter. She recently told me she sees a light in the tunnel. Let's hope that light finds her and shines brightly on Susan Chen. She is one talented lady of the piano.

*– Ron Sagye La Rue*

Photograph by Ron Sagye La Rue

# BRED IN THE BONE

**ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**
**Not Yet**
**Soul Note 121 105-1 (CD:121 105-2)**

**STEVE TURRE**
**Fire and Ice**
**Stash ST-275 (CD: ST-CD-7)**

**BOB STEWART**
**First Line**
**JMT 834 414-1 (CD: 834-414-2)**

**RAY ANDERSON**
**Blues Bred in the Bone**
**Enja 5081-1 (CD: 5081-2)**

**LEE KONITZ and ALBERT MANGELSDORFF**
**Art of the Duo**
**Enja 5059**

**CARL FONTANA**
**The Great Fontana**
**Uptown UP27 28 (also on CD)**

**THE BRASS CONNECTION**
**A Five Star Edition**
**Innovation JC-0015**

**RIO**
**Ron Johnston, Ian McDougall and Oliver Gannon**
**Innovation JC 0017**

ROBIN EUBANKS (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

Give the trombonist some; he's always faced an uphill battle for respect. His steady accompaniment was essential to the New Orleans ensemble sound yet was often overlooked as cornet and clarinet solos grabbed the lion's share of attention. Even **Kid Ory**, the instrument's first great master, was sometimes underrated because his strengths were as an ensemble player rather than as a soloist.

Things admittedly looked up for the 'bone during the big band's heyday, with such as **Jack Teagarden** and **Dickie Wells** holding their own with the trumpet stars. But then came bop, the new jazz whose manic complexities collided with the physical demands of the trombone slide and embouchure. **JJ Johnson** and **Kai Winding** were up to the challenge, but few other tailgaters were. The trombone was abruptly edged out of the jazz limelight.

Yet the 'bone endures, and its musical possibilities continue to multiply in the hands of succeeding generations. To listen to this group of releases is to hear the range of potential roles for an instrument too rarely given the spotlight.

Particularly stimulating are the players who in some settings are mindful of the trombone's traditions while pushing against the past in other projects. **Robin Eubanks**, for example, often plays close to the cutting edge of jazz in groups such as the Dave Holland Quintet. On **"Not Yet"** he changes musical identity to sound entirely comfortable within the strict confines of Art Blakey's hard bop.

Eubanks has big shoes to fill. In the past, whenever The Master (Blakey) has departed from his classic sax-and-trumpet front line to add a trombone, he's hired formidable figures – Johnson, Curtis Fuller, Julian Priester. Eubanks plays with the burnished exactitude of these men, perhaps buoyed by his relative seniority (Blakey aside!) within this latest Messengers line-up. Even by Blakey standards, this is a young band – Eubanks is 32, pianist **Benny Green** 25, bassist **Peter Washington** and trumpeter **Philip Harper** both 23 and tenorist **Javon Jackson** (who penned the title tune) a mere 22.

If these striplings can't quite match the soloing strength of the recent Blanchard and Harrison version of the Messengers, their ensemble work glows with fiery precision. Is it ever otherwise with the Blakey bands?

**Steve Turre**'s bread and butter gig is with the Saturday Night Live band while his recent jazz work includes Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy and The Vibration Society, a homage to Rahsaan Roland Kirk. With a recent resume that seems to cover everything but the mainstream, then, it's perhaps unusual to see Turre teamed on his second album as a leader with the elegantly conservative pianist **Cedar Walton**. (There's a Blakey connection here, too; Turre and Walton were fellow Messengers in the early 70s).

Yet **"Fire and Ice"** is very much Turre's work, showing all the freshness and surprise of his most "outside" projects. The prime innovation is the use on four of the seven cuts of **Quartette Indigo**, a string quartet that includes the brilliant violinist **John Blake** and Turre's wife, cellist **Akua Dixon**.

Jazz's relationship with strings has been an uneasy one at best, but here Turre – who also produced the session – makes it work. Nowhere do the quartet members offer conventional, syrupy support; they interact fully with the Turre group, both as an ensemble and as soloists.

The strings are especially welcome on the album's two chestnuts. *Mood Indigo* is Turre's nod to "Butter" Jackson, the Ellington alumnus who sat beside Turre in the Thad Jones / Mel Lewis band and whose specialty was plunger-mute solos in the Sam Nanton vein. The swell of the strings, never saccharine, reinforces the topsy turvy sway of Turre's plunger work. Dixon's cello solo further evokes the Duke with its reminders of Ray Nance's violin.

As well as the swinging charm of its string arrangement, Benny Carter's *When*

*Lights Are Low* is marked by Turre's use of the Harmon mute. Turre writes in the liner notes that he's trying to establish the Harmon, long used by trumpeters, as a trombone sound as well.

So good are Turre and company (drummer **Billy Higgins** and bassist **Buster Williams** round out the quartet) throughout this set that they almost save the session's single clunker: a nine-minute-plus version of Stevie Wonder's *You Are The Sunshine Of My Life*.

Turre is in tuba player **Bob Stewart**'s quintet for **"First Line"**, a project very different in conception from his own, yet equally satisfying. Where **"Fire and Ice"** is lush and full, Stewart's album is tantalizing in its spareness. There's no bass player; guitarist **Kelvyn Bell** and drummer **Idris Muhammad** (he of those slick CTI sessions of the 70s) maintain a steady, soulful pulse, occasionally embellished by graceful touches from percussionist **Arto Tunyoboyaci**. Stewart holds down the bottom, sometimes locking with the rhythm section in funky, repeating figures, sometimes joining Turre and trumpeter **Stanton Davis** in unison playing that's all the more taut and exciting for the space around it.

As a nod to the tuba's trad roots, perhaps, four Stewart originals and two Arthur Blythe compositions are augmented by three traditional pieces. Most intriguing is Stewart's solo version of *Motherless Child*, the mournfulness of which hearkens back to those New Orleans jazz funerals.

**Ray Anderson's "Blues Bred in the Bone"**, a 1988 New York session, is suffused with the lighter side of New Orleans. This is a joyous, if occasionally untidy, musical gumbo served up by a very strong quintet including **John Scofield** on guitar and **Anthony Davis** on piano.

Loose and loose-lipped as ever, Anderson slips, slurs, slides and jives his way through four originals and three standards. Yet he's more than a state-of-the-art "gutbucketer"; his playing also reveals ample control and sensitivity. Examples from this session include a tender version of the Strayhorn ballad *A Flower Is A Lovesome Thing*. Anderson's jiving is never camp, either - no cheesy Patsy Cline and Platters covers a la Lester Bowie mar **"Blues Bred in the Bone"**.

Anderson produced the session himself - and therin may lie its weakness. For all the album's strengths, **"Blues Bred in the Bone"** is unfocused and loose to a fault. As with seeing Anderson and Davis live in Anderson's quartet, one might have preferred to hear a little more piano and a little less horn. Scofield's blazing musical personality, too, seems muted here. Indeed, having Anderson, Davis and Scofield playing together emerges as too much of a good thing. The sound is cluttered, reducing clear enjoyment of the interaction between Anderson and his cohorts.

For pure, uncrowded musical chemistry, turn instead to **"Art of the Duo"**, a magnificent collaboration between **Albert Mangelsdorff** and **Lee Konitz**. Konitz may be the perfect duo partner; his finely spun alto lines possess a purity and egolessness that makes them infinitely adaptable and accommodating. Mangelsdorff brings to the session a deep respect for Konitz; Peter Wiessmuller's liner notes quote him, as early as the 50s, expressing a desire "to do on the trombone what Lee Konitz does on the saxophone."

There is also Mangelsdorff's extraordinary range of trombone tones. He, after all, is the player who astonished the 1975 Montreux festival by singing through his horn, creating as many as four simultaneous tones in the process. Mangelsdorff uses this overtone technique heavily on the session, creating an eerie half-voice; half horn harmonic counterpoint to Konitz. Yet, for all of Mangelsdorff's eccentricities, this is immensely accessible music; ten graceful originals and one standard (*Creole Love Call*) that demonstrate the art of the duet at its peak.

A veteran of Woody Herman and Kai Winding bands, **Carl Fontana** descended into the netherworld of Las Vegas showbands for a decade or more before being rediscovered in the 80s. Symbolic of his neglect by the recording industry is the fact that **"The Great Fontana"**, recorded in 1985 when he was 57, is Fontana's first record as a leader. And a very good one it is.

Despite Fontana's big band experience, the album is in the bebop mainstream vein he says he's most comfortable in. That comfort shows in his playing – fast, fluent, and undeniably original, especially in its phrasing. Fontana breaks up bars into skittering flurries of notes, each falling a little off where you're expecting; you hang on to his every phrase. Beside Fontana, the steady and swinging tenor playing of **Al Cohn** sounds more steady and swinging than ever, and the contrast is delightful. Rounding out this excellent effort is a young yet disciplined rhythm section (**Ray Drummond**, bass; **Richard Wyands**, piano; **Akira Tana**, drums) and pristine production by Rudy Van Gelder.

Fontana shows up again on **"A Five Star Edition"**, an ambitious third album by the ambitious Toronto-based trombone colussus **The Brass Connection**. The Connection was made nine years ago, when surgeon and trombonist **Doug Hamilton** called four of Toronto's best trombonists and assembled a first-rate rhythm section to back them. After two albums on their own, Hamilton set out on a two-year effort to assemble four star trombonists to headline on The Connection's next recording. Joining Fontana is **Jiggs Whigham**, a Miller and Kenton band veteran, **Bill Watrous** of the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge and **Ian McDougall**, once of Boss Brass, Herman and Maynard Ferguson. And then there are the Connection's three other tenor trombonists and single bass trombonist.

The result, not unpredictably, is a feast for fans of mainstream trombone. There is an overal gentleness here, with ballads predominating and the brass sound recalling the soft familiarity of the Boss Brass. Each of the four stars takes two features each, and the chance to compare styles is delightful: the soft, flugelhornish tone of Watrous beside the sharper attack of Whigham, say, or the loping geniality of McDougall next to Fontana's staccato phrasing.

Despite the session's generally reflective mood, there are moments of excitement too, particularly in the fine ensemble work. If there is a tailgaters' heaven, the sound must be something like the opening chorus to the Connection's version of *Airegin*. It begins with several horns, accompanied only by drummer **Jerry Fuller**, carving the jagged contours of Sonny Rollins' composition before all six trombones roar in to set up Jiggs Whigham for an inventive solo that's full of risks and rewards.

Ian McDougall – lead trombonist in the Connection, and composer of about half of **"A Five Star Edition"** – wears a

different hat, one more intimate and snugly fitting, on **"RIO."** McDougall, in his liner notes for the album, describes the unusual trombone/keyboards/guitar configuration as "a chamber-jazz concept.. After a great deal of thought and discussion as to whether to include a bassist and drummer, we finally decided that.... we could swing without the addition of anyone else."

In lesser hands than those of McDougall, guitarist **Oliver Gannon** and keyboard **Ron Johnston**, the experiment might have faltered. But rather than miss a rhythm section, or wish for a more conventional trio, one listens to **"RIO"** to enjoy musical interaction as fascinating and offbeat as the instrumentation itself. Although all three musicians play on every piece, they're constantly yet unobtrusively bowing in and out. Many pieces, then, develop into seamless and rotating duets, even unaccompanied solos. Gannon, for example, rather than chording along behind Johnston as McDougall solos, will often drop out to pick things up again when the solo is over.

Given how these three thrive inside the usual configuration, it's only too bad they decided to add an occasional, electronic fourth member to the band. The three least successful pieces on **"RIO"** are those where a bass line sequenced on a MIDI machine drones along, adding a leaden, unvarying element to an otherwise highly flexible line-up.

The flexibility of these three extends to their individual styles as well. Bass sequencing aside, Johnston exploits the subtleties possible with careful synthesizer programming – lending a chiming tone here, a gentle marimba sound there.

Gannon plays most in the straight-ahead style that's made him an invaluable part of Fraser MacPherson's trios over the years, but also shows artistic surprise. On **"Search"** and **"RIO"**, the Gannon compositions that kick off each side, his shimmering ethereality evokes Pat Metheny – a long stretch from Gannon's usual Burrellish tendencies.

McDougall sounds at home throughout, a big-band stalwart able to bask in an intimate and unusual setting. Like many of today's best trombonists, McDougall is both reverent of tradition and racing ahead of it. He's a tailgater unafraid to take the odd risk.

# FRANK MORGAN AND CEDAR WALTON

Sunday: the twilight of a three day jazz festival, and I was pleasantly run-down, scanning a revised press schedule of the night's wrap-up events.

"Mind if I look over your shoulder?" It was a voice – low, throaty – you dream of. I looked up at the equally attractive reality, statuesque, of a woman in a fur (I think it was fur, but it might have just been fulgent) coat. She sat down and we chatted: she an artist from L.A., specializing in portraits of jazz musicians; I a weekend journalist who'd just had the privilege of interviewing my favorite pianist, Hank Jones – which I told her about. She said she wanted to do a painting of him someday.

"Why Hank?" I asked.

"Because I admire him so much, and wish more people did."

I told her that was why I was writing about him, and we talked writing and art and jazz concerts and she said I might consider doing an article on her friend, a musician – but I didn't catch his name, and then settled back for the evening's first set, Richie Cole's Alto Madness, featuring Charles McPherson and a player I was curious about, Frank Morgan, described in the program as a man who had recently overcome "significant personal problems," and made an album called "Easy Living" with the Cedar Walton Trio. I thought this a curious entry: not just personal problems, but *significant* ones. What could that mean?

Just then the lady left, saying, "I'm going down to my seat so I can listen to Frank now." My temporary guest had been Frank Morgan's companion of ten years, Rosalinda Kolb.

*What might have been.* A year and a half has passed, and I am just now (having been royally scooped of course; the man is "hot property") getting around to writing an article on her friend. Why have I waited so long? I have, within that time, heard lots of Morgan's music, both live and on record, but I could not find a comfortable spot in my mind for the *legend* – one which has grown steadily from "significant personal problems" to his successful performance in "Prison-Made Tuxedos," a New York play based on Morgan's life. The title refers to attire worn at Sunday afternoon concerts Morgan and fellow San Quentin inmate/

jazzmen – such as Art Pepper and Dupree Bolton – gave as members of the "Warden's Band." Morgan, who has conceded that he once acted his way through a $1600 a day habit, had spent the greater share of three decades in prison.

It's the stuff that plays (and real life) are made of, yet I wished to keep my listening free of legend. That wasn't easy. Jazz is full of it: the legendary Lady Day, Bird, Monk, Miles, Dexter Gordon. How separate the life from the music? Why, with so many fine horn and reed practitioners around, did I honestly find that Morgan played with more *feeling*, more genuine emotion, than the rest? I tried to hear him, not San Quentin. I have a strong belief that one of the miracles (yes, miracles) of jazz consists of a gifted individual, within the close and abiding context of a group, going deep into the structure of the music, and himself. The process is one of inner discovery, not unmitigated freedom or flight. And we, lucky souls, get to witness, hear, share this excursion. That, for me, is what makes jazz so exciting: the art that comes up out of this calculated yet improvised romp through choice and possibility. So what – the external legend set aside – was I hearing from Morgan?

Lots. First there was the skill accumulated over forty-three years (Morgan, the "new Bird," released his first album shortly before he was busted in 1955), his Marsalis-like precocity (he was adept on clarinet at ten) converted to solid musical experience. But mostly there was deep feeling. Cedar Walton has commented on the way Morgan *fondles* phrases and notes, on his passion, and how, when playing ballads and Morgan stops, Walton himself will begin to improvise "because I'm very moved." That may be understatement. Frank Morgan can tear your heart apart. Whatever hard circumstances he has known, his music is infused with a tenderness that takes one by surprise.

In the manner of instrumentalists associated with vocalists (Lester Young), Morgan seems to dig the lyrics of love songs, or at least the acute mood of them, and he truly *sings* – what Young called telling a "story" – imbuing the all too available 7-11 stuff with the warmth, sincerity and confidentiality of a club vocalist. When a song (*Until It's Time For You to Go*) says "Don't ask why... don't ask forever of me," Morgan enunciates the painful request, harsh, caressing, and then begins to swing (literally, Buster Williams' bass leading the way) into the only tolerable response: the joy of the moment, a low-key bounce. A master of the whole vocabulary – pinched tones, overt wail, deflated or abruptly designated notes, reluctant, ruffled, unrequited – Morgan is as agile as Astaire, adept at slow dance, turning the common agony into his own love story and back into ours again. And, should ordinary tenderness fail, he can square the frightening frivolous issue of love away with the blues ("I believe it's possible and even recommended to play the blues on everything," he has said), lending even *Love Story* some San Quentin-gray shading, squeezing a touch of *Old Folks* into J.J. Johnson's *Lament*.

If Morgan's tenderness comes as a surprise, his respect for bop does not. It was the era, for good or ill, which made him. On ensemble-stated classics such as *Parker's Mood, Well You Needn't*, or *Half Nelson*, he can run off the best of worry-bead lines, firm, mobile, just the right number of small escape hatches, some respite, along the way, the playing so liquid he seems to slide through the

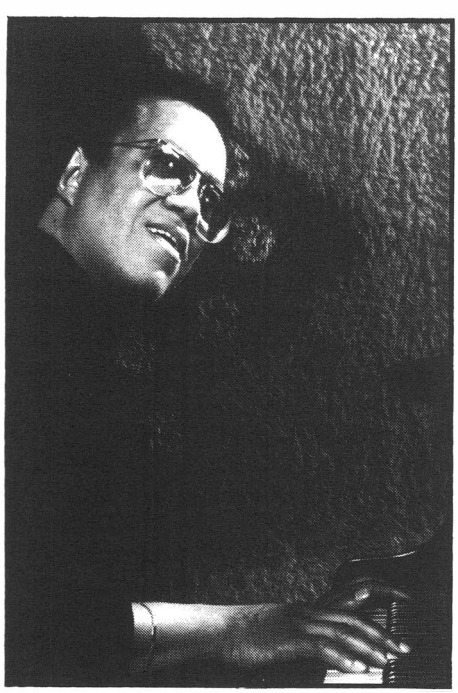
FRANK MORGAN (Photograph by Peter Danson)

changes as if they weren't there – like those Chinese sages who emerged from torrential rivers unscathed, because they'd simply followed all the natural vortexes. He can multiply the gospel joy of George Cables' *I Told You So*; fold and tuck notes in small corners of inviting changes on *All the Things You Are*; just plain blow hard (one for the balcony fans) on *Perdido*.

