THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ & IMPROVISED MUSIC

CODA MAGAZINE

ISSUE 239 * SEPTEMBER / OCTOBER 1991 * $3.95 CAN / $3.50 US

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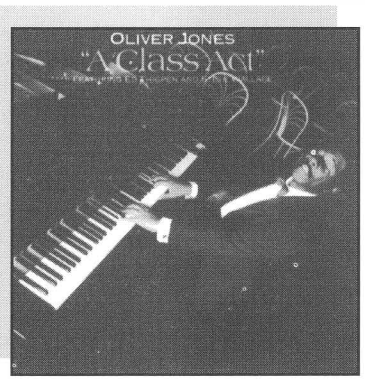

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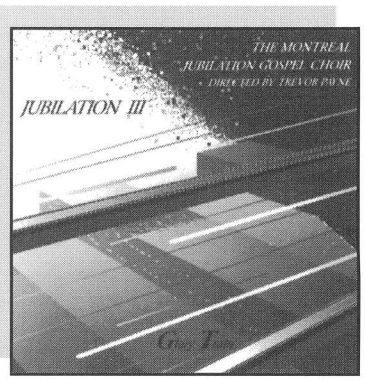

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CODA MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1958
ISSUE 239 / Published September 1st / 1991

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

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

Cover Photograph
RAY ANDERSON
By Larry Svirchev

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Coda publishes six issues per year. Rates for a one-year subscription are as follows:
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CODA MAGAZINE is published six times per year in January, March, May, July, September and November, in CANADA. It is supported by its subscribers and by its advertisers. We also gratefully acknowledge the assistance of the **Canada Council** and the **Ontario Arts Council**. Second class mail registration number R-1134. For availability of current and back issues of **CODA** on microfilm, contact University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106 USA, or Micromedia Ltd., 20 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario M5C 2N8 Canada. Indexed in The Canadian Periodical Index and The Music Index. Printed in Canada. Typeset by Hot-House. ISSN 0820-926X

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BLUES BRED IN THE BONE

Ray Anderson began playing trombone in fourth grade, along with classmate George Lewis. The Chicago-born Anderson has since co-led the defunct Slicaphonics group with Mark Helias, and played and sat in with musicians like Charles Mingus, Charles Moffett, Barry Altschul, and Anthony Braxton.

Currently quite busy with leading his own group, I finally caught up with Ray after several attempts. He had been touring with his own band, and recently had finished an engagement with a group at Club-Med. He arrived for our interview after several hours of band rehearsal.

I have a brand new drummer that I've never played with before and we're rehearsing for about three weeks of work. We were just rehearsing with three quarters of the quartet today, mostly to teach the material.

You're replacing some band members?

Well nothing is quite temporary or permanent. There's sort of an expanding pool of players who know a bunch of this music. So I can depend on who's available and what my mood is. I can also call and pick different people to some extent to do a certain segment. So it's nice to have new people and change the stuff up once and a while--it's good. But mostly people come back around: we play one time, something else goes on for a while and then we play again some more in the future.

Do you use any of your former bandleader Charles Moffett's rehearsing concepts?

Not really in specific rehearsal terms. But I learned a lot about music from Charles Moffett and that's definitely stayed with me. He was one of the first people to put in my mind the way of listening. For example, although many people are playing at the same time, the idea is we're just playing one song. So Moffett would tell us to do that. And we'd have three horns in front and he'd say okay so all three horns are gonna play, but I only want to hear one solo. I don't want to hear three simultaneous solos. I want to hear three horns, playing one solo--things like that. That kind of concept has been very influential and stayed with me.

I said hmmm, you know. **Hmmm**, yeah (laughter), **hmmmm**.

So did those curious hmmms **lead you to want to try and put some of the things you learned from Moffett, as well as from other experiences--like blues / latin / dance bands, etc. --into your music, but with changes or additions that you thought might work for your style or voice?**

Yes it does, yes it does. So you wind up with these roots. Like there's that root from having played in blues bands, salsa bands and a lot of funk bands; then that root from having worked with Charles Moffett, Anthony Braxton, and other people. So there is a sense in which you can take something you learned from one place and something else you learned form another place and try the "what if" on it. Like, okay, we'll take this kind of feeling but what if compositionally we do that to it, or we'll take this blues feeling or some kind of real gut bucket feeling here but what if we harmonically approach it this way. So even though it's got that rhythmic feel, there's a lot of that "what if" that occurs.

Yeah. That's right.

I just asked because it seems as though you very consciously connect with those past influential sources.

That's one of the things I do. That's a pretty good at least reasonably accurate way of describing what I do--which of course is

RAY ANDERSON (Photograph by Marcus di Francesco)

done in a little bit less conscious way than that, considering when you just compose you're sort of going for a feeling. For example, it's like I want the feeling of this but some aspect of it'll be a little too confining for me. Like I love the blues. So a lot of times I want to play the feeling of the blues. But if I just play straight up Chicago Blues, harmonically, it's too confining for me; I can't really express what I want to express for a very long period of time in that form. So the tune, if it starts in that form, it's gonna have to evolve somewhere. Something larger is gonna have to occur; it'll have to open in some kind of way. So then my decision about how to open it would definitely be influenced by suggestions like Moffett's or just whatever it is I picked up along the way. You know, the **hmmmm** factor (laughter).

It seems like *What Because* sort of captures the flavour and emotion of the style of your other albums, like *You Be* and *Blues Alley*, but only clearer, with more consideration given to the writing. What are your feelings about the album?

I'm really proud of that album; I feel like that album came out really well. The musicians are perfect for what they're doing, everybody really played well on there, and there's group interaction going on. Usually you get done with something and you don't listen to it much. But when I have listened to it, I say, yeah, it's alright' it's wearing well for me--which is not so common.

A lot of times you play stuff back and say, if only we could have rehearsed that a little more--you know, those various if only's. I haven't had those coming up much really at all with this record. So it's a good sign.

Did you do any thing special with this album in terms of working with the musicians?

Well the best thing is that the quartet that's on the album: Jaffe (Alan), akLaff (Pheeroan), Dresser (Mark) and I did about 28 one-nighters in Europe, immediately before going in the studio. We were home one day and then went in the studio and recorded the various quartet things. Then we had a couple of days where we rehearsed with John (Hicks) and we went into the studio again, like right after that. So everything was extremely hot in the sense of how much we had been playing, period.

The modern scene is such that musicians don't work all the time anymore. You used to work all the time; you had a gig here and when you closed in that room you opened downtown and then you went somewhere else for 3 months. But in the modern scene, what we're involved in, there's long periods where there isn't that much work. So it was great to do the album right on the heels of some work. And we had a chance to take the compositions on the road, just play them in front of an audience and were able to see how they would work. I would change stuff on the road and say okay try it this way tonight and... You know that's what Duke was able to do and all those cats. They worked all the time. So they could keep fooling with the stuff and see what the real effect of it was, rather than well you write some stuff, you got two rehearsals or something, then you're in the studio. You don't really have much time for editing. You just sort of got to get together what you have and go on and record.

So I think I'm gonna try and do that next time out if at all possible, because that made us very sharp in a certain way.

So compositionally, since you said you were always making changes on the tunes while on the road, what kind of written material did you start out with for the album?

Well I'm a very slow composer. So I had a long gestation period on these tunes. Several of those tunes were written originally for a duo project that I did with a Swiss guitar player for about nine days a year ago February. I had this little duo project thing and I just wrote down a bunch of stuff and said well we'll try this. Several of the tunes actually emerged from that and some of them are older than that. But the tunes just sort of gradually come. I write them down and then I work on them. And some of the tunes take a long time, like a couple of years from when they first show up, to when I record, and some of them take longer than that. They sit around, I try them once or twice and don't know what to do with them, then I just leave it there. Eventually it's like well you know we're making an album and you're gonna have to record something (laughter). Then it's like well okay let's try this again. Occasionally, a tune comes along that doesn't need that much work. Then other ones I rewrite seemingly endlessly. So on it goes.

So where does your like anachronistic but contemporary style and approach to the music come from, when performing / composing? Does that make sense?

Yeah, actually. I guess I'm an anachronism. (laughter)

But I think style is just an expression of personality. So, therefore, to play this kind of music where your goal is to be yourself, that's a voyage of self-discovery. So what I'm involved in is trying to discover and tell the truth about myself. So that's an ongoing process, again, because you don't really get to the end of that. You just sort of keep doing it and in the process of that you find infinities. Where something resonates in your body; it's like oh that feels good, like you somehow own it. And when you find that, then that's what you play.

So you can write tunes that tap that or provide a springboard for that, and you can move to that in the process of improvising, of playing. So that's where it comes from. It's a search for who am I at this moment in the universe, how much do I know about myself, and also what am I trying to learn. What's drawing me on now. What's the next thing I'm trying to discover about music or the way music works or how music communicates.

So when you're standing up on stage playing, sometimes jokingly, maybe most times jokingly...

No, not all the time.

Okay, I'll go back to sometimes...But are you actually thinking about all of that, consciously?

Really. It's like a thing of be here now, be here now, be here now; it's not necessary to become distracted in like what's happening with yourself physically--like the state of your chops or the workings or nonworkings of the acoustic system or . . . okay, some part of your mind has to monitor what it has to monitor, but the concentration is on what's happening now. Like how do I feel, like what's the feeing. 'Cause the music has to come from the feeling, otherwise you tend to just recite what you know--that's not interesting, that's not it. What's it is be here now and play what your immediate truth is. So that's like an emotional truth that we're talking about. So if that's anger, then you play anger; if that's sadness, then you play

sadness. And that's why it's surely not joking all the time. But when that's humour, you play humour. And when it really is humour then it really is funny; it's not contrived. You just got to that point where that's how it felt. So that is what I do, actually. That really is!

How do you approach playing the trombone now that you've absorbed all of the technical and mechanical kinds of instruction?

When I was young I got a good foundation and learned basic classical or traditional sound. What I do now, at least part of the time, is really just talk through the trombone. So at least some of the time it's hard to say, 'cause when you improvise your mind's in a certain space that's not exactly like the space it's in when you converse. So it's hard to describe. But at least some of the time I just think about talking through trombone. In other words, I'm not thinking about notes or anything to do with what my lips are doing. I'm just going for sound; it's like well just put the trombone on there any old way.

