CODA MAGAZINE

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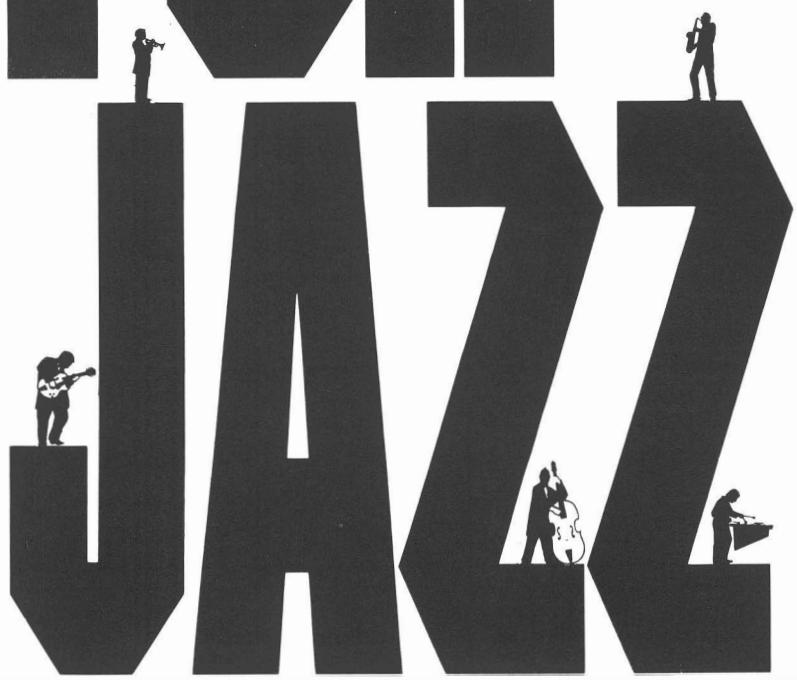

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DAVID MURRAY (photograph by Bill Smith)

PAUL DESMOND AND JIM HALL

THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS OF THE PAUL DESMOND QUARTET WITH JIM HALL
Mosaic MR6 / 120
(6 records)

During one of my early visits to Toronto, a couple came into Sam's (a record store) and said that they wanted to hear Wes Montgomery. Instead, the assistant, a friend of theirs, said "Here's something you'll like." What followed were the delicate, shimmering lines of an alto saxophone floating through *Poor Butterfly* – a number that had fond recollections for me of Bobby Hackett in 1938 and, even further back, of Red Nichols and Spike Hughes. The player was Paul Desmond, whom I already knew (as did everybody else) for his work with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. I too thought that this was something I'd like, and kept a note of the record until it appeared in the deletion bins for $1.35.

The record at first seemed to me a very pleasant attempt to cash in on the popularity of the Brubeck Quartet. I had always thought of Desmond as the best part of that unit; and I had admired albums like **Jazz at Oberlin** (Fantasy 3245) and **Jazz Impressions of Eurasia** (CBS CL 1251). However, *Poor Butterfly* gradually became one of my favourite tracks; and it slowly dawned on me that Desmond sounded far better on this record than he did with Brubeck. And it finally came to me just how good Jim Hall was – better than Desmond at times.

Photographically, Desmond and Hall don't fit the role of exciting jazz artists. Desmond said of playing in England "all the guys look like me"; and both Hall and Desmond look as though they belonged in the British Civil Service. Yet, when they step into numbers like *Out Of Nowhere* or *Stranger In Town*, it is with a relaxed, swinging assurance that takes hold immediately. From 1959 to 1965 they made a series of recordings together, along with Connie Kay, the drummer from the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Gene Wright from the Brubeck Quartet on bass (with Percy Heath of the MJQ and Gene Chirico substituting on occasions). Mosaic has brought all these recordings together in a six record box.

The first session is from 1959 and has a dash and a buoyancy that remind one that Desmond and Hall came out of the West Coast music of the early fifties – days when theirs seemed the new way (almost the only way) to play jazz, and a Dry Martini was still the acme of sophistication. The rhythm section steps out with confidence and freshness, with Jim Hall prominent. There are up-tempo versions of *East Of The Sun* (where Desmond's tone and phrasing recall Stan Getz's 1955 version on "West Coast Jazz" (Verve 8028)) and of *I Get A Kick Out Of You*, where Desmond's lancing alto reminds one of his Brubeck recordings of the period, such as *Nomad* on **Jazz Impressions of Eurasia**. There are two numbers where time has unhappily upstaged the group. They do a brief and haunting version of *Greensleeves* that must have sounded original in its day – and was; but which is inevitably overwhelmed by recollections of what John Coltrane subsequently made of the tune. *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West* must also have seemed a good number to do: Hall and Heath had recorded it three years previously with Bill Perkins, John Lewis and Chico Hamilton "Grand Encounter", World Pacific 1217). They couldn't perhaps have known how that loose, relaxed earlier version was destined to become engraved in our minds as the way that that piece ought to go.

It is with *Time After Time* and *You Go To My Head* and (to a lesser degree) *For All We Know* that Desmond and Hall dig into the kind of material they were to make their own – the slow to medium tempo show tune. On the number first brought to prominence by Frank Sinatra, *Time After Time*, we hear for the first time the interplay of Desmond and Hall as complementary voices in the ensemble passages.

This first record concludes with a number called *Susie* that had previously appeared only in a now rare *Playboy* compilation. It is attributed to Desmond; though I could believe that it is the number that Bix and the Wolverines played (on one of the rarest records in jazz in its "B" version) and that Max Kaminsky so beautifully rephrased sixteen years later with Bud Freeman.

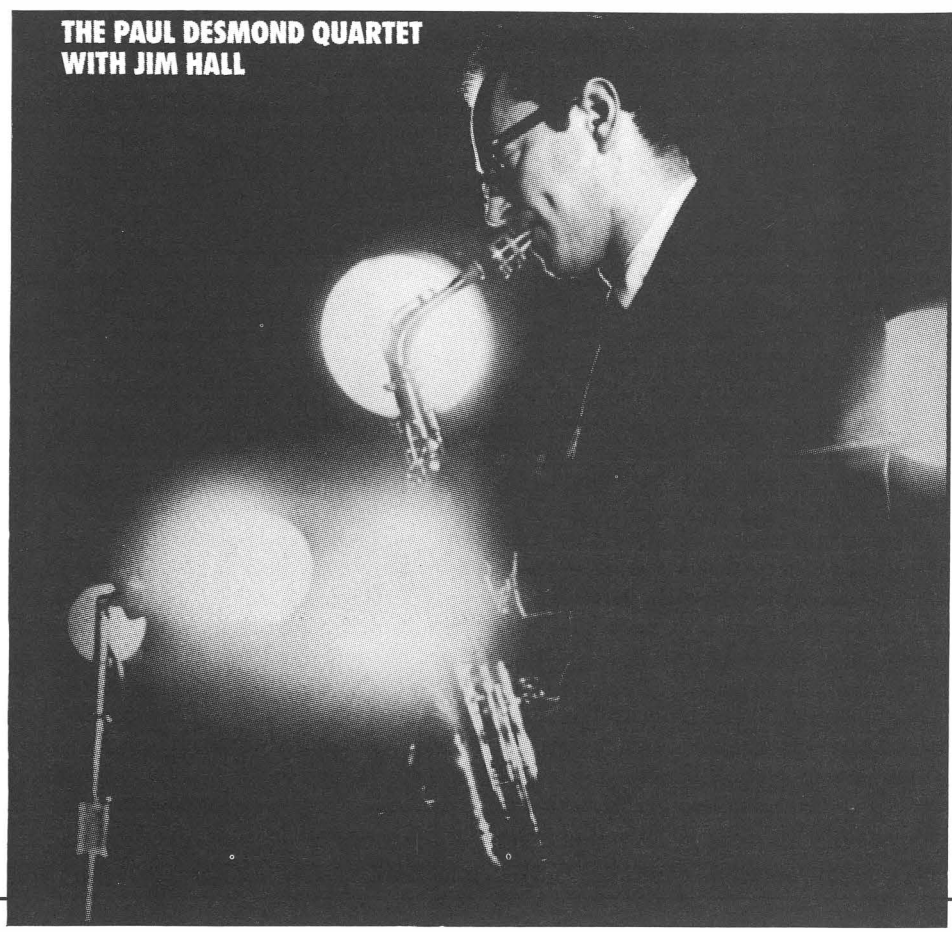
Beginning in 1961, RCA Victor took up the now celebrated Desmond. They seemed to have approached recording him somewhat nervously. Their motive was evidently to cash in on the popularity of the Brubeck Quartet, whose *Take Five* (from their "Time Out", Columbia CL 1397) had, as a truncated single, reached the top ten in the Hit Parade in 1961. RCA Victor made three recordings with the Desmond Quartet in June 1961, none of which were issued. Instead, they went on to record material for an album with strings, **Desmond Blue** (LPM 2438) that appeared in March 1962; after which they recorded Desmond with Gerry Mulligan (**Two Of A Mind**, LPM 2624) that appeared in December 1962 – a congenial renewal of the partnership that produced **Gerry Mulligan - Paul Desmond Quartet** in 1957 for Verve (8284). They then brought the Desmond/Hall Quartet back for a series of sessions in June 1963 and eventually assembled an album of numbers in a variety of tempi that took its title from a tune that clearly evoked the Brubeck hit – **Take 10** (LPM 2569), appearing in March 1963. It was not until June 1964 that they brought the quartet back for another series of recordings, devoted principally to material for an album of the then popular *bossa nova*, **Bossa Antigua** (LPM 3320). Only after that had appeared in May 1964 did they start recording (in September 1964) for their two really memorable albums by the quartet, **Glad To Be Happy** (LPM 3407) and **Easy Living** (LPM 3480), which were the last to appear. There was considerable re-recording of material from earlier sessions; though in some cases the earlier versions were preferred. From all this came the alternate versions that appear for the first time in the Mosaic box.

Bossa nova performances make up over forty percent of the Victor recordings in this compilation. Desmond said that he loved his **Bossa Antigua** album, and the performances have retained a delicate brightness – which cannot be said of many of the bossa nova albums that resulted from the success of Getz's "Jazz Samba" (Verve 8432) in 1962 and Getz's subsequent introduction of the hit tune *The Girl From Ipanema*. Desmond seems happy in these recordings, and his playing of the melodies falls on the ear with a wistful and piquant beauty – hauntingly, at times, as on *Samba Cantina*. However, he does not make much of the tunes, and they do not reward repeated listening. Jim Hall, so excellent elsewhere in the

collection, does not seem comfortable with the bossa nova rhythm.

The meat and potatoes – or, rather, the enthralling concoctions – of this collection are the medium tempo show tunes – *Stranger In Town, Glad To Be Unhappy* and, of course, *Poor Butterfly*. There is nothing quite like these recordings, though they have a musical kinship with Bill Evans' Riverside albums. Desmond seems to have recognised that he had found his metier here, because he often played after this with guitar, bass and drums – very notably in Toronto in 1975 for **The Paul Desmond Quartet Live** (A & M SP 850). The Brubeck Quartet had tended to favour pronounced rhythms: the subdued, insinuating rhythms of the quartet with Jim Hall suited Desmond better. It is easy to dismiss these performances as "higher cocktail music"; but their quality is revealed if we set them beside another Victor record on which Jim Hall played in those days, Sonny Rollins' "The Bridge" (LPM 2527), the record that everyone wanted to feel was great because it was the first after Rollins' mysterious sabbatical. Rollins and Hall play with bass and drums; and from the first note by Rollins we sense his mastery. Yet his performances of *Where Are You* and *You Do Something To Me* seem strained and rhetorical and do not succeed in being memorable as the Hall/Desmond performances do.

It was in these years that Desmond really found his sound; and that sound – dry, lyrical, at times mournful – is the most remarkable thing about these recordings. It owes something to the early Lee Konitz (though Desmond aged musically better than Konitz); and it goes back, through Lester Young and Benny Carter to Frankie Trumbauer, the first master of the light-toned saxophone. Hall's tight, springy lines and the adventurous and fullness of sound of his chording are also memorable. Though Percy Heath, on the first and the last sessions, is the most accomplished of the three bass players used, Gene Wright's steady and unobtrusive support best suits the subtle ambience created by Desmond and Hall. Connie Kay's delicate and rhythmically compelling use of brushes and cymbals is exemplary.



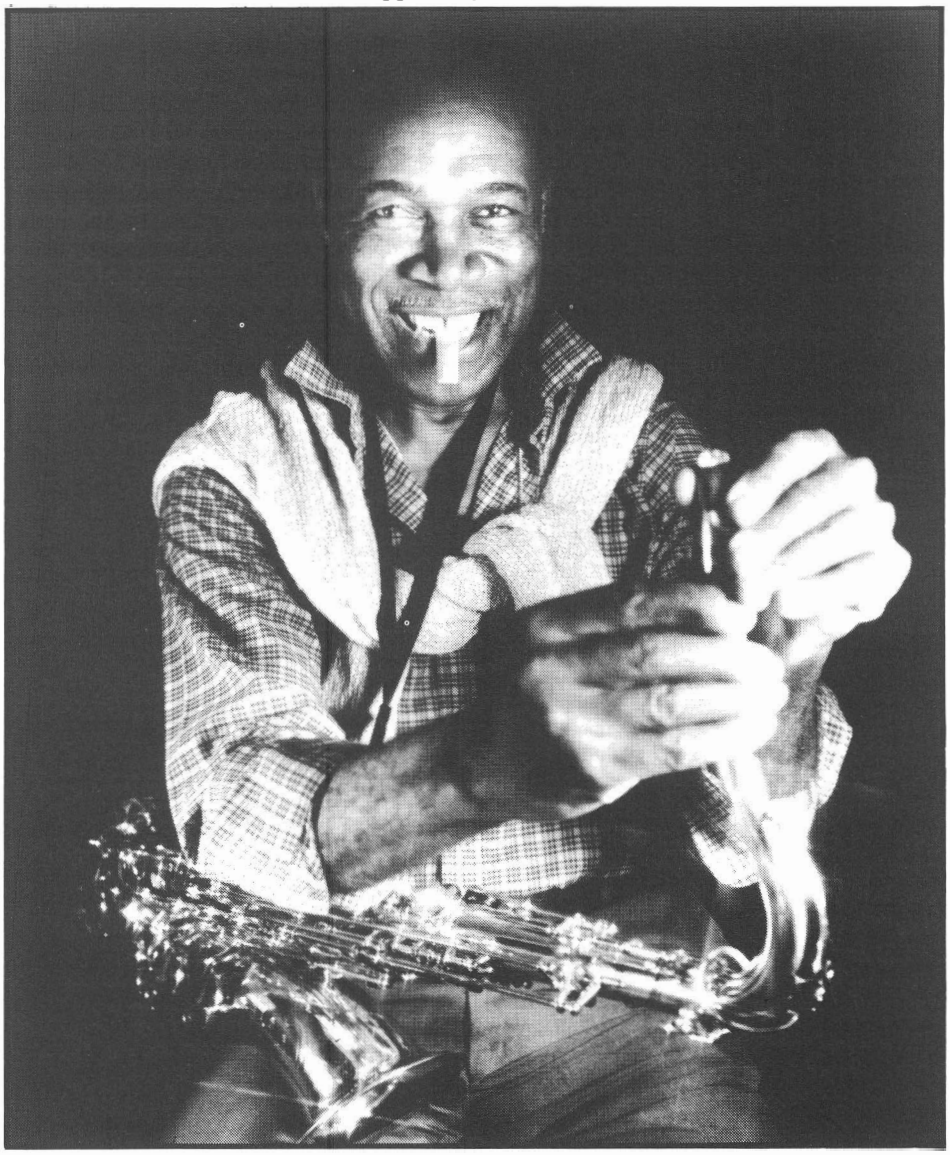
The one criticism that might be made of the show tunes in this box is that there is a lugubriousness about the last two sessions of 1964 – something that may have prompted George Avakian to bring the group back nine months later to remake three titles. The shapelessness of some of the tunes of the sixties may have had something to do with this.

The twelve-page booklet of notes, lavish by most standards, shows a falling off from early Mosaic days. There are three photographs of Desmond and one of Hall, but none of the whole group. The notes reprint an excellent article of 1960 by Marian McPartland and Desmond's notes for **Take 10** and **Bossa Antigua**. Desmond's pieces tell us little about the music, and are a display for Desmond's wit, for which he had a considerable reputation. There is a short column of "Desmondisms" and a reprint of a touching memoir from 1977 by Doug Ramsey, who writes notes on the music. He seems at home with these recordings, but less sure in the wider jazz context. He says of *By The River Saint* (sic) *Marie* that it was "made a hit by Frankie Laine" and seems "an unlikely jazz vehicle", evidently unaware that it was given classic performances by Jimmie Lunceford (1939) and Gene Krupa (1947). One would have liked less biographical chat and more informed talk about the music and its background – whether, for instance, the group ever played together outside the studio, or what Desmond was doing during the six years covered by the recordings.

If you have the Warner Brothers album, **First Place Again** (WS 1356) and the RCA Victor albums **Glad To Be Unhappy** and **Easy Living**, then you have the best of what the Mosaic box has to offer. Of course, you may still want more of the lovely stuff. There are six previously unissued alternate versions from the Victor sessions as well as six tunes from Victor versions of which were not previously available. In addition you get *Susie* from the Warner Brothers' sessions, previously available only on a rare Playboy compilation. Paul Desmond is not one of those players for whom a definitive set seems a cultural necessity. Yet even Archie Shepp, as a young man, thought he was wonderful. And there are many older ones out there who still think so.

BIRD from SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER JAZZ

From Watts to Central Avenue to Hollywood, BUDDY COLLETTE has been a key figure on the Los Angeles music scene for more than 50 years. Best known for his lyrical mastery of flute, clarinet and saxophone, and for his prolific composing and recording activities, Collette also battled to end segregation within the Los Angeles Musicians Union. When he joined the band of the Groucho Marx Show in the early 1950's, he became the first black man to appear regularly on live network television.



A valued friend, teacher and mentor to generations of musicians including Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy and James Newton, Buddy continues writing, teaching and performing with a variety of groups. During the summer of 1988 he headlined five European jazz festivals, recorded three albums and directed a big band for L.A. Jazz '88 that featured Cedar Walton, Joe Henderson, Harold Land and Oscar Brashear. His complete discography, *Man of Many Parts* and Volume One of *The Buddy Collette Songbook* are published by Micrography of Amsterdam, Holland (Dick M. Bakker, Nieuwezijdsvoorburgwal 51-53, NL-1012 RD Amsterdam)

The following chapter is an excerpt from *Someone to Watch Over Jazz*, Buddy Collette's forthcoming life story, written in collaboration with Elaine Cohen, and is titled "Bird".

"Why did he play *that* solo?" asked Bird.

We were listening to a Duke Ellington recording of "The Hawk Talks" by Louie Bellson. The first part of the record was relaxed and had all the modern sounds that Louie wrote for Duke, then along comes a Gene Krupa style drum solo. It didn't make sense in that context and Bird was the first one to mention it. You could see in his face and gestures how much it bothered him. "What's that solo doing *there*?" The drum solo had little to do with the rest of the piece. **Charlie Parker** was almost perfect for taste.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening at the apartment I shared with Streamline Ewing and Jimmy Cheatham on St. Andrew's Place. We'd been sitting at the dining room table since noon eating fried chicken, mashed potatoes, salad and drinking cognac. This was in 1953 or so, a few years before Bird's death when he was in Los Angeles playing at the Tiffany Room downtown on 8th Street near Normandy. Streamline, Jimmy and I had invited him for Sunday dinner and I drove over to where he was staying to pick him up. He brought his saxophone with him and was in a storytelling mood.

Parker told us that his nickname Bird got started when he was 14 or 15 years old in Kansas City. He used to get up at 4 or 5 in the morning to practise before school in a park located about half a mile from the residential district. He'd always take another buddy with him, find a bass player, a drummer, anybody who would get up that early to go out in the snow to this park and jam on tunes. Often they'd get high out there, but the cops would just drive by and wave at them thinking it was only kids doing their musical thing. As long as they weren't disturbing the sleeping residential district the cops allowed them to practise. Parker figured he couldn't get in enough time on his instrument during regular daytime hours and that's how the nickname got started. People would say, "oh, the bird is out in the park." The cops and the neighborhood people heard his alto singing at dawn and that's how they expressed it. There are several versions of how his nickname got started but that's what he told us and I believed

him.

He also told us about a dinner he'd been invited to in Europe, a very fabulous dinner put together by some of the principal players from some of the European orchestras. Altogether there were about 35 people at the banquet, all men, a seven course dinner, cigar and cognac affair. The invitations read "bring your instrument". He was the only jazz player in a roomful of classical musicians. They had invited him because they were curious what he would do and how he would respond to their performing after dinner. The host encouraged everyone to play what they wanted to play.

Each musician took his turn around the big table. One played excerpts from a Beethoven concerto, another from Brahms and so forth. The flute got up, the oboe, the violin. Bird was saying how thrilled he was to hear all that. He didn't tell us exactly what he played when it was his turn, but he knew he'd upset them. Here's the jazz player. Bird had a knack for total recall on things he'd heard so he must have inserted symphonic expertise into what he played – something free, then right into the Firebird Suite or Daphnis and Chloe. He'd never miss. He didn't have to practise that – it was in his head and he could pull it off. They must have had an interesting time picking his brain.

One of the top flute players in Europe gave Bird a sterling silver Selmer flute. When I heard that I told him I'd go get my flute. "I'd love to hear you play," I said.

"Don't get it! I'll let you know when I want you to hear me. I'm still working on what I'm working on." Bird didn't want to hit one note on the flute, he was quite definite about it. "I'll let you know when I'm ready."

He had a huge appetite that day. He ate and ate and after dinner we brought out the cognac. We made sure that we had plenty of it because he was drinking it from water glasses. Sooner or later, enough cognac rattles anybody. We're having fun listening to his stories, getting to know him better, then along comes the drum solo in "The Hawk Talks" and Parker's mood changed. He began to talk about some things he didn't like. All day long he kept saying something about having nine lives, said he'd died nine times. He was actually quite miserable with the way his life had turned out. Because of the dope, and not being able to get work and have the benefits he knew should have been his. Wherever he played, he still got peanuts. When he was in L.A. in '46 after playing at Billy Berg's, he couldn't get another gig. The world's greatest saxophone player had nowhere to work. He used to come to the Downbeat Club when Mingus and I were playing with the Stars of Swing. He'd sit in the audience right down front. After the show, he'd sometimes hit me up for a couple of dollars to get food. I'd gotten close to him and saw what he was going through. So when he asked me to get a pencil and paper to write down a poem about how he felt, I wrote this as he spoke.

My shame is the life
I've lived for so long
A personal thing is for instance
The longed for years
I shall never live
Are my tears

Cool is the day.
The wind and the breeze
My head shall clear
Without a sneeze

A day will come when
I shall smile up
You shan't see me
But watch the blue buttercup.

ARTBHURD

In a way, Parker had too much talent for Los Angeles. People didn't know how great he was at that time. In the East, he got a chance to appear more often and it meant more. But the truth was all he had here was a record date here and there for maybe $200 and no steady jobs. Maybe a Saturday night jam session, $40, $50, that was the size of it. After the Billy Berg job, he stayed in Los Angeles another 6 months to a year. Some of that time was spent in Camarillo State Hospital. When he was released Ross Russell recorded him for his Dial label and there was a great jam session in his honor at Jack's Basket Room on Central Avenue. Bird looked healthy then – I'll never forget it – he wore a great suit and tie and his face was relaxed, everything about him radiated health. All the tenor players and alto players came to Jack's Basket Room to jam and hear him: Wardell Gray, Dexter Gordon, Gene Phillips, Teddy Edwards, Sonny Criss and Frank Morgan formed a line a mile long. Naturally all the rhythm section players were there too. Jack's was packed far into the afterhours.

This jam session reminded me of the lessons Art Tatum used to give. Everyone played, and some played 30 or 40 choruses each. Everyone was waiting to hear what Parker sounded like healthy. Then he got up on the stand and in 3 or 4 choruses was able to tell a complete story with all the nuances. When he tapered off to the end, everybody packed up their little horns and went home because it was so complete, so right. That's what it's supposed to be. He was healthy and had put all his genius into it. Nobody could play a note after that. That was the end. Period.