You won't find much straining to surpass what's merely human: few acidic alien exoticisms, somnolent modal reiterations – very little insistence on territorial rights. There's power, but it's seldom strident; the respect is for the here and now. Plenty of people have paid dues, suffered agony, but that fact alone has never guaranteed the artistic success of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, or the sound of Frank Morgan. How much the legend contributes to that sound is anybody's guess, but the musical voice remains: a high, pinched alto cry that might run the risk of sounding thin if it weren't so damn *blue*, beseeching, arms thrust in the air, a gentle version of Munch's famous painting, "The Scream."

One is grateful to Rosalinda Kolb for introducing her friend.

Last fall Frank Morgan was slated to appear at the 30th Annual Monterey Jazz Festival, with the Cedar Walton Trio. A resident of the area, I planned to see and hear them, but was reluctant to try for an interview with the former (everybody was doing Morgan; Francis Davis' article "West Coast Ghost" would appear in the October *Atlantic*; Morgan had been interviewed for *Newsweek* and *CBS Sunday*; what was left to ask him?), but I did have hopes of talking to Walton who, aside from Hank Jones (my link to Rosalinda Kolb), was my favorite jazz pianist: one quite instrumental, on record, to the Frank Morgan revival.



I did my homework. They'd made three albums together ("Easy Living", "Lament", "Bebop Lives!"), and Walton, if more subdued emotionally, a stoic counterpart, was equal to Morgan on each, the respect apparent in the albums' interplay ("Cedar is a monster," Morgan had said. "I love his capabilities. Whenever I play with him, rare magic becomes possible"). And magic there was, although Walton was no stranger to it. He'd put in his share of first-rate performances while Morgan, serving time, was creating the legend: first with the Jazz Messengers (that not-so-bad band that also housed Freddie Hubbard, Curtis Fuller, Wayne Shorter), Walton having shown his range, which is encyclopedic, from cascading solo traversals on hard bop tunes such as *The High Priest* to brooding seesaw chords and crisp clean runs on *Never Never Land* to his own song, *Ugetsu* ("Fantasy" in Japanese), a swinging modal meditation somewhat reminiscent of *So What*.

He'd also played with Milt Jackson, who calls Walton his favorite pianist "now and Bud Powell then"; but Walton's full authority seems most apparent on an album he produced, "Eastern Rebellion". There, his commanding presence among such fine players as Sam Jones, Billy Higgins and George Coleman shows whose gig it is, especially on John Coltrane's *Naima*, where, following a luxuriant piano intro, Walton explores a wide range of tonalities in his own solo: rolling excursions over chordal hills, reinforced single notes, top to bottom runs, trills, Latin evocations, Monk space or soft Basie playfulness – you name it, it's there. He also has a solo album that shows other sides: quiet weekend impressionism, some sunlit ebullience on Sunday Suite, reflective structural explorations, concert hall grandeur, the Tatum-quick, witty, pleasantly quirky right hand, intricate satin-swirl melody – the album a showcase for Walton's highly individual finesse and feeling.

I was excited about seeing and hearing Walton and Frank Morgan together, and hopeful over the prospect of an interview with the former. Unfortunately, I was ill on the day I'd made potential plans to talk with Walton, but I was determined not to miss their set on Sunday evening.

When I arrived a journalist friend claimed that all I'd missed that afternoon was four hours of California High School Jazz Competition winners capped by the appearance of a six and a half year-old singer belting out *Fly Me to the Moon* and *Bye Bye Blackbird*.

"She sings about love," a woman sitting next to me said.

"What (unless she's truly precocious) can she know about that at six?"

"Nothin'," the woman responded. "And she didn't have no perfect pitch either."

"Well, you'll hear the real thing now," I said to her and my friend, Morgan and Walton about to come on. "It doesn't get any better than this."

It didn't; it doesn't. The interaction *was* magical. Of course, having the perpetually smiling Billy Higgins on hand never hurts; a man who seems to possess ten times the options that many drummers have, and makes full and tasteful use of them – his very presence acting like a charm. "What Is This Thing Called Love?" the group asked (David Williams on bass), and the answer may well be listening to a performance like this: four musicians totally at home with one another, truly listening to one another, locked in that mutual act of self-discovery based on respect, their imagination never seeming to flag, nor invention to run out. It's a victory of emotion and choice; and these guys even looked good: Morgan spry in baggy white bop trousers and black shirt, Williams standup stately, Higgins spreading his cosmic joy, Walton a no-nonsense counterpart in a tan suit, wiping his accomplished hands on his trousers after his solo.

I arranged to phone him in San Francisco, where he'd be playing at Milestones the following weekend. I had five pages

of notes on music he'd made in the past, and a host of serious questions. He was a serious artist and I was looking forward to the interview, having read a number of perceptive statements on record jackets: commentary on producing an album ("the enhancement of a concept that was inherent in my character ... an enlargement of my ability to focus on coordination"), on avoiding the old sax-melody, solo, solo, fours and out syndrome ("Everything is structured. Loosely, but everything has a different flavor, a color to it"). I wanted to know about color and coordination, and about composing, since Walton was one of my favorites (after Ellington and Monk, along with Tadd Dameron and Horace Silver) in this area also.

I was also curious about a situation that I felt Walton shared with an artist such as Hank Jones: both were masters, yet it seemed that, publically, they'd not really been given their full due. This observation had been made on albums and in reviews, critics claiming that Walton was "not often or loudly enough praised," that he was "often neglected but always cooking," "revered with undaunting respect by his musical contemporaries" but "overlooked too long by too much of the audience." How does a musician feel about that, I wondered. To what degree did it bother him?

I phoned on a Saturday morning. There was a loud buzz in the background.

"Shall I hang up and try again?"

"I can hear you all right." A gruff, morning (musician's) voice.

I plunged right into my major concern: how did it feel to be a master pianist who didn't have the public recognition he deserved. I quoted some of the statements I'd jotted down.

"I never read that. I never saw that," he snapped back. (Oh oh, I thought, this tune isn't going right).

When I asked him about "loose structure," about going beyond just solos and fours he mentioned "experience and knowledge," and when I pressed him a bit on that he said he didn't "see any additional explanation," said this interview was "very painful," and, when I asked him another question, he hung up.

For a couple of days I walked around wearing a range of emotions worthy of a solo by Frank Morgan or Cedar Walton. Frustration, anger, chagrin, confusion, self-incrimination, shamed, surprise, spite. What had I done wrong? I, obviously, hadn't shifted gears fast enough. I hadn't been able to run through the changes. I should have just let him tell *his* story. Fortunately, every journalist I talked to after had a tale about someone once having hung up on him (some downright embarrassing), so I didn't feel so bad. After a time I began to see the humor in this, my "interview." Hours and hours of listening, pages and pages of notes, and what did I have to show for it? About thirty-two words: hardly enough to write the gospel according to Cedar Walton.

I recently watched a PBS five minute special on Frank Morgan, one that opens with black and white – mostly gray – shots of San Quentin, and ends with the saxophonist playing atop a redwood deck overlooking a colorful California. Inside stand a grand piano and paintings by Rosalinda Kolb. "I think I heard my voice," Morgan says, speaking of when he encountered Charlie Parker, "*that* voice, a very special thing that only we hear ... the epitome of what you would like to be or do." I thought of the two fine artists I'd set out to write about – *not* planning to interview one; hoping to talk extensively with the other – and I smiled, and laughed, just as Morgan was smiling and laughing when he spoke of being a "fugitive" when he made the record that has led to his rediscovery ("Hang on," he'd told his parole officer, "I'm coming in, but not until I finish the album"). I thought of him giving lavish doses of himself to a public that, perhaps too much, loves this sort of thing. And I thought of Cedar Walton, about whom I still, outside the music, know little or nothing. One man is *very* public; the other seems to wish to remain quite private. One has an expansive legend; the other has the legend of not being well known. Yet there remains something inaccessible about each: the real story residing in the middle perhaps. We journalists may end up with just what we deserve: which is the music. And it doesn't come any better, I still believe, than Frank Morgan and Cedar Walton. When I listen to that music now, I feel I truly know both performers – their secrets kept so well and yet so poorly by this rich revealing art of inner discovery they have allowed us to listen to.

# CANADIAN JAZZ ON RECORD

**MOE KOFFMAN QUINTET**
**Oop Pop A Da**
**Duke Street Records DSR 31048**

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**OLIVER JONES TRIO**
**Cookin At Sweet Basil**
**Justin Time Records JUST 25-1**

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**ROB McCONNELL**
**The Boss of the Boss Brass**
**Duke Street Records DSR 31044**

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**EUGENE AMARO**
**Innovation Records JC0016**

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**JEAN BEAUDET QUARTET**
**Justin Time Records JTR 8407-1**

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**JOHN MacLEOD**
**Ruin**
**Unity Records WRC 1-5797**

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**ROB PILTCH**
**Duke Street Records**
**DSR 31047**

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**BOB ERLENDSON**
**Solo Piano**
**Gibob Records WRC 1-5588**

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**MOREEN MERIDEN**
**In Pulse**
**WRC 1-5636**

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**KAREN YOUNG & MICHEL DONATO**
**Contredanse**
**Justin Time Records JTR 8410-1**

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This is my second crack at reviewing the work of Canadian artists exclusively and once again I find it be, for the most part, a pleasurable and rewarding task.

A long time, highly visible exponent of Canadian Jazz, reedman **Moe Koffman** is probably best remembered as the composer of *Swingin' Shepherd Blues*. **"Oop Pop A Da"**, the most recent addition to his discography, is an ebullient, easy to take small group date. There are no real surprises save for the fact that bebop pioneer Dizzy Gillespie turns up on the title track; his energetic trumpet (not as sharp and brilliant as in years past, but still extremely effective) and vocal paving the way for Koffman's hot, fluid alto and solid solos by guitarist **Ed Bickert**, pianist **Bernie Senensky** and drummer **Barry Elmes**. Koffman's pure-toned flute coalesces beautifully with Bickert's warm, soothing chords on a tender reading of the Strayhorn classic *Lush Life*. The composing talents of the leader are represented by the lighthearted calypso *Fried Banana, Elies Dream* (yet another vehicle for his agile flute work) and the Latin-tinged *No Siesta Eees Fiesta*. The standard of musicianship throughout is consistently high however, there is a tendency at times to fall back on the pat and predictable. It is only with the reappearance of Gillespie for a rendering of his immortal *Night In Tunisia* that the level of intensity is again raised a few notches. The title of Bernie Senensky's closing piece, *Fun*, just about sums up the overall feeling of this good but by no means outstanding record.

With the release of **"Cookin' At Sweet Basil"** (his seventh recording for the Justin Time Label) **Oliver Jones** joins the ranks of a number of other distinguished musicians (Art Blakey, Gil Evans, David Murray, Abdullah Ibrahim to name a few) who have seen fit to record at one of New York's most illustrious jazz bistros. A virtuoso pianist, Jones' jazz roots run deep, coursing through the rich soil tilled by such masters as Tatum, Hines, Garner and fellow countryman

JEAN BEAUDET (Photograph by Peter Danson)

Oscar Peterson with whom he shared the same teacher in Peterson's sister. Supplying expert accompaniment, bassist **Dave Young** and drummer **Terry Clarke** join with Jones in forming a close knit trio that works its way through a durable batch of originals and standards. *Snuggles*, the opening tune, is built to a heady climax while on the bluesy, Gospel-flavoured *Looking For Lou*, Jones sets and sustains a comfortable groove. His gentle side comes through on two lovely ballads *The Sweetnesss Of You* and the ever popular *My Funny Valentine*. Clarke's syncopated accents introduce the quick tempoed *Bossa For CC* and his crisp four-bar exchanges add a boost to the Frank Loesser standard *If I Were A Bell*. Given an opportunity to shine, bassist Dave Young plucks and bows his way through several cuts including the final *Stay Young*. If you have a healthy appetite for swinging, mainstream jazz, by all means try a helping of Oliver Jones' good **"Cookin' At Sweet Basil"**.

A far cry from the shouting horns and stomping, flag waving style of the Boss Brass, **Rob McConnell's "Boss of the Boss Brass"** features the deep, burnished sound of his valve trombone bathed in a plush orchestral setting that includes a host of strings. Aimed at a much wider audience, it is an ideal record to relax with after a hard day's work, or as background while having dinner or doing chores around the house. The format is divided between five well chosen McConnell charts and five old tried and true standbys. There are various guest soloists **(Guido Basso, Ed Bickert, Don Thompson** and **Rick Wilkins)** who crop up now and then, but this is basically McConnell's show and he handles it well. Never straying too far from the melody, he makes the best of his surroundings. There is little here for a dyed in the wool aficionado, nevertheless it may be of some interest to the completist or an out and out McConnell fanatic.

Much of the same can be said about saxophonist-flutist **Eugene Amaro**'s new album simply entitled **"Eugene Amaro."** A key member of the Boss Brass, he has also worked with Woody Herman, Quincy Jones and has spent a lot of time in the studios doing jingles, film scores and the like. However, Amaro is not merely a slick studio player; he has a natural feel for jazz which is relected in the way he handles his chosen instruments (tenor, alto and flute). A small group context would have probably given Amaro more of a chance to unwind and cut loose, but here he is hemmed in much of the time by mediocre arrangements and an oversized orchestra – again augmented by a string section – that never really allows him to move into high gear. There are moments when he does rise above this lethargic environment but they are few and far between. I look forward to hearing from Amaro again, but next time let's hope he serves up more meat and potatoes and less sweet, syrupy dessert.

With the neo-classicists grabbing the lion's share of the spotlight these days, it's always nice to run across a group of musicians who are willing to break with tradition by adopting a freer, more adventurous stance on improvisation. Pianist **Jean Beaudet** and company most certainly fit the bill in this department. Fueled by Beaudet's loosely constructed compositions, the quartet embarks on an intense, high energy excursion that seldom lets up; the exceptions being the contemplative *Parsifal* and the brooding, dirge-like *Si j'avais su*. Tenor saxophonist **Yannick Rieu** combines a lean, muscular sound with a bold, razor-edged attack while Beaudet's playing emits a restless energy that I find particularly striking. Doing a fine job both collectively and individually, bassist **Normand Guilbeault** and drummer **Michel Ratte** maintain a strong presence from first cut to last. Although this date holds a great deal of promise, there are some minor drawbacks. For instance, instead of going for the jugular almost every time out, Beaudet would do well to ease up by toning down his approach and by occasionally brightening up the stark, somber vistas he usually seems to prefer.

One of the things that initially sparked my interest in, and through the years fanned my passion for, jazz and improvised music is that feeling of discovery in hearing a new voice whose message immediately connects and grabs your undivided attention. Such is the case with Toronto-based trumpeter **John MacLeod**. Although there is nothing especially new or innovative about MacLeod's work, one is struck by the strong sense of commitment and integrity that manifests itself on his new disc **"Ruin."** Having the good fortune of being surrounded by well attuned, empathetic sidemen, MacLeod proceeds to expound on a collection of his own compositions. The first cut, *A Little Something In Seven*, has a feel somewhat reminiscent of Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew" period. A recurring ostinato bass figure leads into a sharp, jagged theme stated by muted trumpet, guitar and guitar synthesizer. Guitarist **Mark McCarron** takes the first solo, his style utilizing some of the devices popularized by the likes of Frisell, Metheny and Scofield. MacLeod sheds the mute and switches to flugelhorn for his spot, sounding at times like another Canadian-born trumpeter, Kenny Wheeler. *Duet* turns into a high wire act that finds MacLeod's horn suspended and dancing precariously over **Dave Piltch**'s taut, popping electric bass lines. Benefitting greatly from **Barry Romberg**'s snappy drum breaks, *Eighteen Bottles* is a straight-ahead romp featuring some loose blowing by MacLeod and McCarron. After a bit of low key chit chat between flugelhorn and guitar, *Love Theme From The Outer Limits* develops into a moody ballad with MacLeod, McCarron and bassist **Scott Alexander** sharing the spotlight. The whimsical *Never Hurt Anyone* brings side two and the set to a resounding conclusion. Highly recommended.

MacLeod's sterling trumpet and flugelhorn work graces several cuts on guitarist **Rob Piltch**'s new record. Sporting an abundance of chops, Piltch is the kind of heavy-duty whiz who seems at home in almost any bag imaginable. Ironically, it is this attempt to cover as many bases as possible that contributes to this date's general lack of direction. A little New Age, a little fusion, a little post-bop all held together by a bit of high tech manipulation in the studio. There are some bright moments especially on the catchy *Bags In The Lobby Blues* and Piltch's solo tribute to Bach *Thanks J.S.*, but most of the time there is more surface than substance. Supposedly designed to appeal to everyone, records of this sort rarely appeal to anyone and eventually wind up languishing in the cut-out bins.

Although pianist **Bob Erlendson** has been a musician since 1952, this is the first album under his own name. The repertoire inspired by different periods of his life is basically comprised of short, fleeting sketches that seem at times to

segue from one tune into the next. There is the temptation to compare his work with that of Ran Blake, however while Blake's playing is often dreamy and impressionistic, Erlendson's style is more firmly grounded in the mainstream. Alternating between chordal and single note patterns, Erlendson combines the firm touch and harmonic sophistication of a bopper with a sensitive ballad approach, his lines flowing in a natural, unforced manner. A steady left hand also helps to anchor the time as well as adding rhythmic diversity. Informal and laid back, these sides leave the listener with the impression of eavesdropping on the musician's innermost thoughts. From joy and humour to pain and desolation, there is a wide range of emotions etched in these grooves. A most charming solo expedition. Let's hope it doesn't take another 36 years before we hear from Erlendson again!