The reason I can do that is because my muscles have been doing it for years. So they know a lot of stuff themselves and can handle that. Then some of the time you think very clearly about what note or what pitch you hear. But there's a sense in which you just talk. And it's sort of like you learn all of that technical stuff in order to forget in a certain way. So that when you go to play you don't think about it at all. You're free just to use the trombone like your arm, your voice and not like a piece of metal that moves this way and requires pressure or whatever.

Will you talk about the lip control required to play the instrument?

Well trombone is totally about your mouth in that what vibrates to make any sound at all is actually your lip with the trombone. The actual mechanical motion of the instrument, like the slide, can only do the smallest amount of tone variation. It can move 7 semi-tones--that's half an octave--that's all you can get out of a slide. Everything else, including those 7 tones of course, has to be produced by your lip vibrating. So the lip is everything. It's not only what tone is it, what pitch is it, but also what is the tone of it. Like is it loud, soft, hard, dark, light, shrill. Whatever tone quality it has, as well as whatever pitch it has, all of this is produced by your lip in conjunction with your air. So the lip is really it on the trombone. So it's much like an athletic kind of conditioning to me to be able to play the instrument. You really have to have these lip muscles in shape.

So what kind of practicing did you do to develop that control?

Well I need to do a bunch of exercises. Basically anything you do will assist in maintaining that. If you just play you're okay. Anyway for me, at this point, if I just play I'm okay. But there's also a bunch of like exercises, which are just like sit-ups or anything else. These lip slur things where you just go ummm, ummm, ummm, ummm. Where you just run through the register of the horn in these different ways. And it's just exactly like any other muscular condition; you need to keep tightening it and loosening it, tightening it and loosening it in a controlled manner, at different speeds, without stress or pressure or violent yanking to just build up the strength and flexibility--it's that combination. It has to be very flexible; it has to be very strong. So there's like all these lip slurs that you do with trombone to just build it and maintain it. They're like daily things. You have to do this stuff all the time--it's really boring (laughter). It's one of the drags about the instrument, you know. I've been playing this thing for 28 years and there's no respite from that. The fact that you've been playing it all these years doesn't mean you really can stop. You still have to do this stuff on a day to day basis or you really feel the difference. You go to play and the stuff hurts, you know.

Trombone was your first instrument?

Yes.

And do you play the piano as well or is it primarily for composing?

Well I can't really play piano at all, so I just use it for composing. That's one thing I wish I could do better: really play piano. It would enormously help the composition thing. I'm a complete fumbler at the piano. But it's necessary, because you have to be able to hear the harmonic thing. So that's part of what I keep working on.

You continued your music education by performing?

Yeah. I graduated when I was 16 from high school and that really is the end of any formal musical training I had. So everything else has been shown to me by people of the bands I was in or I just picked it up from performing or something. So that's how I've learned most of what I know really.

Any special motivation behind the music video you did?

Well that's the day and age we're in--it's like a promotional device. It's not high art, it's just a promotional device.

I haven't seen it. Would you mind describing the video?

Well it's the vocal from the record (***What Because***), ***I'm A Lucky So And So.*** As videos go it's very straightforward, a light plot. It just has me in a club after closing singing this tune and sort of gradually waking up various members of the band who have gone to sleep in various interesting poses in the club. There's a waiter and a waitress, some chairs on tables. That's it.

So what's the feedback on it. Have any stations played it?

I don't know. We really just finished it and sent it out to Mesa / Bluemoon in LA who does the distribution. I talked to them yesterday actually; they're just now getting a batch of copies of it back and then they'll be sending them out. I'm not exactly sure who's received it or who hasn't. I know they did send it to Vancouver where we're playing in the Vancouver Jazz festival; they're using it up there to advertise the festival as well as my gig in the festival. So it's a useful thing in that sense.

Promoters get this little thing that's all set for tv; they just plug it into whatever local stations they have access to, to plug the gig. It's great because the rock world turns on these videos, so it's appropriate to do that also with some jazz.

Was there ever a time when you were discouraged with music, while growing up?

No. There was a time when I graduated from high school when I didn't even have any idea of what to do with myself. There was a time like that.

I had applied to college, gotten accepted, and I knew that I didn't want to go to college. My parents were enlightened enough to be able to say well you're cool so don't go to college for a year. I was still young enough fortunately that I would not immediately get drafted into the army (cause this was the time of Vietnam and I definitely didn't want to go to Vietnam. In

fact, I was a real anti-war demonstrator and a conscientious objector. But I was young enough to have a year where I would not deal with that. So I went to Europe. My folks had some contacts there. And I kind of bummed around Europe and didn't take a trombone with me or anything. I just had like a knapsack. And that's when I really found out it was impossible for me not to play music.

What happened in Europe is that I just played music. So there was a lot of itinerant people travelling around Europe (1969, 70). I had a small I think it was C-soprano saxophone, and after a while I had one-half of a tabla drum set; I had the big drum of the tabla. So I was like gradually acquiring instruments. And I would just show up and find the guitar player--there was always a guitar player--and we would jam. So that's when it really became clear that it was impossible for me to not play music.

When I came back about a year later I was really determined to just keep playing music; that's all I really wanted to do. So I went right back to the trombone, since I really already knew how to play the trombone.

Do you see yourself expanding the size of the band you're writing for?

Actually I want to do a big band. I've got that in my mind. And I can hear it in my ear and have been able to for some time. So it's an enormous challenge for me to write big band arrangements, since in a way I don't really have the skills. I never really went to school, I don't have the jazz arranging chops, and I can't play things really fluidly on the piano. So that's a really good challenge for me. That's coming for sure.

So far I have one chart. But I'm very interested in different size groups and different possibilities like that.

So how many more charts do you have to write?

Five. If we have six of them that's a sure enough concert. I mean that's an album. That's a beginning, you know.

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CANADIAN NOTES

Despite a major economic downturn the **Canadian jazz scene** appears to be weathering the storm, even though it has meant severe belt tightening in many areas.

The **arts**, in general, are feeling the effects of declining funding from both governments and corporations, and this has dramatically affected the money available for the performers who actually create the product enjoyed by the audience. For more than two decades arts bureaucracies have paralleled the explosive growth found in government departments. Now, when organizational trimming is essential, this is sometimes the last thing to occur.

This column is being prepared while the annual summer festival circuit is in full swing. It is the one time of the year when Canadians can be reasonably assured that they will be over-exposed to the multiplicity of styles which make up the current jazz scene. These festivals represent, for many musicians, the major portion of their annual income. While it's true that in Western Canada the grass roots jazz societies (grouped together as **WestCan Jazz**) have created an on-going annual program for the music the rest of the country is more susceptible to the ebb and flow of free market demands.

Hopefully the newly formed **Toronto Downtown Jazz Society**, for one, will become a regular presenter of jazz throughout the year once they have become better established. It seems one of the weaknesses of the Montreal experience is that their enormously successful festival (with a budget way in excess of any other thanks, in part, to its CBC connection) does little to invigorate the local scene on a regular basis.

A future issue of **CODA** will be carrying reports of much of this summer activity so these observations on the just completed Toronto event are little more than a preview of what took place this summer.

The fifth edition of DuMaurier Ltd's **Downtown Jazz Festival** was finally freed from its albatross. Now run directly by the individuals who had always carried the weight (but without real authority), **Jim Galloway** and **Pat Taylor** produced an event which finally generated the kind of community enthusiasm and civic commitment it seemed unlikely ever to find before with the opening up of Nathan Philips Square (at City Hall) to the music. In turn the media treated the event seriously and the audiences were large and enthusiastic.

130 out of the 180 groups who performed were Canadian and many of these were heard at the various "free" locations. Bringing the music directly to the public with minimum cost is a sure fire way to please an audience but even those clubs presenting "name" attractions seemed to be well supported. There was a remarkable variety of music styles: every era of the music was represented in one way or another.

The music's roots were showcased at Harbourfront with its two day annual Traditional Jazzfest. At the same location were nightly concerts with some of the musicians from the cutting edge of the scene while the city's mainstream jazz artists had two days to demonstrate their skills at yet another Harbourfront venue.

KENNY WHEELER (Photograph by Peter Danson)

Berzy Park was "home" for musicians who record for **Unity Records**. The label now has 23 recordings, all performed by an impressive roster of Canadian musicians who are rapidly forging an international presence with their highly personal version of post-Coltrane mainstream jazz. **John MacLeod, Mike Murley, Bernie Senensky, Kieran Overs, Barry Romberg** and **Barry Elmes** are some of the names who were frequently heard.

At Nathan Philips Square there was a broader spectrum of the music on show, and the greater visibility of the venue was an important vehicle for the promotion of both the music and the event. In the case of **The Harper Brothers, The Doky Brothers / John Abercrombie, Hemispheres, Dirty Dozen Brass Band** and **Margie Evans** their only festival performance was at Nathan Philips Square.

I was particularly impressed with **Kirk McDonald's** tenor saxophone at Berzy Park, **Lew Tabackin's** powerhouse stylings at the Montreal Bistro and **P.J. Perry's** alto and soprano at George's. **Nat Adderley's** Quintet lit up the hearts of the funk-bop set with re-workings of the music which made Cannonball's music so special. Young altoist **Vincent Herring** worked particularly hard throughout the set. At the Bermuda Onion **Jane Ira Bloom's** more aesthetic soprano was blended together with the forthright lyrician of trumpeter **Kenny Wheeler** while bassist Anthony Cox and drummer Jerry Grannelli completed a musically cohesive quintet. Another highlight was the fascinating mix of songs and intense swing of **Dave McKenna** at the Montreal bistro. At Harbourfront, **Johnny Varro's** piano solos were crisp yet swinging statements while the subtleties of **Bobby Gordon's** clarinet solos always caught the ear. And after many years it is still a pleasure to hear the taste and rhythmic pulse of **Jackie Williams**, the best of those who inherited the wisdom of Jo Jones' conception. His solo

routine, in particular, is a direct continuation of that man's tradition.