Here he was in L.A. again, and couldn't play in his apartment so he blew in South Park at 52nd and San Pedro. He'd be up all night, then take a nap, get up and go out to the park and blow his alto. The people playing football and baseball in the park had no idea who he was or what he was playing. They were remote enough not to know. That was the kind of thing he was constantly going through, the turmoil, not having money and a place to play.

As a rule, it's quite difficult to make it big in Los Angeles. The Eric Dolphys, the Ornette Colemans, the Mingus's – whether it's a band or a musician, you have to be in New York. Most of the time talent in L.A. is left alone. There are very few who will lend that helping hand. It's like a flower out in the yard. If somebody doesn't come and put a little water on it, if the sunshine doesn't come, that flower is doomed. I don't care what you started out with. A lot of talented people get hung up in themselves trying to deal with that situation. I saw it with a lot of the giants. I saw it with Bird. A genius can reflect on everything, but he needs somebody to reflect on him. Maybe part of it is due to the fact that it's difficult for people to deal with talent. Often, someone who is very talented is like a misfit. People just don't want you to use all you have. Like – can you just hold

back a little, can you only use part of that? It's hard for others who have only the ordinary amount of talent to accept the whole thing. So great talent is left alone.

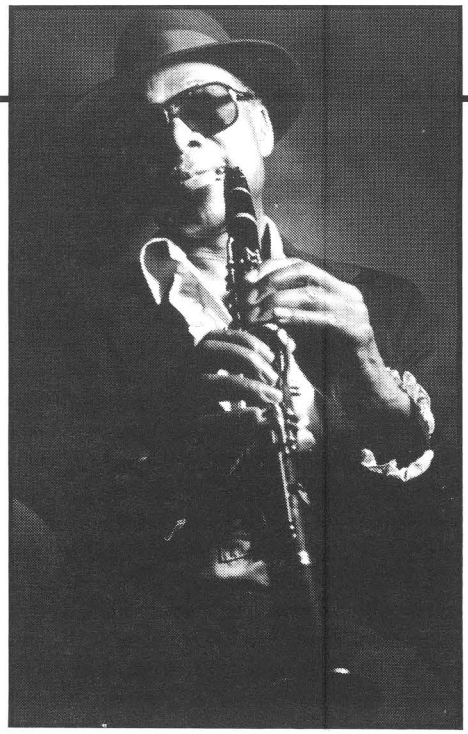
We sat in the dining room drinking cognac and talking about what we had been doing, Stream, Jimmy and myself. Then Bird finally said to me, "I wish I could be like you."

I think I knew what he meant. I was comfortable; there we were in a nice big apartment, good neighbohood, new car outside parked on the street. I was on top of the world although I didn't realize it at the time. Money was coming in from the Groucho Marx Show and other jobs. I had been the first black hired to appear on the air for a major television network. I was making enough money to do almost anything I wanted. I had my instruments and was getting offers from a lot of different bands. I even had an offer to go with Duke. He called me personally on the phone – "Buddy, this is Edward K. Ellington and I want you to come with the band so I can feature that flute of yours." I hemmed and hawed because I was studying flute, clarinet and saxophone and I had the Groucho show and things were working out. If he had asked me at any other time, I would have taken it. So I understood what Parker meant – at least I could tolerate the scene. I was flexible enough, I could hang in there. It bothered him to play those clubs making only $200 for a week. I was making $130 for just a one hour show a night. I had the rest of my time to do other things I wanted to do.

About 11 o'clock that night he'd drunk all the cognac and Bird got hungry again. We went into the kitchen and he tore into the fried chicken like an animal – it's a wonder he didn't chew the bones. During the day he had been relatively quiet. Now he's full of cognac and strong. He took out his horn and said, "Let's play." I didn't want him to leave without playing if he felt like it, even though saxophone playing at that hour of the night might get us kicked out of the apartment. "Call your shot," he said like a pool player.

"Whatever you want," I said.

Once he started, I knew he'd be blowing for an hour or two. He lit into something, started making modulations, which



is almost impossible for most people to do without a rhythm section. His time was great. He could play, then stop for a bar and a half and the next phrase would come right in, no time lost. I didn't play a note because I might have missed too much. It was like a concert from two feet away. He blew that alto as strongly as he did in a performance. Notes kept coming and if we got an eviction notice the next day, it would have been worth it. He played for about an hour before he put the alto down. He had to express and get things out of his system and tell all the stories he had inside him beginning with Jay McShann.

He told me that when the Jay McShann band was playing he could never get enough playing in, even though he had his solos. When someone else was soloing, he'd walk outside the club in the snow in Kansas City wearing only whatever he happened to have on and practise to the sound of the band still playing inside the club. From the days in the park as a kid, then with McShann, he built up that big sound playing outdoors. It's difficult to move your fingers when the temperature is below freezing, but that's what he did, walk outside when Fats Navarro or someone was playing and noodle on the choruses.

Thinking about Parker through the years, I realize that he had some kind of magic over some of the musicians he worked with. Often he'd work with musicians way below his level of musicianship, but he could pick up three musicians to make a quartet and make them sound great. And these would be musicians whom you'd think couldn't play at all. All of a sudden they sounded good. Most horn players are destroyed if the rhythm section isn't playing up to their level – it worries them. Maybe the way Parker was able to play alone was the key. That night in the kitchen, I think he heard a rhythm section. So when he did have a rhythm section, the section would fall in with him. Charlie Parker is the only one I ever heard who was able to do that. He'd use you if you were there, and if you weren't there he'd still play very well. I learned a lot from his attitude.

We finally gave him a ride back to where he was staying. We felt his pain, but we were happy to have spent a 12 hour day with him, hearing him play, sharing his feelings, finding out what he was really like. Earlier, I'd known him mainly from running into him and lending him a couple of bucks a few times. I was happy to have done anything to help him. The musicians always came in droves to hear his music, but the rest of the country just wasn't buying it. Parker wasn't a man of many words, yet his words were like his music. People think of him as having many notes, but no, just like a great speaker, he didn't need an hour and a half to get his point across. His ideas were gems. When you analyze his music, there's a gem here, the bridge, another gem. With players today, there's too many gems everywhere, like a kid with too many toys at Christmas. They get confused. All the best compositions need is a theme, a frill, a little icing. That's probably why those classical players invited him to dinner, to hear his concept, the way he dealt with form. Bird had perfect pitch, perfect recall and those gifts came together in one man. The music that he left could be drawn upon for years and years and never be exhausted. There it is in a bar or two, enough to last a lifetime.

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THE NORWEGIAN JAZZ SCENE

Where does one begin when given the opportunity to discuss jazz in Norway? There is no one set answer, but by posing this very question, we open up ourselves to a vast world inhabited with wonderful music, phenomenal musicians, and a variety of support networks that bring into focus many broader cultural issues.

In general, to an outsider looking in, the state of the Norwegian jazz scene might seem somewhat difficult to immediately grasp, with its array of diverse groups that exist on both musical and bureaucratic levels. At first, it is hard to know what to make of the Norwegian Jazz Federation, the Union of Norwegian Jazz Musicians, the Jazz Archives, Music Distribution Ltd., and the numerous jazz societies, which are just some of the organizations devoted to keeping the music alive in Norway. In time, though, one begins to see how these apparently disparate agencies, in cooperation with the musicians themselves, seem to come together to create a viable national scene, and a fairly healthy one at that. Visitors need only take note of the proliferation of jazz festivals, and the ever-growing number of recorded musical groups, to confirm to themselves that Norway, with its effective infrastructure, is truly one of the most vital centres for jazz in the world.

The very thought of this country, though, as a ferment for creative composition and performance might seem a bit odd to some readers. How can a nation so removed from the centres of European activity wield any influence on a world level? To make matters worse, Norwegians are in the peculiar (and familiar) position of being influenced by many American ways, while yet at the same time, continually striving to cultivate their own centuries-old folk forms.

This problem is not a new dichotomy, but *is* one that sheds light on the relative strength of the Norwegian jazz scene. Although the tendency to keep an open ear to the American jazz tradition is common among musicians, it is perhaps the desire to create a unique national culture, that accounts for the drive to promote their own music on a national level.

Indeed, in a country as topographically varied (and regionally isolated) as Norway, jazz is one of the few things perceived to link the physically diverse country together, a common cultural tie between Bodo in the north and Stavanger in the south. And this is perhaps why the government has begun to develop an ongoing interest in helping to nurture such a national scene. Any number of musical groups receive support from the government in order that they may present their work. In turn, organizations like the Norwegian Jazz Federation (N.J.F.) and the Union of Norwegian Jazz Musicians (U.N.J.M.) act as official agencies on behalf of the various jazz clubs and musicians in Norway. (Since both make interesting points of discussion, we will return to them shortly).

Although such government support is a relatively recent development in Norway, the ongoing performance of jazz music most certainly is not! In fact, jazz has existed here in some form since the early years of this century. From about 1920 on, several Norwegian towns boasted their own jazz band, which was more often than not oriented towards playing a type of orchestral dance music. One of the most popular groups of the twenties was a jazz orchestra named **Sixpence**.

This scene continued to grow and mature as American records made their way into Norway via the Oslo-New York intercontinental steamers; in turn, more and more musicians became interested in trying their hand at this new music. One of these newly formed groups in the 1930s, a quartet dubbed the **Funny Boys**, did several successful tours in Central Europe. At the same time, the first jazz societies saw the light of day, and the interest for jazz rapidly spread among the general public, with an increased demand for concert presentations, and a number of restaurants opening up to the music.

Meanwhile a new generation of musicians was making its presence felt, with trumpeter **Rowland Greenburg** and guitarist **Robert Normann** being among the foremost figures. The latter was a key member of **String Swing**, one of the most prominent pre-war orchestras, well represented on a number of fine recordings. Jazz had obviously hit Norway in a big way.

Unfortunately, any further activity came to an abrupt halt as the Second World War and its accompanying devastation hit the European continent. All contacts with outside innovations were subsequently severed, and the music, when it was played, was illegal, or at least subject to German censorship. The post-war period (a time of rebuilding) also proved to be a slow time for jazz: few recordings were produced, and new

JAN GARBAREK (photograph by Gerard Futrick)

developments on the U.S. scene only trickled into Norway. Many up and coming, talented musicians like tenor saxophonist **Bjarne Nerem** were compelled to move elsewhere in order to find an outlet for their music.

Fortunately by the early 1950s, once the Norwegian economy had stabilized, another period of rich activity was well underway. Groups like the **Big Chief Jazzband**, and younger musicians including pianist **Einar Iversen**, bassist **Erik Amundsen**, saxophonist **Bjorn Johansen**, as well as trombonist **Frode Thingnaes** all contributed to a general resurgence of jazz music on all levels.

On the club scene, in Oslo the Metropol Jazzhouse opened its doors to a music policy six nights a week, with several visiting foreign players brought in as well. By all counts, jazz activity in Norway had struck an optimistic note.

The year of 1953, though, proved to be most important insofar as the future of Norwegian jazz is concerned. During the course of that year, representatives of the independent jazz associations around the country met to form the Norwegian Jazz Federation, a coalition devoted to organizing concert and club activities in twenty-five different towns and cities. The Federation is also responsible for serving the various jazz societies and amateur big bands, as well as setting up tours and seminars. In addition, the N.J.F. has published its own periodical (Jazznyt) since 1959, and has also established an independent record company, ODIN. Significantly, the N.J.F. is also very much interested in cooperation with other countries on the basis of an exchange principle whereby Norwegian musicians are given the opportunity to tour abroad, while foreign musicians are given the opportunity to work in Norway.

Over the years, the N.J.F. has had its share of problems, but a constant beacon through certain hard times has been the Molde jazz festival, inaugurated in 1961. Now in its 27th continuous year, it ranks as one of the world's oldest jazz festivals. (Numerous other towns have looked to the success of the Molde event so that currently, festivals also abound in Bergen, Voss, Harstaad, Arendel, Konsberg, Trondheim, and Oslo).

At the same time, a number of Norwegian jazz musicians began to record music for issue on lp – the first production being a compilation from 1963, "Metropol Jazz." After this release, vocalist Karin Krog made her first two albums in 1964 and 1966; in turn, a joint production effort in 1967 resulted in the recording of a twenty-year old, very promising saxophonist, **Jan Garbarek**. ("Til Vigdis," by the way, is a genuine collector's item – only 500 copies issued!)

One good thing that came out of the otherwise deteriorating musical situation of the mid and late sixties (a lack of recording opportunities due to the emphasis on rock music) was the growing conviction among artists and administrators that jazz would need some kind of government support in order to be presented properly. It wasn't until 1970, though, that **Karin Krog** and **Jan Garbarek** individually received offical grants – the first jazz musicians ever to garner such recognition in Norway.

The volunteer-based jazz organizations, including the N.J.F., in turn continued to lobby throughout the seventies for such similar aid. Finally, in 1978, public funding reached a modest enough level to allow for a certain "professionalizing" of the N.J.F.: the establishment of an office and the hiring of a full-time president/secretary. In addition, the number of jazz societies and the quality of jazz musicians in Norway had reached an all-time high, with international recognition to follow. Names like Karin Krog, Jan Garbarek, **Terje Rypdal, Arild Andersen** and **Jon Christensen** soon became important figures in the jazz world, and have kept that position ever since, followed by a steady flow of younger musicians.

In 1979, a new organization saw the light of day, the Union of Norwegian Jazz Musicians. As the name implies, the U.N.J.M. is geared towards taking care of the interests of the musicians, though not in the form or authority of a union (the actual negotiation of fees is left to the Musicians' Union). The main task of the U.N.J.M. has been to apply for and direct government funds towards subsidizing tours for Norwegian groups, funding instructors for seminars, publishing information on Norwegian jazz musicians, and aiding the various individual jazz societies. In other words, the U.N.J.M. works on the premise of putting its money literally to work for the members, namely jazz musicians.

Given a solid foundation of sixty years, one might say, then, that jazz came of age in Norway during the 1980s. The early years of this decade witnessed a tremendous amount of recording activity compared to previous years, mostly due to the fine efforts of a few newly organized labels founded to counter the poor exposure and distribution given Norwegian musicians by international recording companies.

ODIN, an independent production company (and publishing firm) managed and administered through the Norwegian Jazz Federation, was the first of these labels to become established, in May 1981. To date, ODIN has issued twenty-two recordings, the most recent of which is an adventurous big band recording by a group called **Oslo 13**. Generally the mandate of the company has been to record groups playing in a more modern idiom, an area in which there was a lack of recording opportunities for Norwegian musicians. Nonetheless, a survey of the ODIN catalogue shows that a great variety of music has been recorded, from the bebop-oriented **Bjorn Johansen** quartet to the frenetic and often humourous **AHA!**

In the wake of ODIN, guitarist **Jon Larsen** established the company Hot Club Records. This label was originally intended for issuing records by his Django-inspired "Hot Club de Norvege" group and related trad acts, but over the first six years of operation, the catalogue has grown to over thirty titles, covering virtually every stylistic aspect of jazz.

Several other idealistic companies have also been established on a smaller scale, such as Gemini (swing and bop) and Herman records (primarily traditional jazz). In addition, the Norwegian Music Distribution Ltd. (N.M.D.) was set up in 1984 by a number of different record companies (along with financial support from the Norwegian Cultural Council) in order to distribute Norwegian records nationally and internationally, and to import music for the Norwegian market.

By all counts, then, between diverse musics and official support for those musics, the jazz scene in Norway looks quite impressive to an outsider. One is hard pressed to find a country of comparable size and physical makeup with such a highly developed infrastructure for

the marketing of its own music.

In fact, if last summer was any indication, things continue to be very much on track as far as the Norwegian jazz scene is concerned. During the month of June I was priveleged to attend a three-day presentation in Bodo of some of the best Norwegian groups, held under the auspices of the Norwegian Jazz Federation, ad lib Jazz Club, and the Norwegian Cultural Council. Although it is hard to centre out any one individual, when pressed to come up with standouts, one might cite the passionate music of **Masquelero**, or the swinging quartet of tenorman **Bjorn Johansen**. On the other hand, artists such as pianist/composer **Jon Blake** or **Eiven One Pedersen** (keyboards) and **Erik Balke** (reeds) should not go without mention. (J. Balke rehearsed and presented an ambitious commissioned work for seven percussionists and jazz ensemble, while Pedersen and E. Balke stretched several musical boundaries to their respective limits in a cross-cultural romp through a program of whimsical and challenging original compositions. Of course, I've neglected to mention many others, but for behind the scenes work, ad lib Jazz Club organizer **Leif-Erik Larssen** deserves a medal for his infinite patience and perseverance. Needless to say, my small taste of the Norwegian musical fabric left me wanting much more.

What emerges for the jazz fan and cultural observer, then, is a picture of a country from which one could obtain much musical and organizational knowledge, a country that has the potential to become one of the world's most important musical centres as we enter the 1990s.

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The author of this article is indebted to the Norwegian Jazz Federation for the historical information contained within its booklet on the Norwegian Jazz Scene. For readers wishing to obtain information regarding catalogues/records, contact: Music Distribution Ltd., Sandakervien 76, Bostboks 4379, Torshov N-0402, Oslo 4, Norway. General information on the Norwegian jazz scene can be obtained from: The Norwegian Jazz Federation, Toftesgate 69, N-0552, Oslo 5, Norway. Some Norwegian records are available from the Jazz & Blues Record Centre, 66 Dundas Street East, Toronto, Ont. M5B 1C7 Canada (416) 593-0269.

SAM RIVERS * AS TIME GOES BY

He may possess the most striking physiognomy in jazz. Lean as a spear, stark and upright as a monolith, Sam Rivers could pose as a Gabon copper funerary figure, yet, cradling his soprano sax in his arms, he also suggests the hard pride and solicitude, the stewardship of a woodcarved Yoruba mother and child. His face – especially the eyes, which are severe – evokes a Congolese mask, or the full lips, high forehead and flared nostrils of an Ife, Nigerian bronze. Rivers may well have stepped out of a museum of African art, but wherever he is, he's come to play, and the sculpted features grow quickly animated by his music.

That music, over the years, has been as striking, original, severe and uncompromised as Rivers' appearance. Oklahoma born, conversant on six instruments in the way that people are fluent in several languages (tenor sax, soprano, bass clarinet, flute, piano and viola), Sam Rivers made the 1964 "Miles in Tokyo" tour, played on Tony Williams' "Spring" album (blowing hard, dramatic, murky dark on *Extras*, making tenor companion Wayne Shorter sound nearly sweet, tentative, by comparison), ran free with Cecil Taylor at the 1969 Paris "Great Concert" (Rivers' own solos a bit catch-up, not fully at home in the hurricane), and then, at the 1973 Montreux Jazz Festival – with a trio comprised of himself, Norman Connors, drums, and bassist Cecil McBee – turned out an astonishing fifty minute maelstrom of his own called *Streams*, playing tenor, flute, piano and soprano in succession.

The transitions, on this piece, were obvious: Rivers just picked up a new instrument and blew, or, in the case of the piano, moved to it. But overall, *Streams* had a wild and varied dramatic unity: gong smashes, activated toms incorporating near soprano-like pipings on tenor, a stretching, an awakening, new day discoveries and strivings, with all the attendant violent squalls: an attempt to take the body – the instrument – beyond itself, to places it might not wish to go. Arpeggios were animal, mineral and vegetable, by turns. Rivers nibbled on themes over an infuriating McBee ostinato, then set off on his own: a meditative mode, a punctuated drone that gave way to runs of quick flashing anger, a search – both vain and sometimes in vain – for untold tonalities, implausible pitch, a holy intensity.

The music was exciting, demanding, and something, now, you probably wouldn't want to get stuck with, forever, on a desert island. Yet Rivers, on four instruments, held it all down to fifty minutes, the marathon appetite curtailed. The piece was like a long marriage: a mixture of tedium and furious interplay, years of percussive banter, indulgent staccato squabbling, lots of love, peace, and a prolonged bruise. On such a venture Rivers, it seems to me (and he has not been accused of being extra-musical), was telling stories: non-verbal, the "action" implied, the disjunction making sense in terms of human experience, the high risk emotional urgency mixed with unaffected and hard won precision. Rivers, like Cecil Taylor, was Conservatory trained, in Boston.

Between 1959 and 1972, Rivers created pieces he released on an album called "Crystals". The bios of fourteen participating musicians are cited, and credit given to 66 more (including such stalwards as Hamiet Bluiett, Anthony Braxton, Andrew Cyrille, Grachan Moncur) who had at one time or another participated in performances of such works as *Exultation* – which is just that: opening with a colossal ensemble chord that dissolves to collective frenzy, everyone at variance, trying to get back in line, a brutal game of musical chairs. This is soothed by walking bass and some "straight" soprano blowing; then calculated cacophony reigns again. In such pieces (*Postlude* is another: diffuse melodic lines forming a quavering gelatinous mass) Rivers made his break with traditional concepts, disregarding proper modulations, thinking now in "sounds, rhythms, colors, clusters, images, superimposed rhythms and unrelated melodies" – each instrument being thought of and written for as a "solo part."

On a piece called *Bursts-Orb-Earth Song*, Rivers (who is married to poet Bea Rivers and has a knack for accurate naming, for finding titles that perfectly describe, or circumscribe, the nature of the music) created a chain-reaction, a physical charge exchange: acceleration, accretion, intensified involvement by the players, both pitch and emotive ascents – Sisyphus shouldering his sonic load. A second *Earth Song* has nearly unbelievable variety: Rivers describing just *one phrase* of it as "three bars of 4/4, one bar of 5/4 stated by two trumpets, alto, tenor, expressing the statement one beat behind each other in a different key, ending with a cluster."

These "statements" (as Rivers referred to the themes in his music) grew increasingly complex, but times changed, and so did he – although, thank goodness, not much. The start of the current decade found Rivers recording one of my favorite albums, "Contrasts", with some top players: Dave Holland, George Lewis, and drummer Thurman Barker. All the compositions were by Rivers and, again, because of his keen dramatic, and literary, sense, they *are* their names or titles: *Circles, Zip, Solace, Dazzle, Lines*, etc. There's nothing indulgent or tossed off about these contrasts. The pieces are complex yet concise, contained. Their freedom is inventive, intentional, finely focused.

As a sample piece, *Circles* finds Rivers, on soprano sax, meandering behind a stubborn Lewis, seeking a way through, the trombonist running interference. The switch is to a martial mood, traffic's push and shove, but just for a while (everything in this music is just for a while: a kaleidoscope with a thousand sides, slides, to show – and so little time, or too

SAM RIVERS (photograph by Will Wallace)

much time – relativity – to do it in), the dialogue grown circular, purposeful. *Zip*, also, is just what the title states: a zigzag walk converted to straight blowing, both Holland and Barker offering crisp, clean support. *Lines* consists of lines : legato sequences, deft selection, choices.

Today, at the close of the Eighties, Sam Rivers is alive, active, playing well, but in danger, perhaps, of being regarded as historical. One jazz encyclopedia speaks of his development as "consistent, never aridly doctrinaire, always committed." For years Rivers ran open house, an exploratory loft, at his lower Manhattan Studio Rivbea, was composer-in-residence for the Harlem Opera Society, and served as a solid force on the New York scene. He has taught at Wesleyan and Connecticut College, appeared as guest soloist with the San Francisco Symphony, and provided albums such as "Fuscia Swing Song," "Contours," "A New Conception," "Hues," "Sizzle," "Wildflowers, The New York Loft Sessions," "Essence" and "Black Africa." Yet too often his name is merely cited in lists of "gifted, sophisticated mid-sixties tenorists," filed among the "proficient and uncompromising figures" of the avant-garde or free jazz movement. He has been placed in the ranks of fine orchestrators such as George Russell, Sun Ra, Mingus, Thad Jones, Muhal Richard Abrams (not bad company), but, again, another list.