A tribute to the memory of the late bassist/composer Paul Taylor, **"In Pulse"** features his former collaborator vocalist **Moreen Meriden** in a program of their original music. Best described as free bop, it is skillfully interpreted by a very able assemblage of musicians. Whether melting into the ensemble with hornlike precision or delivering a dramatically stirring recitation, Meriden is a riveting performer. Her respectable range and impeccable diction are handy tools she uses to good advantage and an icy clarity in the tone of voice is capable of catching the listener off-balance. The small back-up band provides the perfect foil for Meriden's vocal contortions. Everyone has the opportunity to flex their muscles but flugelhornist **Roland Bourgeois**, tenorman **Rob Frayne** and pianist **Jeff Johnston** take most of the solo honours and always manage to keep it interesting. Another one of those unexpected, instant pick-me-ups that is sure to please.

Bassist extraordinaire **Michel Donato** has been a driving force on the Canadian jazz scene for many a moon. On **"Contredanse"** he teams up with vocalist **Karen Young** and together they whip up a magical mixture of music and song. The selection of material is appealingly fresh, diverse and uncluttered. Especially alluring is the way Young alternates the use of French and English lyrics. Several of the highlights include the socio-political implications to be found in the lyrics of both *Billion Dollar Shark* and *System*, the Latin tang of *Salsa 5* and *C'est Tu Vraiment Toi?*, a tune that bears a kinship to the Cajun zydeco style of the Louisiana bayou. Not only does Donato impress with his awesome technical facility as a bassist, (*Hoedown For Bass* affords him the opportunity to let it all hang out) but he is also a convincing vocalist and a much better-than-average pianist (check out *Pot-Pourri Original*). Extra accompaniment – a smattering of clarinet, guitar and violin here, a touch of percussion, background vocals and overdubbing there – helps to colour most tracks however, it is the close harmonious relationship between Young and Donato that remains the focal point of this hip, attractive offering.

# NEW MUSIC AMERICA

**Miami and Miami Beach**
**December 2-10, 1988**

The US's annual classical-jazz-performance-etc. confab raised all the usual questions about what "new music" means, not least because it was dedicated to the late composer **Morton Feldman**. This year's NMA – directed by oboist **Joseph Celli** and performance artist/dancer **Mary Luft** – also suggested that the classical music establishment still isn't sure what to make of jazz – nightclub fare or serious stuff? Improvised music came off, like so many times before, as notated music's poor cousin. An example: Miami's Gusman Center – a gorgeous turn of the century theatre – was reserved for a preview of a work in progress by (post-minimal?) composer Paul Dresher, with no more than 200 people rattling around in the house. At least as many tried to squeeze into the cramped back room of a Miami Beach Strand bar to hear the world premiere of **Steve Lacy**'s song cycle *Rushes*. As Lacy observed, "The organizers seem to be doing more improvising than the improvisers."

Scheduling sometimes seemed designed to frustrate those who wanted to see it all: at the Miami Beach clubs, **Sergei Kuriokhin** was scheduled opposite **Bill Frisell**. Ditto solo drummers **Gerry Hemingway** and **Fritz Hauser**. Hemingway played in the middle of the Cardozo Hotel's restaurant-bar, where the sounds of dinner plates, phones, teacups and small talk competed with quiet percussion. Hauser played in The Strand's hermetically-sealed back room, where latecomers were turned away lest they disturb the show. **Marion Brandis** played flute on an outdoor stage by the water at the Bayside mall, puttering boats going by, a sea-breeze threatening to play havoc with her control – while the mall's large wind-sheltered amphitheatre went unused. Sitting in the Center for Fine Arts auditorium in downtown Miami, where afternoon concerts were held, was akin to being at an est meeting: the chairs were ass-busting hard, your knees wedged into the back of the person in front of you, and for sheer lack of room no one could retreat to a bathroom once a show had started.

The improvised music community's rancor peaked on NMA's penultimate night, when Celli tried to prevent percussionist/vocalist **David Moss** from sitting in with Sergei Kuriokhin (giving his last US recital before returning to Leningrad). The two wanted to play together, but Moss had had a small role in getting Kuriokhin booked at NMA; Celli saw that as self-aggrandizement. (Celli himself performed at the fest, and his face was on its poster.) The concert was held up for half an hour as Celli tried to dissuade Kuriokhin from letting Moss join in. It was all the more aggravating to those of us in the house who knew their music because the duo sounded like a splendid match – which they proved to be. Kuriokhin's solo set was disappointing. He began with a drumming motif in the neighborhood of middle C, then diverged into some witty quote or other, then returned to the motif, then quoted some more. Gradually the quotes took over, as Kuriokhin romped through Russian classics, folk tunes, blues, boogie and whatnot, until the set degenerated into Victor Borge vaudeville – more a display of chops than artistic vision. But after a break, he and Moss sang a gibberish rap tune; Moss let out a basso rumble as Kuriokhin warbled in an eerie lounge-singer's falsetto; Moss tried to drag him from the piano by the ankles, as the pianist held on tight. It was manic and silly, sure, but lots more fun than Sergei solo.

No matter how grave the hassles, no one kvetched about the summer weather or the neighborhood – The Strand and Cardozo are in Miami Beach's impossibly stylish 30s art deco district: small-scale curvaceous hotels facing 300 feet of white sand and an Atlantic sea lane. (Miami is ten minutes away, across Biscayne Bay.) And even if you had to dash from the Gusman early to be sure to catch a set at the Strand, you could still hear a healthy dose of good improvised music and composed music by improvisers. Little of it was what you'd call new, but you take what you can get.

Most of the best of it was by pianists.

MARILYN CRISPELL (Photograph by Bill Smith)

At the Bayside, **Marilyn Crispell** turned in one of the week's most satisfying sets, showing how much she'd learned about motivic development from Cecil Taylor, without mimicking specifics of his inimitable technique. Her physical approach is beyond ambidexterous – at one point Crispell rapped out a heavy chord with four fingers of her right hand while the thumb walked a bright little figure in a different tempo. She'd break up a wall of repeated tones with a skittering honky-tonk descent. She began one improvisation in medias res, then gradually worked in elusively familiar figures that would return, clarified, as snippets of the melody she eventually played whole: *Ruby, My Dear.* Telling the piece as a joke, she caught Monk's humor and thematic integrity – without sounding anything like him. In this case (and a couple of others) the incongruous venue didn't hurt – I liked watching Crispell roping in unsuspecting passersby, and her concentration wasn't even broken by the local tv hack who kept buzzing her with a minicam, to catch the kookie doings for live-at-five.

The previous day at the same site, **Michele Rosewoman** battled an impassive sound crew and intractable mike stand playing with her "Afro-Yoruban" Funkloric Quintet, most interesting for her own paradoxical integration of McCoy Tyner's billowy comping with the generic demands of salsa piano, with its tight voicings and rhythms. Drummer **Cecil Brooks III** similarly infused funk drumming with jazzy looseness, but they were the only two to find common ground among **Eddie Bobe**'s conga and vocals, **Gary Thomas**' steamy tenor and **Lonnie Plaxico**'s electric-bass stringpops. For Rosewoman, the challenge now seems to be finding players who both *can* and *want to* execute her difficult music on its own terms.

**Don Pullen** was on a bill at Gusman with David van Tieghem's abysmally gimmicky "Solo Percussion Theatre," a display of one nifty inconsequential trick after another, notable for its total lack of momentum or real rhythmic interest. But Pullen displayed his blinding right-hand wrist rolls to the astonishment of those to whom the great veteran was "new." (As one wag put it, NMA presented "avant-garde jazz that has stood the test of time.") But that solo set paled beside the next night's blistering set by the **George Adams - Don Pullen** quartet set, in the Strand's accursed back room. Pullen's right hand sheets sounded more electric and sanctified. Adams' deep blues tone is more moving than ever, as more and more tenors adopt an abrasively hard sound. New drummer **Lewis Nash** seems to have refocused the band's energy – he and the perpetually underrated and tireless bassist **Cameron Brown** seemed to pick up on the metric implications of Pullen's floating lines. On *Mr. Smoothie*, they were the first rhythm section I've heard swing reggae. A breathtaking set.

For *Rushes*, **Steve Lacy** set ten 20th-century Russian poems to music for soprano, **Irene Aebi**'s voice and **Frederic Rzewski**'s piano. Anna Akhmatova faced official sanctions, Osip Mandelstam was crushed by Stalin, Marina Tsvetaeva committed suicide. So it was no surprise that the wit of *The Way* was absent; save for Akhmatova's *Cuckoo*, the only example of Lacy's delightful sing-song melodies, the whole business brooded. Playing from the score or improvising with Lacy around the center of a piece, Rzewski came off like a heavy-handed Ran Blake – on Mandelstam's *Prison Song*, he thumped out left-right left-right chords like inmates trooping around the yard. Lacy's settings are deliberately obtuse: on Mandelstam's line, "A tentative hollow note," the word note tripped down four tones. Voice and soprano always play in unison, blurring the text (a libretto was supplied) but pounding home the idea of soprano as instrument of speech. (He'd growl when she came up on the word "rasp.") Lacy's printed notes said the improvisations functioned as "necessary relief from the form," but the bleakness was unremitting: no other mode would do. In those notes, I thought he was romanticizing, listing the "principal states of the Russian soul: truth, nature, innocence, conspiracy, passion, design, suffering, betrayal, death, redemption." But the Leningrad critic Alex Kan (a jazz enthusiast and representative of the cultural underground, whose presence was a highlight of the festival) said that description sounded like the Russians to him. By the way, a New York performance several nights later was billed as *Rushes*' US premiere.

More to my taste were the two duets in the classic free style that Lacy instigated with **George Lewis**, also on the bill. Lacy has expressed reservations about free play in public, but here he seemed to feel the festival needed it. He was right. In between, Lewis presented some of his interactive music for trombone and live/programmed electronics: on hearing his circus slide work, musical humor, and complex synth textures, one was tempted to dub him the funky Milton Babbitt. Trombone would mock electronics and vice versa.

Besides Lacy, the only other performers I caught who moved as easily between composition and improvisation were pianist **Myra Melford** and flutist **Marion Brandis**, who alternated genial free music with scores that mocked practice exercises, like Brandis' *Housewife's Dilemma.* In another piece, Melford's left played an intricate written bass part that mimicked a slow student; she'd start some ostinato figure, screw it up, start again, get a little further... Melford and Brandis are technically fluent players who aren't hampered by what they know to be correct. Melford struck piano strings with a mallet while playing the keys with the other hand, with a deftness that refuted any trace of schtick. Brandis would disassemble a flute and play its mouthpiece, controlling the pitch by sticking a finger in the open end. They seemed equally at ease with all of it; if their set wasn't a blockbuster it's because they made no pretensions to epic status. Some crows joined in on one tune too, to the delight of musicians and audience – and the crows themselves, audibly responding to the duo's rhythm.

On a program at the Center for Fine Arts, **Roscoe Mitchell** presented *Riveting Sax* for solo soprano. It began with Mitchell choking his reed, playing a redundant series of wobbly blips, smears and whispers, sounding not unlike a self-indulgent and inexperienced soloist in over his head. From there he moved very gradually into a dense, circular-breathed web of split-tones and bagpipe droning, a la Evan Parker – a display of obvious virtuosity. Into this episode, eventually, he slipped one breath. Then a longer one. Then a still longer one, and another. Then abruptly the piece was over. It seemed a cautionary fable, a warning not to dismiss players who eschew conventional technique.

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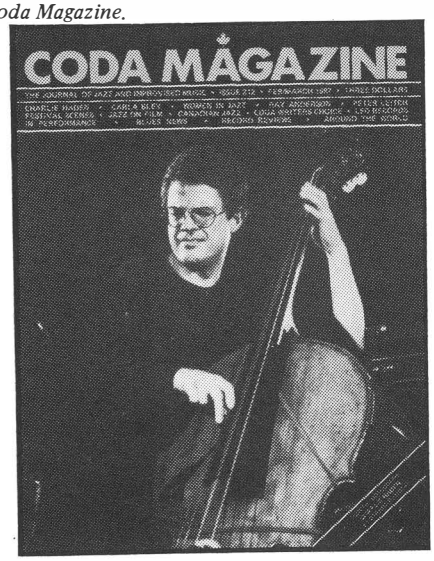


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191 (Aug. 1983) Pepper Adams, Charles Moffett, Johnny Griffin, Ernst Reyseger, Blues
190 (June 1983) Don Thompson, Tristan Honsinger, Mario Pavone, Al Haig
189 (April 1983 Lol Coxhill, George Shearing, John Surman, Jim Galloway
188 (Feb. 1983) Roy Porter, Buell Neidlinger, 1982 Writers' Choice
187 (Dec. 1982) Charlie Rouse, Frank Rosolino, Blues News, Fraser MacPherson
186 (Oct. 1982) Cannonball Adderley, Pheeroan Ak Laff, Michael Zwerin
185 (Aug. 1982) Sam Rivers, Bobby Naughton, Trevor Watts, Roscoe Mitchell
184 (June 1982) Sonny Greenwich, Ray Crawford, Ganelin Trio, Ed Bickert
183 (April 1982) Roswell Rudd, Milford Graves, Art Davis, Sonny Rollins on RCA
180 (Oct. 1981) McCoy Tyner, Joe Sealy, Loek Dikker, Fred van Hove
179 (June 1981) Dannie Richmond, Jimmy Knepper, Blues News
177 (Feb. 1981) Milt Jackson, Sheila Jordan, Keshavan Maslak, Jazz Literature*
176 (Dec. 1980) Abdul Wadud, Dave Baker, Fred Katz, Writers' Choice, Blues News*
175 (Oct. 1980) Anthony Davis, Beaver Harris/Don Pullen, Dave Burrell, Pisa Festival*
174 (Aug. 1980) Leroy Jenkins, Jemeel Moondoc, Eddie Jefferson, Charles Brackeen
170 (Dec. 1979) Abbey Lincoln, Olu Dara
169 (Oct. 1979) Amina Claudine Myers, Kenny Burrell, Pisa & Bracknell Festivals
168 (Aug. 1979) Albert Mangelsdorff, Barry Altschul, Blues News, Moers Festival
167 (June 1979) Evan Parker, Incus Records, Red Callender, Bill Russell, Rova Sax Quartet
164/65 (February 1979) SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE COUNTS AS TWO - Jeanne Lee, Gunter Hampel, Lester Bowie, Hank Jones, Vinny Golia, Nick Brignola
163 (Oct. 1978) Henry Red Allen, Frank Lowe, Albert Nicholas
160 (April 1978) Willem Breuker, Joe Pass, Enrico Rava, European record labels*
159 (Feb. 1978) Randy Weston, Milt Hinton, Blues News
158 (Dec. 1977) Joseph Jarman, Eddie Durham, Bobby Hackett
157 (Oct. 1977) Bobby Bradford, John Carter, Chet Baker, Butch Morris
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154 (April 1977) Milt Buckner, Christmann/Schonenberg
153 (Feb. 1977) Steve Lacy, Marty Grosz, Mal Waldron, Blues News
151 (Oct. 1976) Don Pullen, Benny Waters
150 (Sept. 1976) Milford Graves, Will Bradley
135 (Jan. 1975) J.R. Monterose, Louis Armstrong Filmography, Strata-East Records
134 (Dec. 1974) Julian Priester, Muggsy Spanier Big Band, Steve McCall
133 (Nov. 1974) Charles Delaunay, pt. 1, Rex Stewart, Howard King
132 (Oct. 1974) Karl Berger, Jazz Crossword, Johnny Shines
AUGUST 1973 - CODA's 15th Anniversary issue celebrating LOUIS ARMSTRONG

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Like some previous NMA's, Miami provided a forum for improvisers to get their composed music played. During a Saturday morning recital in the lounge of a docked cruise ship – The Sovereign of the Sea – the **Kronos Quartet** presented string music by John Zorn, Wayne Horvitz, Monk (*'Round Midnight*), and Julius Hemphill. I was skeptical about Kronos' interpretive skills before, but Miami made me a believer. Even so, cellist Jean Jeanrenaud foundered, trying to catch the spirit of Chaz bass, on Hemphill's *Mingus Gold*, a too genteel, decontextualized setting of (if I remember correctly) *Better Git It In Your Soul.*

**Anthony Davis** was in town for a performance of his concerto for violin, strings, harp and percussion, *MAPS*, with violinist **Shem Guibbory** and percussionist Gerry Hemingway improvising within the composed frame. He also dispensed wise words on a couple of panels. "I'm interested in the collision of improvised and highly structured forms," he said, explaining that he puts improvisers in his classical pieces because "I didn't want to betray my aesthetic." He defended his interest in opera: Europeans have been borrowing from the jazz tradition since they were first exposed to it; why should he or anyone else be prohibited from doing the opposite? "Minimalism wouldn't be possible without rhythm and blues – we don't need to go to Indonesia to talk about groove." Davis (and George Lewis and Anthony Braxton) have had such a tough row to hoe as African-American composers interested in Eurotraditional music, we should be grateful NMA helps clear their way.

Miami, we're told, is the new capital of the Caribbean, but the local music scene went largely untapped. NMA Miami aspired to be pan-American, but percussion-heavy recycled funk of Perujazz (with a 1970-Gato tenor) and the quasi-ethnic tourist music of Brazil's groovy Uakti were letdowns. At least the South-Am scene got token representation: the only Canadian artist at NMA – **Gordon Monahan**, who lives in New York – had his whimsical sound installation pulled from the Miami transit system's downtown loop. (Reportedly, it was too wacko for a deputy transit commissioner whom it caught by surprise.) But NMA 1990 is scheduled for Montreal.