It's been hard to pull people away from their TV sets and video recorders this year. The Bermuda Onion did spectacularly well with its one week collaboration with the **Oscar Peterson** Quartet (Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, Jeff Hamilton) in June where people shelled out up to $100.00 a set to enjoy the performance of one of the few superstars in jazz. The new, young, jazz audience jammed the same club for four nights of performances by **Courtney Pine**. It's proof of the way the entertainment industry has taken over the promotion and packaging of what is now described as "jazz" music. Without the hype there is little response.

The Senator was equally full for solo performances by **Marcus Roberts**. He's riding the crest of the hype attached to his recording of music by Morton, Monk and Ellington. His readings of this material are stiff and unyielding while his interpretations of popular songs (which fill out most of the program) are still rudimentary. Most convincing is his performance of his own compositions. His audience listened dutifully but with little real enthusiasm. At least he had an audience which is more than you could say for such performers as **John Bunch** and **Jerry Wiggins**, both of whom have the experience and the imagination to create varied and distinctive interpretations of the material they perform. While the best musicians have become increasingly sophisticated in their conception of the music, much of the audience isn't even interested in listening to the music. It is sufficient for them to be present. Perhaps the barrage of music which confronts us wherever we go has created a world in which all music is only ambient noise.

True listening spaces are to be treasured. Which is but one of the reasons for anyone within reach of Hamilton to get on the mailing list of **Jazz at St. C's** (314 Wilson St. East, Ancaster, Ontario L9G 2B9). This concert series, started early in 1990 with a performance by pianist **Bill Mays**, is an excellent showcase for the music. The room only holds 125 people, is acoustically perfect and the availability of an excellent Yamaha piano is the final link in the formula which has led to some extraordinary performances. In April **Red Mitchell** and **Don Thompson** performed there together in a series of spontaneously created duets where both utilized their considerable skills on both piano and bass. Their empathy and superb musicianship was something to behold and the music they created was exquisite.

A month later Bill Mays returned with bassist **Ray Drummond**. Since working together at Bradleys over a year ago, these two musicians have developed a unique relationship. The magic of jazz is often created entirely by the ability of musicians to interact together in such a way that the sum of the parts becomes greater than the individual statements. That philosophy was always inherent in the ensemble performances of classic New Orleans jazz and it is also to be heard in the two-way conversations created by Mays and Drummond. Their partnership is the most musically satisfying in this genre since the collaborations between Bill Evans and Scott LaFaro in the late 1950s. But the music created by Mays / Drummond has an entirely different viewpoint to that of Evans / LaFaro. While some of the tunes they perform regularly has a predetermined framework there is so much spontaneity to what they do that it can only mean that each night's music is different. Their concert at St. C's followed a week of performances at the Montreal Bistro.

What wasn't surprising for Bill Mays' fans was that his collaborations the following week at the club with guitarist Ed Bickert were equally innovative. Mays has the capabilities to take his partners beyond the edge of their expected musical limits. It's a special experience.

The Jazz Party is an established vehicle for the presentation of jazz to the older generations in the U.S. It has also been tried sparingly in Europe and this April Gord Fancy had his second such event in Toronto at the Radisson Hotel. Basically, the idea is to hire a group of compatible musicians for a weekend, shuffle the combinations over many sets and let the audience experience this smorgasbord of music. These events are usually financed by the initiators out of their own pocketbook and only a few break even. The music usually reflects the taste of the person making the presentation.

A casual glance through the lineup selected for this year's party would have given the impression that this was a retrogressive salute to the glories of the music's past. There were veteran survivors, it is true, such as **Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart** and **Doc Cheatham**. West Coast pianists **Ray Sherman** and **Dick Cary** also fall into that category even though they rarely if ever perform in Toronto. There were also representatives of the new generations who are establishing reputations in that same area of music such as **Harry Allen, Ken Peplowski, Dan Barrett** and **Peter Eklund**. Certainly not household names. The Canadian contingent was spearheaded by **Fraser MacPherson**, Jim Galloway, **Ian Bargh**, Don Thompson and **Archie Alleyne** while Gene Bertonici and Red Mitchell might have seemed somewhat unusual choices.

Those people (and there were many) who didn't make the event missed out on a highly successful **musical** weekend. The camaraderie of the musicians and their mutual agreement on the direction necessary to make the music swing raised the level of the performances out of the ordinary. The larger, freewheeling ensembles were well balanced with solo spots for the pianists and individual performers. While all the music was special the one combination which seemed to reach even beyond that level was the brief set played by Fraser MacPherson, **Gene Bertonici** and Don Thompson.

Four hours of the first night's concert were broadcast coast to coast by the CBC. It captured the excitement of the evening and included a remarkable solo by Doc Cheatham, the event's oldest competitor.

Other Toronto Notes: Black Artists in Action presented the premiere performance of the **Evolution of Jazz** at Harbourfront during the jazz festival. The event was conceived and written by Archie Alleyne who was a performer along with Doug Richardson, Joe Sealy, Quammie Williams and Memo Acevedo. . . The **Artie Shaw Orchestra** under Dick Johnson's direction gave a tea dance for festival audiences poolside at Roy Thompson Hall

on June 25. . . The Goethe Institute presented the **Cologne Saxophone Mafia** at the Royal Ontario Museum June 23. The group then moved on to Boston for a performance at MIT on June 25. . . Drummer **Norman Villeneuve**, a veteran of the Canadian scene, has put together a powerhouse sextet of young musicians who are impressing listeners with the intensity and energy of their music. Villeneuve will also be heard with Oliver Jones at the Montreal Bistro the week of September 3. . . The Beaches Summer Jazz Festival took place July 27-28. . . In mid-March Cafe des Copains closed its doors but the music didn't disappear. The new location is **The Montreal Bistro** which is at the corner of Adelaide and Sherbourne. It's policy continues to focus on pianists but there will be fewer solo performers than in the past and the occasional horn player and drummer will also be heard. The August program advertised in the last issue of **CODA** was postponed for a variety of technical reasons. **Sir Charles Thompson** filled in for the first two weeks of the month. . . The Gallery Bistro presented guitarist **James Pett** in a series of Friday performances in the spring. . . Paul Read has been appointed director of the new Jazz Performance Degree Program at the University of Toronto. The four year program is an outgrowth of the pioneering work of Phil Nimmons, who has been director of the U of T Jazz Ensembles for more than a decade. The University of Toronto's School of Continuing Studies is now offering, for the 22nd year, **CODA** Publisher John Norris' twenty week course on the Evolution of Jazz, a program designed specifically for listeners wishing to expand and focus their understanding of the music's growth. . . The **Eugene Amaro** Quartet and the Jim Galloway Group were showcased in separate concerts at St. Andrew's United Church in Markham in April and June. . . The **Don Simmons** Trio were at RickiJo's in Barrie on April 28. . . Doc Cheatham performed with the Jim Dapogny Trio at Windsor's Art Gallery April 28. Upcoming at the same venue September 29 is a concert showcasing The Parkwood Records All Stars with Marcus Belgrave, George Benson, Earl Van Ripper, Dave Young and Barry Elmes.

Jazz Alternatives was a summer series of concerts at Etats Sonique on July 2/4 showcasing Montreal area performers not part of the larger Festival scene. The series was conceived and directed by bassist **Lisle Ellis**, whose imaginative winter / spring series offered a broad spectrum of contemporary music. A new winter season begins in October.

The **Ottawa Jazz Festival** must be the biggest bargain for fans anywhere. One $5.00 button got people into every event. Headlining artists this year included **Kenny Burrell**, Lionel Hampton, Mike Nock, Dick Griffin, **Renée Rosnes**, Dakota Staton and the Jeannie and Jimmy Cheatham Sweet Baby Blues Band.

Oscar Peterson is the new chancelor of York University. Singer / guitarist **Jackie Washington** was presented with an Ontario Folk Arts Recognition Fellowship by the Ontario Arts Council in June. . . **Jodie Drake** was the 1991 "Blues With A Feeling" award winner from the Toronto Blues Society. . .Alberta's Stony Plain Records celebrated 15 years of activity in the folk / blues world. They have also issued a limited amount of jazz recordings.

Summer record (CD) releases from Justin Time Records are **Oliver Jones'** tenth recording for the company, **A Class Act**, a trio date with Steve Wallace and Ed Thigpen; **Mirage** featuring vocalist **Jeri Brown** with pianist Fred Hersch and bassist Daniel Lessard; and ***Live in Montreal*** by **Creatures of Habit**, the Vancouver quintet who were the 1990 Alcan competition winners. Justin Time has also manufactured Enja recordings by Dizzy Gillespie, Chet Baker and Ray Anderson. . . Word of Mouth launched new CDs by **Corry Sobol** and the John Sobol Poetry Band at Clinton's on May 20. . . New from Victo are ***Songs In The Wind*** by **Roscoe Mitchell** and **Slawterhaus Live** with Jon Rose, Peter Hollinger, Johannes Bauer and Dietmar Diesner. . . Just out on Sackville is a new recording by the **Del Dako** Quintet, a reissue of Archie Shepp's ***I Know About The Life*** and a solo CD by pianist Keith Ingham. . . The CBC has backed away from the release of jazz recordings and will concentrate all its efforts on classical music. It will no longer distribute the 20 recordings which were in its catalog. . . Denon Canada has picked up for release in Canada **Jane Bunnett's** duet recording with Don Pullen and the quintet recording from Sweet Basil. . . ***Djangoesque*** is the title of the new self-produced cassette by **The Oglivie Brothers**. The Vancouver recording also includes guitarists Michael Dunn and Mike Cox as well as drummer Duncan Scott.

The Canadian jazz community lost B.T. Lundy on March 15, Ivan Symonds on March 16 and Terry Forster on April 3. Saxophonist Nick Ayoub died in Montreal on May 2.

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

Of the major figures who have shaped the history of jazz, Charles Mingus has left a lasting imprint on the music. In fact, it would be hard to find another jazzman who had immersed himself so completely in all facets. All rolled into one complex personality, he was a master instrumentalist, an often ambitious composer-arranger, a headstrong leader, an outspoken social activist and a committed record producer.