I was curious, therefore, to see the living Sam Rivers when he came to town not long ago, in company with the also legendary Dizzy Gillespie. Rivers is now part of Gillespie's quintet. Could it be? An odd coupling, I thought: Mr. Outside with Mr. Inside. How would it come off? What had the years done to Rivers' "certain austerity" (in the words of Robert Palmer), integrity cited as never "cold or forbidding," but "pure, uncontaminated by programmatic conceits." Gillespie, bless him, funning mixed with high art, has never been accused of *lacking* programmatic conceit, so just how would the two sit together? Would I, at the tail end of this all too practical, survival-oriented and, musically, "neo-classical" decade, bear witness to an embarrassing compromise?

Once again the times, but not – thank goodness – Sam Rivers, had changed. He remains statuesque; he has not lost the striking physiognomy. A brown and beige suede monolith, still lean and upright as a spear, the hard pride and severe eyes intact, he played like Sam Rivers: *Toccata* providing him, on soprano, the room he needs to move around in, *'Round Midnight* encouraging his urgent taste and superb tone, *A Night In Tunisia* permitting some uncompromised hard blowing that took me back to that 1973 Montreux fifty minute orgy and, ironically, left me longing for a touch more of that sort of unconstraint in these often too tailored times.

Yet Rivers is not above or beyond the Dizzy Show. Gillespie spoke of "our latest album, recorded in 1937," introduced drummer Ignacio Berroa as a man he first encountered in the Atlantic Ocean, "swimming to Miami Beach from Cuba," announced a beautiful *Con Alma* as a composition of his that had been recorded three million times, "just by Oscar Peterson," and then pulled the oldest joke in the book: introducing the band, to one another. I was curious to see how the no-nonsense Rivers would lend himself to all this, but he did, and with dignity, moving in to shake hands. Some of the shuck'n'jive was a shock at first, Rivers providing his share of the mugging, clowning, playing recalcitrant and then compliant school boy to Dizzy's fastidious school marm, but it all spoke well for his resilience, his flexibility. And he played great: with the precision, passion, tough logic and controlled warmth you expect from him.

Ironically, the fifty-eight years old Rivers received the "Talent Deserving Wider Recognition" award, on flute, in the most recent *down beat* Critics Poll. He continues to work with the Gillespie combo. One might miss the wide-open blowing and the first person poetry of his own compositions (such as those featured on "Contrasts" and "Crystals"), but he remains an exciting reedman, a vital improviser, his reputation firmly established as one of the "key jazz innovators." I asked bassist David Friesen, who played a "free jazz" concert with Rivers, just what he recalled the most, and he said the performing was "very deep. It was hard to swim back to the surface." Rivers continues to provide that sort of depth, passion, commitment and hard delight.

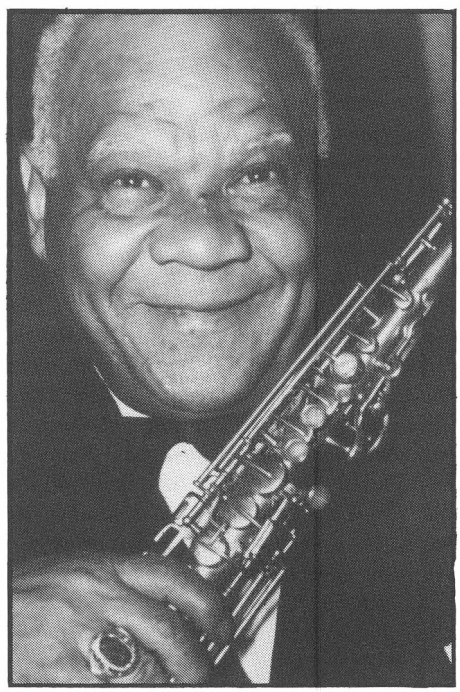
SIDNEY BECHET: The Wizard of Jazz
by John Chilton
Oxford University Press,
New York, $24.95

Sidney Bechet, one of the titans of jazz, supreme master of the soprano saxophone (and perhaps the greatest of all clarinetists as well) and the man who with what that other titan Louis Armstrong defined jazz soloing, is finally being honored with a biography that is in many respects as remarkable as the man himself.

For John Chilton, author of this monumental book on Bechet, is himself a full-time working musician who puts in some 40 hours a week on the road with his band – and on the other side of the Atlantic to boot. He also happens to be one of the best jazz researchers in the field ("Who's Who in Jazz" is his) and his study of Bechet is a model of its kind.

While confessing that Bechet has always been one of his idols (even naming his band after the Feetwarmers), dedicated researcher that he is, Chilton has interviewed or corresponded with just about everyone alive who had any connection with Bechet and he quotes innumerable sources, not all flattering, to produce a well-balanced portrait of this extraordinary musician, without exaggerating his virtues or down-playing his faults. In the process, he has dug up an astonishing mass of material, filling in long periods of Bechet's life that his autobiography "Treat It Gentle", with its mythic-poetic narrative, failed to touch. At the same time, Chilton provides insights into Bechet's music and the jazz scene in general that would surprise even the most astute scholar – not to mention fan.

Bechet never claimed to be a saint, though multitudes of fans worshipped him. He was accused – by promoters, fellow musicians, producers mainly – of being arrogant, demanding, hot-tempered, mean-spirited, paranoid, suspicious – usually with good reason.... Yet, he could be generous in painstakingly teaching his art to younger musicians like Johnny Hodges, Bob Wilber and Claude Luter who saw Bechet as their idol. Bechet had his irascible moments, particularly in his youth, which landed him in jail in London and Paris. But his spirit of adventure took him further than most musicians, to places like Berlin and Moscow at the very beginning of jazz. Yet throughout his life, even when he moved to France in his last years, he always retained an affection for his native New Orleans and its music, which he had helped to create.



What is surprising, to those who had never seen Bechet in the flesh, is that this "giant of jazz" (as he is correctly identified) was so physically small – a mere 5ft. 4ins., in height, but the power of his playing – the majestic roar of his soprano saxophone – made him ten feet tall. Australian pianist Dick Hughes, who met Bechet in France in 1954, wrote of the dramatic way Bechet entered a club: "I've never seen such a little bloke with such a determined walk, he couldn't help knowing he was IT. Like Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington he radiated greatness." What's more, while younger musicians and fans looked on Bechet as an old man and called him Pops even in the 1930s, he was only in his mid-40s when he made his memorable recordings for RCA Victor and Blue Note and was 62 when he died (in 1959), but premature grey hair and a paternalistic demeanor made him look older. Chilton reproduces pages from Bechet's 1931 passport and other documents to clear up confusion about Sidney's age – a misprint in *down beat* made him ten years older.

Although the soprano saxophone was to become Bechet's major battle axe to carve out his niche in jazz, it was the clarinet with which he made his mark while growing up in New Orleans and his influence on such pioneers of the instrument as Jimmy Noone and the older Johnny Dodds makes him, in Chilton's estimation, a "clear cut" originator of jazz clarinet playing.

Still, although he could not read music and was largely self-taught, Bechet was a multi-instrumentalist, playing cornet (with Bunk Johnson) in New Orleans marching bands in the 1920s, tenor saxophone and other instruments with Noble Sissle's Orchestra in the 1930s, and in 1941, decades before multi-track tape recording made such overdubbing unremarkable, he made his famous one-man band sides for Victor, playing soprano and tenor saxophones, clarinet, piano, string bass and drums, adding to Sidney's fame and no doubt fortune (he was paid for seven men!).

Not by coincidence, at the time of this book's publication, New York jazz station WKCR mounted a 148-hour nonstop marathon of Bechet's music, including every recorded performance chronologically from 1923 to 1959, giving one a chance to gauge Sidney's wonderful recordings with Chilton's perceptive on-the-mark critiques of them.

What is strikingly apparent is that when Bechet made his very first recordings, in 1923-4 with Clarence Williams' Blue Five, he was – like Louis Armstrong who shared some of the later dates – already a full-fledged mature performer whose tone and articulation, musical ideas and harmonic sense as well as his pioneering solo stance were fully developed. At this stage of jazz development, Chilton points out, no other saxophonist in New York had grasped the music's unique phrasing and none of them could match the speed and power of Sidney's improvisations, "and even a young virtuoso like Coleman Hawkins still sounded stiff and unswinging." In fact, says Chilton in pointing out Bechet's influence on other instrumentalists, "It is more than likely that Coleman Hawkins, the justly revered father of the jazz tenor saxophone, learnt more than a trick or two during his early skirmishes with

SIDNEY BECHET (photograph by Hank de Wild)

Bechet."

Bechet, however, missed out on a lot of recording activity, particularly during its most prolific years from 1927-31, with his extended and far-reaching tours of Europe. On the first of these, in 1919, he was star instrumentalist with Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopators, a variety show that wowed them in London't Philharmonic Hall ('REAL RAGTIME BY REAL DARKIES' headlined the *Daily Herald*). This was when the noted Swiss conductor Ernest Ansermet, in "one of the most incisive examples of jazz analysis ever conceived," picked the young "artist of genius" Bechet for special praise.

It was in London, while with a group called the Jazz Kings, that Bechet bought his first soprano saxophone and mastered it in a few days, intensifying the vibrato that was to be his hallmark – and which subsequently sent weak-hearted critics up a wall. But the vibrato, maintains Chilton, was the perfect accessory to Bechet's passionate and imaginative mprovisations "no more distracting than the regional accent of a great orator." Bechet loved listening to operatic tenors – his favorite was Enrico Caruso – and himself said "Like vocal soloists, the vibrato plays an important part in any solo that has to build up to a real effect."

While in London, Bechet taught music on the side; one of his pupils Charles Maxwell Knight later became an important and colorful figure in British espionage and author Ian Fleming's model for James Bond's boss M. Maxwell Knight. An eminent naturalist as well, Knight never made it as a jazz musician but remained a Bechet fan all his life and, it is said, brought up his domestic pets, including snakes, bush babies and parrots, "on a musical diet of Sidney Bechet."

In reading Chilton's account of the Bechet story, one is struck by the number of people, from the sidelines as it were, who played small but significant roles in Sidney's career, particularly after his return from Europe in the 1930s and when, to make ends meet, he ran a tailor's shop with his friend Tommy Ladnier.

For instance, in 1937 the Canadian Helen Oakley (Dance), then working for Irving Mills, persuaded Mills to record Bechet with a small group from Noble Sissle's Orchestra for Mills' Variety label (with a little help from Bechet enthusiasts Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges). The resulting titles (*Okey Doke/ Characteristic Blues*), in which Sidney was given free rein, finally got Bechet the attention he deserved.

Enter Frenchman Hugues Panassie, visiting New York in 1938 to record some authentic jazz. Panassie not only had Ansermet's 1919 article, at Bechet's suggestion, translated for his French magazine *Jazz Hot* (and reprinted in the British *Melody Maker* and several jazz publications), but went on to record Bechet and Ladnier in a series of historic jazz recordings destined to bring Sidney renown in the beginnings of the so-called "jazz revival." Recordings with Jelly Roll Morton, the memorable quartet sides with Muggsy Spanier and others, followed, as well as an appearance (with Ladnier) at Carnegie Hall in John Hammond's famed "From Spirituals to Swing" concert.

Alfred Lion, another passionate jazz enthusiast who had settled down in New York from Berlin and was one of those thrilled by the concert, signed Bechet for a record date (1939) for his fledgling Blue Note label. Bechet's feature *Summertime* (on which Lion let Bechet take an unprecedented five-chorus solo) took off like wildfire and was to turn the fortunes of both Bechet and Blue Note....

One other admirer on line to boost Bechet's career was John Reid, who worked for RCA. Determined to get his company to record Bechet's band, Reid carted mobile equipment to the Log Cabin in Fonda, N.Y., where Sidney was playing, to record "audition" titles with which to convince his company to offer Bechet a contract – with the resulting now-famous New Orleans Feetwarmers sides, many conceived by Reid.

Reid went on to become a lifelong friend of Bechet, often journeying long distances to privately record Sidney at various venues across the country. (The initial "audition" sides, now released, show Bechet's creative side, developing ideas that were worked out fully at the recording studio, including a tune *Georgia Cabin* he wrote for the Log Cabin.) Encouraged by the first four Feetwarmers sides, Chilton reveals, RCA Victor mapped out an elaborate plan to record Bechet, for the 24 titles contracted, in a variety of settings: a quartet with Jelly Roll Morton, and sessions with Lionel Hampton, Erskine Hawkins, Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey, Wingy Manone, Fats Waller and Duke Ellington! (The suggested two sides with Duke, according to a RCA memo, were *Rent Party Blues* and *The Sheik of Araby* "or preferably two Ellington originals written to feature Bechet.") The reason these fascinating sessions never took place, reports Chilton, was that the jazz scene was changing – the "jazz revival" created a demand for more "authentic" jazz and Bechet seemed ideally to fit the bill: "At the very time that Bechet was to be recorded in contexts worthy of his talents as a star soloist, a revival of interest in the music that he played such a part in creating denied him his big chance."

Bechet's hectic round of activities over the next decade, in New York, Chicago, Boston and other cities – the Condon concerts, Rudi Blesh "This Is Jazz" broadcasts, the King Jazz sessions with Mezzrow – are well documented in this book by Chilton, as well as in many recordings that have surfaced recently, many for the first time. Broadcasts made by Bechet's band (including Bunk Johnson) from Boston's Savoy Cafe in 1945 have now been released by another Bechet devotee, Johnson McRee on his Fat Cat label, some 12 hours worth; they show Bechet in a more relaxed mood than when he was in concert settings which, he confessed later, "holds a guy very tense."

For Bechet the 1950s were his "golden years." His permanent move to France, his triumphant wide-ranging concert tours of Europe and other countries, his much-publicized wedding on the French Riviera, the strings of recordings with French bands that he literally took over, the ballet and the opera he wrote, along with numerous blues and ballad compositions (including the hit *Petite fleur*), brought him the stardom that generally eluded him at home. Even here, from first-hand accounts garnered by Chilton, we get some rare glimpses of Bechet's personality and character.

A consummate professional, Bechet

would not tolerate slipshod playing from other performers and practiced assiduously, despite his mastery, to achieve the highest degree of perfection. He told French clarinetist-bandleader Maxime Saury: "You must have balance between technique and the ideas you are trying to express. If one has too much to say and no technique one 'stutters', but if one has lots of technique and nothing to say one will bore the listener to death." Bechet, obviously, could not be accused of boring anyone.

Humphrey Lyttelton, whose band played and recorded with Bechet in Britain, felt that Bechet respected people who stood up to him: "I really believe he found the timid adulation of the young revivalists who gathered around him in Europe irksome, and that the prodigious rages and almost sadistic practical jokes (a favorite trick was to pretend to come in after a drum break and then to withdraw at the last minute – leaving the drummer, spent in energy and ideas, to struggle through another chorus) were designed to break it down." He was a wizard in more ways than one: once, on a British tour when half the keys on Bechet's soprano saxophone had stopped working, he went out on stage as if nothing had happened; Lyttelton's reed player Bruce Turner could hardly believe his ears at the marvelous music Sidney produced with his broken horn: "It was almost like an act of Zen. Bechet willed himself to create notes that weren't really there on the instrument."

Even when illness – a recurring stomach ailment – laid him low Sidney insisted on giving nothing less than the best; when he was near death (from lung cancer), in his last recorded 'live' performance at the Brussels World's Fair (July 1958), Bechet – stimulated by such talents of his own caliber as Buck Clayton and Vic Dickenson – proved he could give a vibrant magnetic performance, climaxing *St. Louis Blues* with eleven consecutive choruses, "boldly imitating a pearl diver" by holding one of his long notes for 19 bars!

Bechet left a gap in jazz few if any could fill. A fresh interest in his music, stimulated by this fascinating biography, as well as the numerous reissues of Sidney's Blue Note and other material, is more than welcome. – *Al Van Starrex*

IN PERFORMANCE

COURTNEY PINE QUARTET
Upstage Cafe, Decatur, Georgia
November 5, 1988

Winter is upon us, and that means that music in the park, courtesy the city's Atlanta Jazz Series, is replaced by Quantum Productions' fourth annual concert series. In addition to the concert reviewed here, the year's program includes performances by Ornette Coleman and Prime Time, Carla Bley/Steve Swallow, Hank Jones/Ray Drummond, James Newton, Hilton Ruiz/Daniel Ponce, David Murray and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, plus assorted non-jazz attractions including percussionist Glenn Velez, the Amsterdam String Trio and groups representing Bolivia, several African countries and the Renaissance. Throw in free film/lectures programs on Gil Evans, John Coltrane and the jazz trumpet, and you have their most ambitious program yet.

One of the strengths of the Quantum series is their ability to select the venue most suited to each act, be it a funky little theatre, a major concert hall or a chapel. The night of November 5 found the **Courtney Pine** Quartet (Pine, tenor and soprano saxes; **Julian Joseph**, piano; **Delbert Felix**, bass and **Mark Mondesir**, drums) perfectly at home in the club-like ambience of another new setting for Quantum, the Upstage Cafe in suburban Decatur.

The media treatment so far accorded Pine makes it difficult to just comment on his music. Even Quantum, usually a model of taste, noted in their brochure that Pine "has been called the new Wynton Marsalis." I'm sure he has, and that's just one of the dumb remarks that have been made. Both Pine and Marsalis are young and prodigiously talented, both are involved in exploring and extending specific portions of the jazz tradition, and both are targets in the "Set 'em up and shoot 'em down" gallery of the music press. There the similarities end.

That Pine is aware that he and Marsalis share some experiences is indicated by his closing both sets with a snippet of Marsalis' *Knozz Moe King*. With that noted, this review will be about one performance by Pine's quartet, without further reference to trumpet players. I think the differences will be apparent.

I arrived at the concert having read a bit and heard literally nothing of Pine's music. I admit to being hype-wary and a little put off by the Coltrane look-alike publicity photos (in which one assumes the artist had some say). A friend who had heard some Pine on the radio said what he heard was in the Coltrane mode. Certainly Coltrane is Pine's most discernable influence, and the group's instrumentation and interpretation of *some* of the material played invites this comparison. But to refer to Pine as "Robo-Trane" as did one writer (whose name, fortunately, I've forgotten) is simply libelous.

First, there is the matter of material. We heard some Trane numbers, but also bebop tunes, compositions by Monk and Ellington, and ballad standards. *Blue Monk* settled into an "after hours" workout with Pine and Joseph delivering extended in-the-tradition solos with just enough quirky harmonic twists and Mondesir, a busy drummer in the Elvin Jones - Roy Haynes line, playing rock-solid time with occasional tasty accents. After a closing high-energy *Zaire*, with Mondesir providing one of the clearest evocations of Africa I've ever heard on trap drums, the group encored with a starkly simple rendition of *In A Mellotone*, which gained interest from Pine's displacement and recovery of the beat, and even found him briefly evoking Sidney Bechet.

But it is on the high-energy music that Pine has most clearly staked out the group's turf. On tenor, the leader's sound and conception are similar to Coltrane's but with a touch of humor one didn't hear from Trane. On soprano (which he played for about two thirds of the evening), in place of the usual nasal quality is a glowing, liquid tone. Usually, in groups of the post-Coltrane persuasion, I dread the moment when the saxophonist picks up the soprano. Even worse is the

COURTNEY PINE (photograph by Peter Danson)

obligatory long, arpeggiated cadenza. Pine made me love both. So rich is his harmonic imagination and so enormous his technique that cadenzae came off not as exercises but as overlapping rainbows. On the opening number he played such a segment on tenor, combining circular breathing and split notes, which was as technically virtuosic as anything I've ever heard on saxophone.

The axis of the group is Pine-Mondesir, with Joseph the second major soloist. Although Felix took one solo, his was essentially a supporting role, in one of the more restrictive aspects of "the tradition". Perhaps deploying the bass differently would enhance the variety of the group. Mondesir demonstrates just how far jazz percussion has come. A polyrhythmic, bashing drummer at heart, he almost never missed a nuance, even when the music was at its wildest. And (shades of Alan Dawson) he does it all with no appearance of sweat or strain.

Joseph, no Tyner clone, shone brightest on the simpler pieces. While he certainly held his own on the denser material, it was also apparent that Tyner is the only pianist to carve out a completely satisfactory niche in that environment. Or, put another way, it's easy to see why so many saxophone and drum playing leaders abandoned the piano at a certain point in jazz history.

One of the most attractive non-musical aspects of the evening was the visual interaction between Joseph and Mondesir. Joseph would look across at the drummer with a shy grin as if to say "Was that all right?" and Mondesir would respond with a big, toothy grin and a perfectly placed punctuation – "Yeah, man, beautiful!"

Which brings me to a curious aspect of the music. Even at maximum decibel count, with the leader gargling harmonics, Mondesir bashing, Joseph droning ten finger chords and Felix flailing in the lower register, the Courtney Pine Quartet did not seem to dance on the brink of the apocalypse as did the Coltrane quartet. Maybe it's just the way these guys look – like four wholesome, happy young men having a wonderful time. Or maybe what was disturbing in the 60's has become conventional. But I think there's something else.

To my ears, Courtney Pine has captured and distilled the beauty that was always the object of John Coltrane's search, and leavened it with wit (while apparently retaining the master's personal humility). And he has broadened his scope by taking (to quote Mike Hennessey) "a backward walk into jazz history". At age 23 we could hardly fault him for not being an innovator. Yet the seeds of innovation are germinating – in his approach to cadenzae, in unique use of cycle breathing, in his witty internal commentary on a style of music which sometimes takes itself too seriously.

This time, in my estimation, the setters-up are right, and the shooters-down should find another target. From young Courtney Pine we may expect, to quote the Quantum brochure again, "a lifetime of unfolding riches."

– Bill McLarney

BENNY GOLSON
Sheraton Westgate, Toledo, Ohio
November 6, 1988

All through the 70s and 80s while growing up in L.A. I wanted to see this great tunesmith **Benny Golson**. He never played around. He kept at his film scoring and was one of those people who lives in L.A. but you never see. So here I am turning the pages of the Toledo Blade in a motel room and come across Mr. Golson's picture (who now lives in NYC) and announcement that the Toledo Jazz Society is putting on a concert with local **Larry Fuller Trio** backing him up.

His tone on the tenor is airy, feathery, breathy. Remindful of Lester Young, the later Ben Webster, Warne Marsh and even Stan Getz who he mentioned being around where he grew up in Philadelphia. His sound is actually gauzier than all those cats. He drops his mouthpiece cover down the bell of his horn, wets the reed, and blows foggy clouds out. A rubber band holding down one of the key pads. Great solos of a dozen choruses or more.

They played his compositions, *Are You Real, Stablemates, Whisper Not* with a tinge of *Blues March* at the end, *Along Came Betty*, and an *I Remember Clifford* that could make you cry it was so beautiful. His explanations of how he wrote the tunes deserves further documenting. He told how working the Apollo with the Dizzy Gillespie Big Band they'd all troop over to a bar down the alley corner – musicians spent a lot of time there – so one day while waiting for stage directions to get situated in the bandstand before the curtains went up, wobbling down the alley comes Walter Bishop Jr. who they figured had a bit too much, but as he got closer they realized he was crying. They had to take their band seats. As the projectile stage shot out into the audience with them playing their opening number tears could be seen down the faces of the Dizzy Gillespie Big Band after learning that the night before Clifford Brown and Richie Powell had died. So he ruminated over this tune for the next year and finally presented it to Dizzy and he loved it: *I Remember Clifford*. Somebody should do a comprehensive interview with Benny Golson, 'cause he seems ready to talk.

About *Stablemates* he says how he'd run into John Coltrane "on the avenue in Philadelphia" and John asked for a tune to take to Miles. Golson had been giving tunes to everybody. Then after he ran into Coltrane again on the same street and learned that Miles recorded *Stablemates*, he said that that opened the doors to his tunes being recorded by everybody, that, "Everybody was going through their books to find my things."

He talked about doodling with this ballad he heard Art Tatum play once, never knowing the title or origins, until late one night watching tv he was surprised to hear it during the promenading scene down the stairs of the Boris Karloff movie "The Mummy". Said it was odd to think that such a pretty tune as *Beautiful Love* would be in a horror movie. Though he enjoyed the fact.

And then there's the fire alarm. I guess you've got to have them, but when they go off during an entrancing rendition of *Sophisticated Lady* you have your doubts. Especially when it turns out to be a false alarm.