# THE JAZZ BIOGRAPHER

**LANGSTON HUGHES and the BLUES**
**by Steven C. Tracy**
**University of Illinois Press. 305 pages.**

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**GOING TO THE TERRITORY**
**by Ralph Ellison**
**Random House. 338 pages.**

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**I REMEMBER: Eighty Years of Black Entertainment, Big Bands and the Blues**
**by Clyde Bernhardt**
**University of Pennsylvania. 270 pages.**

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**UNFINISHED DREAM: The Musical World of RED CALLENDER**
**by Red Callender and Elaine Cohen**
**Quartet Books. 239 pages.**

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**BUCK CLAYTON'S JAZZ WORLD**
**by Buck Clayton and Nancy Miller Elliott**
**Macmillan (UK) and Oxford University Press (USA/Canada). 255 pages.**

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**BASS LINE: The Stories and Photographs of MILT HINTON**
**by Milt Hinton and David G. Berger.**
**Temple University Press. 328 pages and 186 illustrations.**

The computer age has unleashed an avalanche of information which has even filtered down to such esoteric subjects as jazz. There has been an unprecedented number of books published on jazz over the past few years. They refute Marshall McLuhan's predictions that electronic media would render obsolete the written word.

These books cover a broad spectrum of jazz writing and give us a much more detailed coverage of the music than would have seemed possible in the 1950s when Sheldon Meyer summarised "The Story of Jazz Books" in *The Jazz Review*. Included in this new "Jazz Literature" are autobiographies, biographies, articles collected into book form, histories of the music, academic papers examining specific ideas within the music and many reference works.

It wasn't like this when the first jazz writers put pen to paper. Jazz music had been written about since it was first played but most early observations were by music writers in classical journals and entertainment journalists in newspapers. The most quoted observation from those writings has been **Ernest Ansermet's** appraisal of Sidney Bechet but the whole matter was documented in some detail by **Roger Pryor** in "Jazzmen" – first published in 1946.

By then there were a number of pioneer jazz writers who had established clear criteria for the music. Their views on the music were finite – even when they disagreed – and many of their beliefs are still part of the music's mythology.

**Spike Hughes**, an English bassist and composer, had written about jazz in *The Melody Maker* (a weekly music newspaper published in London) in the early 1930s. Shortly afterwards **John Hammond** began contributing and some years later **Leonard Feather** made his first contributions to that same paper. In France **Hughes Panassie** had discovered jazz and was writing about it. Before long other writers emerged.

Most of these writers were affiliated with Hot Jazz Societies (or Rhythm

BUCK CLAYTON (Photograph by Ton van Wageningen)

Clubs) which brought together jazz enthusiasts in both Europe and North America. Some of these writers were to become influential professionals. Such names as **Charles Edward Smith, Frederick Ramsey, Ralph Gleason, Otis Ferguson, Marshall Stearns, Max Jones, Sinclair Traill, Stanley Dance,** and **George Hoefer** are among those who first began writing in the 1930s.

What now seems extraordinary is the fact that all these writers were white while the music was being created primarily by black Americans. But when you consider the social structure of that time it was almost inevitable that this would be so.

All the early jazz writers were enthusiastic supporters of the music who gravitated into their professional roles. Because of this they often developed their understanding of the music through personal contact with the musicians. So, in a sense, some of their musical appraisals were shaped by the very musicians who created the music.

Jazz was very much a music belonging to "outsiders" in its early years. It was certainly outside the mainstream of white society and it was just as tainted for many blacks. The memoirs of jazz musicians are full of references to family distaste for the life of a musician – especially when the music was jazz.

**The Harlem Renaissance**, the intellectual movement of writers, poets and playwrights in the 1920s, looked to Europe for direction and few ventured into print on the subject of jazz. Even **Langston Hughes**, who chose the imagery of the blues for the foundations of his poetry, rarely made specific references to jazz. **Steven C. Tracy's "Langston Hughes & The Blues"** seeks to assess on intellectual terms, the meanings of Hughes' poems and their relationship with recorded blues stanzas. The book examines in some detail the relationship between early Black writers, the white community and Black Popular Culture of the times. He also seeks to define the blues by viewing the earliest country styles as being the form in its purest or "folk" phase. Later developments are regarded as the style in decline – a viewpoint sharply in contrast to that espoused by **Albert Murray** in "Stompin' The Blues". The book, which reads like a doctoral thesis, is full of footnotes, and is most useful where it discusses the similarities and differences between Hughes' poetry and the blues lyrics which may have inspired him. But the whole exercise is questionable when you read the author's statement that "Hughes rarely, if ever, wrote lines as startling or breathtaking as those sung by some blues artists. He approached the blues more as an imaginative craftsman than a creatively arresting lyricist, as a comparison of his lines with many of the other blues lyrics will demonstrate." The book includes an extensive bibliography but falls apart in the discography – which is really nothing more than an incomplete listing of related recordings. Omissions include Louis Armstrong Plays W.C. Handy (the definitive recording of Handy's blues themes), the King Oliver Gennett and Okeh recordings (on Herwin, World Record Club, Swaggie, etc.) and Nina Simone's recording of Hughes' poem "Blacklash Blues". No one with any knowledge of the music would select Basie's RCA recordings as the only example of his music. Archie Shepp is omitted from the listings of Jazz Poetry. To learn much more about Langston Hughes the reader is referred to the two volume biography of the poet by **Arnold Rampersad** which is not listed in the bibliography.

Given the tempo of the times it is unlikely that black writers could have had their articles published widely in the jazz press of the day. Those who might have had the inclination would more likely have chosen subject matter which reaped greater financial rewards.

Perhaps this is why **Ralph Ellison** never wrote out and out jazz articles even though, after reading **"Going To The Territory"**, it is apparent he would have been ideally suited to the task. The book brings together essays and lectures written between 1963 and 1977. This book gives these diverse works some semblance of permanence as well as a collective intensity which transcends the individuality of each piece. The essay with direct references to jazz emphasises the loss suffered by us all in the absence of Ellison's commissions from the jazz press. In **Homage to Duke Ellington on His Birthday** he writes "Even though few recognized it, such artists as Ellington and Louis Armstrong were the stewards of our vaunted American optimism and guardians against the creeping irrationality which ever plagues our form of society. They created great entertainment, but for them (ironically) and for us (unconsciously) their music was a rejection of that chaos and license which characterized the so-called jazz age associated with F. Scott Fitzgerald, and which has returned once more to haunt the nation. Place Ellington with Hemingway, they are both larger than life, both masters of that which is most enduring in the human enterprise: the power of man to define himself against the ravages of time through artistic style."

In an essay on **Richard Wright** he writes: "For out there [in Oklahoma] our people fought back. We seldom won more than moral victories, but we fought back – as can be seen from the many civil rights victories that were initiated there. And as can be heard in the Southwestern jazz and in the performances of the Jimmy Rushings, the Hot Lips Pages, the Count Basies, the Bennie Motens, and Charlie Christians. We were an assertive people, and our mode of social assertion was artistic, mainly music, as well as political."

Even though the musicians have had few opportunities to have their say about the music there have been such notable exceptions as **Art Hodes, Bill Crow** and **Don Heckman**. Most musicians prefer to focus their attention on the music they create but their thoughts, when collected through the interview process, sometimes show a remarkable sense of the music's position. **Archie Shepp**, in particular, has both a broad grasp of the music's tradition and a unique way of expressing his ideas. Someone should commission him to assemble his viewpoints in extended form; it would be an invaluable contribution to the art form. A glimpse into his thought processes is evident in an extended discussion with **Charles J. Gans** which was published in *Jazz Forum* No. 93. Among his observations on the role of jazz in his own community was the following: "I think that the culture I'm involved in is very misunderstood. I would suspect that most people don't think of black people in the United States as having created any culture at all. But that's quite an error,

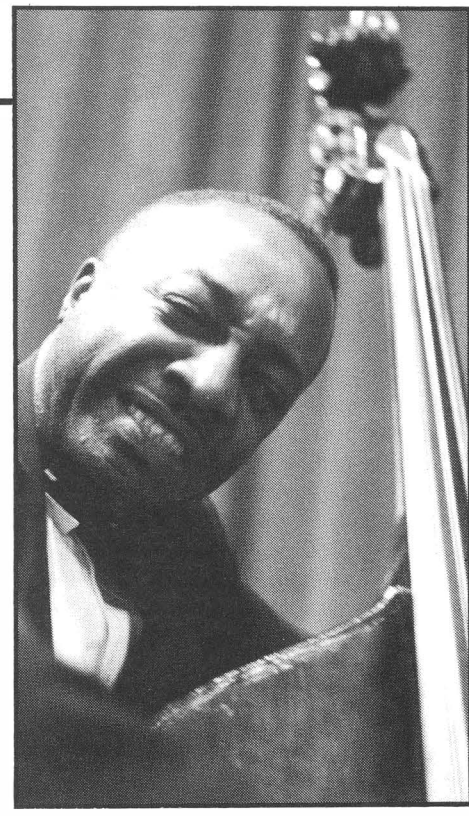
and I think our music is an example of that. It's so distinct and so different – and not only so-called 'jazz' music, I'm including people like Aretha Franklin and Stevie Wonder, gospel and the blues. Negro music is quite easily identified."

Shepp's sense of tradition is something which each generation addresses in different ways. But it certainly seems to be on the minds of widely different artists that the music is slipping away from its creators.

There has been a massive failure to pass the message on, if one is to believe people like Archie Shepp, Art Blakey and Johnny Otis. Randy Weston has stated that "In Africa I discovered what the true purpose of a musician is. We are historians, and it is our purpose to tell the people the true story of our past, and to extend a better vision of the future."

The failure to inform and pass on the message results in the kind of scenario portrayed by **Johnny Otis**. In a liner note for his "Barrelhouse Stomp" reissue on Juke Box Lil 611 he wrote: "I am sorry for the young people of today. They are caught up in the entertainment of the day – that is the way of youth and I understand it – every successive generation seems to develop its own sub-culture; which includes unique speech patterns 'language', dress codes, 'uniform' and dances & songs. Unfortunately, the songs of young Afro-Americans today are, for the most part, entertainment and exhibitionism – very often shallow, arrogant pap which, while it retains strong African based rhythms, bears almost no relationship to the black beauty and Afro-American artistry of the pre-mid 1960s eras. Almost totally gone is subtlety, grace, tone, balance, wit, phrasing, musicianship. And God help us! Almost gone is the blues!

"I think we are victims of a cruel American hoax that I call 'pseudo integration'. Sometime in the 1940s it began, and by the 1970s we no longer had our own black night clubs, musicians' unions, etc. etc. We were 'integrated'... or so we thought. In retrospect, we see that we traded our cultural integrity for an idea whose time has never come – for now, you see, racism is still very much alive and we find our younger people becoming what an early American Indian chieftain described as 'Black White Men.'



"Such a pitiful few of our young people even know who Langston Hughes, Lester Young, Mahalia Jackson, Duke Ellington or Lightnin' Hopkins were, let alone have been touched and enriched by their precious artistry. They have been absorbed by the all consuming 'Madison Avenue culture' which smothers and reshapes everything to its sterile image of the mighty God 'profit'.

"Listening to my music of yesterday – or any earlier black forms – brings me face to face with the ugly, painful knowledge that we have regressed and retrogressed!"

**Art Blakey** was more succinct when he stated in a *Cadence* interview (June 1985) in reference to Black Americans in general "It's their music, it's their art form and they don't know a damn thing about it. All they know about it is finger-popping... But the Black musicians of our time are taking that music to the highest level, man, and the Black people don't even know nothing about it. They know nothing about it. What the hell they care about Louis Armstrong?"

If Black people (and white people) know nothing about Louis Armstrong what chance is there of them knowing about **Clyde Bernhardt, Red Callender, Benny Carter, Buck Clayton, Milt Hinton, Pony Poindexter, Arthur Rollini** and **T-Bone Walker**. And yet all of these people have had books published about them in the last few years. None of them has the stature or charisma of a Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman or Charlie Parker but all, in their own way, have made valid contributions to the world of jazz music.

These books, between them, open up avenues of thought and give insights into a world which is rapidly disappearing. Jazz went through an explosive burst of creativity between 1920 and 1970. Several generations of musicians, most of whom were interconnected in one way or another, found an outlet for creativity in the music world. They formed a separate, closed society of their own. Within it they were supportive of each other. It was their means of survival within a greater society which barely recognised their existence and only acknowledged their talent if it could be financially exploited.

Music was an attractive alternative to the drudgery of the menial low paying jobs which were reserved for America's Black community during this period. The limited success of working as a musician might not have sat well with many parents but it was a glamorous alternative to other occupations. By the time jazz had established its identity in the 1920s it had also begun to attract the attention of a new generation of white Americans. A handful of them tried their hand at the new music.

**Art Hodes** noted recently in an article in the *New York Times* "As my musical style changed, the kind of work I got was less (much less) lucrative. On the South Side, this jazz was black people's music, but on the North Side of town you and your music weren't understood. If you played your records too loud, someone would holler down 'Shut that noise, I'll call the law.' We converts were paying our dues."

Transferring the expressive uniqueness of the jazz musician to the printed page is difficult. There are parallels between their musical language and way of speaking the English language. Its colloquial power lights up the narrative of a musician's conversation but it all too often disappears beneath the weight of the support team necessary to see a book through to publication. Most jazz musicians seek out a collaborator – some-



MILT HINTON (Photograph by Jack Bradley)

one better versed in the intricacies of assembling and organising a mass of material – but after that work is completed the book will go through the editing and refining process of the publishing world.

These collaborators and editors are rarely on the same wavelength as the musician. Their background and life experience is different and inevitable compromises take place. Perhaps few people are ready for the unexpurgated nature of **Babs Gonzales' "I Paid My Dues"** or the frankness of **Pony Poindexter's** views in **"The Pony Express"** but at least you know the authors are giving you the real goods on their lives.

**Clyde Bernhardt, Red Callender, Buck Clayton** and **Milt Hinton** are special people. Not only are they exceptional musicians but they also have a keen sense of what is taking place around them. They have tried long enough to be able to put the momentous events of their lives into perspective and their reminiscences add greatly to our overall understanding of what it was like to be a musician during those turbulent and exciting times.

**Clyde Bernhardt** was never a major soloist but his dependability ensured him work over a career which took him from Ma Rainey to tours of Europe with the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. He was a skilled trombonist and an equally skilled storyteller. His book, substantially written by himself in a style which surely is modelled on his speech patterns, is fascinating. He gives us keen insights into the personalities and musical styles of those he worked with over many years. Among his more famous employers were King Oliver, Edgar Hayes, Jay McShann, Claude Hopkins and Luis Russell. Bernhardt was primarily a reading musician and he evidently enjoyed the audition test devised by bandleader Marion Hardy. It involved a particularly difficult arrangement of *Rhapsody in Blue*. As Bernhardt put it "He told me it stopped even the sharks. He meant trombones like J.C. Higginbotham, Lawrence Brown, Jack Teagarden. Never considered myself one, just a regular player that could read, fake some, play a good solo – take care of business." For himself he said "I always liked the way New Orleans musicians played a solo. Listen to certain

riffs played by Oliver, Louis and Kid Ory and copy after them. A little bit of this, a little bit of that, and soon it set me up with a style of my own."

**Red Callender**, like Bernhardt, came from a well established family background in the east. Bernhardt grew up in North Carolina while Callender spent his youth in New Jersey. There are similarities, too, in their approach to music. Both studied hard on their instruments and the rewards, in their different ways, were to give them lengthy careers as musicians. Callender's dependability (as well as his considerable skills) eventually led to him being one of the first black musicians to break into the Los Angeles studio scene in the 1950s. Before that he had made important contributions to the jazz world. He worked with Lester Young, performed and recorded with Erroll Garner, appeared with Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday in the movie "New Orleans" and turned down a chance to replace Jimmy Blanton in the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Callender's story takes us through the many changes in his professional and personal life. Underpinning everything are his concerns regarding the quality of his lifestyle as well as his pursuit of excellence as a musician. It's readily apparent that there have been many struggles and a lot of hard work. "You don't begin to be a musician or anything else until you do approach thirty-five. It takes that long to find out where you really want to go. In the early 1940s I was only beginning to get started." By the time Callender began playing in the studios in the 1950s he had faced the reality of the jazz existence. "The truth is, I never made any money to speak of until I disassociated my name from jazz to a degree." On the L.A. scene "nobody was getting rich then; the wealth was musical."

Callender's story is a tribute to the pioneer work done by he and Buddy Collette to change the musically segregated world of Los Angeles. The eventual merging of the two locals of the musicians union is a tribute to their tenacity. There is also an important chapter about Art Tatum where drummer Bill Douglass contributes reminiscences of his experiences with the pianist.

A balanced approach to music was crucial to the success of Red Callender's

career – and to his ability to tell his story in such a convincing manner. "Music is emotional for me, but it's much more than being emotional. You have to know exactly what you're doing. If the framework is always changing, it causes a lot of adjustment."

**Buck Clayton's** story interlocks with Red Callender in the 1930s when the bassist joined the trumpeter's band in Los Angeles. By that time Buck had already returned from a successful trip to Shanghai as a bandleader – all before he became well known as a soloist with the Count Basie Orchestra. As Red Callender notes in *his* book "It was Buck who wrote *One O'Clock Jump*, though Count Basie usually gets the credit." But in "Goin' To Kansas City", it is Buster Smith who takes credit for the tune!