Of these many hats he wore, the last one has been somewhat overlooked over the years. In the early 50s, the brash bassist had decided to launch his own label, Debut Records. Dissatisfied by the lack of interest and general commercial aspirations of the established labels, he struck out on his own, vowing to produce the music he wanted and with the people of his choosing. Before him, other jazzmen had tried (Al Hall's **Wax Records**, Mezz Mezzrow's **King Jazz**, even Gillespie's partly owned **Dee Gee**), yet all of these attempts were short lived. But, thanks to Mingus's indomitable character, Debut managed to survive for close to five years. Investing his own money with that of his wife, Celia, and fellow musician Max Roach, Mingus kept the ship afloat right up to 1956-7, eventually selling his catalogue to Fantasy Records, whose sales manager, Saul Zaentz, was eventually to marry Celia.

To document this important chapter of the bassist's career, Fantasy Records has just released ***The Complete Debut Recordings of Charles Mingus***. An impressive package to say the least, it consists of 12 compact discs totalling over 14 hours of music. For statistical purposes, there are 169 tracks with 64 unissued cuts, 20 of which are new titles (the rest being alternate takes), all of this culled from 21 different recording sessions. Added to this set is a 40 page booklet (in lp size for the American edition, the European one being reduced to the much smaller CD size) that contains the complete musical program set in chronological order, a cross-reference alphabetical title list, a discographical table detailing the release numbers of every cut. Moreover, there is an introductory essay by Ira Gitler with capsule notes on each of the sessions, all of this graced by numerous black and white photos as well as a two page colour spread of 17 of the originally released album jackets.

As per the title of this package, it contains all of Mingus's recorded output for his own label, both as a sideman and leader. Excluded therefore are the sessions where he did not play (e.g. the **Kenny Dorham Quintet** and the **Max Roach Quartet**) as well as particular cuts on other albums (like *Tamalpais* on **The New Oscar Pettiford Sextet**). Yet, there are five pieces included here where Mingus may not be the bassist, at least conjecturally.

For the label's initial release, Mingus actually used a tape recorded one year earlier, in April of 1951. Entitled *Strings and Keys*, this duet date done in Los Angeles paired the basisst with one Spaulding Givens, a.k.a. Nadi Qamar. Not yet 30, Mingus's woody and resonant sound is already identifiable and many of his phrasing trademarks are also discernable. The pianist, for his part, sounds alternately like George Shearing in his chordal approach or Lenni Tristano in his single note lines. Almost two years later, both musicians laid down three more tunes (with alternates for each), this time with Max Roach. These trio performances appear here for the first time.

In between these two dates, Mingus had been frequenting the now prominent Tristano clan. For the first slated session produced specifically for the label, Mingus recruited Lee Konitz, Al Levitt and the now forgotten pianist Phyllis Pinkerton, a date apparently recorded by Tristano himself. Two tracks in particular clearly show the more "experimental" side of his music. Pieces like *Extrasensory Perception* and *Precognition* are attempts by the leader at writing intricate polyphonic lines, at times muddied by the cello part assigned to George Koutzen, a member at the NBC Symphony. Moreover, there are three vocal numbers featuring Jackie Paris and Bob Benton, two rather jaded period pieces. Paris was to return once more later that year for two more numbers, this time in an ensemble

CHARLES MINGUS (Photograph by Bob Parent)

COMPLETE DEBUT RECORDINGS OF CHARLES MINGUS

with pinaist John Mehegan and some of his Juilliard colleagues. From that same date comes an instrumental number, Montage, which, according to discogrpher Uwe Weiler, was done on this occasion rather than on the previous Tristano date, as it has been generally assumed.

After its modest beginnings, Debut was about to make its breakthrough, 1953 being the real banner year of its existence. In late April, singer Honi Gordon recorded four numbers, two of which with backup vocals by two of her brothers and her father. Quaint at best, these pieces did not go beyond their initial release, save for Bebopper, which resurfaced on the label's sampler package, ***Autobiography In Jazz.***

Just a couple of weeks later, Mingus was taking part in the label's first live recording, one which would turn out to be of historical importance. On May 15, he was on the stage for the now legendary ***Jazz at Massey Hall*** concert, an event fraught with conflicting stories. Recently, much added insight with respect to the goings-on of that evening has been provided by Mark Miller in his monography, ***Cool Blues*** (Nightwood Editions). Included in this Debut package are the trio sides plus the six quintet numbers, heard in two versions, as released with Mingus's bass overdubs and as recorded. Indeed, the volume of the bass is lower on the master tape, though it is not inaudible as he had always claimed. Never one to be cheated when it came to be heard on record (as is the case elsewhere in this package) it is no surprise that the sound levels of the master recording were not up to his expectations. Added to these pieces are Roach's solo spot *Drum Conversation* and *Bassically Yours*, the former on the sampler package, the latter on the original release (D-LP 3). This last piece is offered here in four takes, all done subsequently in the studio with Billy Taylor comping and an unknown drummer plodding a steady pulse behind. In his book, Miller speculates that this pieces may have been performed at the concert, but this claim remains unconfirmed.

One last intriguing fact has recently come to light: In the recently issued Bud Powell box set (***Pure Genius Always***), there are two pieces claimed to be from that concert (*Woody and You* and a truncated version of *Salt Peanuts*), which are played by the trio with Gillespie as lone soloist. Neither Miller's research nor Gitler's notes indicate the existence of these titles.

In any event, Mingus must have been buoyed by that momentous evening, because his next project for the label was to be another live date, this one featuring the trombone foursome of J.J.Johnson, Kai Winding, Benny Green and Willy Dennis. With Mingus, John Lewis and Art Taylor as the acting backup trio, this session at the Putnam Club is for all intents and purposes a rather standard blowing date whose main distinction is its unusual front line, one that was to launch the soon to be popular J.J. and Kai team of the late 50s. Issued as two 10 inch discs, the material was later repackaged in the larger lp format. More recently though, eight of the ten tracks have now been re-released on a **Prestige CD (P-24097 *Four Trombones*)**, a discographical omission in the booklet's release table.

Later that fall, Mingus was back in the studio, this time in an orchestral setting that was to yield four short pieces. Somewhat akin stylistically to the Tristano date of the previous year, the music here is much darker and brooding in tone. Originally slated for a Prestige release, the project never materialized, but was still issued on a 7 inch Debut disc entitled ***Charles Mingus Octet.*** Three of the pieces wre composed a decade earlier by the bassist, rearranged here by Spaulding Givens who added his own Blue Tide, first heard on the ***Strings and Keys*** disc. Also present on that occasion was Paul Bley, who apparently conducted the ensemble.

The presence of this Montreal native may not be that surprising, since he had arrived in New York to pursue studies at Juilliard, both in piano and conducting. Only a month after this orchestral date, Bley was to be the next new artist featured on the label's budding roster. Only weeks after his 21st birthday, he was to lead a trio with no less than Mingus and Art Blakey as sidemen. Pretty much a bopper in those days, he shows a light and deft touch on the six originally issued tracks, a seventh one appearing on the label's sampler and three new finds here *Zootcase, This Time the Dream's On Me*, and the then relatively new line *The Theme*. Also to be noted is the correction of the title *Teapot*, which most people know now as Richard Carpenter's main claim to jazz fame, *Walkin'*.

Only a fortnight later, one-time tenor man cum record exec. Teo Macero lead his own session with Mingus and Teddy Charles, but the six pieces were on a temporary lease to the label and are not included here. At this time, though, they are currently available on **Stash St-CD 527**.

To end the year, the bassist squeezed in one more set, that one being under the leadership of a distinguished colleague of his, Oscar Pettiford. Entitled ***The New Oscar Pettiford Sextet,*** it comprises four jaunty numbers penned by O.P. himself, who showcases here his pizzicato cello playing. Four more cuts appeared on the 12 inch lp, one being the aforementioned Tamalpais, the remaining three from a Scandinavian session, all of which are excluded here. Worth noting here is the unusual front line of cello, French horn (Julius Watkins) and tenor (Phil Urso) on the American date.

As intense as 1953 had been in terms of Mingus' active involvement on Debut, the next year was much less busy for him. In fact, he only participated in one recording, as a sideman for Thad Jones's first date as a leader. Even though Frank Wess shares the front line on tenor and flute, the trumpeter is the headliner here, which is clearly Mingus's wish, since he had lavished high praise on the Detroit native, whom he touted more highly than Clifford Brown.

While recording elsewhere during that year, for Savoy in particular, Mingus was to resume his involvement in Debut in early 1955. Always on the lookout for new talent, he spotted pianist Hazel Scott, a gifted prodigy to whom he offered a no-gimmicks trio set. From that date, 9 tracks were done, 6 appearing on the original album (***Relaxed Piano Moods***) with two alternates and a new item (*Mountain Greenery*) being issued here as well. With Mingus and Roach in two, she shows as much unaffected lyricism in her ballads as a strong sense of swing in the up-tempo numbers, attacking the keyboard at times with much authority, not unlike the percussive lower register work that Eddie Costa was to excel in.

As the recording business was now fully gearing its production to the longer lasting 12 inch format, extra material was now being recorded to allow for this extended playing time. Such was the case for the Thad

Jones project, where five more tracks were laid down at another session, this time with the trumpeter as the sole horn player. From that same date, two days preceding Bird's death in fact, the trio of Mingus, Roach and John Dennis recorded a set of its own. The album, entitled ***New Piano Expressions***, was a feature for the piano player, a Philadelphian whose career (regrettably) never took off. Undoubtedly one of the highlights of this anthology, this set presents a thoroughly modern pianist for his day: pieces like *Ensenda* retain their freshness within an interesting latin-groove on the head, while his version of *Cherokee* is played at a blinding speed, rivalling Powell or Tatum in rapid-fire articulation. A newly unearthed item, *All the Things*, is played with a Bachian turn of phrase, preceding Jacques Loussier's much more mannered Bach-jazzisms by almost a decade.

By the summer, Mingus had given a break to a fellow artist of equal stature, Miles Davis, who was between recording contracts at the time and apparently "hurting for money". Introspective and lyrical for the most part, the album (***Blue Moods***) was a pianoless quintet with Teddy Charles and Britt Woodman supplying harmonic and melodic counterpoint to the trumpeter. Also worth noting, Elvin Jones appears here on drums, what most likely was his first recording dates.