Golson enjoyed the trio, visibly, and lauded them and verbally encouraged them along. Just like in the bebop days. The grand piano was a masterpiece of bell-like tuning and young Larry Fuller gave it full compliment. **Randy Gellespie** did a long bang-up fabulous drum duet with Benny tightening his tone sounding like the Coltrane-Rashied Ali duets. First choice upright bass from Detroit to

AND EUGENE CHADBOURNE

Cleveland and the rest of the Rust Belt is **Jeff Halsey**, a professor at Bowling Green University, member of Ernie Krivda's Quartet in Cleveland and Tommy Flanagan in Detroit. Golson between tunes asked the audience, "Excuse me, I've got to find out something," walked over and put a finger on Halsey's bass and then jerked it back like he just touched a hot iron, "STISSSST!"

Sure was a nice crowd of people. The music was precious. As we drove home the snow felt good. – *Mark Weber*

DR. EUGENE CHADBOURNE
P.S. 122, 150 First Avenue,
Manhattan, New York
December 2, 1988

I've been out of touch with Chadbourne's music for almost a decade. So, on this visit to the city it seemed a good occasion to see what he's been up to. The notices kept remarking about his sense of humor and what fun it is to witness a performance of his. We made it on over to the lower east side to Public Space 122.

It's interesting to note the changes the music has been through. Rather than an entire show of "squeak bonk music" he now balances it out with whole fragments of "normal" stuff and large doses of humor. Where ten years ago it might not have been hip to incorporate rock songs into an avant garde performance and unthinkable to lampoon the very style and orthodoxies of even his own avant garde. So, tunes by Hank Williams, the Byrds, Roger Miller, Tim Buckley, Dylan, Hendrix, quotes from Jim Morrison, the blues, a rewrite of *The Times They Are A Changin'*, are all dropped into the phantasmagoria and given the irrepressible Chadbourne touch. One wonders if he keeps a tape going in his head while running through these songs, as the various familiar hooks and glitches float to the top.

He began the set strutting dutifully on stage sloppily dressed with tie askew and plugged in that guitar from out of Segovia's worst nightmare – the messed up one with about 50 guitar strings, recording tape hanging out sound hole, the jawbone of an ass, a tricky dick dildo, among other dreck nailed onto the disaster. The pickups dangle in this explosion and with slight manipulation makes quite agreeable noise, and when the feedback begins to falter he grabs a cowboy boot and gives it a whack, or with the saw hacks a nerve-splitting rend in the neck. He wrestled with this commotion for near on fifteen minutes until down on the floor on his hands and knees he gives the guitar several kicks off to stage right and it gradually fizzles out. The whole bit struck me as a parody on the over-long rock guitar solos of the 60s. With sweat streaming down he grimaces and strains on a staccato run of mixed-up notes. His earnest strivings and poses reminded one of the hippie pads we sat around back in those days, and invariably there'd be some guy doodling on a box.

His other equipment this night included a standard box 6 string, a Rickenbacher electric 6, a home-made electric lap steel rake, and balloons. With his longish frizzy hair and glasses he looked the part of an absent-minded professor.

For his second number the amplifier was giving off an uncommanded feedback and kept stomping the foot peddles until finally he got up, laid the guitar on the chair, and went over to the amp, got down on his knees and bowed obeisance to the gods of electricity. How could he not have forgotten that piety first? Back at the chair he struggled over songs with shards, splinters, avalanches of sound leaking through, swaying back and forth, fingers flying, bangs his head on the microphone and dizzyly staggers back, wipes the sweat from his brow and digs further into the tumultous racket. All the while the audience is in stitches.

The *New Yorker* said, "Just about everything he touches – from *Purple Haze* to *Oh Yoko* to *Rambling Man* – he eventually deflates." And John Pareles in the *NY Times* said, "Within the anarchy lurks a smart, cheerfully uncompromising musician."

I enjoyed the bath of non-metered (anti-metered?), arhythmic, atonal, freaked-out counterpoint. It's not so much a Schoenbergian or Ornette type atonality, as it is one of finding the wrongest note possible and playing the hell out of it. His sense of intervals could destroy Juilliard. But with the slow drift in our society back into safe middle-of-the-road yellow-belly conservatism, somebody like Eugene Chadbourne is a welcome sight and sound for sore and tired ears. – *Mark Weber*

TRUMPET VARIATIONS

The trumpet – once the dominant instrument in jazz – has made a comeback in the 1980s with the emergence of a new generation of musicians who have mastered the intricacies of the instrument. Its lineage, though, is still controlled by the overwhelming artistic influence of its major innovators. Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis gave trumpeters the necessary musical vocabulary to express their ideas. The language has been built in many different ways from those foundations.

Despite its recent cover photograph **Jabbo Smith & His Rhythm Aces (Affinity AFS 1029)** contains recordings made in 1929 for Brunswick. The music is similar to Louis Armstrong's groundbreaking Hot 5 and Hot 7 recordings which had commenced four years earlier. Jabbo executes his ideas with commendable technical and musical excellence while Omer Simeon's clarinet and alto saxophone provides a balanced secondary voice. These are among the best examples of Armstrong influenced music from the period and Jabbo's brilliance is sustained throughout the sessions which make up this collection. Twelve of the nineteen Brunswick titles are included in this reissue as well as Jabbo's guest shots with the Duke Ellington band **(What More Can A Poor Fellow Do/Black And Tan Fantasy)**. All this material was previously reissued – notably by Melodeon and Swaggie.

Doc Cheatham is the sole remaining trumpeter of any stature whose playing belongs within the idiom established by Armstrong in the 1920s. **A Tribute To Billie Holiday (Kenneth KS 2061)** is a 1987 Swedish production designed as a showcase for the trumpeter. He also sings on many of the selections with the casual ease and sense of swing which marks so many of the instrumentalists of his generation. Swiss pianist Henri Chaix is prominently featured while the Swedish musicians provide idiomatically suitable backgrounds (just as they did for Maxine Sullivan in her Kenneth sessions). All the songs are well chosen standards with arrangements designed to highlight Cheatham's qualities. It is an evocative remembrance of times past.

More typical of the kind of gigs fulfilled these days by Doc Cheatham is a Highlights In Jazz concert preserved on disc as **Echoes Of Harlem (Stash 265)**. Pick-up concert dates are usually performed without planning or rehearsal and certainly with little thought for their eventual release on record. Thus this session is a document of an event rather than a specially conceived offering of fresh musical ideas for an abstracted listening audience. Ensembles are perfunctory, the repertoire is overworked *(Three Little Words, Mood Indigo, Sweet Georgia Brown, Sweet Lorraine, Body And Soul, Things Ain't)* and the solos are often too long. George Kelly and newcomer Joey Cavaseno are the other horn players with a rhythm section of Richard Wyands, Victor Gaskin and Ronnie Cole. It's the kind of music better circulated through privately produced cassettes rather than on vinyl disc.

Back in circulation again is Roy Eldridge's 1970 Master Jazz production of **The Nifty Cat (New World 349)**. It was his first major recording in a decade and he made the most of it. The functional arrangements for his originals were put together in the studio by musicians who were his equal in experience and imagination. Budd Johnson, Benny Morton, Nat Pierce, Tommy Bryant and Oliver Jackson helped Eldridge shape this magnificent music which is more measured in its approach than one might expect from one of the music's most fiery practitioners. Through the 1950s Roy Eldridge was noted for his crackling, hell-for-leather solos which seemed intent on liquifying the metal of his instrument. Eldridge played the trumpet with the dexterity and unpredictability of an Earl Hines and was always in full flight. But here he is more thoughtful and the music is a well rounded profile of the mature artist. New World has issued this music on LP and compact disc with the latter revealing even better the full texture of the music.

Mexican Bandit Meets Pittsburgh Pirate (Fantasy 9646) was recorded three years after **The Nifty Cat** and presents a far different view of Eldridge. The emphasis is on the individual solo statements of the co-leaders – Eldridge and tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves. They give us a scintillating version of Eldridge's *5400 North* – quite different from the stately interpretation on **The Nifty Cat**. The casual nature of this session doesn't deter the participants from offering the listener many excellent moments and Gonsalves, in particular, makes the most of his chances on *I Cover The Waterfront* and *Body And Soul*. Even though his fame rests with his extended up-tempo solo work it is his ballad playing which best demonstrates his abilities. *Body And Soul*, a favorite vehicle for tenor saxophonists, had been previously recorded by Gonsalves with John Lewis in the pianist's "Wonderful World Of Jazz". This version doesn't quite match the fluency of that interpretation but it's nice to have. Eldridge's playing is less controlled than on **The Nifty Cat** but is full of the unexpected twists which always make his solos a voyage of discovery. Cliff Smalls, Sam Jones and Eddie Locke are rhythmically solid in their support. It's surprising that this session remained unissued for thirteen years.

Harry Edison is a major trumpet soloist from The Swing Era. His playing still contains the fluency and rhythmic urgency which made his brief statements in the Basie band so memorable. He is a much better musician today than he was in the 1940s and the fullness of his skills are well displayed with the **Jesper Thilo Quintet (Storyville SLP 4120)**. The interpretative level of European musicians has dramatically improved in the last decade and the Danish musicians who work with Edison at this session are indiomatically seasoned individuals who understand most of the music's nuances. The one thing missing, though, is the stylistic uniqueness which makes Edison a major performer. He leaves his stamp on every number – many of which he plays wherever he works. It seems unfortunate that a studio date would have produced yet one more version of such overworked items as *On The Trail* and *Satin Doll*. But the playing almost convinces you that it is something new! Tenor saxophonist Jesper Thilo works out of territory developed by Eddie Lockjaw Davis and is thus a suitable musical companion for Edison on this occasion.

Even though Ruby Braff was regarded as an anachronism in the swiftly evolving jazz world of the 1950s he had already created a uniquely individual style by the time he recorded for Vanguard in 1953. He has been a restless interpreter since that time who constantly searches for fresh ways to present his ideas. He knows many tunes and is always willing to perform them. He can find inspiration in widely varied settings and few of his recordings are without merit. **Mr Braff To You (Phontastic 7568)** is a 1983 collaboration with Scott Hamilton that predates the two sessions for Concord. The personnel is the same but without the drums of Chuck Riggs. This subtly alters the mood of the music and gives it greater intimacy. Braff and Hamilton combine well – their mutual love affair with the great songs of American popular music allow them plenty of room for exploration in this collection of tunes whose relationship is tied together by having been vehicles for Benny Goodman. This is an excellent addition to the aforementioned Concord collections.

While Dizzy Gillespie's harmonically advanced conceptions seemed revolutionary in the 1940s time has shown that they were a logical extension of what had preceeded him. His blues on **Yale Blue Blues** echoes ideas basic to Roy Eldridge's playing. Gillespie, unlike many of his disciples, can always idiomatically fit into playing situations with such players as Count Basie and Benny Carter without sacrificing any of his individuality. The speed and accuracy of his articulation and the angularity of his themes gave jazz a fresh dialect in the 1940s. **Enduring Magic (Black-Hawk BKH 51801)** brings together concert performances by the trumpeter with Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell between 1970 and 1985 and there is no duplication with material previously issued on Mainstream. For all the cascading brilliance of Dizzy's approach it is the way he uses space to dramatise his improvisations and the rhythmic momentum of his lines which makes him unique. Additional Gillespie performances are always welcome even though the Mitchell-Ruff

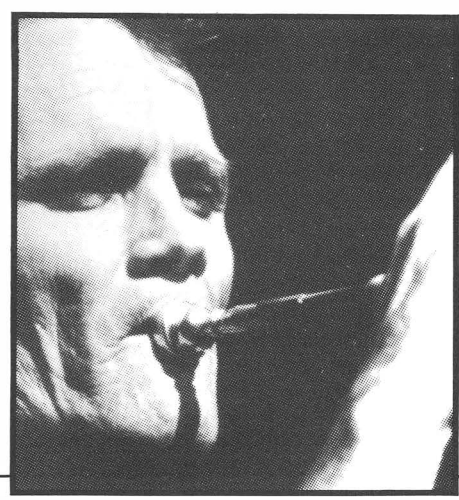
Duo are only competent journeymen in the field of jazz music who are heard without the trumpeter on *The Thrill Is Gone* and *Street Of Dreams.*

Even though Dizzy Gillespie's marriage of technical fluency, harmonic balance, rhythmic agility and musical taste are unequalled he seems to have had less of an impact on succeeding generations than Miles Davis. Perhaps the very diversity of Miles' musical concepts has refueled both himself and his followers over the years. Davis found his voice with the Birth of the Cool Band, presented standards in a new guise with his muted approach of the mid 1950s, changed the basic structural language of jazz with modality in the late 1950s, opened up the rhythm section and soloists' boundaries in the 1960s and then took the music into the mainstream of popular music – something he is still pursuing. **Live In Stockholm 1960 (Dragon DRLP 129/130)** comes from a concert recording by Swedish Radio and documents the band during the brief period that Sonny Stitt was the saxophonist in the quintet. Its quasi-legal status is due to the different copyright limitations in existence in Scandinavia. The sound quality and production is excellent – the performance typifies the bands of that period. The repertoire was static and the solo work occupied most of the performance space. The musical level was exceptionally high so this will be a welcome addition for Miles Davis collectors.

Once Miles Davis had overcome his early instrumental struggles with Charlie Parker he became a perennial force to be reckoned with in jazz. His influence has been felt for a long time. It can be heard in **Modern Sounds** by **Shorty Rogers** and **Gerry Mulligan (Affinity AFF 158)** a reissue of the Capital band dates from 1951 and 1953 which are built upon the "Birth of the Cool" sound. Rogers' trumpet playing and arranging is well executed and Shelly Manne gives the band much of its crispness. Art Pepper's feature on *Over The Rainbow* and his lyrical lines in *Sam And The Lady* are highlights. Mulligan's charts are a continuation of the style he demonstrated for the Birth of the Cool band with Chet Baker making the trumpet statements. His bell-like tone is sharper than Davis' and more akin to Bix Beiderbecke in its roundness. Harmonically it is as intuitive as Beiderbecke's which may account for some aural similarities.

An in-depth portrait of early Chet Baker is contained in two different Mosaic box sets. They have gathered together the **Complete Pacific Jazz Studio Recordings Of The Chet Baker Quartet With Russ Freeman (Mosaic MR4-122)** and **The Complete Pacific Jazz Live Recordings With Russ Freeman (Mosaic MR4-113).** The music on these two box sets captures a young and ebullient Baker full of the joy of music making. His compatibility with pianist Russ Freeman is remarkable. They are one of the great partnerships in this music and seem to sense intuitively exactly where the other is going. Much has been made of the similarities between Baker and Miles Davis and aurally there are similarities from this period. But the writers in the booklets which come with these sets constantly emphasize the differences between them. Both players were striving to articulate trumpet lines with a minimum of vibrato – a lineage which went back through Billy Butterfield and Bobby Hackett to Bix Beiderbecke rather than jazz trumpet's traditional lineage. But that still doesn't mean that either trumpeter listened to those earlier stylists! Baker was a natural, intuitive musician. Russ Freeman notes that Baker "didn't know chords at all. He learned everything by ear. Most jazz musicians, playing a solo, can think of the chord sequence, and get out of trouble that way. Not Chet. He didn't even have that to fall back on. He did have that ear, though, and a fantastic sense of structure in his head." These recordings have a joyous zest to them which has long disappeared from the world-weary perception of the trumpeter. The emotional tugs may be fewer here but the sunny brightness of the music is affecting. The studio sessions are more tightly organized but they also focus more fully on Baker's emerging talent as a vocalist. Two complete LPs of his vocals were issued by Pacific Jazz from these sessions. Mosaic has done a remarkable job of restoring the music to its original form. Later issues of many Pacific Jazz sessions were tampered with in a variety of ways. Almost three quarters of the Live set is material never issued before. Even the handful of titles from the August 1954 date issued previously were edited versions. This set presents them in their entirety and they add further dimensions to the classic Ann Arbor concert of May 9, 1954. These two box sets are a fascinating musical insight into the early career of Chet Baker.

Clifford Brown was the most brilliant trumpet player to emerge in the 1950s. His playing, almost completely free of overt references to musical styles prior to Gillespie, seemed perfectly formed. Most trumpeters from that period, as well as those who have followed, owe something to Clifford Brown and Miles Davis.



Both Art Farmer and Nat Adderley came to prominence in the 1950s. Their paths have rarely crossed and their musical directions have varied widely. Farmer is an articulate musician and person. **Azure (Soul Note SN 1126)** – a flugelhorn/piano session with Fritz Pauer – is a perfectly realised musical partnership. Both players are at their best in lyrically rich and harmonically challenging material. They have chosen well in this collaboration – almost all of which is at slower ballad tempos. There is a continuity, a wholeness to the music offered by the two musicians. **Something To Live For: The Music Of Billy Strayhorn (Contemporary 14029)** provides the listener with continuity of a different kind – this time the harmonically appealing compositions of Billy Strayhorn. The mood, here is more up-beat, but the languid nature of Strayhorn's music suits Farmer well. He has never been a hard swinger and his solos are full of subtleties which only appear upon repeated listening. Clifford Jordan is more straightforward in his approach. He runs the changes in his solos but is effective enough in his statements. James Williams, Rufus Reid and Marvin "Smitty" Smith are excellent – whether soloing or in support of the horn players. Farmer has accomplished something rare – he has managed to find fresh ways to interpret Strayhorn's music – and yet the essential qualities of the compositions is still apparent. The CD version of the recording includes a performance of *Daydream* not found on the LP.

Nat Adderley, unlike Art Farmer who now specializes in performing on flugelhorn, is a cornetist. His strongest playing comes from the lengthy periods he worked with his brother. His playing has always drawn upon Miles Davis for its organization and sound but his funky, hipness is more a reflection of his brother's approach to the music. **Nat Adderley Quintet (Theresa TR 122)** comes from concert recordings at Keystone Korner in San Francisco. The cornetist has surrounded himself with an excellent rhythm section (Larry Willis, Walter Booker, Jimmy Cobb) and the alto saxophone of Sonny Fortune. The band is imbued with the concepts personified by Cannonball Adderley but the music has a personality of its own and Nat's playing is forceful and technically stronger than has sometimes been the case in recent years. Missing, though, is any identifying personality of its own.

Nat Adderley always seems to be forcing the music through his horn but execution seems to come easily for **Woody Shaw. Solid (Muse 5329)** complements a previous collection of standards recorded in 1983 but the addition of Kenny Garrett on several selections adds to

the interest. Shaw is an immaculate trumpeter whose flowing lines take the songs into regions only open to the most gifted improvisors. There is a beautiful sense of balance to his solos and he's ably supported by Kenny Barron, Neil Swainson and Victor Jones. As a bonus Peter Leitch is added for the Sonny Rollins line called *Solid*. And that is the best description of the whole production.

Woody Shaw, and Tom Harrell, have both fully developed the lyrical aspects of Clifford Brown's methods while shaping an individual voice for themselves. Harrell has taken a while to make his mark but within the time frames of **Play Of Light (Black-Hawk 50901)** – a 1982 recording – and **Moon Alley (Criss Cross 1018)** from 1985 he has become much better known. Since 1983 he has been a member of Phil Woods' band – and that has certainly helped raise his profile. Recordings are an ideal way to hear the essence of Tom Harrell's music. His withdrawing personality makes visual contact difficult but the strengths of his playing are amply demonstrated in both these excellent sessions. The 1982 date presents the trumpeter with Ricky Ford, Bruce Foreman, Albert Dailey, Eddie Gomez and Billy Hart and it's difficult to imagine that it was four years before being released. The organization of the music, the strength of Harrell's compositions (four out of six of the tunes are his) and the controlled brilliance of the playing makes it an exceptionally well balanced production. Both its textural flavour and improvisational strengths make it a suitable to sit alongside any collection of original Blue Note dates. The same is true of Moon Alley, the 1985 date. Once again the strength of Harrell's five compositions and the unity of the musicians makes this an impressive experience. The voicings for trumpet and Kenny Garrett's alto are well blended and the rhythm section of Kenny Barron, Ray Drummond and Ralph Peterson is idiomatically attuned to the material. Kenny Garrett, through sessions such as this, is finding his own voice. But Tom Harrell has already done this. His playing here is forceful, lyrical and well balanced.

Jerry Gonzalez' muted trumpet evokes images of the Miles Davis of several generations ago in **Kirk Lightsey's Everything's Changed (Sunnyside SSC-1020)** but the content of his playing is his own. The somewhat dreamy posture of Lightsey's solo LPs for Sunnyside is replaced by rhythmically agile music from musicians intent on creating exciting images. Santi Debriano and Eddie Gladden make excellent teammates and Gonzalez' trumpet playing burns through the uptempo patterns of *Billie's Bounce* and *Evidence* while still retaining a sharp edge in the mellow nuances of the title selection. This is excellently conceived and realised jazz music by musicians with the imagination and maturity to make statements of lasting value. The CD version of the recording includes additional material.

The flugelhorn and trumpet of Stacy Rowles is heard on three of the selections on **I'm Glad There Is You (Contemporary 14032)** – a collaboration between **Jimmy Rowles** and **Red Mitchell** where she is a secondary voice to the piano/bass interpretations of the co-leaders. The warmth and lyricism of her playing is appealing and her interpretation of *Blood Count* contrasts nicely, in its austerity, with the fuller feeling of Art Farmer's look at the same composition.

During the past decade **Art Blakey** has nurtured a new generation of musicians who have become expressive re-interpreters of the jazz language. Each version of *The Messengers* is subtly different from previous editions and is a reflection of the ever evolving playing and compositional methods of its exponents. **Live At Kimball's (Concord CJ-307)** is a 1985 performance by the band which included Terence Blanchard, Donald Harrison and Mulgrew Miller – all of whom have moved on to develop their own careers. Terence Blanchard is an articulate and precise trumpeter who is well showcased in this recorded performance. It consists mostly of standard popular songs but they are reshaped to fit the Blakey band's own conception. **Feeling Good (Delos CD 4007)** was recorded some eighteen months later with Wallace Roney on trumpet, Kenny Garrett on alto and Donald Brown on piano. It includes a different version of Mulgrew Miller's composition *Second Thoughts* as well as new tunes by Kenny Garrett *(Feeling Good)*, Jean Toussaint *(Crooked Smile)* and Wallace Roney *(Obsession)*. There's 70 minutes of music on this CD and the band – now a sextet with the addition of trombonist Tim Williams – plays with great fire and energy. Wallace Roney is a particularly exciting trumpeter who revels in the chance to stretch to the limit of his horizons each time he solos. He is now displaying the same qualities with the Tony Williams band. This is a particularly good example of the music created by Art Blakey and his young associates.

Gustavo Bergalli is an Argentinian trumpeter who now resides in Sweden. His **Quintet (Dragon DRLP 119)** is his first as leader. He is a fluent performer who understands the trumpet idiom as determined by Clifford Brown and his successors. With the exception of an Argentinian tango all the compositions are by the leader and saxophonist Hakan Brostrom. They are workable vehicles for the musicians' improvisations and the arrangements sustain momentum. This is an excellent example of how the music has spread its wings to many parts of the world.

Stockholm Sweetnin' (Dragon DRLP 78) features the trumpet work of veteran trumpeter Rolf Ericson. This 1984 session is just as recent as Gustavo Bergalli's but has quite a different sound. Ericson has been active since the 1940s and along the way he performed and recorded with Charlie Parker in Sweden and worked with both Woody Herman and Duke Ellington. His trumpet work still reflects his years of big band performances and his solos seem somewhat rigid outside of the big band. This session is helped by the contributions of Mel Lewis and tenor saxophonist Nisse Sandstrom.

You can hear touches of Miles Davis (from his muted era) in Rolf Ericson while Enrico Rava and Franco Ambrosetti have listened to more recent versions of the Miles Davis sound. **Nexis Meets Enrico Rava (Four Leaf Clover FLC 5075)** is a 1984 collaboration between the Swedish group and the Italian trumpeter. Rava seems as eclectic as Kenny Wheeler – able to fit within the framework of many different disciplines. All the music was written by the trumpeter and pianist Hakan Rydin. They are mostly rhythmic patterns from which the musicians can build their improvisations.