Clayton's story is sharp and focused and remarkably detailed – especially in the early formative years when he was struggling to develop as a musician. He also has a good sense of the dramatic when telling a story. One of the best is about his first marriage in Hollywood in the 1930s. The whole event was orchestrated to the finest detail by Duke Ellington – who was working there at that time on a movie. This is but one of the many times when Clayton lifts part of the veil on the characters of musicians who spent a lifetime disguising their personal feelings. It is a testimonial to Buck's tenacity that all the pain and suffering he has endured since the late 1960s, when he was forced to give up playing trumpet, has not overwhelmed him. Now, twenty years later, his career has been reborn – as an arranger and bandleader. This book is invaluable – particularly for all the information about his years with Count Basie and the jazz scene on the West Coast in the 1930s as well as his pioneering trip to China. Above all, though, it is a portrait of a warm and sensitive musician who gave the world a tremendous amount of outstanding performances. The understated humour and warmth of Buck's personality shines through in this engaging autobiography.

Buck Clayton first met **Milt Hinton** in Los Angeles in the 1930s and both were members of Joe Bushkin's Quartet at New York's Embers in the 1950s. There's a beautiful portrait of Buck in Milt's book **Bass Line**, which is as much an autobiography as it is a photographic book. In fact the story and the photographs (more than 180) intertwine to create one of the most important social documents of the "Jazz Age" yet published. Hinton's photographs are portraits of his fellow musicians rather than shots of musicians in action. We view them as people rather than as performers. Milt was already a photographer by the time he was in the Calloway band and there are wonderful shots of the band on the road. His book also adds to the visual library of such under-photographed musicians as Chu Berry and Jimmy Blanton.

Even more valuable, though is Milt Hinton's story. He writes with clarity. Perhaps, as a photographer, he is able to focus immediately on the core of any situation. And he is forthright in his recollections of the pain which has gone with a life as a Black musician within a society which, in general, wishes he didn't exist. Milt Hinton's toughness of character has enabled him to survive but others were not so fortunate. "Booze was always a big part of the jazz club scene. Back then, things got so frustrating for Ben (Webster), the only way he could cope was to get loaded every night. Coleman Hawkins had the same experience. In my opinion, it was really the economic situation and the environment which had a great deal to do with destroying some of the musical giants before their time."

Hinton's toughness is coupled with a generosity of spirit which freely acknowledges the times in his life when a helping hand lifted him into the next phase of his career. Like Red Callender (who got his start in the studio world through the generosity of Jerry Fielding) Milt Hinton stepped into the studio world through the insistence of Jackie Gleason. Once there Hinton's musical skills carried him forward until he was accepted both as a musician and a person.

Much of the work Milt Hinton and his fellow survivors take these days are weekend jazz parties. This new type of gig was pioneered by Dick Gibson in the 1960s and they are viewed favorably by the bassist: "Jazz has come a long way during my career. Recognition and respect are just words until you actually experience a difference in the way you're treated. I often think back to that violent roadhouse episode in Longview, Texas almost fifty years ago. Then I compare it to the kind of things that've happened at the recent Texas parties in Midland and Odessa – being wined and dined by the town dignitaries, being made an honorary deputy sheriff, getting VIP treatment in one of the world's best eye clinics. It's a different scene. As far as I'm concerned, Dick Gibson helped bring about these changes and jazz musicians owe him a real debt of gratitude for doing it."

Hinton has remained in touch with the evolving music world. He and Ron Carter, for instance, can sit down and discuss things on equal terms. As Milt says, though "There's also been a revolution in bass playing. Before amplification, guys didn't have the kind of freedom with the instrument they do now... As far as I'm concerned, these changes have given a lot of today's popular music a clean, cold sound. By now, a couple of generations have been raised on it and don't know anything else. The only live music most of them hear is also electrified and amplified so they don't even know what acoustical instruments sound like. I don't like most of what I hear but I'm from another generation and besides, it's not what I like that counts." But this hasn't stopped Hinton from continuing to pass on the message of his life to others. This wonderful book ends with him saying, "I was pretty young when I realized that music involves more than just playing an instrument. It's really about cohesiveness and sharing. All my life, I've been obliged to try and teach anyone who would listen. I've always believed you don't truly know something yourself until you can take it from your mind and put it in someone else's. I also know that the only way to continue to live on this earth is by giving our talents to the younger generation."

Across the page from this statement is a shot of Eubie Blake in performance at the famous White House Lawn Party in 1978. It is an appropriate close to a book which is as graphically attractive as it is stimulating to both read and study the story within the photographs. There are many gems to be found. Thank you Milt Hinton.

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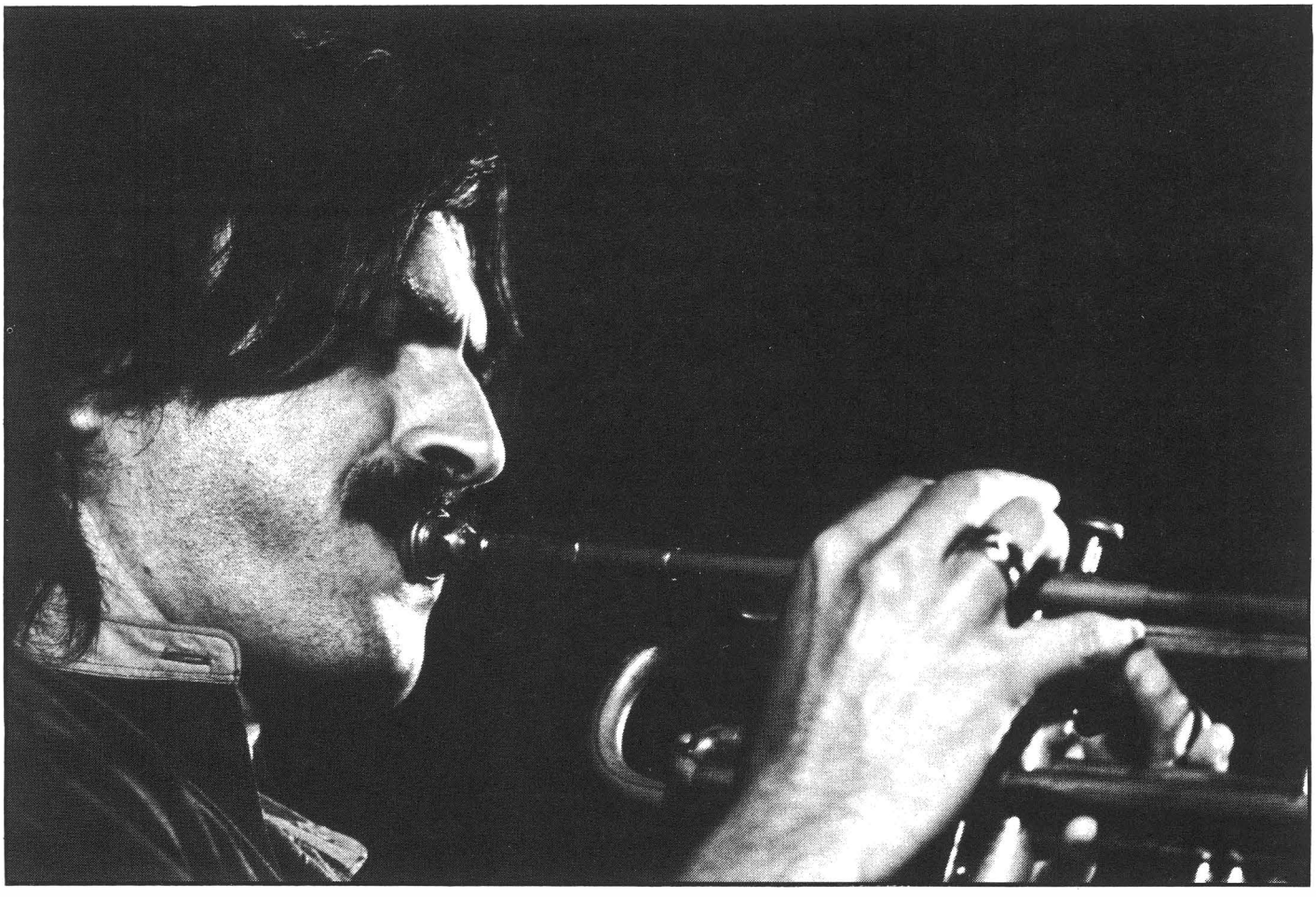
Part two will be published in the next issue.



**ENRICO RAVA**
**Secrets**
**Soul Note SN 1164**

*Cornette/ Secrets/ Da Silva/ Holiday for Strings/ Tomo Y Recuerdo/ Planet Earth/ Monky Tonk/* (July 7 & 8, 1986)

Rounding out this sampling of lesser-known artists is a new release from perhaps the best known of them. Enrico Rava first rose to prominence in New York avant garde circles in the late sixties, helping shape the new music of Steve Lacy, Roswell Rudd and Gato Barbieri. Since working with the late Gil Evans, and Cecil Taylor, Rava has led his own groups, winning the Best in Italy honors in 1982 and an award for his 1983 album, "Opening Night".

What I find remarkable about Rava's playing is his ability to sustain and develop lengthy ideas. Snowballing in tension and density, his solos show his highly developed sense of composition as their contours peak and dip over the measure lines. Rava creates almost unbearable intensity during *Tomo* by repeating and altering pitches.

His well-chosen sidemen include guitarist Augusto Mancinelli, who incorporates a hybrid of John Abercrombie's spacey ECM tone and John McLaughlin's distortion overdrive. When not soloing, he supports Rava and colorfully named bassist Furio DiCastri. Pianist John Taylor's Miles-like playing cushions brief statements with space and creates layers of varying texture and density.

**DOUG WHITE**
**No Cover Charge**
**Spotlite SPJLP 26**

*D.B. Blues/ Crazeology/ Moodfish/ You Don't Know What Love Is/ Loco/ Going Somewhere/ Worrying the Life Out of Me/ Vaudeville/ I'll Never Be the Same/ The Blessing/* (Sept. 1986 - April 1987)

In stark contrast to the reedmen mentioned thus far, Doug White often projects a sense of repose, not quite to the point of torpor, but a fat, comfortable, satiety. Even his method of composition seems to imply laxity. Rather than writing new material, he follows the boppers' trick of simply grafting a home-made melodic line onto the chord progressions of a standard tune. Following Bird's lead in re-naming *I Got Rhythm "Crazeology"*, White refashions *Cherokee* into *"Vaudeville"*, *I'll Remember April* into *"Moodfish"* and *Out of Nowhere* into *"Going Somewhere"*.

The set's highlights include the Monkish Ornette Coleman tune *The Blessing*, during which the musicians suddenly come to life, as if they had had their fill of standard fare.

Mark Diorio's guitar adds refreshing textural sheen and rhythmic thrust, particularly during *Crazeology*, as Diorio and White improvise together, Diorio's acoustic instrument recalls the Parisian texture



ENRICO RAVA (Photograph by Nina Melis)

of Reinhardt, Grappelli, et cie., particularly during *Going Somewhere*.

In general, though, this project too often lacks the vital conviction, energy, and surprise so central to jazz.

**BERNIE McGANN TRIO**
**At Long Last**
**Emanem 3601**

*Salaam/ Alone Together/ Well You Needn't/ Angelica/ Good Morning Heartache/ Anthropology* / (September 1983)

If White plays while lounging in a reclining chair, Australia-based Bernie McGann, gritty with sweat, dances maniacally. Having led quartets and pianoless trios for about 30 years, McGann acknowledges the influence of Sonny Rollins, Johnny Hodges, and Ornette Coleman; one also hears the rough-and-tumble Texan Arnett Cobb.

The trio's high standard of musicianship fuels McGann's enthusiasm, which could convert a skeptic. The band's flight precludes excess baggage: following precedents set by Rollins and Gerry Mulligan, McGann omits piano from these interpretations of Monk, Ellington, Gillespie and Bird (drummer John Pochee and bassist Lloyd Swanton carry on quite well, thank you). Pochee, who has performed with McGann over the decades, favors lots of snare chatter and powerful single-stroke rolls; Swanton's forceful playing also generates excitement. Another McGann album, "Kindred Spirits", is also available on Emanem.

**JON JANG and the 4 IN ONE Quartet**
**The Ballad or the Bullet?**
**AsianImprov Records AIR 0001**

*The Ballad or the Bullet?/ Bayan Ko-El Pueblo Unido Jamás Será Vencido!/ Hymn to Happy Lim/ Prayer for Melvin Truss/ Year to Slay the Paper Dragon!* June 1986 and January 1987)

We now descend from the academy of music for music's sake to walk the streets of music as political instrument. Jon Jang and Glenn Horiuchi (below) create "message" music to focus attention on instances of social injustice at both the individual and corporate levels.

Since Jang's music carries political import, it seems appropriate to consider its context: *Bayan Ko* recounts Filipino resistance to Spanish colonialism in 1898 while *El Pueblo* commemorates strikers at Watsonville Canning and the Hormel factory. *Year to Slay the Paper Dragon* mocks Anglo-American stereotypes of Asian-Americans, *Hymn to Happy Lim* honors a founding member of the Chinese Workers Mutual Aid Association, while *Prayer for Melvin Truss* eulogizes a victim of the San Jose police department, and *Ballad or Bullet* honors Thelonious Monk and Malcolm X.

Saxophonist Francis Wong, who obviously likes Sonny Rollins, is a strong player. If somewhat shaky at first, his solos develop into passionate, energetic statements.

Most of these highly segmented compositions grow out of small movements stitched together; more musical depth might result from more development of fewer ideas. One generally doesn't notice Jang's piano playing in and of itself; Jang apparently wants listener attention drawn to the music's *gestalt*. His one moment of bravura, some Chopinesque ramblings during *Bayan Ko*, seems out of place, unless it somehow contributes to the political message.

**GLENN HORIUCHI**
**Next Step**
**AsianImprov Records AIR 0002**

*In Movement/ Dreamwaters/ To Ar/ Mochi Groove/ Song for Shizuno/ Next Step/* (October 1987, January 1988)

Jon Jang's fellow Asian-American, pianist Glenn Horiuchi, conceived most of his project while helping organize the hearings of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians.

Although his music involves improvisation, it is not based on the blues, and it tends to sound rather academic because of a general lack of swing and a reliance on orchestrated parts. In its programmatic attempts to portray the struggles of Japanese Americans it can be stilted. The sole exception occurs as vocalist Ayanna Hobson sings the soulful ballad *Dreamwaters*. Her pure voice resembles that of Esther Satterfield.

Horiuchi, like Jang, focuses less on music than on raising social consciousness. *In Movement*, for example, portrays the experience of the first generation of Asian-Americans in Los Angeles: their nostalgia for the old village and their daily struggles. It's fine for music to carry a political message. Much music does, jazz in particular. The American imprisonment of innocent citizens of Japanese descent during the second World War is a dark chapter in history. But music must stand on its own merits, too. I'm not sure this does.

**Q4 Stepan Rasin**
**Unit Records UTR-4023**

*Die Hinrichtung Des Stepan Rasin/ Polarnacht/ Ilad Rodavlas/ Amun-Re* (December 1986)

Q4 enjoys a fresh, cheeky vitality that acknowledges earlier decades of improvised music even as it incorporates the music of Shostakovich (*Stepan Rasin*) and the more recent directions of Steve Lacy and Sun Ra.

Occasional reference to Ellington's orchestra voicings and to Trane's saxophone sound ripple through a compositional form that rejects the "bop sandwich" approach (theme-solo-theme") in favor of collective improvisation. The density of Q4's sound can darken from transparent to opaque in seconds, the abundant tonal variety resulting from the multifaceted reedmen Mathias Rissi and Peter Schmid, who play six different instruments between them.

As Rissi, the group's "founder", solos free style over Schmid's lyrical baritone and the pulsing bass and drums, performances evolve through a dynamic environment of shifting tempi and rhythms.

Rissi could not have chosen a better companion than Schmid, whose outspoken playing constantly demands attention. Whether inciting a Bacchanal with pan pipes or stoking a Dantean inferno with baritone sax and bass clarinet, his contributions continually amaze.

*Hinrichtung* compresses far-flung elements of Ellington's *Ko-Ko* and Sun Ra's *Fate in a Pleasant Mood; Amun-Re* incorporates tenor and soprano sounds similar to Trane and Steve Lacy.

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Send bids to Bill Smith, 191 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5R 3B7 Canada. All bids must reach me no later than May 31st / 1989.

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All records in this list have been visually examined and are in good condition. Unsatisfactory items may be returned for refund or credit.