Of all the material found in this anthology, the most ill-fated one has to be the orchestral sides showcasing the arrangements of one Alonzo Levister. Sappy charts for strings and horns smother two vocal renditions by Don Senay, a maudlin baritone better suited for a Broadway musical. As Celia best put it: Senay "was with the wrong company: we had the wrong song (*Fanny*), for all the wrong reasons." To this, she also contends that Mingus himself may not have even participated on this date, which also produced an added instrumental (*Portrait*) to which an overdubbed trumpet part by Thad Jones was added on a week later.

Of all the material gathered here, the real centrepiece is the last live date done for the label, that being the Cafe Bohemia session. Though the name **Jazz Workshop** had graced the covers of the trombone date of 1953, this club appearance by this Mingus unit marked the real launch of this collective which the bassist spearheaded over the next dozen or so years. Six tracks of this date first came out on **DEB-123**, while another half dozen were subsequently issued on **Fantasy F-86009** ***The Charles Mingus Quintet + Max Roach***.

Mingus completists will surely be delighted to learn that eleven more cuts appear here for the first time, 9 of which are alternates, the remaining two being a piano solo by Waldron, *A Tribute To Bud Powell*, and an incomplete *What Is This Thing. . .*, the tape having run out.

In some cases, the alternates do not differ that much from the master takes, while others reveal the leader working out the music in different ways. Particularly interesting are the new takes of *Drums*, each one showing the leader shuffling parts around in various sequences. *Jump Monk* is also heard in a secondary take, this one clocking at 11'38" instead of 6'44". As Barrow and Waldron were the only soloists on the shorter version, the longer one allows Eddie Bert and Mingus to get their licks in too, making it a more compelling performance overall. Also remarkable is the sole take of *Percussion Discussion*, whose overdubbed piccolo bass line by Mingus is that much more unusual since it is applied to a live performance, a rarity even nowadays. Presented in the sequence of recording, these newly issued pieces also include the conversations in-between tunes, where Mingus instructs his musicians on their parts.

As was the case in 1954, Mingus's activity became more sporadic with the label in 1956. By then, collecting from distributors had become difficult and new sessions were not forthcoming. Instead, reissues of 10 inch discs in 12 inch format were brought out (the trombone session and the Thad Jones ones to name two). Mingus was only to take part in one last recording for his company, the long out-of-print Jimmy Knepper album of 1957. Never released in North America, this recoridng came out in Denmark only, a country where Mingus had secured a European outlet for his label. Shortly before the label went under, the tape was sent over and pressed into a small size 7 inch disc. A straight ahead bop date, it paired the trombonist with altoist Joe Maini, Bill Triglia on piano and Dannie Richmond, appearing here for the first and only time on Mingus's label. Four tunes were chosen for release, one heard here in three alternate takes, and one more for another cut.

Much more significant as a find are a number of previously unreleased tracks from the Fall of the same year. This presents one of the bassist's best known units, the one with Clarence Shaw, Shafi Hadi as well as Pepper Adams and pianists Wade Legge or Wynton Kelly depending on the tracks. Six pieces are played, five of them offered in two versions, the other one in three takes. By the sound of it, this seemed to have been conceived as a showcase for Hadi (on tenor throughout) as he is the first soloist on every cut and has contributed three originals, the rest being staples of the jazz standard repertoire (*Stella by Starlight, Autumn in New York* and *Long Ago and Far Away*). A real ear-opener is the *Untitled Original Composition* by Hadi, a piece with an intricate mid-Eastern polyrhythmic groove with effective solos in both takes by the horns. On the last piece (*Joldi*), there seems to be evidence indicating that Mingus is not the bassist, at least according to Gitler's assumption based on some studio conversations (not heard here).

Finally, there is one last cut from an unidentified and undated session containing unused portions of Mingus's score for the Cassavetes film, ***Shadows***. In it, there is more exotica with whistles, yells, hollers, percussion effects and (in Gitler's words) some "bogus Africaneese".

After all is heard and done, what is there left to say? For starters, there is no denying that this compendium is as exhaustive in content as exhausting as a listening experience. But, Mingus never intended his music to be easy, and it is the very scope of his expression that shines through in this anthology. Eleven years after his death, it is interesting to note how the release of this set coincided with the issue of his magnum opus, ***Epitaph***, premiered only a year earlier in its full length version.

As many other jazz masters have now been appropriately acknowledged for their own recorded output, it is heartening to have Mingus's work documented in such a lavish fashion. More than anything else, this set illustrates one man's work with all of its warts, shortcomings and moments of brilliance too. And that alone makes the listening worthwhile.

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN NOTES

Sonny Rollins
May 31, 1991
Center Stage Theater
Atlanta, Georgia

Betty Carter
May 5, 1991
YMI Cultural Center
Asheville, N. Carolina

In May, the Southeast received visits from two of our very greatest bop-descended improvisers, when Sonny Rollins and his group (Clifton Anderson, trombone; Mark Soskin, piano; Russell Blake, bass guitar; and Al Foster, drums) opened the Atlanta Jazz Festival while Betty Carter and her trio (Peter Martin, piano; Dwayne Burrow, bass and Gregory Hutcherson, drums) played the renascent YMI Cultural Center, which has served the almost forgotten black community of the southern Appalachians (a region justly famed for its own music, but which scarcely figures in the history of jazz) since 1893. Since I reviewed a Carter performance for **CODA** last year, I will confine myself to some parallels between her work and Rollins' plus one extra-musical note.

Apart from her tremendous artistic contribution, one notable thing about Betty Carter is that wherever she performs she draws a higher percentage of black audience than most of her peers. I do not profess to know the secret of this, but she may know something relevant to the survival of jazz. Asheville was no exception, and this must have been gratifying to the YMI.

Both Carter and Rollins first became known in the years just after the first revolutionary impact of bop, and both were intimates of the first wave of innovators, but the parallels go beyond historic coincidence. Both draw much of their repertoire from pop "standards", often unlikely ones. Both, at this stage in their careers, remind one more of Monk than of Bird: there is much to study, but little which could profitably be imitated. Onstage, both blend aural improvisation with what can best be called spontaneous choreography. But perhaps the most significant parallel is that both enjoy absolute freedom of phrasing. That either can, and will, begin or end a phrase **anywhere** lends irrefutable authority to even their most eccentric utterances.

At this point in his career, Rollins, though justly noted for developing long melodic lines, seems to be most concerned with phrasing and rhythms. (I found it instructive to watch him listening to Foster's solos.) Those who find the West Indian numbers which grace every Rollins set less interesting than those with North American origins are, I think, guilty of a preconceived attitude. *Duke of Iron* and *Don't Stop the Carnival*, his choices for this night, were not "rhythm exploitation" numbers and had nothing to do with some of the roots-conscious bows to the tradition we hear from some players. There are many ways to build a solo, and Rollins has happily found a way which recalls his early ruminative way of worrying a phrase with some very fundamental black music values. In other words, for me, intellectual and emotional interest find a happy balance in everything he plays.

Bassist Blake brought the art / entertainment question more sharply into focus with a certain amount of mugging and at least one banal quote. Still, his solos, which often employed strumming, were engaging, especially on the West Indian tunes.

As compared to the group which played Atlanta two years ago (with Anderson and Soskin), this is much more of a **band**. I should say not just "band", but "jazz band": it was gratifying to see fresh riffs being set and routings altered in spontaneous fashion. While Anderson is a most appealing Curtis Fuller-like trombonist and Soskin clearly benefits from years of experience with Rollins, it seems likely that Foster deserves much of the credit for the improvement.

One of the high points of the concert was a set of Rollins-Foster 4's (preceding the solos!) on *Tenor Madness*. It seemed that Rollins' contribution, while perfectly meshed with Foster's, and with the tune's structure, would have stood on its own as a melodic improvisation, with the drum breaks edited out.

Then there was *Long Ago and Far Away*. I can't find exaggeration in stating that it was the greatest saxophone solo I have ever heard live. In retrospect, I hear it as an "up-tempo ballad", with repeated and somehow always fresh reference to the title line.

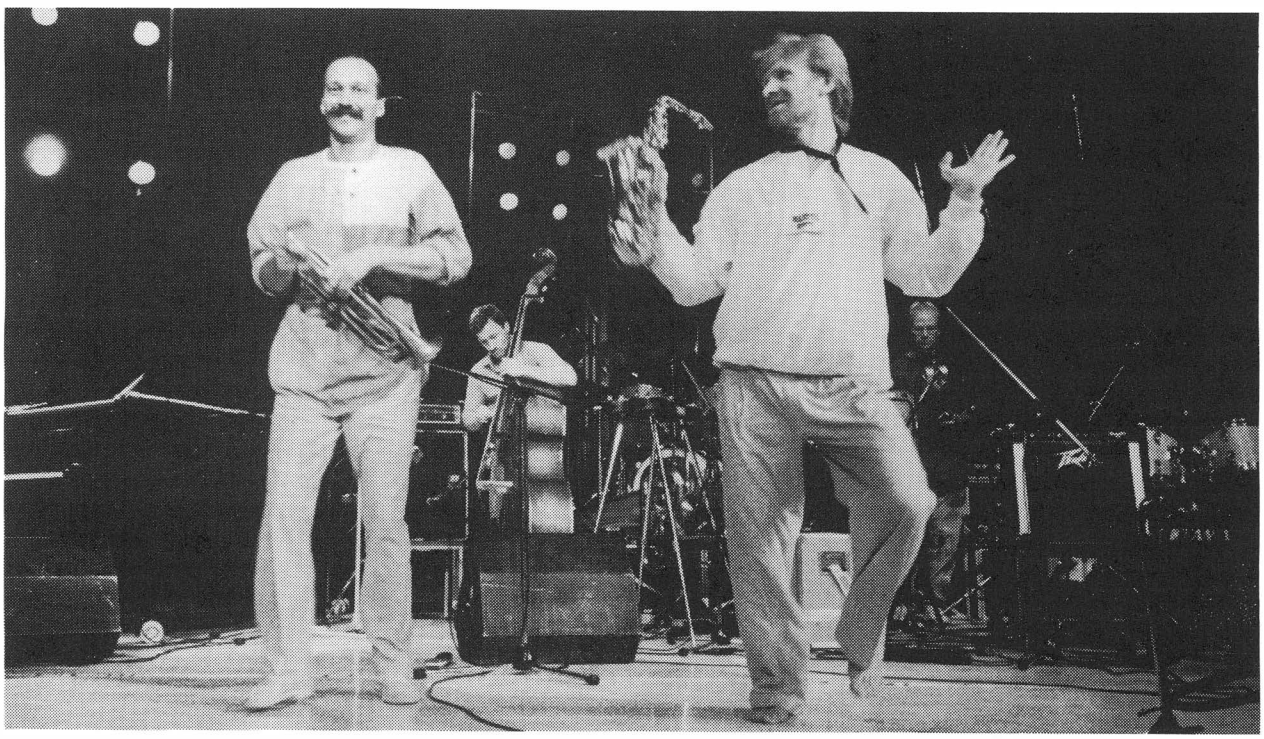
It diminishes no one's individuality to say that friendly ghosts hover over the music. This night I repeatedly thought of Rahsaan Roland Kirk, first in terms of the programming of the sets and the successful effort to link the most basic aspects of the tenor tradition with highly adventurous playing. On *Long Ago*, the muttered runs between the more legato phrases were reminiscent of Rahsaan, and then Rollins ended his solo with a single harmonic which sounded uncannily like one of Kirk's tenor / manzello chords.