The music created by **Franco Ambrosetti** is much more impressive. To begin with the trumpeter/flugelhornist has surrounded himself with exceptionally talented contemporary American exponents of the jazz idiom. **Wings (Enja 4068)** owes its compositional strengths to the concepts of musicians like Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock and Freddie Hubbard even though the actual creations are those of the leader (plus one from George Grunz). The structures are designed to give the soloists impetus into their improvisations and their effectiveness is evident throughout. Particularly valuable are the tenor saxophone statements by Mike Brecker and the sparkling piano work of Kenny Kirkland who both revel in the rhythmic shifts inherent within the compositions. The focus is more fully on Ambrosetti in **Movies (Enja 5035)** a 1986 recording – again made in New York and again benefiting from the outstanding drumming of Daniel Humair. The repertoire this time is drawn from the movies and includes such standards as *Summertime, That Old Black Magic* and *Good Morning Heartache* as well as *Yellow Submarine,* Herbie Hancock's *Chan's Song*, an original by Ambrosetti *(Be A Brave Utopist)* and *Falling In Love Again* from The Blue Angel. The eclectic vision of guitarist John Scofield shares the spotlight with the leader and his playing is a weird mixture of sensitive lyricism and rock-tinged rhetorical improvisations of doubtful stature. Ambrosetti is particularly sensitive to the nuances of the material – especially in *Chan's Song, Good Morning Heartache* and *Falling In Love Again*.

Movies combines contemporary approaches to jazz improvisation with traditional compositional methods by musicians whose versatility and expertise seems somewhat greater than the originality of their style. That, perhaps, is how the music best expresses itself in this decade.

ELLEN CHRISTI ★ STAR OF DESTINY

Since the mid-1970s Ellen Christi has steadily gained ground as an important contributor to American improvised music. Interestingly, from an historical perspective, Christi hit the New York scene from her native home of Chicago after the Jazz avant-garde of the 1960s had about officially died. And if Frederic Jameson is anywhere near correct in saying that we can officially "...mark the end of the 60s around 1972-74" – then Christi would be one of the few Jazz derived vocalists influenced by Jazz's historical avant-garde who, nonetheless, was *professionally* "nurtured" by a predominantly postmodern(ist) social climate.

What actually distinguishes Christi's work from that of the other great vocal stylists of Jazz (Billie Holiday, Anita O'Day, Sheila Jordan, Abbey Lincoln... Patty Waters?) is the fact that Christi is considerably more instrumentally oriented (in terms of phrasing and overall approach) than the other great stylists of Jazz singing. What's more, Christi has been able to be vocally expansive *beyond the strict confines of "idiom"*. Christi's singing is more a *sound* than a "style".

Christi can be heard on nine recordings. Five with the New York City Artists Collective on their own label, two with Jemeel Moondoc and two under her own name: **Ellen Christi with Menage/Live at Irving Plaza (Soul Note 1097, recorded 1984)** and the recently released **Star of Destiny (N.Y.C. A.C. 504, recorded 1986 - released 1988)**.

Of all these recordings I'd cite the early **And You Ain't Ready For This One Either (N.Y.C.A.C. 502, recorded 1979)**, done with the Collective, and her work with Moondoc on **Konstanze's Delight (Soul Note 1041, recorded 1981)**, as two excellent examples of what Christi can do in rhythmically adventurous, and decidedly unprogrammatic settings. (Interestingly, as a related note, these latter two recordings represent Christi's most impressive "use" of the musical legacy of the "first lady of the New Jazz," Jeanne Lee).

The postmodernist Christi first surfaces on **New York City Artists Collective Plays Butch Morris (N.Y.C.A.C. 503, recorded 1982)**, and extends to her latest offering **Star of Destiny**.

In regard to Christi's postmodernist slant in recent years, it could probably be cautionably argued that – in a certain kind of way – what Christi has done on record in her post-1980s work is analogous to what Miles Davis did on his classic recording "Kind of Blue" (1958). Davis, you may recall, was concerned with replacing conventional chord changes and sequences with modes. By making a tune no longer equivalent to its momentary changes, but rather, responsive to its textural setting and placement, Miles moved "Jazz" away from a "tune" concept and closer to the suite form. Christi, surprisingly or not, has been a bit more daring than Davis in that she has attempted to semiotically *read* the social nexus of postmodernism in terms of a carefully devised vocal "style". Her current work is programmatically created as an impressionistic response to the prevailing social climate. Because of the pervasiveness of conventional political "power," creative work in the 80s (and undoubtedly beyond) has little choice but to move "from a critical to a descriptive position(:)..."[1]

The following interview was conducted in September 1988 in New York City.

ROGER RIGGINS: William Hooker said in a 1980 interview in *Cadence Magazine* that: "...(M)uch of the music which is inflicted with business interests as a priority uses the tactics of monopoly and dishonesty to create a musician's image and hence a music's image. As long as those with power and prestige go along with, and instigate wrong values involving the music, the open ear will be subjected to racist attitudes, media threats and a false excitement generated to feed a

public." What do you think of Hooker's assessment in relation to the latter 80s improvised music scene? And are "...the tactics of monopoly and dishonesty" still center stage even for a relatively independent practitioner like yourself?

ELLEN CHRISTI: First of all, I think William Hooker has personalized the situation – I think that's a reaction rather than an evaluation of what's taking place. Secondly, the scene has gotten more conservative because of government policy in the 80s. And people's attitude toward themselves in relation to society, and then in relation to environment has changed. So we don't have the awareness of the 70s, we have more a kind of selfishness.

This type of thinking seeped into the music, but on the other hand, the music has evolved. The musicians who were young in the 70s are now in their middle thirties, and are confronted with survival on a different level. Many have families. So even though they're not being picked up by the major companies, and not sucking into that bureaucratic system, they've developed another kind of compromise.

So William's thing... the racism isn't there. What I think is an eternal problem with the music business is this: Whenever you have a commodity people are going to make money on the commodity, it doesn't matter what it is. But if you stay pure, and stay doing the music, the ears are not going to close because the mass is still aware of the *sound*. The only problem becomes how to get to the mass. Because you have to go through the middleman, and the middleman is now dictating who performs where and what the music is. So I feel rather than retract, regress, and go around being angry, and try to go against this wall... the idea is to try to take a brick out of the wall, or go around the wall... and try to eliminate the middleman, which is the brick wall.

RR: British guitarist Derek Bailey has said on a number of occasions that improvised music is strongly anti-documentary, because when improvised music is recorded, and then distributed, it's already late or "old" because of the nature of the improvisatory activity itself.

EC: In that concept that's true. But in another concept: Since improvised music does document what's happening in a section of society, certain particular moments – where people and even some musicians are likely to not understand – should be documented. Because it takes the people a while to catch up, and if you don't document the music, you're deleting a whole chunk of history.

Now if the music is valid and comes from a true source of creativity, it will hold up ten or fifteen years from now. And will give the mass the opportunity to re-examine their reality through this type of music.

RR: Hal Foster says in his "Recodings: Art, Spectacle, Cultural Politics" (Bay Press, 1985), "...that the individual is now largely an instrumental category(:)..." and would almost have to be "...a purely ideological figure(.)" in order to gain representative voice. How do you feel about individuality, subjectivity, and the improviser's art(?). Will improvisers eventually almost have to give verbal voice to their "differing" ideological positions?

EC: Definitely, they've got to. We've got to re-educate. That's the whole purpose of "art" – to re-educate. If you don't verbalize, if you don't maintain exactly what you are producing, then it loses its validity instantly. And that doesn't just include playing music. But also your lifestyle, the way you look, the way you function in the society, to curb anything like that you are really savering an important part – an important element – of your communication.

As you get older you hone down the information. When you're younger there's a lot of fire, a lot of passion, all this energy comes out, your reality is very pure. As you get older you're able – not to acquiesce – but to communicate in a softer way, a more mature way. And by honing down the product, you're able to reach more people.

But I don't think you can alienate yourself, which happens a lot with improvisers. After a certain point they either acquiesce to the mainstream or they completely alienate themselves, and don't participate.

RR: Are you still, by the way, casting your net with America?

EC: Yeah, I'm hopeless. I'm an American. And I really really resent not being acknowledged as an artist in my own

country. A lot of anger on my part comes from there. Over in Europe I'm able to execute what I have developed here. When I come to New York, Manhattan especially, I have ideas and I'm able to really develop them, and try different things. Over in Europe I take the product I have developed here and perform it. But I resent not being able to do that here.

RR: Since you've recently returned from living and working in Europe, what would you say are the major differences in terms of how your music is presented? Are you able to kind of slip out of the "independent artist role" and sort of relax, being pretty much assured things will be presented correctly?

EC: Totally relaxed. When I'm in Europe I do no production whatever, I'm just a singer. I set my price, what I need, the dates and everything, and things are set up and ready from there.

Here I have to produce the work, produce the records, take care of the Collective, take care of the business such as grants, as well as take care of my own music – it's a real heavy load. At some point I'd like that changed. I need more time for the music now. I have new ideas and I'm moving more in a theatrical direction.

RR: Could you say something about the music and musicians involved in your recent "Art Music" concert given at **Roulette** (July 6, 1988)?

EC: That was with Martin Schutz and Tom Bruno. Martin I met here last year. We did some work together with Jemeel [Moondoc] and separately. And then when I went over to Switzerland, I was booked into a small theatre in Biel, with Martin Schutz and Hans Kock. I was working with the concept of two microphones – with Hans playing tenor and alto sax and Martin playing miniature cello – and all is electrified. So I have two mikes – one is dry, and the other goes into a board of digital delay. This is what I was working on when I was in Europe.

With that band I was able to incorporate words, movement, and also *sound*. With all these realms opening up, all these layers – which you aren't able to really touch sometimes in a regular musical setting. Now I took this concept and used it with Tom Bruno and myself and Martin [at Roulette]. And again it was something that incorporated words. But not... not words. Like when you hear, "Harry, Paint the Lawn" [on Christi's new album **Star of Destiny**] – they're like motifs, like little jewels, that have music and energy behind them, and also have the visual.

RR: What have your past musical experiences meant to where your music is today?

EC: I've been very fortunate as a vocalist to work with musicians in theatrical settings which have allowed me to really experiment. A lot of that is because I've pushed and produced it myself. In working with dancers, singers, horn players, and working with Tom Bruno – just with the drums and voice – has opened up many many possibilities. Tremendous.

RR: There's been some talk of late concerning feminism and improvised music. Do you have any views concerning women improvisors or women artists generally?

EC: This might sound a little jaded (laughter)....

As a female you have a different interpretation than a male because you have a different energy. But that doesn't mean that your music is less or greater than that of the male Jazz musician. In dealing with Jazz musicians you're dealing with a very – not machismo – but a very "old school" sense of mentality – where the woman has a well defined role, and the male has a defined role... and that goes into the lifestyle. So it's very hard for them to accept that a female can be on their level musically. But once you're challenged and you prove yourself, they open up like flowers – that's been my experience.

The concept of the female as artist is very important because society has been patriarchal for too long. Now there's a different energy coming in. This is why we're having such problems with the government and with the environment. And also, the planet is shifting.

In trying to seek balance between the male and female there are many problems and a lot of resistance. The males feel threatened because their concept of self has to be re-shaped, and part of it has to deteriorate – and part of that means losing control. But just as the female has to lose control in the sense that she can no longer manipulate the male – so too the male can no longer possess her for security. As long as there's balance. As long as you have the understanding that you have to have the male. Because without the male entity the hysteria of woman is unbearable.

As the preceding interview makes clear, singer-composer-performing artist Christi is well aware of her social responsibilities even within the insinuating compost of postmodernism. Though she concedes that "...what's alienating the music" is still "economics", she herself has long since secured federal funding for the New York City Artists Collective, of which she and Tom Bruno are founding members. But then too, in America, a musician isn't really commercially or financially stable until other musicians call for jobs and record dates, and Christi has a problem there. Not just because she's a woman either. But more so because she's such a *powerful* performer.

Provisionally, as I say, the only singers I can think of who are even remotely close to Christi's way of moving in music – aside from "first lady" Jeanne Lee – are singers so obscure and so historically periodized (Patty Waters or even Linda Sharrock, for example) that comparisons seem hardly worth the historical trouble to ponder. One thing is certain, though, Christi has little in common with Betty Carter or rising star Cassandra Wilson. Those looking for unabridged "stylistic" singing (with discernable "lyrics") will probably be dismayed by Christi's somewhat personalized semiotic lament for the demise of avant-garde eminence and the rise of post-avant-garde programmatic psychologism. Be that as it may, Ellen Christi's work remains a must for those interested in the "strategic" evolution of American improvised music. (Note: Christi will have a double record of her music out on Soul Note soon; her partners for this date are drummer Jackson Kroll, pianist Mark Hennen, bassist William Parker, and trombonist Jeff Mayer.)

Footnote

1. "True Pictures" by Klaus Ottman (*Flash Art*, No. 132, February/March 1987).

JAZZFEST BERLIN
November 2 - 6, 1988
Berlin, West Germany

On paper, before the fact, it looked incongruous at best. How could a 5-day festival, its 25th anniversary edition at that, be built around accordions, violins and drums? Imperfectly, for sure, but 1988's JazzFest included a surfeit of beautiful, unlikely moments which should add a new dimension or two to its stature as one of Europe's longest-standing major festivals.

Anchoring the lineup on the conservative end was accordionist **Art Van Damme.** Moving left, the next stop was **Jack DeJohnette.** You get the drift. There were a couple of turkeys in there too, but name any festival with upwards of 25 artists that has a perfect batting average.

For the first time since coming on board as JazzFest's artistic director in 1972, **George Gruntz** took the stage as a performer, fronting his Concert Jazz Band, an international grouping founded in 1972. Local art-politics being what they are (overly-active and -vocal, with a stress on the negative), prolific potshots were taken ahead of time, but the opening night's performance decisively shut those up. Not that Gruntz really needed to add special guests including **Phil Woods, John Scofield, Dino Saluzzi** and **Franco Ambrosetti** to a lineup already full of names like **Kenny Wheeler, Sheila Jordan, Arturo Sandoval, Sharon Freeman, Ray Anderson, Manfred Schoof** and **Howard Johnson**, to name a few, in order to justify the full evening's program, but he did, and it was a love feast of the best kind.

Getting the loudest applause during individual introductions at Philharmonic Hall was home-town boy-made-good **Ernst-Ludwig Petrowsky**, long an anchor in Gruntz' reed section. The most sublime music was a duet between Scofield, blessedly in a humane volume level context again, and Saluzzi, the Fellini of the bandoneon, on the latter's *El Chancho*. Ever the most thorough of organizers, Gruntz had made sure these two had some rehearsal time for themselves, as they'd never played together before, but they chose to wing it, and how high they flew!

Night # 2 opened with cellist **Hank Roberts**, the next step past David Darling, with his Black Pastels, including **Bill Frisell**, who could probably make Lawrence Welk float, and **Joey Baron**, whose drumming has a very propulsive sort of nervous energy. Roberts is carving out some new territory encompassing jazz and classical traditions with an authentic element of rural American down-home folk in it.

What is there to say about Art Van Damme, the Zamfir of accordion? It was certainly the week's only music which my parents would have enjoyed. He is impressively facile on a cumbersome axe, and had assembled a good band, especially vibraphonist **Wolfgang Schluter**, who can also excel in more adventurous contexts.

Buell Neidlinger, one of L.A.'s more consistently bright lights, closed the evening with his Stringjazz group, featuring mostly Ellington and Monk tunes, but also the late Peter Iver's *Alpha Centauri*, an equally durable vehicle more tailor-made for this combination of personalities which included violinist **Brenton Banks**, who can be as maturely incisive as Grappelli and also piquant where grandpere would be merely sweet.

The late-night show at Delphi featured **Vladimir Estragon**, a quartet with **Alfred 23 Harth** and **Phil Minton**. Drummer **F.M. Einheit** gave literal meaning to rock drumming with a conventional stick on cymbals in one hand and a hammer on bricks in the other. There is one of those umpteen-syllable German words for their style, which, literally translated, means "building a new house and tearing it down." Well put. Closing the show were The Ordinaires, a party band from New York.

Horace Tapscott opened solo at the Phil the next evening, heartfully telling stories of beauty long lost but ultimately regained. So desirous of an encore was the crowd that they booed the stage crew moving the piano to keep on schedule for a continental TV hookup.

Next was the **Amsterdam String Trio**, playing with scores but sounding closer to jazz than modern academically-classical. Then came **New York's New String Trio,** without stands or scores. All combined for "Structures for Sextet," a product of their morning's rehearsal, a panel discussion with as many as six simultaneous speakers who managed to agree most of the time.

Culminating the Phil evening was **Farafina**, an octet from Burkina Faso (that's Upper Volta for us geo-luddites), with **Jon Hassell** and **J.A. Deane** to either side of them and, appropriately, behind. These Africans prove the limitations of solely intellectual approaches to any creative discipline, since they'd never be able to drum like they do if they'd learned it all in school. Hassell and Deane, with their electronic arsenals, functioned as navigators or amazed onlookers in accompaniment. The whole thing was a bizarre mixture of sheer joy on the part of the Africans and variably effective sitting in from the Americans.

Then it was off to the Latin Quarter for some of **Jost Gebers' Total Music Meeting.** I caught the tail end of an aerobic duo set between **Peter Brotzmann** and **Baby Sommer**, then a beautiful double bass set with **Barre Phillips** and **Joelle Leandre**, who did a nonstop hour's worth of the sort which only a virtuoso's skills makes possible with real substance. And it was fun to boot, with the kind of spontaneous theatrics dimmer bulbs would flub. Phillips joined Brotzmann and Sommer for the closing set, and catching part of that meant missing former Beefheart guitarist Gary Lucas' set at the Delphi. Closing Delphi was **Esteban Jordan**, Tex-Mex to the max. The aroma of jalapenos and beer may have been only imagined, but it was perfectly suited for this ass-kicking dance music.

Guy Klucevsek's solo accordion music highlighted the next afternoon's Delphi show. He is unusually personable and humorous for one held in such high regard by the pretentious art-pansy-dandies who infest New York. His polkas include new works by Fred Frith and Bobby Previte as well as his own.

Even sneaking in the backstage door at the Phil, several people accosted me in search of tickets for the sold-out **Laurie Anderson** performance. Opening that show were the combined forces of the **Kolner Saxophone Mafia, Dummele Maa**, from Switzerland, and **Elima**, from Africa. Billed as "two continents, one music," it was a Paul Winter wet dream. All of the Euros had music stands. None of the Africans did. There were moments when it all worked beautifully, creating an ambience which would turn Brian Eno

CLAUDE WILLIAMS (photograph by W. Patrick Hinely)

green with envy.

John Zorn's Naked City proved to be a local favorite, though the only reason I've been able to come up with for him to go on stage in front of a packed house wearing a tee shirt emblazoned with "fuck off" in large letters was that most of the 3,000+ were there to see Laurie Anderson and not him. Yes, Zorn *can* play, and his sense of irony is ingenious, but the strongest impression he put across was as the Eddie Haskell of the current New York scene. It seemed a terrible waste of a good band, which included Bill Frisell, Joey Baron, **Wayne Horvitz**, too much volume, and a predominantly forgettable repertoire.

Just in case hiring his own band wasn't enough ammo for Gruntz' local non-friends, headlining a self-declared "performance artist" for the Saturday night Philharmonic extravaganza gave his detractors plenty more bricks to hurl but, again, the actual delivery of the goods put them back in their corners.

Anderson had already created the genre before it got its name, which, alas, has been much abused since then by too many doing too little (and charging too much). The thematic tie-in here was her violin, which she mostly used to strum accompaniment to her seemingly generic but often ultimately universal stories, now and then breaking into simple but heartfelt songs and ditties. There is a musicality to her speaking voice which is easily on a par with the best instrumental soloists, and she weaves in elements of surprise, essential in any artform. Hats off to her translator and note-card writer, too, for she did it all in German. And while it wasn't jazz, her mastery of showmanship and an active imagination in the best of health yielded equally satisfying results.

It was cajun heritage night at Delphi, with **Savoy-Doucet** up first, a veritable museum of the tradition. Then came **C.J. Chenier** (son of Clifton) and the **Red Hot Louisiana Band**, and indeed they were. They too are in the preservation field, preserving the *function* of the music, i.e., dancing and celebration. The R&B added to the basic cajun base made for music that'll move your ass whether you've overindulged in hot peppers or not, and **Adam Robertson** plays a *mean* washboard.

The last day began at the Delphi with **Quartette Indigo**. Cellist **Akua Dixon Turre** and violinist **John Blake** shone brightest here, in a setting more suited to the recital hall than a nightclub, but in any venue forming a link long missing and missed, finally bridging the gap between classical chamber music and classically American music, with a repertoire built around Ellington, Coltrane, Monk and the like. While they've obviously done their homework, they play with too much heart and soul to have learned it all in school.

Then came **Compagnie Lubat**, a delightfully French blend of theatre, high comedy and cabaret. They are capable of the same adult silliness as Chaplin, which is hard to pull off without lapsing into childishness. Accordionist **Marc Perrone** joined them midway through their set.

Steve Kuhn opened the final evening at the Phil with a solo set that mixed standards and his own tunes, all of which are also suitable for his subtle adventurousness. It is easy to see why Coltrane let him go after a few weeks in favor of Tyner; Kuhn has his own agenda, and it is a strong one. His encore was the most triumphal music of the week. Between Kuhn and the audience, it was hard to tell who loved whom more.

Pierre Courbois' New Association featured violinist **Heribert Wagner** who was strongest in a gypsy and middle-eastern bag. Courbois might be more impressive among his peers, since he is, with Humair and Hubner, among the continental European starting squad.

David Grisman may well be the world's best mandolinist. He certainly spent a lot more time maintaining friendly eye contact with the audience than looking at his strings, and he never dropped a note either, whether playing his trademark *Dawg* music, or a Tadd Dameron tune. Guests included former bandmate **Mark O'Connor**, a Tennessee wunderkind, and **Svend Asmussen**, introduced as a father of string swing. Indeed. Guest of honor had to be **Claude "Fiddler" Williams**, the late Freddie Green's predecessor in the Basie guitar chair, whose music has, amen, not been negatively affected by too many decades of criminal neglect. His rich tone ran the gamut from pecan pie to vinegar, ringing equally true across the spectrum. All joined in at the end for *Limehouse Blues*, a suitable tribute to Grappelli, the only other violinist who could have added to the program.

Jack DeJohnette's latest Special Edition wrapped up the week. He is the Art Blakey of his generation and king of the post-Elvin marathon players. Just when you think the intensity has reached its peak, he'll take it up another couple of quantum notches. His synth work on *Silver Hollow* would be a good lesson in subtlety for Zawinul, and it gave us a much-needed change of pace in the midst of the overall workout.

Staying over the day after, the next morning I found production manager Ihno von Hasselt *still* on two phones at once, while across the office, Gruntz was in the middle of a 90-minute phone interview with a leading German news weekly magazine. Dropping by Jazz Cock, Berlin's most interesting jazz record store, I heard that FMP's Piano Special with Curtis Clark and Keith Tippet had gone well. Having failed to reach the nether regions of the city to hear any of that, it was good to learn that it's all

on tape.

JazzFest Berlin isn't the sort of festival one combines with a seaside holiday, but if it's the new possibilities of the music that interest you, go! It's not everything you might expect, but the unexpected was its strong suit in '88.

– W. Patrick Hinely

BRATISLAVA JAZZ DAYS '88
October 28-30, 1988
Bratislava, Czechoslovakia

The 14th annual Jazz Days took place at the Park of Culture and Relaxation in Bratislava. Sponsored by Slovokoncert, the Slovak Music Society, Czechoslovak Radio, and Czechoslovak TV, the festival offered a rich spectrum of jazz, from trad to the avant garde, for eight or so hours each of three evening concerts, introduced by the event's organizer and chief of dramaturgy, the well-known singer **Peter Lipa**.