1. Albert Ayler - Bells - ESP 1010 Clear vinyl / jacket taped
2. " " - Prophecy - ESP 3030
3. " " - My Name Is - Fantasy 86016
4. Gato Barbieri - Fennix - Flying Dutchman 10144
5. Birdyak - Aberration - Klinker Zounds 8801-with Hugh Metcalfe, Bob Cobbing, Lol Coxhill, Bill Smith (UK) New $10.00
6. Paul Bley - Footloose - SavoyMG12182 Newark, NJ
7. " " - Mr. Joy - Limelight LS 86060 Mercury gatefold
8. " " - Closer - ESP 1021
9. " " - with Gary Peacock - ECM 1003 (Germany) marked sample
10. Dollar Brand - Ancient Africa - JAPO 60005 (Germany)
11. " " - Black Lightning - The Sun 786138 (South Africa)
12. " " - Peace - Soultown K RS 110 (South Africa)
13. " " - with Kippie Moketsi - Soultown KRS 113 (South Africa)
14. Anthony Braxton - Donna Lee - America 30AM6122 (France)
15. " " - Duo with Giorgio Gaslini - Dischi Della Quercia (Italy)
16. " " - This Time - Actuel 529 347 (Fr.)
17. Marion Brown - Afternoon of a Georgia Faun - ECM 1004 (Germany)
18. " " - Juba-Lee - Fontana 881 012 ZY (Holland)
19. " " - Why Not - ESP 1040
20. " " - Quartet - ESP 1022
21. John Carter/Bobby Bradford - Self Determination Music - Flying Dutchman FDS 128
22. " " / " " - Flight for Four - Flying Dutchman FDS 108
23. Gunter Christmann - Solo Music - Private Label CS5 (Germany)
24. Don Cherry/Ed Blackwell - Mu First Part - Actuel 529301 (France)
25. " " / " " - Mu Second Part - Actuel 529331 (France)
26. Ornette Coleman - Soapsuds Soapsuds - Artists House AH6
27. " " - Skies of America - Columbia KC 31562 (Canada)
28. John Coltrane - Quartet & Quintet in Europe - Jazz Connoisseur 112 (Italy)
29. " " - In Europe Vol. 1 - Beppo 500
30. " " - Coltrane Time - UA 15001
31. " " - Paris Concert - Pablo 2308 217
32. " " - Transition - Impulse AS 9195
33. " " - Cosmic Music - Impulse 9148
34. Alice Coltrane - Journey into Satchidinanda - Impulse AS 9203
35. Chick Corea - ARC - ECM 1009 (Germany) marked sample
36. " " - Piano Improvisations Volume 1 ECM 1014 (Germany)
37. " " - " " Vol. 2 - ECM 1020 (Ger.)
38. " " - 4tet live in NY - Oxford 3005 (It)
39. " " - Tones for Jones Bones - Vortex 2004 promo
40. Nat King Cole Meets the Master Saxes Phoenix LP5
41. Miles Davis - Walkin - Prestige 7076 - Yellow label/203 S. Washington
42. " " - Makin' Wax - Chakra 100
43. " " - In Saint Louis - VGM 0003
44. Kenny Dorham - Matador - UA 5631
45. " " - Whistle Stop - Blue Note 84063 - UA cut corner
46. David Eyges - The Arrow w. Byard Lancaster - Music Unlimited 7431
47. Herb Ellis-Jazz/Concord-ConcordCJS1
48. " " - with Stuff Smith - Together - Epic LA 16039 (Canada)
49. Booker Ervin - The Song Book - Prestige PR 7318 / Yellow label, 203 S. Wash.
50. " " - That's It-Candid 8014/119W.57
51. Duke Ellington - North of the Border - Decca 75069 (Canada)
52. " " - The Immortal(1943) - Hall of Fame JG 626
53. " " - Money Jungle - UAS 5632
54. " " - Vol. 3(Apr. 1953) - Stardust 203
55. " " - and His Orchestra (1959) - Big Band Landmarks Vol. XX
56. Maynard Ferguson - Sextet featuring Brian Barley - RCI 264 (Canada)
57. Johnny Griffin & Eddie Lockjaw Davis Lookin' at Monk - Jazzland39/235W.46
58. Jimmy Giuffre Trio - Live in Europe w. Bley&Swallow - Unique 18
59. Barry Guy - Assist - Jazz&Now 4 (Japan) new copy
60. Gigi Gryce - Saying Somethin' - New Jazz 8230/203 S.Wash./marked preview
61. Dizzy Gillespie/Stan Getz/Sonny Stitt The Titans - Hall of Fame JG 630
62. " " / " " - Diz&Getz - Verve V68141 drilled
63. Coleman Hawkins - Hollywood Stampede - Capitol M11030 sealed&drilled
64. " " - Sirius - Pablo2310707 (Canada)
65. " " - Swingmasters - Riverside RS 3305 (Polydor Canada)
66. " " - Chocolate Dandies etc. - Commodore XFL 14936
67. " " - w. Red Garland Trio - Prestige Swingville 2001 / 203 S. Washington
68. Johnny Hodges - on Verve Volume 1 (1951) Verve 2304447 (France)
69. " " - Vol. 2 (1951-52) 2304448
70. " " - Vol. 3 (52/3/4) 2304449
71. David Holland/Barre Phillips - Music for Two Basses - ECM 1011 (Germany)
72. " "/Derek Bailey - Improv. for cello & guitar - ECM 1013 (Germany)
73. Captain John Handy - Introducing with Claude Hopkins Band - RCALPM3762
74. " " " - Handyman-Vol. 1 - 77 Records 12/16 (U.K.)
75. Bobby Hacket - Hello Louis - w. Steve Lacy - Epic LN 24099 (Canada)
76. Art Hodes & Truck Parham - Plain Old Blues - Emarcy MGE 26005 (Canada)
77. Percy Humphrey & His Crescent City Joymakers - PearlPLP 3 /jacket marked
78. Andrew Hill - From California With Love - Artists House AH9
79. Chico Hamilton - Passin' Thru - Impulse A29 (Sparton Canada)
80. Gunter Hampel - 8th July 1969 w. Braxton - Flying Dutchman 126
81. Leroy Jenkins - Space Minds etc. - Tomato 8001

(USA) unless otherwise shown

# REVIEWS BY

**TONY ZANO TRIO**
**In Retrospect**
**Mark MJS-57624**

*No Love/ Waltz In/ Que Bassa?/ Unhappy/ Urban Area/ Come Rain or Come Shine/ Happy Dreamer's Lullaby/ Isn't It Romantic/ The Inn*
(June 1983)

By no means a political musician, Tony Zano prefers to honor stylistic icons. His music will satisfy listeners who prefer the musical boundaries defined clearly for the acoustic trio in the late 1950s. Sure of his footing, Zano chose to include only first takes on this set. Claiming Bill Evans as an influence, he launches into *Isn't It Romantic* in Evans style. Adding his own twist, he couches the childlike, innocent tune in dark, almost menacing chords, casting shadows over the ambient naivete. On most of the tunes, including the Evans vehicle *Come Rain or Come Shine*, Zano's trio operates along pre-Evans lines: bassist Teddy Kotick and drummer Joe Hunt play traditional roles, avoiding the risky and ingenious interaction Evans encouraged in his fellows.

With a tip of the hat to more recent directions in music, Zano's *The Inn*, a minor key outing, explores Trane territory. Somewhat similar to McCoy Tyner's work on "Impressions", Zano churns forth powerful tonal clusters that venture out beyond the confines of the harmonic neighbourhood and ignite an outspoken drum solo by Hunt.

REVIEWS BY PAUL BAKER

**COURTNEY PINE**
**Journey To The Urge Within**
**Antilles AND 8700**

*Miss-Interpret / I Believe / Peace/ Delores / As We Would Say / Children of the Ghetto / When, Where, How and Why/ C.G.C. / Seen / Sunday Song* (July 21-23, 1986)

Courtney Pine has been getting a great deal of publicity in his native England, and rightfully so. A strong player on the level of a Branford Marsalis, the 22-year old Pine excels on soprano, tenor and bass clarinet. Although influenced a

little by Coltrane, Shorter and Dolphy (not a bad trio), Pine is already a long distance towards establishing his own voice on each instrument. His American debut album also introduces several other potentially important jazz players of the future: vocalist Cleveland Watkiss (who sounds very much like Bobby McFerrin), pianist Julian Joseph and trumpeter Kevin Robinson although all of the musicians on this set of non-nonsense modern creative music are talented. "Journey to the urge Within" belongs in everyone's jazz collection.

**ERNIE KRIVDA**
**Tough Tenor-Red Hot!**
**Cadence CJ-1028**

*Panhandle Hook / Sword of Fire / All The Things You Are / The Archduke Serenade / Sarah's Theme* (Nov. 24, 1985)

After recording 3 highly rated albums for the Inner City label in the late 70's Ernie Krivda, disillusioned by New York, returned to his native Cleveland and obscurity. But despite the lack of press and publicity, Krivda has been playing regularly and his music has become even stronger through the years. "Tough Tenor-Red Hot!" lives up to its title for Krivda has a huge tone, an original style that sometimes emphasizes staccatoish notes and very impressive technique. The latter is true of the rhythm section (pianist Chip Stephens, bassist Jeff Halsey and drummer Joe Brigandi), Cleveland-area musicians who deserve much greater recognition. In addition to a tenor-bass duet on *All The Things You Are*, Krivda contributes four multi-theme originals, extended works (all over 9 minutes apiece) that never lose one's interest. The music is quite explorative yet never totally outside; organized but free. This album is one to search for.

**McCOY TYNER**
**The Real McCoy**
**Blue Note 84264**

*Passion Dance / Contemplation / Four By Five / Search For Peace / Blues On The Corner* (April 21, 1967)

Recorded less than 3 months before John Coltrane's death, this quartet album features two of his former sidemen (McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones) playing as strong as they did in 1965 with Trane's classic quartet. Since bassist Jimmy Garrison was still in Coltrane's unit, Ron Carter fills in admirably. The toughest spot to find a replacement is naturally the tenor position, but few finer candidates could be picked than Joe Henderson. Like Coltrane, Henderson developed his own unique sound and although there are times when his choice of notes is familiar, his tone was very personal and quickly identifiable, even back in '67. Tyner's five compositions allow for lyricism and relaxed swing along with the expected intensity. This album captures four masters at their prime (where they still remain today) for a set of timeless music that remains contemporary.

REVIEWS BY SCOTT YANOW

**TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI**
**Interlude**
**Concord CJ-324**

*Interlude / I Know Who Loves You / Blue And Sentimental / I Ain't Gonna Ask No More / Pagliacci / Solitude / So In Love / You Stepped Out Of A Dream* Feb. 1987

Toshiko Akiyoshi's "Interlude" is a trio date that features the pianist drawing on a mixture of standards and original compositions. While there are moments of sympathetic collective playing from the trio (notably on the title track where Akiyoshi delivers a very pleasing solo over the bossa rhythm motif), there seems to be a division existing, if only conceptually, between the composer and the rhythm section. Much of the second side is given over to solos on the selections that are good but fail to gel. It is as though the players were separated in the studio during the session and, try as they might, cannot overcome the displacement that results. The natural flow of time is sacrificed as the rhythm section aim to make the compositions swing at all cost. Happily, the most successful moments on the session occur on Akiyoshi's original pieces when everyone relaxes and lets the music come out unhampered by self-conscious attempts at stylization. Listeners would be well advised to seek out the early quartet session which Akiyoshi shares with reedman Charlie Mariano (on Candid) for a more vivid reflection of her capabilities.

**DAN BARRETT OCTET**
**Strictly Instrumental**
**Concord CJ-331**

*Old Fashioned Love / Somebody Loves Me / Quasimodo / The Minor Infraction / No Regrets / Moon Country / My Honey's Lovin' Arms / Strictly Instrumental /*

ERNIE KRIVDA (Photograph by Mark Weber)

*Sleep / Some Other Spring / There's Honey On The Moon Tonight*

Dan Bartlett's Octet recording is interesting on two levels: the first being the continuing validity of pre-swing and swing era styles in today's music, the second being that this marks the final session appearance of pianist Dick Wellstood, a player whose enthusiasm for stride and other early forms made him something of a specialist. His participation on this date raises the interest level considerably. Bartlett's trombone is possessed of a smooth dark tone, easing through these compositions with little effort, and certainly the same could be said for the rest of the ensemble at the session; competent players playing well. The problem is one of lack of tension where most everything seems smoothed out (or glossed up, depending on your point of view). It is an unsettling experience to hear a Charlie Parker theme played so smoothly that it no longer seems dangerous but instead becomes conventional, matter of fact. The Octet format is partly to blame for this, one might suppose, though something in me resists the controlled meter of the rhythm section playing a simple time signature so intrusively. Wellstood is the most memorable on this session for his rhythmic accents and juggling of time values. The ensemble collectively plays well but only Wellstood appears to go out on a limb, taking chances with a note that clangs against the carefully arranged harmonies or anticipating chord changes to set up a bit of tension. As this release represents his final date, perhaps Wellstood's legacy would rightfully be this last example of creative risk-taking.

**THE COMPLETE FATS WALLER, VOL. 4**
**RCA Bluebird 5905-1-RB (2 record set)**

*Why Do I Lie To Myself About You? / Let's Sing Again / Big Chief De Sota / Black Raspberry Jam / (Bach) Up To Me / Fractious Fingering / Paswonky / Lounging At The Waldorf / Latch On / I'm Crazy Bout My Baby / I Just Made Up With That Old Girl Of Mine / Until The Real Thing Comes Along / and other titles*

June - Nov., 1936

Much has been made of Thomas "Fats" Waller's reported discontent at being saddled with the worst Tin Pan Alley songwriters' wares. There is some truth to this assumption in the way that Waller jumps on these tunes with a vengence, making merry with songs that really do not deserve his attention (there goes my attraction). The consolation is in the fact that these renditions still hold up, if not as masterpieces then certainly as examples of early improvising in the studio, some fifty years later. Waller's Bluebird sessions catch the pianist and his band in a particularly light hearted mood, riding roughshod on some pieces (The Curse Of An Aching Heart) although his treatment of others (Hallelujah! Things Look Rosy Now) remains fresh and tasteful even now. While his comments during the performances remind us that Lord Buckley was not the first to satirize the social scene he saw around him, it is important not to miss Waller's undeniable piano excellence. His playing, a blend of stride and barrelhouse styles, was then and still is remarkably modern, given the rhythmic stiffness of the period. His ensembles on these recordings featured Herman Autrey on trumpet and Gene Sedric on saxophone improvising lines that compliment Waller's larger than life persona. Over steady time playing from a rhythm section of Slick Jones on drums and Charles Turner on bass, they weave consistently smooth, short solos, widening the scope of these admittedly thin compositions to allow Waller some breathing space. Waller's performances on these discs, while not essential, are a surprising testimony to his talents and adaptability.

REVIEWS BY STEVE VICKERY

Unit Records, c/o Remsol AG, Baarerstr. 43, 6300 Zug, Switzerland
Spotlite Records, 103 London Road, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, England
Emanem, Rawdon, Shotley Gate, Suffolk, England 1P9 1PP.
AsianImprov Records, 5825 Telegraph Avenue #66, Oakland, CA 94610 USA
Mark Records, 10815 Bodine Rd., Clarence, NY 14031 USA
Cadence Jazz Records, Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679 USA

# EDDIE "The Chief" CLEARWATER

LEFT-HANDED AND UPSIDE-DOWN

He's a tall leggy man with a corpulent beer muscle hugging his beltline that you just know took years to perfect. He has a bright lights and big city smile, toothy and infectious. His eyes glisten in the shadow of his wide-brimmed, silver medallioned Zorro hat, as they devour the luscious Albert's Hall/Brunswick House Femmes Fatales. They're all pink and freshly scrubbed. They don't hackle when they get excited and have a good time, they just casually undo the top buttons of their crisp, white, sleeveless, cotton blouses. He doesn't have to say it, we just know it. It's just something he exudes. Nightlife personified – salty and bold. His entire manner and comportment proclaim : "Come here you little darlin's and sit down on daddy's knee".

He's called Eddy "The Chief" Clearwater. This, of course, is a hybrid soubriquet. He acquired the title of The Chief (courtesy of drummer Jump Jackson) because of his former penchant for Indian headdress and buckskins; and his stage name Clearwater (courtesy of a harried booking agent) is a word play on the name of the late, great king of electric-age blues, Muddy Waters.

Clearwater, whose real name is Eddy Harrington, grew up listening to delta blues and country & western records in Macon, Mississippi, where he was born on January 10, 1935. At the tender age of thirteen he moved with his family to Birmingham, Alabama. There he learned to play the guitar – left-handed and upside-down – in his local church. He was still playing gospel music when he arrived on Chicago's South Side, but by 1953 he had made his move into the blues.

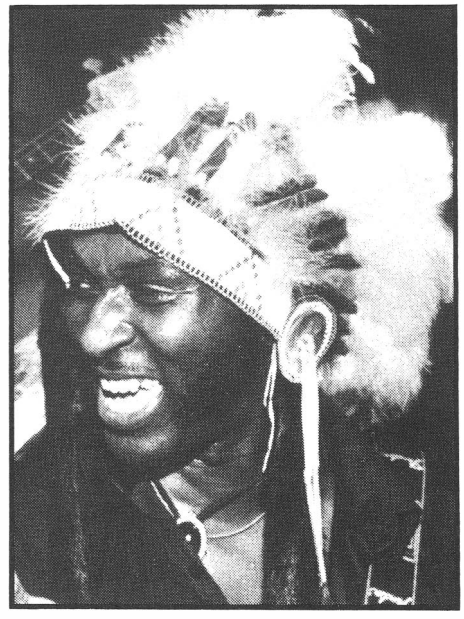
It all began when he was cruising down Michigan Avenue in his Ford, turned into WGES-AM, then Chicago's top black outlet, and happened upon Chuck Berry's *Oh Baby Doll.* Eddy quickly assimilated Berry's seminal rock sound into his own west side minor key blues. Just as quickly, he developed a reputation as the quiver-toned, bleeding anguish, duck-walking bluesologist, carrying a diverse musical repertoire ready for any situation.

Now, twenty-five years later, he's become one of the most irresistable, kinetically charged personalities of a kinetically charged tribe. Intrepidly nestled high in the fuliginous rafters of the Brunswick, The Chief is as frisky and composed as can be. He's totally oblivious to the fact that the Brunswick House is a rite-of-passage for Canadian university undergraduate students engaged in ritual mating and alcohol induced delerium tremens; praying to Captain Crunch and antagonizing giant one-eyed bouncers into a man-handling frenzy. The only fact that matters now is that he has twenty-five years under his belt as a bluesologist. There is no audience he can't reach, even the young Brunswick Berkeleyan Sorority, and he knows it. From the opening bell Eddy and the band found their threshold:

"Don't sit there mumblin, talkin' trash
If you want to have a ball
You've got to spend some cash
So let the good times roll."

The Clearwater repertoire is perhaps the most expansive and steamy of any living blues performer; from the Carlos Santana inspired *Black Magic Woman* to the Berry-flavored rocker *Do This Town Tonight*; from solid, heartstring hooks to boogie-drenched, house rent party stomps. Through it all, Clearwater has a superb instinct for deft, uncluttered delivery in his conversational singing style. And his powerful left-handed and upside-down guitar work is as tasty as big barbequed gorilla ribs. In the end, he feeds on a crowd and works a crowd at the same time, with consummate ease.