I was first attracted to Roland Kirk in part because at a time when everyone else was trying to sound like Coltrane, he demonstrated clear Rollins roots. As with Coltrane and Dexter Gordon, it is gratifying to hear a reciprocal relationship, even though the junior partner is no longer with us.

One of Rahsaan's unrecorded titles, and a favourite descriptive phrase, was *Inside the Outside*, and it implies a whole artistic value system. What Sonny Rollins and Betty Carter are doing at this time is moving outside, extending the possibilities of improvisational music by reexamining such inside matters as the phrase and the beat. I am not aware of anyone, inside or outside, who is improvising more profoundly. - *Bill McLarney*

SONNY ROLLINS (Photograph by Nick Procaylo)

OPEN-MARKET IMPROVISING



Though Western jazz critics can needle musicians all they want in the assumption that a dialectic is healthy for everyone's growth, the idea of writing (even in the Western press) about Soviet jazz can make a critic reconsider his priorities. Suddenly, there's a national character to consider, of course, but there's also a danger in proceeding with what we consider plain old music criticism: it has a history of directly interfering with Soviet music. In the USSR, besides the stream of fanzines that have always been passed around jazz circles like samizdat literature (the only risks of the publishers now are financial ones), aesthetic jazz criticism is a very recent phenomenon. Much else is recent, too. In fact, we must distinguish the political climate of the Soviet Union during the 1980s, when all the music in this box set was recorded, from the present: ***glasnost*** may have opened the door for freedom of expression, but during the past few years the door has been wrenched off the hinges. Not only are ***Pravda*** and ***Izvestia*** now covering concerts of previously banned experimental music in their pages, but they've gleefully taken up opposing aesthetic viewpoints, and the citizens are actually lining up at kiosks to read about it.

Up until a few years ago, the prevailing spirit in any sort of writing about the arts in the Soviet Union was in the form of directives. S. Frederick Starr's book, ***Red & Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union,*** tells us that in 1963, the most well-known music critic was Nikita Khruschev, who declared on March 7th: "All music and art are ideological," and that their "peaceful coexistence within the field of ideology is treason to Marxism-Leninism." (It wasn't only a problem of ideology: Khruschev is also reported to have called jazz "fat people's music," and complained that it gave him gas.) The freedom inherent in improvised jazz, as well as its open-market history of stylistic cross-references, have always posed a certain undeniable threat to the USSR's culture of ideology, and so the comings and goings of the most innovative musicians have been noted in the highest offices of the Kremlin. The Soviet government has always toyed with "officially" accepting jazz, and has only within the last couple of years stopped worrying about its negative influence. Sadly, the Kremlin's interference has always been rather successful. Most of the minor victories in the presentation or recording of jazz up to the mid-1980s were Pyrrhic, because the watchful cooperation of the Komsomol (Youth Communist Party) was the only way to legitimize jazz concerts to the point of not being literally subterranean.

But the latest news is cheering: suddenly, there's no code of behaviour for musicians and composers to follow, and though it contradicts the liner notes in ***Document*** (which are already two years old), it's safe to say that there is no longer an underground. At this moment (May, 1991) the Soviet architects' union, in conjunction with the New York-based Center for Soviet-American Musical Exchange, is sponsoring an experimental music festival which will make use of all sorts of outdoor and indoor sites in Moscow. In June, the International Association of Independent Composers will put on "Improfest 1," curated by a group of organizers in Germany, England and Leningrad. And in Soviet Azerbaijan, just north of Iran, the war-torn city of Baku is fast becoming a locus of improvisational activity, with a new arts centre bought and run by musicians. It will include its own jazz club.

Despite the wide popularity and material success of the bandleaders Eddie Rosner, Alexander Tsfasman, and Leonid Utesov in the first half of the century, the death of Stalin in 1953 was still a crucial moment in the history of Soviet jazz. According to Starr's book, the short ensuing period of disorganization and restructuring marked a turning point for the consciousness of Soviet

VLADIMIR TUROV & VLADIMIR REZITSKY (Photograph by A. Zabrin)

DOCUMENT: THE 80'S NEW MUSIC FROM RUSSIA (LEO)

jazz enthusiasts--it freed them sufficiently to discover the rule-breaking rhythms of bop, a dozen or so years after they exploded in America, which in turn was more than partly a musical reaction to the chaotic uncertainty of the war years. The history of the jazz musician in the Soviet Union is fascinating: his shifting allegiances and limitations have been so similar to those of our Western musicians, but his pursuance of what we might call a career in jazz (to our way of thinking, a way of life with its attendant investors, curators, and critics) so staggeringly different. Thanks to Leo Feigin, the Soviet emigré living in London who runs Leo records and is perhaps the most important East-West link for Soviet jazz, we can hear all the new advances of the most prominent Soviet musicians, and the musicians read every word of what we have to say about them. But how do they interpret it? I've heard grumblings that articles written on Soviet music for the American press are so altered by--who knows what? Translation, bad Xeroxing, word-of-mouth garbling?--that, by the time it gets to Moscow or Leningrad, a moderately praising review can turn into a chauvinist diatribe against the inferior jazz sensibilities of Soviet musicians. But whatever its evolution, a bad review has been an impediment for a musician to getting a gig, and as Leo Feigin would have you believe it, the history of his Soviet record releases is a history of bad reviews and gigs never gotten. In ***Russian Jazz: New Identity*** (Quartet Books, London, 1985), a collection of essays of which Feigin is the editor, Feigin contributes a chapter detailing the history of his struggles with the American media. No one seems to want to listen to Russian music, Feigin writes; most of the reviews of his Leo albums that appeared in Western magazines (with the noatable exception of this magazine) have been negative and harmfully misunderstanding of some key element, be it that "art is always above politics," or, conversely, that there is "a great deal of difference between playing free music in a free society and playing free jazz in a dictatorial regime." (Surely he understands that it's not easy in a free society, either: Has he talked recently to the owners of small dance companies or performance spaces in New York, who similarly fight tooth and nail every day to keep the presentation of good, untrendy art afloat?) Certainly, Feigin should feel at least a soupçon of arrogance about the value of Russian jazz, having risked jail sentences to import it and his livelihood to release it. But by imploring us to like it (in fact, ridiculing critics who have even *appeared* not to fully appreciate it) is he coming close to Stalinist jazz criticism?

No, it's just open-market rage. For a record producer who has issued nearly 100 recordings (about half of them Soviet) with good sound, wonderful graphic design sense and high historical value, Feigin has been unusually stung, most of all by the collapse of New York's New Music Distribution Service, which still owes him more than $20,000. This is the current tragedy of Soviet music. The trials of the repressed Soviet jazz musician, detailed in ***Document***'s liner notes and in the ***Russian Jazz*** book, were the tragedy of the eighties. A new era has begun. My Soviet contacts tell me that all it takes now to become an official member of the Union of Composers is a standard application, and that the presentation of live music can be as controversial as a composer deems necessary. There are still state-owned jazz clubs, but they don't confine themselves to ideologically safe acts, only popular ones. Jazz is still at best a clumsy business proposition, and a musician won't leave a gig at an "official" club with more than a dollar in his pocket, but the air of creativity is more encouraging than ever. If anyone still uses the term "underground," it only pertains to a musician who practises his art in independently-run clubs, and who (literally) doesn't earn a cent.

So, we have a ***Document*** not only of musicians being recorded in a certain time and in a certain area, but of Leo Feigin under siege. The opening salvo of the booklet enclosed in the eight-CD, nine-and-a-half-hour box set, "Notes of a Frustrated Record Producer," is as direct as can be: Feigin needs not only to make a critical dent with this all-or-nothing gambit, but to jump-start his business doing it. His "Open Letter to the Jazz Community", published in every major jazz magazine within the last year, declares that if you buy ***Document***, or any Leo release, you are not only supporting the legitimacy of Soviet jazz, but you're also keeping Feigin off the street. In it, Feigin writes: "The interest on the bank loan continues to accumulate with every month and the bank, which gave me the overdraft against the value of my flat, is ready take possession of the flat. Now, at 52 years of age, I am in danger of becoming homeless." Whew! Lucky for my conscience that ***Document*** is such a wonderful set of recordings.

In it, we are set firmly within the context of the avant-garde, and here the term doesn't need quotation marks. If the present Soviet jazz avant-garde isn't a war against bourgeois stuffiness (cf. the prototype European avant-garde), and is now much less a war against the brutal aesthetic restrictions of the state, it is still a field that lacks the dignity of payment, and appreciation on its own terms. There's no danger of a commercial co-optation of this art movement; it may be increasingly fashionable as free expression, but not as art. Even membership in the Union of Composers, which pays about one dollar a day, doesn't help these musicians earn a living. More significantly, the improvised music scene is really made up of musicians; a couple of writers, maybe, but no impresarios, no A&R men, no producers. The state-run record company, Melodiya, still exists, and because the pianist Vyacheslav Ganelin had long been an official member of the composer's union, the label could officially recognize the popular Ganelin Trio as early as 1973 by beginning to release their albums. But less popular musicians haven't been recorded by Melodiya, and they might well not want to be, because they'll have to compromise their music for the recording session, and nobody will hear the record outside of the Soviet Union. Without going into a discography, I'll emphasize that the best Ganelin trio recordings are only available on Leo Records (with the exception of ***Non Troppo***, on hat Art), and they best reflect the restless creativity which Soviet new music comes by so naturally.