The three-day marathon, providing exciting music and some truly memorable performances, was opened by the domestic saxophonist **Dusan Muscava** and his Quintet. The second act, the Hungarian **Bop Art Orchestra** led by the impressive keyboardist **Atilla Malecz**, presented their own jazz compositions which showed influences of both contemporary serious music and rock. The delightfully swinging **Brus Trio** from Sweden led by pianist **Arne Forsen** proved that it is rightly an inseparable part of the European jazz scene. But the real highlight, the New York-based saxophonist **Steve Coleman** and his **Five Elements**, appeared onstage an hour later. Coleman, is a young jazzman with a great foundation who has his head on straight. Notable soloists besides him included trumpeter **Graham Haynes** and synthesist **James Weidman**. Their music synthesized their substantial solos with the sturdy jazz funk of guitarist **David Gilmore**, bassist **Kevin Bruce Harris**, and drummer **Larry Banks**. The festival's opening night was ended by the **Michel Camilo Trio** from the Dominican Republic, featuring the leader's brilliant piano technique combined with a flavor of caribbean rhythm and a pure jazz feeling.

Horka linka, a Prague group consisting of prominent jazz and rock instrumentalists, featuring American guest-saxist **Darryl Kennedy**, opened the Saturday concert. Next up were Soviet pianist **Igor Nazaryuk** with his ensemble, and the **Encko's Happy Singers** from Finland which ranked among the evening's most communicative outfits.

Next came the Scottish trio called **Talisker**, aiming at a combination of traditional celtic music with contemporary jazz. The second night was rounded off by the renowned **Herbie Hancock Quartet**. In front of the talented saxist **Greg Osby** and the precise rhythm section of bassist **Buster Williams** and drummer **Al Foster**, the star captivated the sensitive but drowsy audience with his skillful but cold playing. He turned in an introspective set of acoustic standards and originals.

On the last day of the BJD '88, eminent violinist **Krzesimir Debski** from Poland, saxist **Gyula Csepregi**, bassist **Pal Vasvari**, both from Hungary, and drummer **Janko Fabricky** from the C.S.S.R. joined forces in a quartet which thrilled listeners with their fine feeling and improvisational abilities. The cuban singer **Mayra Caridad Valdes** performed her tunes with the group **Fervet Opus**, and the tactful audience entertained by her admirable enthusiasm. No less interesting was the Dutch quintet **Impulz** led by the skilled trombonist **Piet van Engelen**. Fourth act of the evening was the young British sax-virtuoso **Courtney Pine**. His playing, full of energy, was warm and rich, flavored by his splendid manipulation with breath. Pine's trio including proficient drummer **Mark Mondesir** and bassist **Ernest Mothle**. And at last, the famous **Phil Woods Quintet** brought the festival to a close. Woods himself was in superb form. His big singing tone on the alto saxophone reminded the audience that sheer sound can swing as powerfully as a melody.

Finally, it can be said that Bratislava really is becoming one of the great European jazz powers. As well as stars like Michael Brecker, Sun Ra, Bobby McFerrin, Larry Coryell, John Abercrombie, John McLaughlin, Jack DeJohnette, Billy Cobham or Peter Erskine in recent years, so this year's highlights confirmed the festival's unceasingly upward standard too. We can look forward to hearing good music in Bratislava again next year.

– Peter Machajdik

JAK JAZZ '88
Jakarta, Indonesia
November 18-20, 1988

A dedicated and hard-working committee of local musicians and fans labored for over a year to stage the first Jakarta International Jazz Festival (a.k.a. "Jak. Jazz") – and the twenty thousand fans who attended the three-day event seemed grateful for the effort. The venue: seven fully equipped stages dotted throughout Ancol, a beautifully landscaped amusement park and recreation area on the northern rim of Jakarta, along the Java Sea shore. The line-up: top Indonesian jazz players plus ensembles from thirteen foreign nations, most performing in Southeast Asia for the first time. The highlights: the British saxophone quartet **Itchy Fingers'** twisting-turning musical gymnastics; a performance by **Tubapack** (a four-tubas-plus-rhythm sextet from France) that somehow blended Bunk with Monk; ultra-effective sets from Holland's **Guus Janssen Septet** (which includes the world's hottest cello player); the surprising contrast between Canadian pianist **Lorraine Desmarais'** rhapsodic solo turn and her full-speed-ahead duet with local piano veteran **Bubi Chen**; the crispness of **"Smitty" Smith's** brushwork with **Monty Alexander's** trio (also notable for the sheer swinging beauty of bassist **John Clayton's** arco work); the natural warmth of Baltimore singer **Rebecca Lily** (already a regional favorite because of recent club appearances in nearby Singapore); the witty inventiveness of **Benny Likumahuwa** (a worthy Indonesian entry on the short list of good trombonists named Benny); the sight of guitarist **Kazumi Watanabe** onstage with a huge, brightly lit Ferris Wheel forming a surreal backdrop; the friendliness of the crowds; the delicious Indonesian snacks on sale everywhere on the festival grounds; the eagerness of the Jak. Jazz organizing committee to ensure that everyone (musicians, crews, fans and even journalists) had a great time; and a promise that the second Jakarta International Jazz Festival (perhaps even better) will be held in 1990. Be there!

– Paul W. Blair

(Paul W. Blair is a former Voice of America music broadcaster who now lives in Indonesia).

ART BLAKEY (photograph by Peter Danson)

CRITICS' CHOICE

CANADA

BILL SMITH (Toronto - Editor)
District Six - To Be Free Editions EG
Stan Tracey Plays Duke Mole Jazz
Tom Cora Live at the Western Front No Name Land
Richard Teitelbaum & Carlos Zingaro - The Sea Between Victo
Anthony Braxton - Six Monk Compositions (1987) Black Saint
Six Winds (The International Saxophone Sextet) - Elephants Can Dance Sackville
Wolfgang Fuchs/Fred Van Hove/Paul Lytton - Wo Der Kopff Sitzt Free Music Production
Marilyn Crispell - Labyrinths Victo
Chris McGregor & The Brotherhood of Breath - Country Cooking Virgin
Jane Bunnett - In Dew Time DarkLight

JOHN NORRIS (Toronto - Publisher)
Anthony Braxton - Six Monk Compositions (1987) Black Saint 120 116-2
Ray Bryant - Today Emarcy 832.589-2
Dr. Clayton - Gotta Find My Baby Bluetime 2005
Charlie Haden / Geri Allen / Paul Motian - Etudes Soulnote 121 162-2
Dave Holland (Steve Coleman, Jack DeJohnette) - Triplicate ECM 837 113-2
Illinois Jacquet - Jacquet's Got It Atlantic 7-01816-2
Jay McShann - Airmail Special Sackville C2-3040 CD
Tete Montoliu - The Music I Like To Play Vol. 1 Soulnote 21180-2
Robert Watson - Love Remains Red 123212-2
Various Artists - The Complete Commodore Recordings Vol. 1 Mosaic MR23-123

JOHN SUTHERLAND (Toronto)
Jay McShann - Airmail Special Sackville 3040
Jazz Potpourri (Vols 2 & 3) Meritt 24/25
Art Farmer/Fritz Pauer - Azure Soulnote 1126
Dave Turner - Cafe Alto Jazz Image (CBC) 112
Steve Turre - Fire and Ice Stash 275
Carl Fontana -The Great Fontana Uptown 27.28
Steve Lacy/Gil Evans - Paris Blues OWL 049
Stan Getz - Stockholm Sessions Dragon 157/158
Roland Kirk - Live in Paris 1970 (Vol. 1/2) France's Concert 109/115
John Stubblefield - Countin' On The Blues Enja 5051

HAL HILL (Toronto)
Bennie Wallace/Yosuke Yamashita Brilliant Corners Denon CD 30003
Bill Holman - Bill Holman Band JVC CD 3308
Louis Armstrong (reissue) - Hot Fives CBS CD 44049
Clarinet Summit - Southern Bells Black Saint 120.107
Lew Soloff - Yesterdays Projazz CD 638
Jay McShann - Airmail Special Sackville CD 3042
Jane Bunnett - In Dew Time - DarkLight 9001
Bob Summers - Joy Spring Discovery CD 946
Mal Waldron/Steve Lacy - Sempre Amore Soul Note 1170
Cassandra Wilson - Days Aweigh JMT 870012

MARC CHENARD (Montreal)
LP's
Jean Beaudet Quartet Justin Time 8407-1
Charles Brackeen - Bannar Silkheart SHLP 105
Marilyn Crispell - Labyrinths Victo 06)
The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Herbie Nichols Mosaic MR5-118
Courtney Pine - Destiny's Dance / The Image of Pursuance Antilles ISL-1179
CD's
George Gruntz - Happening Now! hat Art 6008
Franz Koglman - About Yesterday's Ezzthetics hat Art 6003
John Stubblefield - Countin' On The Blues Enja CD 5051-30
Your Neighbourhood Saxophone Quartet The Walkman Coppens CCD 3001
John Zorn - News for Lulu hat Art 6005

U.S.A.

BILL BESECKER (Buffalo)
Willem Breuker Kollektief - Bob's Gallery BVHaast 8801
Willem Breuker Kollektief / Vera Beths - Mondriaan Strings BVH 8802
Henry Threadgill - Easily Slip Into Another World RCA/Novus 3025-1
Herbie Nichols - The Complete Blue Note Recordings Mosaic MR5-118
Ray Anderson - Blues Bred in the 'Bone Gramavision 18-8813
Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath Country Cookin' Virgin
Fred Houn - A Song for Manong AsianImprov AIR 0003
Jean Beaudet Quartet Justin Time 8407
Gil Evans/Steve Lacy - Paris Blues OWL 49
Arthur Blythe - Basic Blythe Columbia 40884
Cecil Taylor - Chinampas Leo LR 153

BRIAN AUERBACH (San Francisco)
Cecil Taylor Unit Live in Bologna Leo
Cecil Taylor - Chiampas Leo
Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan - Concert in Paris, 4 Ocora
Steve Lacy Trio - The Window Soul Note
Ornette Coleman and Prime Time - Virgin Beauty Portrait
Julius Hemphill Big Band Elektra/Musician
John Carter - Fields Gramavision
Pepe De Latrona - Grand Cantaores du Flamenco Le Chant Du Monde
Eric Dolphy - Unrealized Tapes, Paris 6/11/64 West Wind

FAVORITE RECORDINGS OF 1988

Astor Piazzolla - The Rough Dancer and The Cyclical Night American Clave
Fred Houn and the Afro-Asian Ensemble - We Refuse to be Used and Abused Soul Note

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN V. (Columbia, S.C.)
Ran Blake - Painted Rhythms, Vol. 2 GM 3008
Ornette Coleman - Virgin Beauty Portrait 44301
Chris Connor - New AgainContemporary 14038
Coleman Hawkins - Bean Stalkin' Pablo 2310-933
Jump For Joy Smithsonian R037/DMM 1-0722
Sonny Rollins - Dancing in the Dark Milestone 9155
Steve Turre - Fire and Ice Stash 275

PETER S. FRIEDMAN (Rochester)
CDs:
Ralph Moore - Round Trip Reservoir 104
Mulgrew Miller - Wingspan Landmark 1515-2
Carl Fontana - The Great Fontana Uptown 27.28
Sphere - Bird Songs Verve 837 032-2
Benny Carter Meets Oscar Peterson Pablo 2310 926-2
Cannonball Adderley Sextet - In Europe Landmark 1307-2
Ricky Ford - Saxotic Stomp Muse 5349
George Cables - By George Contemporary 14030
Stanley Cowell - Freddie Waits - Buster Williams We Three D.I.W. 807
Ray Bryant - Trio Today EmArcy 832 589-2

GERARD J. FUTRICK (Reading, PA)
Billy Bang Sextet - Live at Carlos 1 Soul Note 21136-1
Paul Motian Quintet - Misterioso Soul Note 21174-1
Henry Threadgill - Easily Slip Into Another World RCA Novus 3025-1-N
Gil Evans/Steve Lacy - Paris Blues OWL 049
Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition - Audio Visualscapes Impulse-MCA 8029
Julius Hemphill Big Band Elektra/Musician 960831-1
Dave Holland Trio - Triplicate ECM 1373
Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers Not Yet Soul Note 121 105-1
8 Bold Souls Sessoms Records 0002

W. PATRICK HINELY (Lexington, VA)
Carla Bley/Steve Swallow - Duets WATT 20
George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band - Happening Now hat ART CD 6008
Col. Bruce Hampton - Arkansas Landslide 1012
J.C. Heard and his Orchestra - Some of This, Some of That Hiroko 187
Louis Jordan - Coleslaw Jukebox Lil 605
Sheila Jordan - Body & Soul CBS-Sony 28AP3317
Enrico Rava / Dino Saluzzi Quintet Volver ECM 1343
Hank Roberts - Black Pastels JMT 880 016
John Taylor/Stan Sulzmann - Everybody's Song But My Own Loose Tubes 004
Various Artists - Stay Awake (produced by Hal Willner) A&M 3918

DICK NEELD (Menemsha, MA)
The Complete Commodore Jazz Recordings, Vol. 1 Mosaic MR 23-123
Howard Alden/Dan Barrett - Swing Street Concord CJ 349
Gene Bertoncini / Michael Moore Strollin' Stash ST-272
Django Reinhardt - Djangologie/USA, Vols. 1 - 7 Swing SW 8420-26
Marian McPartland - Plays the Music of Billy Strayhorn Concord CJ 326
Peter Compo - Nostalgia in Times Square Cadence CJR 1038
Eddie Condon - The Town Hall Concerts, Vol. 2 Jazzology JCE 1003/1004
Dan Barrett - Strictly Instrumental Concord CJ 331
Vince Giordano/ Bill Challis - The Goldkette Project Circle CLP-118
Flip Phillips - A Real Swinger Concord CJ 358

ROGER RIGGINS (Utica, NY)
Cecil Taylor Unit - Live in Bologna Leo Records LR 404/405
Cecil Taylor Unit - Live in Vienna Leo Records LR 408/409
Ganelin/Vyshiauskas/Talas - Inverso Leo Records LR 140
Giancarlo Nicolai - Vis-Music Leo Records LR 406/407
Paul Dresher - Night Songs: Channels Passing New Albion 003
Marilyn Crispell - Gaia Leo Records LR 152
Alvin Curran - For Cornelius: Era One New Albion 011
Cecil Taylor (poetry) - Chinampas Leo Records LR 153
John Carter - Dance of the Love Ghosts Gramavision 18-8704-1
David Murray Chamber Jazz Quartet - The People's Choice Cecma 1009

TEX WYNDHAM (Mendenhall, PA)
Buck Creek Jazz Band Celebrates Its 10th Year Buck Creek BC-106
European Classic Jazz Trio - That's Like It Ought To Me Stomp Off S.O.S. 1142
The Albert Nicholas Quartet Delmark DL-207
The Jazz Banjo of Cynthia Sayer New York Jazz J-008
Kenny Davern and his Famous Orchestra Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ 239 (cassette)
The Hot Cotton Jazz Band - Cake Walking Babies HC-4
Jim Turner - Poet and Peasant Sacramento Jazz SJS-32
Don Ewell with Barbara Dane - Denver Concert Pumpkin 120
Eddie Condon - The Town Hall Concerts, Volume Two Jazzology JCE 1003/1004

SCOTT YANOW (California)
John Carter - Dance of the Love Ghosts Gramavision
Dan Barrett - Strictly Instrumental Concord
Eliane Elias - Cross Currents Blue Note
Ornette Coleman - In All Languages Caravan of Dreams
Buell Neidlinger - Thelonious K2B2
Andy Stein - Goin' Places Stomp Off
Jane Ira Bloom - Modern Drama Columbia
John Patitucci GRP
Django Reinhardt - Djangologie DRG/Swing
Various Artists - The Complete Commodore Recordings, Vol. 1 Mosaic

International

J. HOSIASSON (Chile)
Mulgrew Miller - Wingspan Landmark 1515
Branford Marsalis - Random Abstract Columbia CD CK44055
Gary Thomas - Seventh Quadrant Enja CD 5047-27
Wallace Roney - Verses Muse CD 5335
Keith Jarrett - Still Live ECM CD 1360/61
Various Artists - The Complete Commodore Jazz Recordings Vol. 1 Mosaic MR23-123
Charlie Parker - Master Takes Vols. 1 & 2 Savoy CD 4402/4407
Benny Carter - Further Definitions MCA/Impulse CD MCAD-5651 JVC-460
Oliver Nelson - The Blues and the Abstract Truth MCA/Impulse CD MCAD-5659 JVC-468
Bud Powell - The Genius of Bud Powell Verve CD 827 901-2

ROGER PARRY (Hong Kong)
Derek Bailey/Han Bennink - Han Incus CD
Franz Koglmann Hat Hut CD
Steve Lacy - Momentum RCA
Cecil Taylor - Cinampas-Hat Points Leo
Heinz Becker/Louis Sclavis/John Lindberg Transition FMP
Irene Sweizer/Louis Moholo Intakt
Barry Guy - Assist Jazz&Now
Bill Smith/Lloyd Garber - Through Streets Wide & Narrow Scratchthumpplink 002
Raymond Queneau - Skin of Dreams Atlas Press (book)
Bird (The Movie) Directed by Clint Eastwood

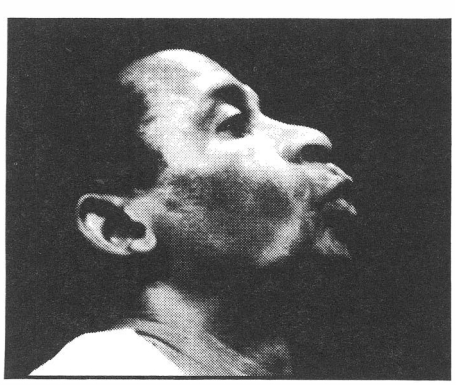
CECIL TAYLOR (photograph by Bill Smith)

WEST COASTING

There are few musicians whose appeal transcends genre boundaries, and **Abdullah Ibrahim** is surely near the top of that list. For his Sept. 19th appearance at the Van East Cultural Center, the packed house ranged all the way from shaven-headed punkers to the blue rinse set, and almost everyone stayed for the entire four-hour(!) performance. Even for such a deeply spiritual musician, there was a special feeling to this night, sparked by Ibrahim's dedication of the concert to several people in the audience who had been instrumental in arranging for his first visit to **Vancouver** a quarter-century before, when, as he put it, "things were very difficult in Capetown for us."

This night Ibrahim was accompanied by a young trio of **Wynard Harper** on drums, **Essiet Okun Essiet** on bass, and **Craig Handy** on tenor, alto, and flute. Harper is quite amazing for a young drummer – the frequent use of slow tempi and low volumes required a sensitive touch, but when necessary he played with power and intensity. A young Roy Haynes comes to mind. Handy was unknown to me, and though he suffers the difficulty of all young woodwind players in jazz today – the crushing weight of all those who have come before – he acquitted himself well, as did Essiet, who also anchored the version of Ekaya seen here in 1986.

Ibrahim is resplendent in his masterhood now, sure of his improvisational skills, in touch with both his African roots and the heritage of jazz masters like Ellington, Monk, and Coltrane, and with a substantial body of instantly recognisable and deeply affecting compositions of his own to draw from. He is at the heart of the burgeoning ecumenical movement in improvised music, this night adding a Brazilian tinge to the African/American/European cross-fertilization with an original samba featuring Handy waxing Rollinsian. Ibrahim ran the quartet with a tight hand, the younger men constantly watching him for cues as the group wove its way through a series of medleys, each introduced by a dedication to a great woman or man who had inspired Ibrahim. Particularly wonderful was a Monk medley highlighted by an outstanding version of what Ibrahim called "the Beethoven's Fifth of jazz" and one of my favorites, *Brilliant Corners*. In a time when so many musicians compete for audience attention with flash and bombast and machine-gun high notes, the restraint and rootedness of Ibrahim's music seems all the more intense to an attentive audience. When the quartet *did* kick out the jams, it was truly electrifying by contrast, a lesson the fusionoids and neo-bop revivalists could benefit from. Spiritual depth provides a direct connection with the audience, giving them a truly memorable experience.



October 25th brought a trip to **Seattle** to see **Sun Ra and his "Cosmo Love Adventure" Arkestra**, featuring veterans like **Marshall Allen, Pat Patrick, John Gilmore, and June Tyson**, together with a number of younger players (no introductions were made). Mr. Ra was in regal form, leading the band in colorful garb, processing traditional jazz piano styles through his own particular approach, and even joining in the exuberant dancing. The Arkestra rarely ventured into free jazz, sticking mostly to standards and Tin Pan Alley obscurities, and the enthusiastic response of the 400-strong audience guaranteed a strong beginning to the New Jazz, New City concert series of which this was the first presentation.

Bill Smith and Wolfgang Fuchs appeared at the Western Front Oct. 1st. Smith, of course plays only sopranino sax, while Fuchs brought along both a sopranino and a bass clarinet. These are two well-matched improvisers, Smith sticking to his particular lyrical "pied-piper" approach, Fuchs more concerned with texture, effects, and stretching the limits of his horns. It's amazing how much power two tiny sopraninos can generate – several times I found myself plugging my ears for short stretches. Fuchs' burblings and mutterings are particularly suited to the bass clarinet, as is his sense of humor. This was a well-programmed night of free improvisation; the pieces were short enough and the performers audience-directed so that even the novice free improv listeners were not overwhelmed or alienated.

Flush with the success of last summer's duMaurier Jazz Festival in Vancouver, the **Coastal Jazz and Blues Society** joined with the **New Orchestra Workshop** to break the winter doldrums with **Time Flies**, a five-day festival featuring local and international performers. The opening night, Nov. 1, featured the "name" performer, **Michael Brecker** and his band of New York hotshots at the cavernous Commodore nightclub. The volume was loud, and the music was perfectly suited to it. There was little room for subtlety in this no-holds-barred fusion more derived from rock than jazz. Brecker on tenor and guitarist **Mike Stern** are walking compendia of post-bop non-free styles, but this is both a curse and a blessing, as they often sound like other musicians (or vice versa) and many of the songs were indistinguishable from each other. Things picked up for me after Brecker performed an unaccompanied cadenza on a ballad halfway through, but the crowd certainly loved it all the way through. More to my taste were local openers **Lunar Adventures**, performing original compositions in a variety of styles. Fusion with a difference, much of the subtleties of their interaction were lost in this venue, especially at the low volume to which the soundman consigned them. Perhaps inspired by the presence of chopsmeister Stern, guitarist **Ron Samworth** was particularly outstanding this night.

A much different atmosphere was present at the standing-room-only Grunt Gallery the next night for locals **Chief Feature** and **Kate Hammett-Vaughn. Claude Ranger** was at the drum set for Chief Feature, somehow both immensely powerful *and* subtle, the whirlwind of polyrhythms driving the big sound of **Bruce Freedman's** tenor and the convoluted short phrasings of **Bill Clarke's** trumpet and flugelhorn. After several intense pieces which opened the concert, a nice mid-tempo Latin tune featuring **Clyde Reed** on bass reminded us of Freedman's tenure in Latin dance bands.

Vocalist Hammett-Vaughn makes her

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (photograph by Peter Danson)

bread and butter doing standards, but she's been exploring less conventional vocal styles lately, her wordless vocals reminding me of Jeanne Lee. After an original and two standards, she and her quartet of Ron Samworth on guitar, **Ron Styffe** on woodwinds, **Ken Lister** on bass, and **Stan Taylor** on drums tackled two beautiful but fiendishly difficult pieces from Dave Holland's magnificent Conference of the Birds LP. Their performance of the title cut captured much of the feeling of the original, while the labyrinthine byways of *Four Winds* were negotiated with remarkable aplomb.

Paul Plimley returned from a trip to the East in time to open the three nights at the Van East Cultural Center with a set that left the audience wanting more. He's been concentrating on solo piano the last few years, and it shows – his facility is constantly improving and the integration of his lightning-quick ideas with the emotional push of a piece is also coming along. He was followed to the stand by Montreal's **Jean Beaudet Quartet**, performing a set strongly reminiscent of the mid-60's Blue Note freebop dates by Hancock, Williams, and Hutcherson. The polyrhythms of drummer **Michel Ratte** were particularly outstanding.

The next night local openers **Unity** lived up to their name with a well-measured set opening in darkness with the sound of tablas and flute, moving through a variety of moods and coming full circle back to where they began. Cellist **Tom Cora** and guitar player/builder **Hans Reichel** started their set with rude sounds on dachsophone (bowed piece of wood) and extended cello, gradually evoking a tremendous variety of moods and sounds. Reichel's intriguing self-built guitars evoke tremendous emotional resonance, while Cora brings antic humor, rhythmic propulsion and folk roots to the mix. For me, last year's matchup of Reichel with Fred Frith was a tad more rewarding – what I'd *really* like to see is all three together.