Similar to many other blues players, however, Eddy had to make his reputation abroad before he became firmly entrenched in the collective conscience of this continent. During the 1970's, he made two tours of Europe, appearing on BBC television in England and recording in France for the MCM company. Other recording opportunities quickly followed. His first complete album for the North American market, "The Chief", appeared on Chicago's Rooster Blues label in 1980, and quickly garnered critical acclaim, enhancing Clearwater's reputation as a songwriter/bluesman. His next album, recorded for England's Red Lightnin' label, won a W.C. Handy Award from the Blues Foundation in Memphis for the best imported blues album. Finally, with his latest (1986) vinyl effort, "Filmdoozie", The Chief teams up with Otis Rush (guitar) and Sugar Blue (harmonica) to prove that the art of blues is



essentially facta, non verba. A package of original songs provides the bare-bones structure and vehicle, but the point not to be missed is the exponential power of blues artistry. This outing marks the first time that the two notorious, hat-loving southpaws, Eddy and Otis, have ever recorded together, and when they intermesh their talents you know immediately that they have introduced a new concept into the world of music – "the twang attack". Long live the twang.

In the 1980's, The Chief and his band (guitarist Will Crosby, former Staple Singers drummer Tim Austin, and former James Cotton bassist Herman Applewhite) have toured from coast to coast in North America, headlining blues festivals in Chicago, Mexico City, and San Francisco. And in June 1987, Clearwater realized a life long dream, touring six countries in West Africa under the auspices of the U.S. government, receiving rave reviews at every stop. For The Chief this not only represents the highlight of his twenty-five year career but also, a sense of completion; a sense of having gone full circle in a blues odyssey, comparable to Ulysses' journey from Troy to his home in Ithaca.

Toronto, of course, is at least a galaxy away from West Africa. But for Clearwater it is a continuum. Somewhere between his Berry-laced, hard-edged boogie and his deep, bleeding anguish blues, The Chief captures all; left-handed and upside-down.

*– Dr. Lorne Foster*

Photograph by D. Shigley

# AROUND THE WORLD

**CANADA** — Midwinter dullness was alleviated by the visit of **Dewey Redman** to East 85th as special guest with the **Jane Bunnett Quintet.** Equally refreshing was the week-long stint of **Hugh Fraser's** Quintet at George's Spaghetti House. The Vancouver-based band was on a cross Canada tour which included Edmonton, Calgary, Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal. **Milcho Leviev's** adroit piano stylings were on display for the first time at Cafe des Copains. Flugelhornist **Herbie Spanier** dropped by one night for a few tunes and bassist **Bob Price** was another musician to participate in some informal music making. **Ralph Sutton and Jim Galloway** appeared together in one of Cafe des Copains' Sunday sessions. There is still music every Sunday at Clinton's where many of the city's younger musicians are receiving valuable exposure.

**Bob Mover and Bob Fenton** worked well together in their lecture demonstration evening of the music of Charlie Parker at the McMichael Gallery in Kleinburg January 12. The capacity audience were enthralled with the music created by the two musicians and fascinated with the erudite observations on Parker's musical contributions.

**Time Warp** introduced their new recording during a week long stint at George's Spaghetti House in January. Upcoming at the venerable club are **Alex Dean** (April 10-15), **Bill McBurnie** (April 17-22), **Mike Murley** (April 24-29), **Laura Grecco** (May 1-6), **Moe Koffman** (May 8-13) and **Ted Quinlan** (May 15-20).

**Kenny Wheeler and Tim Brady** were at the Music Gallery on February 19 with **Don Thompson** (bass) and **Graeme Kirkland** (drums). Kenny was also a featured guest with **Dave McMurdo's Big Band** at Emerson's on February 27. Graeme Kirkland led his own band (The Wolves) for two evenings of music at Emerson's in special concerts commemorating the death of Salvador Dali.

Unity Records recently released **Brian Dickinson's** recording "October 13th". Upcoming on Unisson are recordings by vocalist **Trudy Desmond** and pianist **Charlie Mountford.**

Guitarist **James Pett** led a trio with bassist **David Young** and drummer **Keith Blackley** at the Ontario Science Centre and the University of Toronto's Hart House. Pett is also coordinator of an April concert series at the Art Gallery of Ontario. The Wednesday evening concerts begin at 7:30 p.m. and feature Jonnie Bakan (reeds) and George Koller (bass) on April 5; Bill Smith (reeds) and James Pett (guitar) on April 12; George McFetridge (piano) on April 19 and Michael Century (piano) on April 26.

Pianist Jon Ballantyne worked a week in New York at Indigo Blue with Herbie Lewis and Billy Drummond. Ballantyne was then in Toronto for a week at East 85th.... Toronto based Pat LaBarbara took off for a two week tour of Ireland in February.... Hank Jones and Oliver Jones were heard together in concert for two nights in January (20 and 21) at Montreal University's Salle Claude Champagne. The two pianists had first performed together last September at the Monterey Jazz festival.

The Canada wide Alcan Jazz Competition is now in its sixth year. The regional preliminary events will be the prelude to the finals in Montreal during the International Jazz Festival. All finalists perform at the festival and the winner receives a cash bursury as well as a recording produced by the CBC. Final date for entries is April 14.

Dave Holland was in Toronto for auditions for the Banff Centre's summer Jazz School on February 17. The workshop runs from June 19 to July 13 and is designed for post-graduate and professional level players. It provides a rare opportunity for musicians to work alongside some of today's most outstanding players.

Saxophonist George Robert was in Calgary February 26/27 for performances with the Wednesday Night Big Band... Edmonton's Yardbird Suite presented Bob Berg/Mike Stern, Lew Tabackin, Gordon Towell, Sheila Jordan, Sean McAnally, Jim Head and Tom Foster during January/February.... "Looking Ahead" is the name of the Coastal Jazz and Blues Society's newsletter. It keeps you up to date with their concert activities and offers discounts to members on a variety of products. The society can be reached at Suite 203, 1206 Hamilton Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 2S9.

## DIZZY ATMOSPHERE IN AFRICA

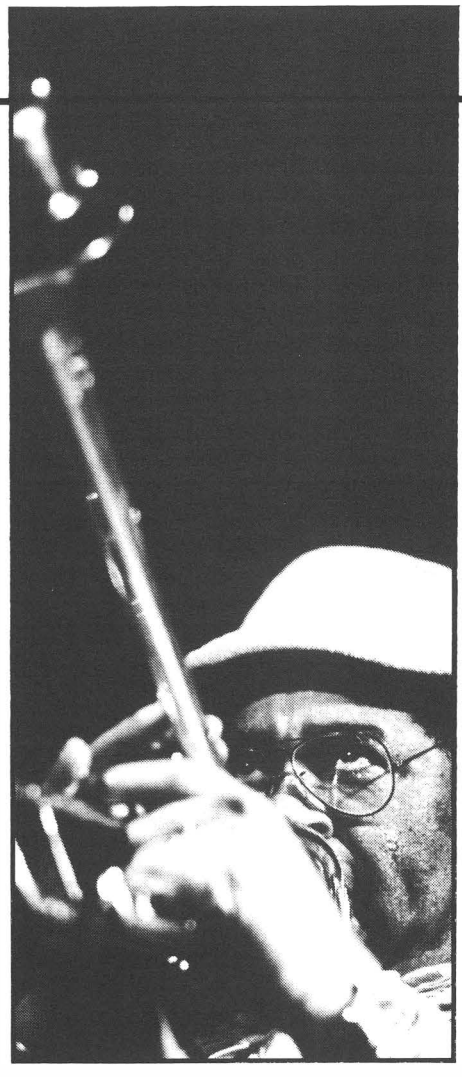
As the New Year began, two Afro-Americans, both world known, were doing "their thing" on the Mother continent of Africa. The **Reverend Jesse Jackson** was touring as usual, "telling-it-like-it-is" and "shall be" (ie. "Our time has come"). Mr. Jackson was in the south east part of Africa orally T.C.B.-ing whilst jazz giant **Dizzy Gillespie** was touring the north and west Africa with his dynamic sextet that included the pioneer tenor sax man **James Moody.**

The Dizzy Gillespie Sextet landed in Morocco one bright morning after a successful three concerts in the African country of Egypt. He and his sextet were comfortably installed at the luxurious Hotel Safir in Marrakesh.

I, being the oldest persistent Dizzy fan, made my way to the great man, to pay homage as is beboppishly prescribed for regal dues-payers of jazz. He was in good health, good spirit, and still looking good at 71.

Veteran reedman James Moody was also in the same condition as his old bop boss Gillespie. Other members of the sextet were: **Ignacio Berroa** the drummer, **John Lee** electric bass, **Ed Cherry** the guitarist and **Giovanni Hidalgo** the congo percussionist. The latter is power of creativeness to bear watching, now and in the future.

The Dizzy Gillespie African tour was sponsored by the U.S. Information Agency and local African organizations. This tour was scheduled to take them from Egypt to Morocco, and from there down to Senegal and Zaire. Oops, I almost forgot the most important place on this tour: Lagos, Nigeria. I do believe that I had a mental block about Lagos due to the unsavoury horrendous facts about the place itself. But it too was on the tour. In fact, at the very moment that President-elect George Bush was being sworn in, way over there in Washington, D.C. (a city with a night-time bad rap like Lagos), Dizzy Gillespie will be sworn in as a Baashere (King of Entertainers), a chieftancy in Iperu, Ogun state of the nation of Nigeria. This honour has been bestowed on Mr. Gillespie because of his immense and untiring contribution to the world of classical music that is popularly known as "jazz."



In Marrakesh, that fabulous city of the Marvelous, the sextet played before a capacity crowd in the Casino theatre. The outstanding musician was not, as expected, Dizzy himself, but the young innovative conga percussionist Giovanni Hidalgo. His playing was not only supportive and inspirational for the group, but when he soloed it was contagious for all souls, the hip and the unhip. Hidalgo has evidently listened and learned, and continues respectively to do so to those other conga players of greatness. I spoke to him after the concert and he enthusiastically talked about master-conga players such as Chano Pozo, Mongo Santamaria, and some lesser known. He hails from Puerto Rico. To my ears, Hidalgo shoves Dizzy's solos into a higher atmosphere. Dizzy has always been creative with conga and other Afro rhythms. I saw Dizzy at his great Golden Bop Epoch, with the big band featuring Chano Pozo.

DIZZY GILLESPIE (Photograph by Jorgen Bo)

The next stop on the Moroccan segment of the tour was Rabat, which is the capitol of the nation. It was in this city that brother John Birks Gillespie surpassed his yesteryear trumpeting. With uplifted horn and feeling inspired, John Birks became dizzier and dizzier. The crowd in Rabat went joyously mad. And also on this night the guitarist Ed Cherry took the electric instrument away from its machine self and elevated it up to the level where Charlie Christian, Bill DeArango, Jim Hall and Wes Montgomery targeted. I do hope that all those unhip million electronic freaks will follow their way out of their Rut'n'Ruin loud noises. Ed Cherry is a young musician that has gone beyond rock 'n roll thus he uses the electricity, and does not allow the electricity to use or misuse him.

The Thelonious Monk composition *Round About Midnight* (which Dizzy co-composed the coda) was played sensual, and Dizzy's uplifted trumpet spread love throughout the audience. James Moody's musical contributions were enthusiastically applauded whenever he took solos on flute (it is an instrument that Moroccans have in their own music) and also his unique alto saxophone solos. He also sang *Moody's Mood For Love* in a humourous Bob Gonzalez manner and of course joined Dizzy in a blistering tempo on *Oop Pop-A-Dah*. Gillespie has always been (like his fore-runner Louis Armstrong) a professional soulful entertainer as well as a master of innovative music. His in-betweens and introductions place the audiences closer to him and his musicians. The night in Casablanca, which was their farewell to north Africa and hello to west Africa, on that evening, he and Moody sang *Swing Low Sweet Cadillac*, which caused the rather staid Casablanca French-fried audience to "git-down," and jazz became their spiritual religion. All because of His Hipness Dizzy Gillespie and his uplifted horn.

*– Ted Joans*



**ELSEWHERE – Cecil Taylor** closed out January at Sweet Basil and was followed in February by James Moody, John Scofield and the Peter Erskine band. **The Danish Radio Big Band** was at Sweet Basil for three nights (March 6-8) in an event sponsored by the Danish people.... Lisa Sokolov was at the Westbank Cafe February 11 and 18.... Black History Month was celebrated at the Wesbeth Resident's Performing Arts Center on February 19 with a benefit concert featuring the Wesbeth Music Ensemble (Frederick Waits, Billy Harper, Peter Warren, Miles Evans) and Bruce Smith's Bright Ideas.... Guitarist Rick Stone introduced his new quartet at Cafe Gian-Luca on February 22.... Jazz photographs by Judy Sneed were on display in February at Life Cafe (343 East 10th Street). ...David Sidman led a quintet at the Knitting Factory on March 4.

Frank Vignola's Hot Club Quintette and pianist Charle McLean's quartet were February performers for the International Art of Jazz McLean was heard at the Ethical Humanist Society's venue in

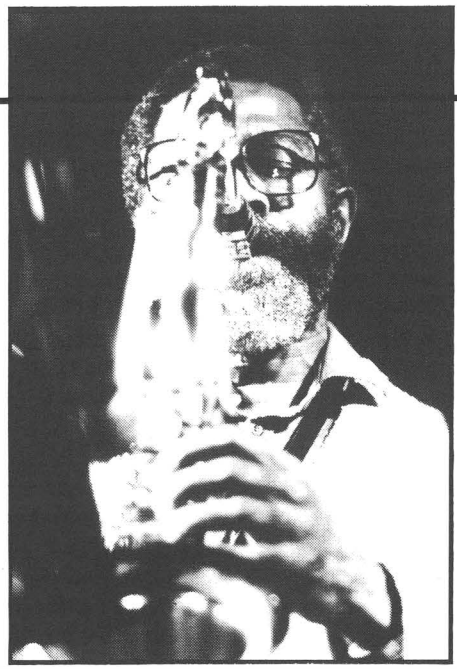
Garden City while Frank Vignola was at the Staller Center for the Arts at SUNY, Stony Brook. That venue was also responsible for a concert appearance by the **Sun Ra Arkestra** February 28.

The Harvard University Jazz Band with special guest **Joe Henderson** features the music of Eric Dolphy in concert at Sanders Theatre.... The **Max Roach** Quintet gave a concert at Dartmouth College on February 11.

The Southeastern Michigan Jazz Association presented Shirley Horn in concert January 21 at Ann Arbor's Burlington Atrium.... Eclipse Jazz presented the **Modern Jazz Quartet** February 10 and the **Steve Lacy** Sextet March 11. The latter gig was part of a major tour being made by the sextet which began March 5 in Seattle. They performed in Los Angeles, Oakland, Cambridge, Philadelphia, Washington and ended the tour in Charlottesville, Va on March 25.... The Olivia Street Stompers performed January 27 for a benefit for Ann Arbor's Kelsey Museum of Archaeology.

A month long series of concerts at Carmichael Auditorium in the National Museum of American History is but one of several events taking place in Washington in April as part of that city's celebration of the music and life of Duke Ellington. The Smithsonian is hosting one day of the International Ellington Conference '89. Their presentation will take place at the Baird Auditorium. The following two days of events will be held at the conference centre of the Mayflower Hotel. The conference runs from April 26-29.

Black History Month is celebrated in many parts of the U.S. every February. Moorhead State University initiated a program for the first time and invited jazz video producer Stinson McClendon from Kansas City and this magazine's publisher John Norris from Toronto for lecture presentations and panel discussions. The program was coordinated by James F. Condell – a professor at the university, contributor to Coda, and a guitarist in the Freddie Green tradition. Condell wrote arrangements (and transcriptions from recordings) for a fourteen piece band who executed the tunes. Written by such black composers as Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Tadd Dameron, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Christian, Billy Strayhorn and Duke Ellington. The band performed different material in two one hour sets at the Student Union Underground. The ensemble work was impressive considering the band had had only one rehearsal while the solos were idiomatically acceptable. The weeklong celebration ended with an evening of poetry and jazz at the Plains Art Museum. Moorhead University president Roland Dille read poems by Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen and other black poets as well as poems by mid-western poets (including his own) reflecting the views and traditions of the region. The musical interludes were provided by **James Condell** (guitar) and **Ed Christianson** (bass). Other recent activities in the Moorhead-Fargo area included a concert appearance by Richie Cole and the North Dakota State University Invitational High School Jazz Festival.



Gunther Schuller (February 14) and Slide Hampton (February 19) were the first two lecturers of the season at the University of North Texas. Adam Nussbaum, Lew Soloff, Pat LaBarbara, Mike Stern and Charlie Haden are other participants in the series.

Charlie and Sandi Shoemake were at San Jose's Garden City on January 29. ...There was a timely enquiry by Bob Allen in the February issue of Fanfare – the magazine of the South California Hot Jazz Society – regarding the almost total absence of black musicians at the many events (festivals and parties) which focus on traditional jazz.... San Francisco's Channel 7 News ran a six part series on the Blues: Living Legends and the Music of Oakland. The series was hosted by Marc Gibson and included interviews and performances. Perhaps this footage can be repackaged for wider circulation as a feature documentary on the area's blues scene.

Centrum is an arts organization in Port Townsend, Washington. They hosted a weekend of "Hot Jazz" at various local clubs the weekend of February 24-25. In July they are running a weeklong jazz workshop under the direction of Bud Shank. Med Flory, Pete Christlieb, Emily Remler, Jay Clayton and Conte Candoli are among the faculty. The application deadline is July 1 (Centrum, P.O. Box 1158, Port Townsend, WA 98368) for the July 23-30 workshop.

Only a few gigs are on the horizon for the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. They performed in concert March 10 in Buffalo followed by two nights at Chicago's Jazz Showcase. Tours are planned for Japan in late July and in Europe in late October. But nothing else in the U.S. Toshiko addressed some of the severe problems facing jazz orchestras (and composers) last September when she appeared at the Black Caucus registrative meeting in Washington:

"The financial strains make it incredibly difficult to produce new and creative jazz music," she said, citing as an example the $150 cost of each three-hour band rehearsal. "After six years of exhausting our funds, we can no longer afford such high rehearsal room rentals," she added, pointing out that the hourly rental used to be a mere $1.50 back in the band's California days.