To put the question of the recent political danger in a nutshell, there's a piece on disc 6 of **Document** performed by the saxophonist Vladimir Chekasin (of the now-defunct Ganelin Trio), the young turk pianist Sergey Kuryokhin, and the innovative rock guitarist Boris Grebenshchikov, called *Exercise*; it begins with all

three barking, in Russian, "FEAR!" Because of the political trouble all three musicians were involved in eight years ago, Leo Feigin couldn't even release this in England, deciding instead to release an alternate version of the improvisation that didn't include that loaded word. And when the British journalist Graham Lock asked Vyacheslav Ganelin in 1984 whether his music represented a "cry for freedom," Ganelin couldn't say yes if he had wanted to, for it would endanger the possibility of ever touring outside of the Soviet Union again.

The nervous, frantic *Exercise*, in its nineteen-minute, uncensored version on ***Document***, is a good starting point, because it introduces the listener to one of the primary colours of Soviet new music: irony. As Aleksandr Kan points out in his liner notes, the irony here is the mark of the roguish Chekasin, who seems to be the director of the improvisations in the piece. Chekasin's alto playing does reach some emotional, raspy crescendo over the repeated four-bar theme at the end of the piece, but for the most part his playing stays pointedly objective (as in the hyper-real, satiric objectivity of the Soviet writer Vassily Aksyonov in his jazz-influenced novel, ***The Burn***). When all three drop their instruments at the end, intoning monotones and imitating phase shifting with their mouths, it sounds as if they're mocking the seriousness with which Stockhausen did this in his ***Stimmung***, and they very well could be. In fact, the first three-quarters of the piece, with its amusing, semi-serious improvisations of guitar, percussion and piano, is probably another reference, in the form of a homage to the playful but structured experiments of the early AACM records, which seem to be extremely popular among many of the musicians featured on ***Document***.

Another primary element of the Soviet new music composer's vocabulary is folk song. It's natural that the re-exploration of folk culture would play an important role in Soviet improvising, since Stalinist cultural ideology declared all religiously-related culture vulgar in its irrelevance to class struggle. The best example of folk song incorporated into the new Soviet music is the first item in the box set, a half-hour composition called *Dearly Departed*, recorded by a nameless Leningrad quintet in 1985. As explained by Kan's notes (always extremely helpful in navigating this music), the music was originally intended as a threnody for friends and relatives of the musicians, but has since picked up extra significance with the early death of the young bass player in the group, Vladimir Arbuzov. With patched-together pieces of traditional hymns, sung in heart-rending spirit over challenging, subtle arrangements including accordion as well as more traditional jazz instruments, it's a small, earthy, courageous masterpiece. The singers really get inside the songs; though the music and words are unfamiliar to Western ears, the personal significance of the lyrics to the whole ensemble is unmistakeable.

Elsewhere in the box set, a duet recording with the saxophonist Anatoly Vapirov and the pianist Kuryokhin (the ***Document*** features Kuryokhin's playing in three different settings) is another project appropriating elements of folk culture. Vapirov, who came through the Leningrad conservatory and has since played in a variety of classical, straight jazz and avant-garde situations, is regarded with awe in his country as a kind of serious-minded rebel, as opposed to the other saxophone icon Chekasin, who is concerned with both buffoonery and expertise. Like Chekasin's, Vapirov's recordings reflect his image: ***Theracian Duos***, the Vapirov / Kuryokhin set, is a sober, suite-length adaptation of bulgarian folk music, and Vapirov's meditated, forceful lines recall the worshipful keening of middle-period Coltrane. It's grim, graceful music, and Kuryokhin sometimes confirms the Coltrane reference with dark, McCoy Tyner-sized block chords. At other points, Vapirov lays out entirely, letting Kuryokhin push around melodic figures to the brink of total abstraction, and then back to tightly locked, accessible duet passages. The level of cooperation between these two musicians is marvelous to behold, and if you can't hear them on ***Document***, you should find copies of the single-LP Leo releases ***Sentenced to Silence*** (LR 110), a duet album, or ***De Profundis***, a trio recording with Vapirov, Kuryokhin, and bassoonist Alexander Alexandrov (Leo LR 159). On the same ***Document*** disc, Vapirov and Kuryokhin also rate highly with two shorter homages to earlier jazz, *Benny Goodman Is Just Around The Corner* and *Duke Ellington in Bedouin Garb*. They're smart, funny, and light-hearted, a nice sorbet after the rich *Thracian Duos*.

ANATOLY VAPIROV & VLADIMIR CHEKASIN

Born in the Crimea in 1957, seven years after Vapirov, Sergei Kuryokhin has become the cynosure of the Leningrad improvising scene. He was a teenager when rock hit the Soviet Union, and everything he does, even his most abstract piano recordings, sounds imbued with the herky-jerky, flashy energy of rock. But then, so do some of Franz Liszt's études, and I may be unfairly preconditioned after having seen the BBC's 1985 Kuryokhin documentary (shown in America on PBS), which primarily shows the performances of Pop-Mechanics, Kuryokhin's experimental rock / jazz / industrial music band. Throughout, he appears not as a disciplined, classically trained pianist, conversant in every development of jazz and experimental music (which he is), but the quintessentially America-obsessed Soviet rock fan whose interests happen to overlap with those of the avant-garde. His bravura performances with Pop-Mechanics and Crazy Music Orchestra, a ten-piece free jazz group, have awakened the curiosity of the entire nation; the point was made several times during the BBC documentary that when there's a performance of anything new and unofficial, almost everyone wants to go see it. Observers of the scene have compared Kuryokhin's pioneering spirit and energetic refusal to compromise as the latest link in a long, illustrious Russian artistic tradition going back to Pushkin, but certainly not everyone from his country who knows of him considers him a national treasure. An old Russian woman I sat next to during a screening of the documentary in a New York public library humphed loudly as the credits rolled: "Thank God that's over! *Real* Russian music is so beautiful, but that was awful!" Though I doubt she's switched over to CDs, she might be more convinced of his solid musicianship by the two 1980 recordings in ***Document*** of Kuryokhin's first trio sessions with alto saxophonist Igor Burman and guitarist Alexander Pumpyan, well-balanced, restrained modernist improvisations in which each agile sketch and squiggle serves a purpose in the linear development of the pieces. For a primer course in Kuryokhin, I would also recommend his ten-year-old solo recording, ***The Ways of Freedom*** (Leo LR 107), and his interview in ***Russian Jazz: New Identity***, filled with bold declarations of independence most American jazz musicians would be too scared to utter (he associates Oscar Peterson with Rachmaninov in his "supreme lack of taste" and "banality"), and misinformed prejudices most American jazz musicians would either laugh at or cry over ("Black musicians, with rare exceptions, do not turn to 'serious' avant-garde"). The interview captures a frisky, precocious personality, but for fairness' sake, I have to keep reminding myself that during the past five years every inquisitive Soviet composer has probably had much more exposure to foreign music than ever before. Kuryokhin may have considerably revised his feelings since that interview took place almost a decade ago.

The Siberian duo Homo Liber, who outside of their appearance on ***Document*** have two albums in the Leo catalogue (***Siberian Four***, LR 114, and ***Untitled***, LR 129), have been relatively untouched by any curiosity about Soviet music. The pianist Yuri Yukechev and saxophonist Vladimir Tolkachev stay in their home city of Novosibirsk and its nearby university town Akademgorodok ("little town for academics"), another nerve center for the new music. Yukechev, another graduate of the Leningrad Conservatory, was an official member of the composer's union before the loosening of its admissions process, but Homo Liber is too little known on the other side of the Ural mountains to have ever merited a recording for Leningrad-based Melodiya. They're also distinctive within the context of the ***Document*** in that they sound the least Russian, in the melancholy, ponderous sense. The superior improviser of the two, Yukechev is steeped in smooth classical technique, and yet never sounds as if he's dabbling in foreign territory when he plays his Cecil Taylor-inspired inventions on the piano against Tolkachev's airy glissandoes. At the synthesizer, his music comes out differently, and some will find his endless recombinant water-drip tones much less stimulating. But the synthesizer pieces here and elsewhere in ***Document*** are always somehow cheery, if for no other reason than what I hear as the joy of the musicians in exploring technology. Whereas the synthesizer is mostly shunned in presentations of American and European free jazz, the Soviets just *love* the thing, all its possible wheezes, boinks, shifts of phase,

tricks of atmospherics, and the result can be overkill, but never solemn overkill.

Another group operating far away from the commercial centres of the Soviet Union is Jazz Group Arkhangelsk, from the city of the same name near the Arctic Circle. Led by the alto saxist Valdimir Rezitsky, here they appear as a quintet, with a guest member on extra percussion. As acknowledged leaders of the new Soviet jazz, they rival the old Ganelin Trio in preeminence, but operate on a completely different wavelength. Whereas the GT's music is self-contained and tightly compressed, Arkhangelsk play out of bounds with regard to pitch, meter, and compositional form. The extended work, *Above the Sun, Below the Moon*, begins with Rezitsky's three-minute alto cadenza, and though Norman Weinstein says in his notes that it sounds like Sonny Rollins, I disagree. Rezitsky pushes around motifs, but he plays for sound, a soupy, wind-tunnel sound. Next, from a short ensemble passage, Vladimir Turov emerges with a similarly thick and swirly synthesizer solo. Gradually, the ensemble takes over and develops an AACM-inspired little instrument jam, then a one-chord drone, then a percussive, pitter-patter sequence. Arkhangelsk play in a searching, tentative style, and it isn't "some of the most molten jazz ever heard on record" (Weinstein), but it is pleasantly interesting in its effortless streaming from one passage to the next.