The festival finished with an appearance by pianist **Marilyn Crispell**, the first solo and then with the 17-piece **NOW Orchestra**. Listening to recordings had ill-prepared me for the sheer range of her playing, a thrilling amalgam of technique and emotion. From a gentle chordal reading of *You Don't Know What Love Is*, to an intriguing arrangement of Monk's *Ruby, My Dear* in which the head only emerged from the lush voicings near the end, to an effervescent rhythmic outing on an original inspired by a drummer from Sierra Leone, Crispell seems to be able to do whatever she wants on the keyboard. Her improvisations always refer back to the composition itself, outstandingly so in the first piece, which revolved around minimalist repetition of a single note near the middle of the piano, from there generating powerful rumblings in the lower reaches of the keyboard and blistering single note runs up high. Also outstanding was the very emotional closer, a medley of Coltrane's *Lazy Bird* and *After the Rain*. Altogether an inspiring performance by a pianist secure in her technique, very expressive and more connected to the jazz tradition than I'd expected.

The NOW big band is a group of committed local players dedicated to performing original pieces. They've been rehearsing for almost a year, but the second half of this concert was their first performance. Unfortunately, Crispell's contributions were mostly lost in the welter of sound. The orchestra itself has a number of great soloists, and by the final number – a rendition of Coat Cook's *Manhattan* powered by three acoustic basses, there were signs of what this band will achieve once it has performed more often. The compositions and orchestrations revealed intriguing textures reminiscent perhaps of Gil Evans, but it will take a while to reach the effortless swing and flow of that musical agglomeration.

This outstanding run of pianists continued on Nov. 13th with **Cecil Taylor's** first Vancouver appearance in 11 years and my first opportunity ever to see him live. There's not a lot that I can say about the performance that hasn't been written before – the amazing technical facility, the emotional depth and power, the vocal and dance interludes were all present, along with the newly deepening lyricism which has been emerging in his recordings of late. Especially amusing were the four less-than-a-minute-long encores, each reiterating one of the themes used for improvising during the concert, which sent the crowd home chuckling as well as spiritually energized.

– Scott Lewis

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE COMPACT KIND

As a cultural product imported from a distant continent jazz had, in its early days, an undeniable mass appeal amongst European audiences. Even though its popularity was largely a question of bemused curiosity, rather than of intellectual value judgements, it nevertheless became an accepted art form. Inspired by a number of touring musicians and a growing community of expatriates, a new breed of musician, dissatisfied with the folk and classical traditions, was setting its sights on this new and more spontaneous form.

But as much as Europe was getting hooked on jazz in the pre- and post-war periods, it was still intent on emulating the latest American trends. As the tide finally started to turn in the mid-sixties, a new generations was seeking to find its own way, in part through the increased freedom offered by the "New Thing", in part through the rediscovery of their musical cultures, both past and present. Whether it be echoes of old country dances or densely textured sound layers worked out by the serialist composers, improvised music in Europe was now poised to chart its own destiny.

In the last 20 years, a number of styles have emerged, ranging from the open-ended forms to meticulously annotated compositions for orchestral settings. At this time, there seems to be an effective balance between spontaneity and determinacy coming out of Europe, and their inputs to the realm of improvised music cannot be overlooked by North American musicians and fans alike.

In speaking of this variety, one must not overlook the geographical aspect. From the cold and ethereal sounds of Scandinavia to the powerplay approach prevalent in both Germanies, there is a world of difference, yet these countries are close to one another on a global scale. Despite these differences, they all retain a distinct feel with respect to the North American music-making tradition. From their own cultures, many Europeans now feel more comfortable with the label "improvised music" rather than the more restrictive term "jazz", borne out of the American experience. By widening their scope, they have not only achieved their own means of expression, but, more importantly, they have now influenced some of the musicians on this side of the Atlantic. However, many of their guiding spirits are still little known on this continent, save for a small contingent of connoisseurs.

But when one thinks about it, jazz has been cast off as a minority's music in its own country, and it matters little where the performers come from. In contrast, the music receives greater attention and public support throughout Western Europe. An indicator of this is the quantity of jazz albums produced by small independents and artist-controlled cooperatives. More remarkable though is the fact that some of these outfits are managing to market their new releases on compact disc. Because of the much higher cost of production, few companies are capable of converting to the latest technological wave. Nonetheless, they must yield to consumer demands, especially if they have a name artist on their label. Of course, none of these independents can rival the majors (who are literally flooding the market), but their more selective approach has created an equally-if-not-more-desirable product. This has indeed been the case in Europe, where many more labels receive financial backing, be it through incentive programs or straight subsidies.

One such company benefiting from an advantageous financial arrangement is Switzerland's **hat Art Records**. Indeed, when one's enterprise is being underwritten by none other than the Swiss Bank Corporation, one has reason to be optimistic about the future. Now gone are the lavishly presented boxed sets that were as original as the recorded music. As of 1988, all new issues will be released solely in the compact configuration. Judging by the first few discs, the producer, Werner Uehlinger, has maintained the focus on the latest

GEORGE LEWIS (photograph by Peter Danson)

developments in improvised music. Many will regret the passing of the larger format, especially with regards to the liner notes. In a few of the CD booklets, a "Historical Perspective and Outlook" by Art Lange is printed in an uncomfortably small print size. Near-sighted people, beware!

To launch the newest chapter in the hat Art saga, a limited edition sampler **(Kimus # 1 CD6000 57:40)** features excerpts and alternate takes from their early releases, all of which are reviewed in this piece. The first four cuts contained in this initial disc are part of a quintet date led by the Viennese trumpeter-flugelhornist **Franz Koglmann**. In "About Yesterday's Ezzthetics" (CD-6003 62:09), the listener will encounter a program of jazz standards, redefined through the leader's clever arranging skills. Whether it be in the digressive treatment of Monk's *Crepuscule With Nellie* or the reharmonized versions of George Russell's *Ezzthetics* or Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays*, the thematic material is not merely a reference point for improvisation – as in most straightahead jazz – but a system open to a wide array of tonal manipulations. Not only does his writing give new dimensions to the familiar lines, but his choice of instruments enhances his concept: backed by Klaus Koch on bass and Fritz Hauser on a reduced drum kit (snare, cymbal and hihat), the front line combines the mellowness of the flugelhorn with the higher pitch of an oboe and soprano saxophone. On the latter horn, Steve Lacy blends in perfectly with the ensemble, and his solo on the Kern number is a model of feeling and warmth of playing. Clearly, this moment is a high point, but one of many in a challenging but thoroughly creative recording.

Delving into the jazz tradition has become a rather fashionable practice for an increasing number of "avant garde" performers. Of those musicians now emerging out of today's new music circles, **John Zorn** has made his mark as a trailblazer, and a very knowledgeable one at that. In **News For Lulu (CD-6005 73:48)**, he reexamines the tradition, this time focusing on the hard-bop legacy of Kenny Dorham, Hank Mobley, Sonny Clark and Freddy Redd. Two days before his appearance at the 1987 Willisau festival, he entered a studio with trombonist George Lewis and guitarist Bill Frisell. Together they recorded 17 tunes for this release with three alternate takes from the concert. Given the quantity of material, each track is like a small conversation piece. Treating each theme with care, the two horn players then dialogue openly, sticking quite closely to the changes. In that way, they achieve a close empathy. Throughout one may get the spirit of that music, yet this updating does not have the same sense of infectious swing as the original renditions. Still, this trio's approach is bound to attract listeners less inclined to the usually daring ventures of these musicians. At the same time, this is a commendable primer for those unacquainted or uninspired by the late '50s bop-soul idiom. As for Bill Frisell, his presence seems rather laconic here, as though he is quite content in refereeing the sparring matches of his partners.

From Koglmann's unorthodox reading of the tradition to Zorn's semi-orthodox one, we move on to an even more standard approach, at least in terms of writing. As a long-standing tradition, Swiss pianist and composer **George Gruntz** assembles an all-star cast of musicians and sets out on an almost yearly European junket. This time around, the latest edition of his "Concert Jazz Band" toured the United States in the fall of 1987. Their October 17 concert at the Caravan of Dreams in Fort Worth, Texas, has found its way on a brand new CD **("Happening Now" CD 6008 70:34)**. To the leader's credit, there is plenty of solo space in each of the five lengthy cuts. With headliners such as Joe Henderson, Ray Anderson, Franco Ambrosetti and even Ernst-Ludwig Petrowsky from East Germany, one certainly has reason to marvel at the results. Even though the solo space is equally divided, one still does not get a chance to hear Lee Konitz in that department. Too bad. Overall, the tempos are on the fast side. As for the title cut, Sheila Jordan is featured in an excerpt from a "jazz-opera" of sorts, co-authored by the pianist and the poet Allen Ginsberg as librettist. Premiered in Hamburg late last Spring, "Cosmopolitan Greetings" was received with mixed reviews.

By now, more hat Art CD's have come out, among them a studio recording of the "Westbrook-Rossini" project. Upcoming are a collaboration between Richard Teitelbaum, Anthony Braxton and George Lewis, as well as a solo set by Pauline Oliveros.

In contrast to the Swiss label's vocation towards a Euro-American synthesis, other independents are focusing their attention on the scene in their own country. In Holland, for instance, two labels are really dominant in this regard, Claxon Records and B.V.Haast, both of which have recently released their first CD. In the latter case, **"Bob's Gallery" (B.V.Haast 8801 67:33)** is the most recent outing for **Willem Breuker's Kollektief**. As expected, the ten-man band comes out roaring with its mixed bag of tricks: marches, a crooner-style vocal by the leader and even a doste of mainstream jazz all surface along the way. From yesteryear, Breuker resurrects Reginald Forsythe's *Serenade for a Wealthy Widow*, a composition penned by one of the more obscure pre-war jazz musicians from Britain. At the other end of the spectrum, *Minimal* is the leader's response to the Glass-Reich phenomena, and by the sound of it, the aforementioned composers better go back to their manuscript paper. Through all of this, the band has established its style: while one may marvel at the precision and their unfailing sense of humor, I may dare say that it has also reached a certain level of predictability in its basic principles.

Less well known, hence much more unexpected in terms of content, is the octet led by bassist **Maarten Altena**. For Claxon's initial CD release **("Rif", 87.1 53:00)**, this band sets its sights on a concept which is at once less derivative and restrictive in harmonic terms. To achieve this, the leader uses a non-standard instrumentation (3 multi-reedmen, 1 trumpeter, 1 violinist and a 3-man rhythm section). Apart from the last cut (*Re-mix*) – echoes of the Breuker march style! – The music unfolds in ambiguous tonalities, and the separation between written and improvised parts tends to blur, a sure indicator of a flexible musical approach. In using all horns in various combinations, the band succeeds in creating a wide array of dynamics, avoiding the more spastic or overindulgent tendencies found in a lot of free improvi-

sation. Overall, this release gives full emphasis to a state-of-the-art European approach to improvised music: no one musician steals the show with a memorable solo, but the close understanding achieved within the ensemble results in an interestingly woven fabric of shapes and sounds.

Even if Europeans have been actively pursuing their own musical paths, they have nevertheless remained well attuned to the American scene. Whether some of their musicians choose to work within the mainstream, or whether audiences are simply more receptive to those on tour, it has been a fact that Europe has been a haven for many jazzmen from the States, be they traditional or avant-garde. In fact, some of these performers owe much of their success to the greater playing and recording opportunities offered to them overseas.

One name that comes to mind here is that of the late **Chet Baker**. Admired in his early years for his melancholy voice and his "James Dean" looks, the trumpeter soon became an "enfant terrible" – to say the least – in his own country. Despite his reputation, he not only managed to survive, but he also maintained a high profile away from home, recording abundantly and appearing at more European festivals and clubs than one could ever hope to count. Two months before his death, he joined forces, at a producer's request, with a most unlikely partner, tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp**! On two consecutive evenings, they played in Frankfurt and Paris, and from these dates seven tracks have now been preserved on a brand new CD **("First and Last Meeting" L&R Bellaphon CDLR 45006 69:47)**. Before the laser beam hits the disc, any knowledgeable listener cannot help but wonder about this most unusual pairing. Some twenty years ago, the saxophonist spared no punches with regard to anything "in the tradition", and moreso if it was white and from the West Coast. How times change, because he is one of them now (i.e. a traditionalist). Furthermore, all but one tune played are standards most readily identified with the trumpeter (*How Deep Is The Ocean* for instance). For all of the radical statements made in the past by Mr. Shepp, it is an interesting twist of fate indeed.

As for the content, the skeptics may have trouble conceiving how these two could ever hit it off: though there may be some reason for pessimism, there are no major disasters. Even though his garrulous vocalizing on the opening number, *Dedication to Bessie Smith's Blues*, and his wavering pitch on tenor are somewhat discomforting, the music does not fall apart completely, mainly because of the solid rhythm section of **Horace Parlan, Herman Wright and Clifford Jarvis** – all Shepp regulars incidentally. Baker, for his part, fares better than Shepp, as he exudes that very special lyrical aura of his, both on his horn and in his two vocal numbers. Of all tracks, Bird's *Confirmation* is the least successful: not only do they meander in their solos, but they also do a very sloppy job with the theme, especially in Baker's case. One last note for the trumpeter's fans: before his death in May, he managed to squeeze in one more recording date in Italy. However, there was only enough material put down for half a record. To round out this album, saxophonist Steve Grossman was called to do the other half of that yet to be issued release. Talk about unusual matchups....

Of equal stature to the two previous headliners are pianist **Mal Waldron** and alto saxophonist **Marion Brown**. Once known as one of the figureheads of the '60s avant-garde, Brown, like Shepp, has also settled down into the familiar confines of ballads and blues. Waldron, for his part, has never ceased to straddle the fence between extended themeless improvisations and well defined variations on composed material. Together, they have produced a recording of haunting beauty **("Songs of Love and Regret" Free Lance FRL-CD006 56:42)**. Recorded three years ago in Paris, but released on CD only recently, this disc is a work of art no less. Between the dark and brooding chords echoing from the piano and the fragile glow of the saxophone, the music reaches a highly intimate level of communication, one heard far too rarely nowadays. In its compact configuration, a second take of *Blue Monk* is added, but this turns out to be the only slip up of the session. Just like the first take, they choose to alternate their solos, one chorus at a time, but they decide to stretch it out over 15 minutes, and the overall effect achieved in the seven minutes of the first version wears rather thin here. In contrast, all of the remaining numbers are perfect performances, disarming in their simplicity and devoid of any wasted notes. Each musician has a solo vehicle, Waldron with an original (*A Cause de Monk*) and Brown with a heartfelt rendition of a Clarence Williams blues (*Hurry Sundown*). At the risk of overstating the case, this is an item to treasure, especially so on CD: given the clean sound of these discs, one will be able to enjoy this music of timeless proportions for years to come.

Not only do the more famous benefit from this advantageous situation in Europe, so do many newcomers and lesser known figures. To illustrate this point, **Your Neighbourhood Saxophone Quartet** is by no means a household name, even amongst the cognoscenti. Yet they too have their own CD **("The Walkman" Coppens CCD3001 59:20)**. In fact, assiduous readers of this magazine may be more familiar with the producer, George Coppens, than any of the four horn players, presumably Americans (a little bit of liner info would have been appreciated....). In this release, recorded at the Club De Kakatoe in Den Bosch, Holland, the group's playing is clearly very tight and the level of energy builds up steadily over the hour. While the early part of the program is heavily steeped in riff-structures, the latter tunes get more frenetic in the soloing department. Stylistically, their musical turf falls somewhere in between that of the 29th Street Saxophone Quartet and that of the World Saxophone Quartet. As their name suggests, they will bring you across a few busy intersections, but one should not expect from them a rarefied journey into distant musical landscapes.

By all accounts, jazz in Europe is very healthy indeed, though we should not infer that business is booming. Nevertheless, if our own musicians here would have but a fraction of the recording opportunities given to European musicians, then we would have reason to celebrate the coming of more interesting encounters of the "compact kind".

HOD O'BRIEN (photograph by Gerard Futrick)

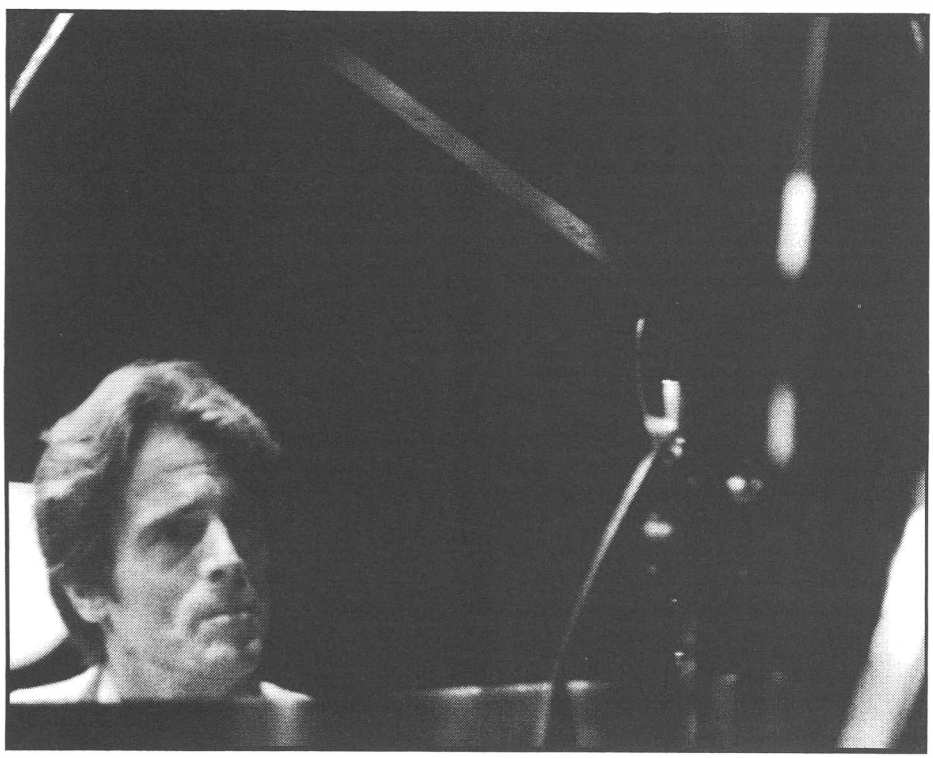
AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA — The demise of The Clinton as a performance space for the city's more adventurous musical voices has put a serious crimp into the expression of the music. The return of East 85th is not an alternative but rather a different way of re-presenting what the city has often heard over the past twenty years. That, in itself isn't a negative situation, but the heavy admission is likely to deter all but the most dedicated.

Michael Stuart, one of Toronto's most intriguing jazz performers, was heard to advantage at Cafe des Copains December 4 in the company of guitarist **Ed Bickert** and bassist **Neil Swainson**. The trio explored the possibilities inherent in the standard popular song and it was particularly revealing to hear how Stuart adjusted his tone and attack to blend with the other two musicians in a series of improvisations which reflected less attachment to John Coltrane than is usually the case with him.

Harry Edison was at East 85th for two weeks in December. He stayed over for a second week due to the cancellation of Sonny Greenwich's gig from ill health. Along the street **Hod O'Brien**, a new face at Cafe des Copains, was intriguing listeners with his articulate piano lines. His solo approach uses some of the same devices employed by Dave McKenna and he revealed a thorough knowledge of the jazz language. The **John McLeod** Quartet were at George's for a week in November where they got a chance to expose their recent recording on the Unity label. The musician-produced label has also issued a recording by **Mike Murley** entitled "The Curse". Barristers, the ground floor bar of the Hilton Hotel continues its early evening sessions with pianists **Mark Eisenman** and **Steve Holt**. On weekends the group is expanded to quartet size and has featured such guest soloists as **Lorne Lofsky, Jane Fair, Pat LaBarbera, Mike Malone** and Ed Bickert. Early January performers at George's Spaghetti House included Moe Koffman, Time Warp, Diana Krall and **Hugh Fraser**.

Radio Station CJRT's Sound of Toronto Jazz concert series is now in the middle of its current season. The Monday evening concerts at the Science Centre are broadcast the following Saturday at 7 p.m. Jim Galloway's Metro Stompers and vocalist Trudy Desmond (with the Don Thompson Trio) were the January attractions. The series continues with the Sam Noto Quintet (February 6), James Pett Trio (February 20), Sam Holt Trio (March 6), and Mike Murley Quartet (March 20).



Hemispheres, the fourteen piece ensemble directed by **Paul Cram** and **Nic Gotham**, performed at the Music Gallery on November 25 where they showcased the works of contemporary Toronto jazz composers.... Meanwhile, the Andrew Homzy Jazz Orchestra performed Stan Tracey's Genesis, an extended work in seven sections at Concordia University on November 11.

Don (D.T.) Thompson, Sam Noto and RIO have all performed in Calgary while in Edmonton The Yardbird Suite showcased the blues artistry of Phillip Walker and the jazz sounds of Brian Lynch, P.J. Perry and Tommy Banks.

"More Pepper" is the title of the Denny Christianson Big Band's new release on Justin Time Records. It includes four more titles from the 1986 recording session which featured the baritone of Pepper Adams. The title selection is one of the additional tunes recorded just over a year later. Also out on Justin Time is Sonny Greenwich's Sweet Basil performance and a second recording by Montreal's Jubilation Gospel Choir.... New on Parkwood is a brand new recording by Time Warp which features the saxophones of Bob Brough and Mike Murley.... New on Sackville is the second recording by The Six Winds, the international saxophone sextet which features John Tchicai and Bill Smith and "A Tribute to Louis Armstrong" by The Sackville All Stars (Jim Galloway, Milt Hinton, Gus Johnson, Ralph Sutton).

ELSEWHERE — The World Music Institute (109 West 27th Street, Room 9C, NYC 10001) is in the midst of an impressive winter concert season at various venues in New York. Upcoming in February is the Winter Blues Festival.... Performance Space 122 featured **Eugene Chadbourne** on December 1 and 2 as part of its regular concert series.... The **Malachi Thompson** Freebop Band was at South End Music Works on October 28.... Vocalist Lisa Sokolov was at the Westbank Cafe on November 12 with pianist Hilton Ruiz.... The **Errol Parker** Sextet was at the West End Cafe December 7-11.... The Ray Alexander Quintet were featured December 11 at the International Art of Jazz' third winter concert in Garden City, L.I.... Abdullah

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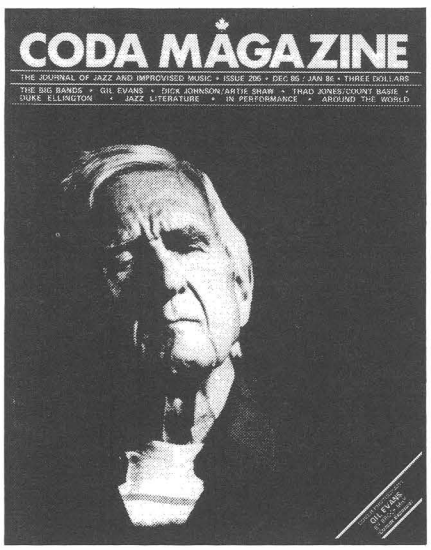

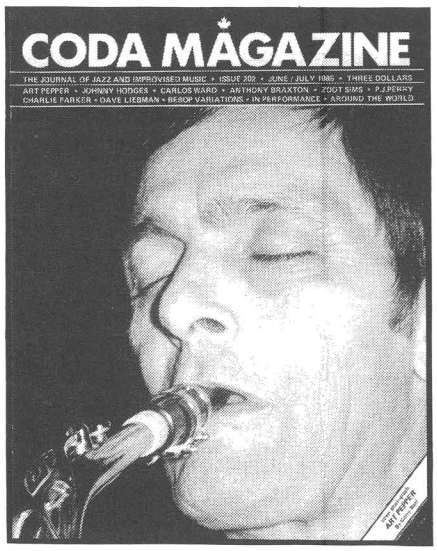

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206 (Feb. 1986) Charles Mingus, Candid, Jimmy Blanton, David Holland, Peter Kowald
205 (Dec. 1985) Big Bands, Gil Evans, Dick Johnson, Artie Shaw, Thad Jones, Basie, Duke
204 (Oct. 1985) Tenor saxophone, Coleman Hawkins, Sahib Shihab, Sonny Rollins
203 (Aug. 1985) The Jazz Singer, BB King, Eddie Jefferson, Richie Cole, Jimmy Rushing
202 (June 1985) Alto saxophone, Art Pepper, Johnny Hodges, Carlos Ward, Braxton
201 (April 1985) Coltrane, David Murray, Cecil Taylor/Max Roach, Joe McPhee, Ray Draper
200 (Feb. 1985) Bill Evans, Kenny Drew, Kirk Lightsey, Joanne Brackeen
199 (Dec. 1984) Lester Young, Jazz Aesthetics, Andrew Cyrille, Vienna Art Orchestra
198 (Oct. 1984) Bud Powell, Sidney Bechet, Barre Phillips, Bob Mover, Jazz Literature
197 (Aug. 1984) Lew Tabackin, Steve Lacy, Fred Anderson, Bebop on Record
196 (June 1984) Jazz in Russia, Fred Hopkins, JATP, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Barry Harris
195 (April 1984) Buddy Tate, Jay McShann, Billy Eckstine, Nelson Symonds, Mel Lewis

193 (Dec. 1983) Horace Silver, Oliver Lake, Thelonious Monk, Albert Ammons
192 (Oct. 1983) Leo Smith, Baikida Carroll, Mal Waldron, Piano Variations, Festivals
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

155 (June 1977) George Lewis, Lloyd Glenn
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

* Please note: our stock of asterisked issues is almost depleted. Order now!