In many European countries, the government subsidizes jazz orchestras, organizations, and individual artists, she pointed out. "If Duke Ellington – for whom I have unconditional, profound respect – had been content to dwell on the works of his predecessors, instead of creating his own great musical tradition through his famous orchestra, just think of all the great music we would have missed. One cannot create music of substance without rehearsals and experimentation. Without funding, new big bands can't meet these basic needs, which makes it almost impossible for them to get started, much less survive."

JOE HENDERSON (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

Pianist Michael Weiss (who usually works with Johnny Griffin) took his own quartet featuring Slide Hampton on a short concert tour at the end of February to colleges in Dallas, Louisville, Bloomington and Indianapolis. He also gave a trio concert February 24 in Odessa, Texas and appeared in Chicago's Pops for Champagne March 2-4. The pianist then did a week in Bradleys before opening a six week tour with Johnny Griffin at the Village Vanguard.... Trombonist Jiggs Whigham gave concerts and clinics in the US in February/March and is scheduled to return in May for appearances at the Otter Crest Jazz Weekend and the Santa Fe Jazz Party.... Phil Woods performs with the Radio Orchestra in Koln, Germany April 20-26 before flying back for a concert at SUNY Morrisville. The quintet then returns to Sweet Basil for a week (May 2-7) before embarking on an extensive European tour.

Festivals and Parties now fill the schedules of many musicians as fewer and fewer clubs offer the traditional outlets for the performance of the music. Parties seem to prefer the older styles – but such exceptions to this rule as the Paradise Valley and Jazz Inn Parties offer hope for the future. The first Pensacola Jazz Party was a successful venture. Its musical viewpoint was the freewheeling jamming made famous at Condon's in the 1940s. The music was well played and well received by the enthusiastic audience who got exactly what they wanted. The least predictable moments came in the sets organised by trombonist Dan Barrett and guitarist Marty Grosz. Both their choice of tunes and interpretations strayed from the ordinary.... Already announced for next December 8-10 is the "World Series of Jazz" at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. More information is available from Lamont Patterson, 455 E. Twain, Apt. 159, Las Vegas, Nevada 89119.... The I.J. Jazz Festival was held in Detroit March 10 with Enrico Rava the featured headliner.... The Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival took place February 23-25 in Moscow, Idaho. Wynton Marsalis, the Ray Brown Trio, Stan Getz, Doc Cheatham, Kenny Burrell, the Lionel Hampton band and the Russian duo of pianist **Leonid Vintskevich** and saxophonist **Lembit Saarsalu** were the featured performers.... the city of Wilmington is planning a summer series of free concerts under the banner of "Jazz in the Village". No dates or artists have been announced so far.... The first Phoenix Jazz Festival took place April 1 with more than 70 local jazz artists complementing such headliners as Lionel Hampton, the Tonight Show All Star Quintet and New Orleans' Rebirth Marching Band.... The sixth Discover Jazz Festival takes place June 5-11 in Burlington, Vt.... The 20th edition of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival takes place April 28-May7. A new evening concert venue has been added this year – The River Tent. The festival, one of the broadest in the country in its eclectic mix of music, should once again prove to be a major attraction. Tickets and concert schedules are available from P.O. Box 53407, New Orleans, La 70153. ...Jazz Fusion is the mix being offered this June as the island of Aruba hosts its second annual music festival. The event takes place over the first two weekends of the month (2/4, 9/11) and Wynton Marsalis, David Sanborn, Bob James, Lee Ritenour, Diane Schur and George Benson are among the performing artists. Special hotel packages have been arranged to span the 10 days of the event.

Honest Jon's record shop in England has available an attractive catalog offering jazz books, posters and other souvenirs. It's available from them at 278 Portobello Road, London W10 STE.... Traditional jazz lovers will flock to Pontin's Holiday Centre at Lowestoft the weekend of April 21-24 to listen to Terry Lightfoot, Kenny Ball, Monty Sunshine, Max Collie and others.... France's National Jazz Orchestra performs in Zagreb, Yugoslavia on April 9 before embarking on an eleven city tour of France which ends on April 29.... The 6th annual "Mister Jazz" Festival began March 13 in Ravenna, Italy with a concert by the Bob Berg/Mike Stern Quartet and was followed by a concert March 28 which featured the solo piano of Jaki Byard and a quartet with Charlie Mariano, Randy Brecker, Niels Pedersen and Peter Erskine. The final concert (April 13) showcases the soprano saxophones of Dave Liebman and Steve Lacy.... Musik Distribusjon AS, Sandakerveien 76, Box 4379, Torshov, N-0402 Oslo 4, Norway is an excellent source for the recordings made in Norway by independent jazz record companies. Excellent recordings on such labels as Gemini, Taurus, Odin, Hot Club, Veps and Herman showcase Norwegian and American musicians. Their new CD catalog confirms the shift to the new technology which is happening on a worldwide basis.... **Mitchell Seidel** was winner of the 1988 Jazz Forum Jazz

Photo Grand Prix. He expects to be in Warsaw in November to receive his award in person during the 1989 Jazz Jamboree. ... The 8th Terrassa Jazz Festival takes place between February 18 and March 19 in Spain. Out Of The Blue, Bennie Wallace, Stan Tracey, Albert King, Lou Bennett, John McLaughlin, Henri Chaix, Cecil Taylor, **Frank Morgan, Randy Weston** and **Hilton Ruiz** were among the featured artists.

More noted jazz clubs seem headed for oblivion. Keith Knox reports from Sweden on the Fasching Jazz Club which was due to close in February:

"Fasching Jazz Club in Stockholm has been run for the past 12 years by the Swedish Jazz Musicians' Federation (F.S.J.). The present situation was made clear at a press conference at the club on February 13. An additional SEK 1M (about US$160,000) of subsidy was necessary for Fasching's activities to continue and F.S.J. has decided to close the club.

"The personnel were given notice that their jobs would no longer be available after February 15. Program bookings have been made only until the end of February, although arrangements made for radio and television recordings to take place at Fasching after that date will be honored.

"The premises are rented from the city council and rent hikes have been drastic since about 1985. In addition, costs for travel, advertising and hotel accommodation, together with the statuary rates of reimbursement for musicians and other personnel have also increased quite strikingly. The club premises are badly in need of renovation and repairs are estimated at about SEK 2.5M (about US$400,000).

"Fasching receives community subsidies, but has been about 80% self-supporting through a current average of 108 nightly (6 nights a week) paying customers and bar income from snacks and beverages, etc. The financial problems afflicting Fasching are being experienced in a somewhat similar manner across much of the cultural spectrum in present day Sweden and the situation for Nefertiti Jazz Club in the west coast city of Gothenburg is known to be little different from that at Fasching."

Zurich's Widder Bar has been that city's premier showcase for jazz artists for more than a decade. It recovered from severe financial losses a couple of years ago with the injection of considerable private capital from lovers of the music. The bank who own the building has now decided to construct a new building on the site of the club. The final concert is supposed to take place April 30. **Kenny Drew's** trio will be the final regularly scheduled group (April 29). Before then the club's patrons will have heard Eddie Harris, Dorothy Donegan, Cedar Walton, McCoy Tyner, Freddie Hubbard, Spike Robinson, Kenny Burrell and Milt Jackson with their groups. It seems unlikely, at this time, that there is any chance of the club relocating elsewhere.

A Jazz Workshop for composition and improvisation is being held September 11-30 in Hochschule fur Musik Koln, Dagobertstrabe 38, D-5000 Koln, West Germany with the instructors including Bill Dobbins, Jiggs Whigham, Jim McNeely, Dave Liebman, **Vinko Globokar,** John Taylor and **Barre Phillips.**

Roger Riggins would like to point out that the trombonist on Ellen Christi's

forthcoming Soul Note double record set is Jeff Hoyer and not Jeff Mayer.

Longtime B.C. resident pianist/vibist **Elmer Gill** is profiled in the February 1989 issue of Earshot Jazz. Paul DeBarros' article traces his early career and augments the written words with historic pictures.... Universe Books is distributing in the U.S. the British series of jazz biographies published by Spellmount. Three new titles are now available: Dizzy Gillespie, Bunk Johnson and Fats Waller.... Editions du Limon (17 rue Dessalle-Possel, 34000 Montpelier, France) has followed a similar direction with biographies of Lennie Tristano, Charles Mingus, Ella Fitzgerald, Stan Getz, Willem Breuker, Muddy Waters, Django Reinhardt, Luther Allison and Duke Ellington by various French authors.... Cherry Lane Music Company has published a second volume of the Erroll Garner Songbook.... JazzMedia has announced that Volume 1 of Jazz Records 1942-1980 (compiled by Erik Raben) has been published and covers A-Ba (Barnes). Volume 2 will follow at the end of the year.... Gustave Cerutti (8 Avenue du Marche, 3960 Sierre, Switzerland) has published a discography of Five British Independent Labels 1968-1987 (Bead, Incus, Matchless, Leo, Ogun). It sells for 20 Swiss Francs including the postage.... The latest from Greenwood Press is "Feel the Spirit", Studies in Nineteenth Century Afro-American Music.... Jazz Research 20 (1988) published by Adeva Musik, Akademische, Druck-u, Verlagsanstalt, Graz, Austria includes articles in English on the Miles Davis-Wayne Shorter Connection, Muddy Waters' Music and Rhythm and Blues. ...Now in circulation after its showing in London is an 89 minute documentary on Thelonious Monk. It combines concert footage from the 1960s with interviews made more recently.... The Dutch International Jazzdocumentation Centre has published a poster listing all the 1989 festivals in Holland as well as some of those in other countries. The poster is available from the organisation at Patrijsiaan 1, 5731 XN Miero, Holland.

Blues recordings have made a big comeback as a new generation discovers the healing power of the music. New from Arhoolie is "Take Me In Your Heart" by C.J. Chenier and the Red Hot Louisiana Band. They made their Canadian debut in January with gigs in London and Toronto.... Ace Records in England has reissued from the Prestige catalog "The Blues of Smoky Babe" and Billy Boy Arnold's "More Blues on the South Side".... New from Alligator is L'il Ed and the Blues Imperials.... Pulsar Records has albums out by Johnny "B. Goode" Johnson and Eddie Kirkland. Rounder has recordings by Johnny Copeland, Bobby King/Terry Evans and Ronnie Earl available.... Vanguard continues its reissue program with CD versions of Skip James Today, Mississippi John Hurt's Last Sessions and Junior Wells' "Coming At You".

Atlantic has dug deep into its archives to reissue John Lewis' Wonderful World of Jazz, Paul Barbarin's New Orleans Jazz, the Teddy Charles Tentet and the Jimmy Giuffre 3. Also reissued are Ornette Coleman's Art of the Improvisers and the World's Greatest Jazz Band Roosevelt Grill Session. These reissues are on CD, cassette and LP. ...Blue Note celebrates 50 years as a label this year and held a party at Birdland on January 6. Many of their finest sessions are now being given fresh life through CD reissues.... BMG has five new Bluebird reissues available by Earl Hines, Bix Beiderbecke, Artie Shaw (Gramercy Five), the Esquire Sessions and early Duke Ellington. Incidentally has anyone actually seen and heard the corrected version of the Ellington/Blanton Years package? The first edition contained critical errors as well as bad sound. Steve Backer made a public statement that the set would be corrected and properly identified. When you find it let us know and be sure to take back your original defective issue for exchange. Insist upon it!

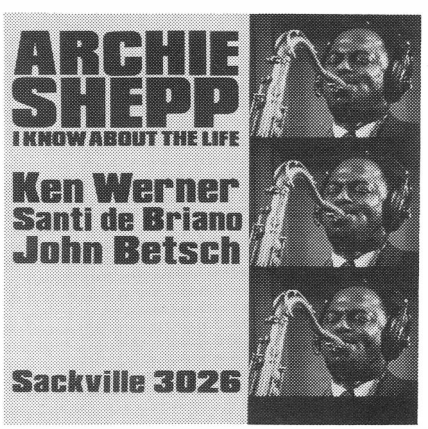
Marcus Roberts and Steve Lacy have new releases on the Novus line from BMG.... BMG has also announced the release of CDs from Nina Simone, Leadbelly and Sonny Boy Williamson. ...French RCA has a wonderful two-lp set of Sonny Boy Williamson which contains many titles on lp for the first time.... New from Gramavision is Oliver Lake's "Otherside" which contains performances by his quintet and arrangements of Eric Dolphy compositions by a larger group.... Guitarist Martin Taylor's debut lp for Gramavision is titled "Sarabanda".... Maynard Ferguson's second release on Intima is titled "High Voltage 2".... Trumpeter Clay Jenkins' debut lp is called "Rings" and is released on K2B2 Records.... New from Leo Records is the Ganelin Trio's "Poco-A-Poco" and Marilyn Crispell's "Gaia". Reggie Workman and Doug James are also featured. ...The Louis Bellson Jazz Orchestra has Clark Terry as a special guest in their new recording "Hot" for Musicmasters. The same label has also issued Lee Konitz' "Round & Round'. It's a quartet session with Fred Hersch, Mike Richmond and Adam Nussbaum.

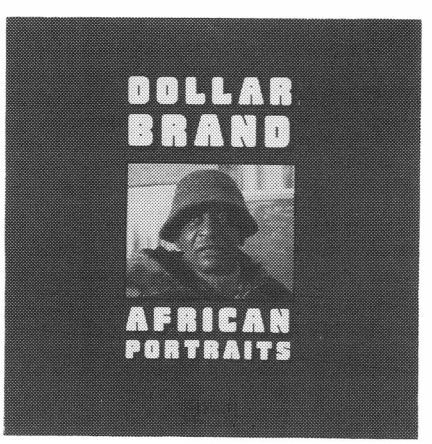
New from Polygram are recordings by drummer Terri Lyne Carrington and Ray Bryant. Recent reissues has returned to circulation such classic Verve sessions as "Soulville" by Ben Webster, Count Basie at Newport, "For Musicians Only" with Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz and Bill Evans' Empathy/Simple Matter of Conviction sessions. European recordings by Donald Byrd, Memphis Slim, Bill Coleman and Barney Wilen are available in North America for the first time while the soundtracks of "Lift to the Scaffold" (Miles Davis) and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (Art Blakey) are available once again.

Pianist **Eddie Heywood Jr** died January 2 in his home in North Miami Beach. He was 74. In February filmmaker **John Cassavetes** died and as we go to press the news of the death of **Roy Eldridge** on February 26 has reached us.

# SACKVILLE RECORDINGS



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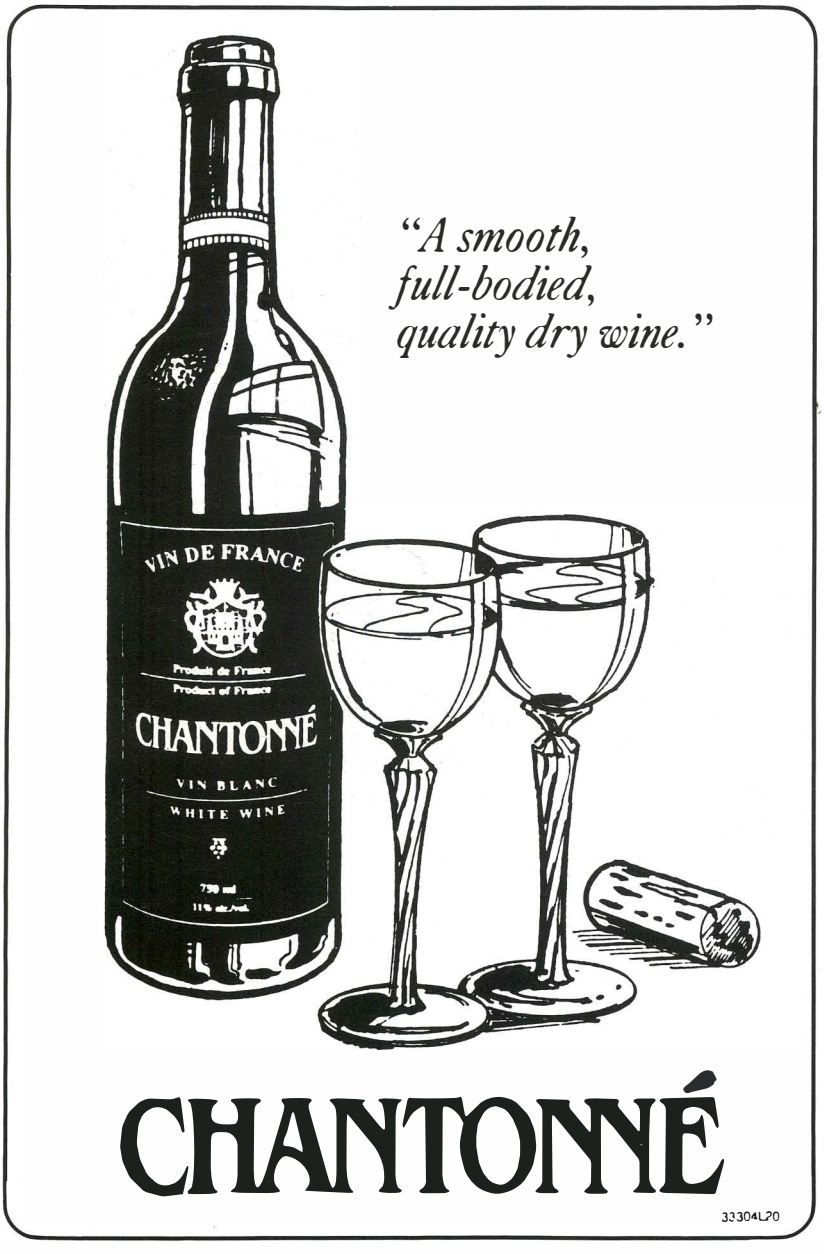


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