COMPILED

Ibrahim and Art Blakey were at Sweet Basil in December and were followed in January by the trios of McCoy Tyner and Cedar Walton.... Errol Parker and Olatunji were at the Bottom Line January 13.... Guitarist **Peter Leitch's** Quintet (Bobby Watson, James Williams, Ray Drummond, Marvin "Smitty" Smith) were at the Blue Note January 16. The same lineup were at Van Gelder's Studio December 30 for a recording date for Criss Cross.

Brooks Kerr, Herb Pomeroy, Loren Schoenberg, Anthony Coleman, Andrew Homzy and Gary Carner are the participants in a symposium "Billy Strayhorn: The Man, Music and Influence" which is part of Assumption College's Fifth Annual Jazz Weekend at Worcester, MA on February 11. Stanley Jordan, Bob Moses and Duke Levine are among the performing artists.... Jazz Vespers continues on the third Sunday of the month at Philadelphia's Old Pine Church (412 Pine St). A special Holiday Jazz Vespers on December 18 featured Trudy Pitts and Mr. C and guests Grover Washington, John Blake and Dominick Fiori.... The Adirondack Apres-Ski Jazz Series is being held at Lake Placid's Center for the Arts with Mario Rivera and the Salsa Refugees on February 11; Richie Cole on February 18 and **Charli Persip's Superband** on February 25.... The Marshall Vente Trio was at Chicago's Club Cairo on December 30 while the Project Nine Band saw the New Year in at the Westin O'Hare.

The Seventh annual International Conference of the Duke Ellington Study Group takes place April 26-29 at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. Further information is available from Ms Ann Ledgister, 907 Sixth Street S.W., 214C, Washington, D.C. 20024.... A memorial jazz concert for Mousey Alexander was held October 30 at Orlando's Beacham Theatre.... The seventh annual Pensacola Jazz Festival takes place April 14-16 with **Jay McShann, Alvin Batiste** and **Ellis Marsalis** among those tentatively scheduled to appear.... James Moody was guest of the One O'Clock Lab Band at the University of North Texas' concert on November 22. The 1987 version of the band now has a recording available on lp or cassette.... Oliver Jones, Les McCann,

Buddy Weed, Jay Leonhart, Ed Thigpen, Wallace Davenport and Flip Phillips are among the participants at the upcoming Paradise Valley Jazz Party March 11 and 12.... The **Bobby Bradford/John Carter** Quintet were at Catalina's Bar & Grill in Hollywood November 24-26.... Bud Shank was among the many musicians to perform at the San Diego convention of the N.A.J.E. in January. Shank then heads for Europe and appearances in Holland and Sweden. He will give a concert at Spokane Falls Community College upon his return on February 11.... Radio Station KLON held its second Holiday Jazz Festival December 17 with **Flip Phillips, Allen Eager, Buddy DeFranco, Les Paul, Arnold Ross, Al McKibbon** and **Alvin Stoller** participating.

Gene Harris, Billy Taylor, Rose Murphy and Mose Allison are among the pianists featured in the tenth season of Marian McPartland's "Piano Jazz" series carried in the U.S. on Public Radio.

Coda reviewer Tex Wyndham continues his activities as a jazz performer and sends us these notes:

"I will be playing cornet in 1989 at the Shasta Festival in Redding, California March 30-April 2, at the new South Coast Metro Festival in Costa Mesa, California July 28-30, both with The Rent Party Revellers, and at the Queen City Festival in Charlotte, North Carolina May 13-14 with Baltimore's Last Chance Jazz Band. I recorded a new solo piano-with-vocals album November 21 in Berkeley, California for Bob Eckstein's Yerba Buena label, to be issued on audiocassette in time, if the schedule works out, to be sold at Shasta."

The **Phil Woods** Quintet was at Tokyo's Blue Note in January. Upon their return to the USA they played a few one nighters in California before settling into a three night residency (February 15-18) at the Regatta Bar of the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, MA.

Koko Taylor was named "female blues" entertainer of 1988" by the W.C. Handy Awards Committee and Lonnie Brooks was nominated by the NAACP Image Awards Committee as "best blues band of the year".... Willie Dixon's Blue Heaven Foundation was the recipient of a $5000 donation from BMI.... The National Endowment for the Arts has announced that Barry Harris, Hank Jones and Sarah Vaughan are recipients of the 1989 American Jazz Masters Fellowships. Each will receive $20,000 to support a project of their own choosing.... Oberlin College and the Smithsonian Institution have established Jazz Masterworks Editions to publish the first authoritative transcriptions of recorded performances by Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Count Basie, Earl Hines, Artie Shaw and other jazz orchestras.... The California Institute of Jazz Studies (109 4th Street, Santa Rosa, CA 95401) has been formed to "document, study and promote a wider interest in this important body of music"... "Just A Closer Walk" is the walker's tour of jazz history in the French Quarter of New Orleans. It was written by Dr. Karl Koenig and is published by Basin St. Press, 1627 South Van Buren, Covington, LA 70433. The 40 page illustrated guide allows the tourist to relive the environment within which jazz flourished in its formative years.

The Danish Jazz Center has received funding through the Scandinavian Tobacco Company to create an annual JAZZPAR Prize worth around $30,000. It will be awarded to an internationally known, and fully active, jazz artist. The first prize will be awarded in 1990.

Vibist Severi Pyysalo was the winner of the annual Georgie Award of the Finnish Jazz Federation.... This award was given during the Finnish National Jazz Days in Kuopio November 11-13. One of the highlights of the event was the final concert by Braxtonia – a seven-piece Finnish band playing the music of Anthony Braxton with the composer himself leading and playing in the band.... France's International Jazz Festival de Rivede-Gire took place January 20-28 with the **John Zorn Trio, Sheila Jordan, Michel Portal** and **Quest** among the participants.... The City of Paris is organising its first "Martial Solal Piano jazz international competition" in October 1989 for "high level jazz pianists not older than 30".

Jay McShann, Ralph Sutton, Milt Hinton and Gus Johnson were at Jaylins in the Hotel Schweitzerhof in Bern for two weeks in November. They also appeared in concert in Yverdon, Lucerne and Baden. Saxophonist Jim Galloway joined the quartet at the latter concert before leading his own quintet at Jaylins which included Spanky Davis, Ian Bargh, Milt Hinton and Jerry Fuller. The Swiss-Canadian connection was extended further with a one week appearance of Oliver Jones at Zurich's Widder Bar during the same period. Bassist Dave Young worked with Jones. Swissair continues its series of "in flight" jazz programs by Johnny Simmen. The most recent features the recordings of Denmark's Fessor's Big City Band.

The 1989 Australian Jazz Convention (the 43rd) will take place in Sydney from December 26 to 31.... The George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band was in Hong Kong October 25 for a one night appearance in the Centenary Room of the Hong Kong Hotel.... Among the proliferating specialty calendars this year is the fourth annual edition of the International Blues Calendar. It may still be available from Saturn Communications, 1642 66th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204.

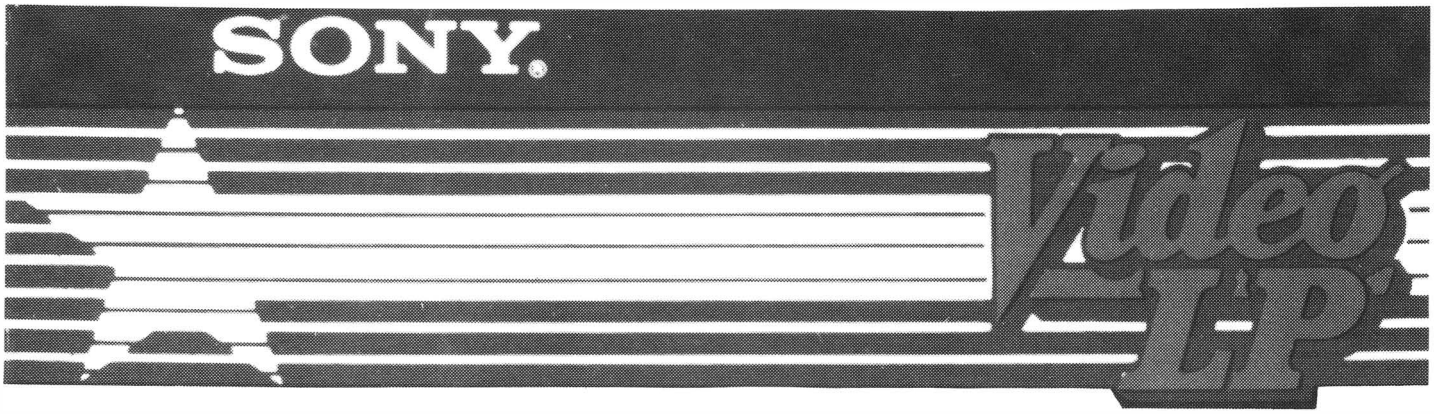
A&M has begun reissuing some of the jazz recordings from the CTI and Horizon labels as well as those produced by the company itself. These reissues are only on CD and come in a cardboard package rather than the industry standard jewel box. The playing time is also very short on many of these releases. Charlie Haden's "Closeness", for instance, is only 33 minutes long. They could easily have put both this package and its partner "Golden Number" on one CD.... More material from Prestige is being released in England by Ace Records. Titles by Gene Ammons (Up Tight), Jimmy Forrest (Sit Down and Relax), Jimmy Witherspoon (Old Frisco) are among those which don't seem to be available in the U.S.... Alligator has released "Harp and Soul" by Lazy Lester.... Asian Improv Records has released on cassette pianist Jon Jang's "Jangle Bells".... BVHaast Records (99 Prinseneiland, 1013 LN Amsterdam, Holland) has an impressive catalog of contemporary Dutch artists – including **Willem Breuker, Han Bennink, Misha Mengelberg**. Many of the more recent recordings are being issued on CD.... Earwig Music Company has acquired the recordings made for Sunnyland Slim's Airway company.... The second produc-

tion by Nesuhi Ertegun for his WEA distributed East West Company is a Milt Jackson date called "Bebop". Jon Faddis, Jimmy Heath, J.J. Johnson, Cedar Walton, John Clatyon and Mickey Roker complete the lineup.... Sadao Watanabe has recorded an album of Brazilian tunes for Elektra.... Saxophonist Ralph Moore will be recording for Landmark Records, who have a new quartet recording by Mulgrew Miller ready for release. Tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson is featured.... Just out on Contemporary are new recordings by Tom Harrell and Barney Kessel.... **FMP** is to release a series of CDs featuring **Cecil Taylor** with percussionists. In production are the first two - with **Gunter "Baby" Sommer** and **Paul Lovens**. They are also issuing lps featuring the **Manfred Schultze Blaser Quintet** and a collaboration between **Julie Tippetts, Maggie Nichols and Keith Tippett**. A complete FMP catalog is available from them at Lubecker Strasse 19, D-1000 Berlin 21, West Germany.... Ray Anderson's "Blues Bred in the Bone" is on both Enja and Gramavision.... The Back Bay Ramblers is a newly recorded group for Harrison Records. "Back Bay Shuffle" is the title of this recording.... West Germany's Jazzhaus Musik has released three new recordings featuring Tome XX, the Pata Trio and a collaboration between European and African musicians (Kolner Saxophone Mafia, Drummele Maa and Elima).... Bassist Lisle Atkinson has released "Bird Lives" by the Neo Bass Ensemble. Four bassists, drummer Al Harewood, piano and voices make up the unusual ensemble. The recording is available from Lisle Atkinson, 51 West Englewood Ave., Teaneck, N.J. 07666. ... Impulse reissues on CD now include, where possible, the contents of two lps. This is true of Coltrane's Africa Brass sessions and the McCoy Tyner reissue of Inception and Night of Ballads and Blues. Straight reissues of albums include Gil Evans' Into The Hot and collaborations between Jay and Kai and Duke Ellington and John Coltrane. MCA/Impulse is also manufacturing CDs from the Timeless label.... Mobile Fidelity has added two more Robert Parker collections to its U.S. based distribution outfit. These sample Swing music from the 1930s by small groups and big bands.... Musicmasters has issued a second collection of music from the Benny Goodman archives which comes from 1955 performances at Basin Street East and feature Ruby Braff, Paul Quinichette, Urbie Green and Teddy Wilson.... Polygram's ten CD issue of The Complete Charlie Parker contains nearly two hours of recently discovered alternates and music otherwise not released before. The package has been produced in both the U.S. and Europe with the only difference between the two presentations being the LP sized box and booklet in the U.S. rather than the CD sized booklet in Europe.... Also reissued by Polygram are multi CD collections of Fred Astaire with the JATP All Stars, volumes 3 and 4 of the Complete Dinah Washington and Ella Fitzgerald's Duke Ellington Songbook.... Sonet has issued a CD sampler called "The Legacy of the Blues" which serve as an introduction to the twelve individual CDs being released of performances from the 1960s by such artists as Bukka White, Memphis Slim, Sunnyland Slim and Lightnin' Hopkins.... Stash is also issuing Memphis Slim material as well as a new recording by Toots Thielemans and archival material by a Buddy Rich small group from Birdland (1958-60) with Phil Woods, Sonny Criss and Kenny Barron.... Sutra Records has released "Al Cohn - The Final Performance" - a big band recording made in West Germany.... "Mal Dance and Soul" is the title of Mal Waldron's new trio lp for Tutu Records – a company recently formed by Horst Weber and Peter Weissmuller. Saxophonist Jim Pepper is heard on one track on the LP as well as on three additional titles on the CD.... Two new Australian releases by James Morrison ("Postcards from Down Under") on WEA and the collective group known as Pyramid ("Sunshower") on ABC show how the jazz fusion ideas of Miles Davis and Joe Zawinul are everywhere.

"The Cats Are Swinging" is the title of Slam Stewart's final recording session. It features Peter Appleyard, Al Hamme, Sherrie Maricle, Kent McGarity, Bucky Pizzarelli and Richard Wyands. Major Holley is also heard on some tracks - those not recorded before Stewart passed away.... Pianist Johnny O'Neal has been reunited with bassist Clifford Murphy and drummer Kermit Walker for several months in Toledo's premier nightclub - Digby's. "Reunion" is the recorded outcome of this collaboration and it is available at the club and from Sophia Records, 121 North Fifth St., Waterville, Ohio 43566.... Also newly released on Parkwood is an earlier Johnny O'Neal studio session (from 1985) with Dave Young and Terry Clarke which is called "Soulful Swinging".

Bassist Larry Exum and keyboardist James Bryant from the Jimmy Johnson Blues Band were killed in a highway accident December 2 which sent other members of the band to hospital.... Another highway accident sent Buddy Tate to hospital over the New Year weekend with a fractured pelvis and leg. At presstime no other information was available as to his condition..... Legendary blues singer/guitarist **Son House** died October 19 in Detroit. He was 86. The deaths have also been reported of blues veterans Jimmy Brewer and Fred Below.... Two New Yorkers who nurtured the jazz community died recently. **Bradley Cunningham**, owner of Bradley's, employer of many musicians both as featured artists and in other capacities, died November 25 from cancer. **Nica de Koenigswater** (The Baroness) died November 30 while undergoing heart surgery. She was 74.... On the same date tenor saxophonist **Charlie Rouse** died in Seattle from cancer. He was 64.... Drummer **Mousey Alexander** died in September in Florida.... Well-known English jazz writer Eric Townley died in October.

– compiled by John Norris



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DIZZY GILLESPIE - Dream Band - Avery Fisher Hall 1981 - all star New York band - 2 tunes (16 minutes)
STANLEY JORDAN - Magic Touch - 4 tunes (19 minutes)
GERRY MULLIGAN - Eric's 1981 with Harold Danko, Frank Luther, Billy Hart - 2 tunes (18 minutes)
MAX ROACH - Blues Alley 1981 with Cecil Bridgewater, Odean Pope, Calvin Hill - 2 tunes (19 minutes)

SECTION B — $32.00 postpaid

CELEBRATING BIRD - The Triumph of Charlie Parker - with rare footage, photos, interviews, dir. Gary Giddins (59 minutes)
BUDDY BARNES - Live from Studio B - with Sylvia Syms, Ruby Braff, Wayne Wright, Jay Leonhart - 8 tunes (30 minutes)
LIONEL HAMPTON - Live Hamp Vol 1 - live in Las Vegas - big band performance - 3 tunes (24 minutes)
ROB McCONNELL - Live at Concerts by the Sea - 3 selections by the Boss Brass (25 minutes)
BILL WATROUS - Live at Concerts by the Sea - 18 piece big band - 4 tunes (24 minutes)

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ZOOT SIMS - In A Sentimental Mood - His last concert recording, with Rune Gustafsson and Red Mitchell, 1984 (52 minutes)
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ART BLAKEY - The Jazz Life - Live at Seventh Avenue South with W. & B. Marsalis, B. Pierce, Donald Brown (55 minutes)
BENNY CARTER - at the Smithsonian with Joe Kennedy, Kenny Barron, George Duvivier, Ronnie Bedford (58 minutes)
CHICK COREA - A Very Special Concert - with Joe Henderson, Stanley Clarke, Lenny White (60 minutes)
ART FARMER - at the Smithsonian - with Fred Hersch, Dennis Irwin, Billy Hart (58 minutes)
STAN GETZ/RICHIE COLE - Live in concert - Jim McNeeley, Marc Johnson, Victor Lewis (with Getz) / Bobby Enriquez, Bruce Foreman, Marshall Hawkins (with Cole) (60 minutes)
DEXTER GORDON/BOBBY HUTCHERSON - Live in concert - Kirk Lightsey, David Eubanks, Eddie Gladden (with Gordon) / Jessica Williams, James Leary, Eddie Moore (with Hutcherson) (60 minutes)
JOHNNY GRIFFIN - The Jazz Life - Village Vanguard with Ronnie Mathews, Ray Drummond, Kenny Washington (55 minutes)
CHICO HAMILTON - The Jazz Life - Village Vanguard with Michael Santiago, John Benthal, Paul Ramsey (53 minutes)
GIL SCOTT HERON - Blackwax - live at the Wax Museum, Washington with 10 piece band (80 minutes)
FREDDIE HUBBARD - Studio Live with West Coast Studio Big Band (59 minutes)
ALBERTA HUNTER - at the Smithsonian with Gerald Cook, Jimmy Lewis (58 minutes)
KEITH JARRETT - Last Solo - Tokyo 1984 (92 minutes)
KEITH JARRETT - Standards - live in Tokyo 1985 with Gary Peacock, Jack Dejohnette (105 minutes)
B.B. KING - live at Nick's (60 minutes)
MEL LEWIS - at the Smithsonian with The Jazz Orchestra (55 minutes)
MIKE MAINIERI - The Jazz Life - at Seventh Ave. South w. Warren Bernhardt, Bob Mintzer, Eddie Gomez, Omar Hakim (60 min.)
RED NORVO - at the Smithsonian with Tal Farlow, Norman Simmons, Steve Novosel, Mavis Rivers (58 minutes)
BUDDY RICH - Mr. Drums - Live on King Street, San Francisco - Big band featuring Steve Marcus (55 minutes)
MEL TORME - Special - eight selections (53 minutes)
McCOY TYNER - Live in concert with John Blake, Joe Ford, Avery Sharpe, Bobby Hutcherson (60 minutes)
SARAH VAUGHAN - live from Monterey - plus 3 selections from Joe Williams (60 minutes)
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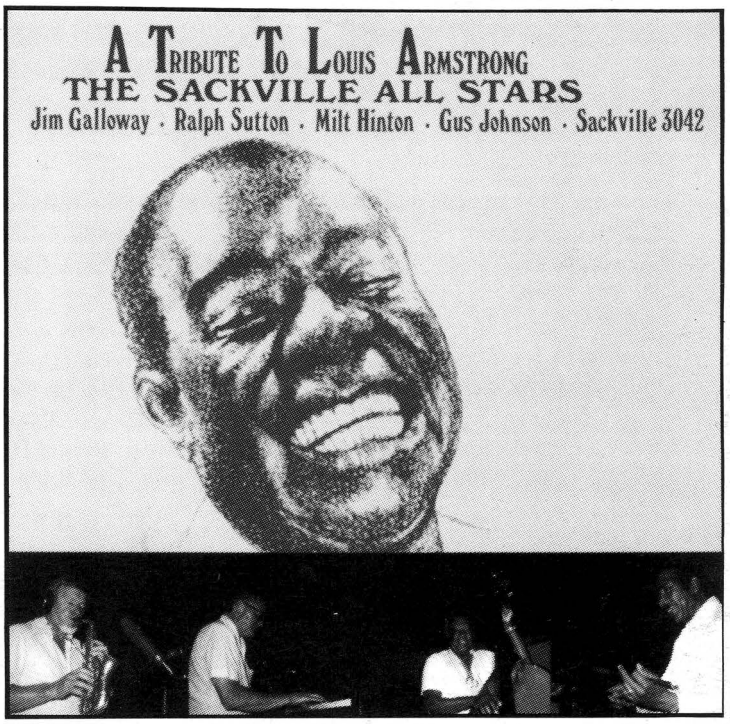

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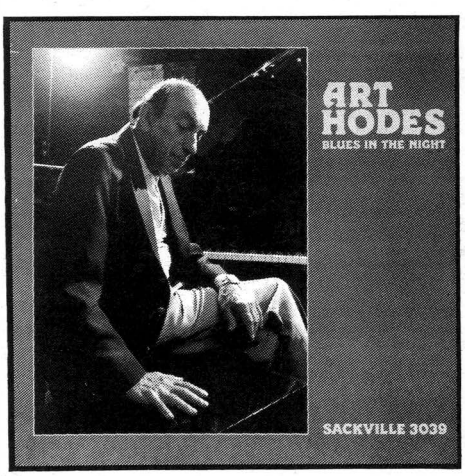

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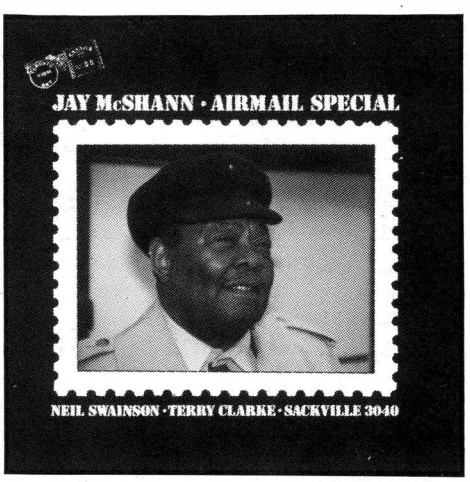

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