There's been a ton of appreciative criticism for the music of the Lithuanian-based Ganelin Trio, disbanded since the mid-1980s. The group is the *sine qua non* of Soviet experimental jazz, credited with no less than minting a new, non-derivative, and therefore inherently Russian music, which has been studied, emulated, and worshiped by every musician you'll hear in ***Document***. The final disc in the box set is given over to their talents, individually and as a group, and it may be unfair to noisily pronounce it as the anthology's high point, but after all, Feigin did save it for last. Whereas some of the music in this box set sounds forbidding on first hearing, but gains several times its appeal after the notes explain its context for you, Chekasin's 1982 *Solo and Duo In Blue*, heard without the aid of notes, makes a case for him as one of the world's finest saxophone improvisers. His ideas, hot from the forge, leap forth in breathtaking sincerity and cagey humour, and if (as Aleksandr Kan says) he was a derivative player in the sixties, all his derivations by 1982 are convincingly off-the-cuff. The drummer Vladimir Tarasov's solo, *Something Is Happening in the Seascape*, show him, too, to be a good role model for improvisers. While some of the percussionists in this box set get caught in grubby holding patterns, Tarasov's constructions are aerated, stimulating, always conscious of the architecture of rhythm. Ganelin's *Simultamente* is a similarly virtuosic solo synthesizer performance, full of wondrous ideas, but it's no match for what he does with a piano in the disc's final piece, the Ganelin Trio's performance of *Old Bottles*, recorded live for a British audience in 1984. On the face of it, the group is perfectly balanced: a saxophonist who impertinently hitches a ride on top of the music, a drummer obsessed with making it go forward, and a pianist at the steering wheel. But at various points all three unexpectedly and fluidly change roles, and at the end the audience erupts in as much delighted laughter as supportive applause.

There's so much music here and so many different sensibilities playing it that I'm going to have to resort to a round-up.

1) Valentina Goncharova is a stoic believer in the power of sound as an avenue to higher consciousness. Her 10-part composition, *Ocean*, multitracked with violins and minimal percussion, is a major accomplishment. Recorded in her kitchen with a couple of Soviet tape recorders and a reverb unit, it's the Om piece to end all Om pieces, done with total concentration and a techno-freak's mixing skill.

2) The gypsy vocalist Valentina Ponomareva, who has two recordings in the Leo catalog, had to be included: she's a first-rate improvising vocalist in a funny and boundlessly inventive style many of us wrongly assume Shelley Hirsch invented. Her two contributions with the Pekarsky Percussion Ensemble, drifting like the stellar flux, might be the sort of music dreamed by an opera diva from another planet.

3) Trumpeter and bassist Vyacheslav Guyvoronsky and Vladimir Volkov duet in a style identified as "Russian Raga", but aren't anywhere near as dreadful as that may

sound. They make light, lyrical, slowly articulated **plein-air** music, perhaps fit for cathedrals but completely non-sectarian.

4) Some of the warmest sounding music on ***Document*** is provided by the Moscow Improvising Trio, whose Bill Frisell-school guitarist, Igor Grigoriev, makes their music float gracefully, even with the scrabbling of trumpet and drums underneath. With the addition of second percussionist Michaeil Zhukov, they become The Roof, and their music grows denser and emptier of tonal dynamics. Still, the interplay is quick and stimulating, like a Russian version of the Butch Morris / Bobby Previte / Wayne Horvitz trio.

4) The three members of Tri-O use large brass instruments like tubas and french horns, as well as a deep studio echo, to fill out a kind of futuristic piping-in-a-glen; but with the addition of the singer Asinkho Namchylak for *Transformation of Matters*, everything changes. Her marvelous trained voice will put ice down your neck with her declamation of strong Russian consonants, and her vowels are something else entirely: is it possible that she has two throats? She's like a strong chemical agent added to a science experiment. When she lets out with her Siberian yelps, Tri-O bubbles over.

5) The young tenor saxophonist Alexander Sakurov, featured in his piece, *Big Explosion*, is a thoroughly controlled player, and the power he puts into his concentrated, repeated themes has a dimension of brawny spirituality lacking in some of the more oblique Soviet stylists.

In a democratic spirit, I should quickly make note of some of the music included in ***Document*** that I didn't like. Orkestrion, a group which experiments with poetry read over long percussive backgrounds, produces dark, saturnine music with long, pregnant pauses, means as sonic representation of life in their industrial hometown of Volgograd. I'm happy that Sergey Karsaev's statement of purpose (and his powerful poetry) was translated for the booklet. Orkestrion's philosophical ideas are more captivating than their music. The Makarov New Improvised Music Trio, described with charity in the notes as "a loose Soviet equivalent of the Lower East Side of Manhattan" (three people?) serve up a shapeless cello, guitar and percussion improv titled, *Incomplete Tendences of Metareality*, which struggles bravely to get beyond the kind of distraction a few bored office workers can create by tapping on their desks, but doesn't.

I mentioned earlier that the political unrest after the death of Stalin translated into an advance for Soviet jazz. ***Document*** shows in exhausting detail that the historical forces in the 1980s also resulted in a great push forward for the music, with the advent of the much-publicized *glasnost* and the turn away from the circumstances which established art-rock as the only viable path for creative musicians. I'm not qualified to predict the course of Soviet cultural history with any assurance, but it seems probable that Soviet music in the 1990s will advance even faster. The economic restructuring has temporarily made it like Weimar Germany over there; rubles don't mean anything. Richard Cameron-Wolfe, the head of the Center for Soviet-American Musical Exchange, told me that he ate the same breakfast at his Moscow hotel on April 2 and 3 of 1990, and the price had tripled over night. The floor is falling out from underneath, and the country is in such a shambles that the last thing the government is going to worry about is passing aesthetic restrictions on an art form it can't even keep track of. VAP, the Soviet equivalent of America's ASCAP, hasn't a clue about the performance of Soviet works in other countries. There's absolute freedom for the composers, coterminous with absolute pennilessness. The likely result will be that many of the musicians heard on ***Document*** will begin to play more often; until that happens, this box set offers us the clearest vision we've had yet of a fermenting, volatile movement in an exciting decade.

Document, as well as most of the other Leo recordings mentioned here, can be ordered from North Country Distributors, Cadence Building, Redwood, New York 13679-9612, USA. Other record companies putting out records of the new Soviet improvised music are Eastwind (whose releases are also available from North Country) and Mobile Fiedliety (1260 Holm Street, Petaluma CA 94954, USA). ***Russian Jazz: New Identity***, a book compiled and edited by Leo Feigin, can be ordered from Quartet Books Ltd., 27/29 Goodge Street, London W1P 1FD.

AROUND THE WORLD

USA

California played host to two major retrospectives this summer. The faithful went **Back to Balboa** May 30-June 2 for a 50th Anniversary celebration of the **Stan Kenton** Orchestra. Several hundred people signed up for the weekend package which included seminars, concerts, films and much more. A major concert attracted over 2000 people with a TV special and a multi-disc set of recordings to follow as part of the documentation of the event.

Two weeks later Ellington enthusiasts made it to another part of greater Los Angeles for the **Ninth Duke Ellington Conference**. The four day event (June 13-16) drew upon the talents of the many exceptional musicians from the area in a special retrospective look at Ellington's ***Jump For Joy***.

Ellington 92 will be held in the Falconer Hotel, Copenhagen, Denmark from May 28 to 31. Further information is available from Borupvej 66, DK-4683 R"nnede, Denmark.

The seventh edition of the **Minneapolis Jazz Party** will be held September 13-15 at the Marriott City Center Hotel. An exceptional array of talent has been assembled for this event. The pool of musicians includes **Jon Faddis**, Randy Sandke, Ed Polcer (trumpets), Norris Turney, Flip Phillips, **Scott Hamilton**, Kenny Davern, Ken Peplowski, Joe Temperly (reeds), **Al Grey**, Dan Barrett, Joel Helleny (trombones), Ralph Sutton, **Gerry Wiggins**, Dick Hyman, Roland Wilson (piano), Howard Alden, Bucky Pizzarelli (guitar), **Ray Brown**, Milt Hinton, Jack Lesberg (bass), Butch Miles, **Jake Hanna**, Jeff Hamilton (drums) and Marlena Shaw (vocals). The event is sponsored by 3M's Scotch brand products and the contact person for tickets and other information is Pat Skaja at 612-781-2977.

Corporate and private endowment agencies are showing increasing interest in the sponsorship of jazz. Gilbey's Gin has joined forces with the National Jazz Service Organization in establishing a national funding program for jazz presentations through support of organizations in many different parts of the country. Upcoming events in San Francisco, Rapid City (SD) and Tuscaloosa are among the cities benefiting from this program.

New York's Mannes College of Music's second summer series of jazz concerts in June featured **Joe Lovano / George Garzone** group, Quest and the Rob Scheps Core-tet. . . The Knitting Factory's **What Is Jazz Festival** was held between June 21-30. Featured artists included **Oliver Lake**, Marilyn Crispell, Bobby Previte, Marty Ehrlich, **Butch Morris** and **Roscoe Mitchell**. . . The 9th annual Islip Jazz Festival takes place August 24/25 at Heckscher State Park. **Monty Alexander** and the American Jazz Orchestra are among the eight groups to be featured each day.

MIT presented a summer series of concerts in Boston

JOE LOVANO (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

which ran from June 11 to August 6 in Killian Hall. **The Worlds of Jazz** drew from a wide variety of sources and included such well known groups as **Your Neighbourhood Saxophone Quartet** and the **Aardvark Jazz Orchestra**. . . Jacob's Pillow presented **Abdullah Ibrahim** and Ekaya August 11 and **Craig Harris'** Tailgaters on August 25. . . The Ann Arbor Hilton's Polo Lounge has been showcasing local jazz talent throughout the summer on Saturdays. . . The **IAJRC** held its annual convention in Detroit August 8/10. One of the highlights was the showing of long lost films featuring Benny Goodman, **Jack Teagarden,** Red Nichols and Pee Wee Russell. . . The 14th Delaware Water Gap Celebration of the Arts jazz festival takes place September 6-8. Bob Dorough, **Urbie Green,** Dave Liebman, **Phil Woods** and George Young are among the scheduled performers. . . **WRTI,** the voice of jazz from Philadelphia's Temple University, is now heard in Allentown, Harrisburg, Reading and Mount Pocono. Eventually local programming will be incorporated into those stations. WRTI publish ***Tempo***, a stimulating monthly guide and newspaper. **Mickey Roker** was profiled in the May-June issue.

The Manchester Craftsman's Guild is hosting a winter jazz subscription concert series featuring "Living Masters" in Pittsburgh. **Slide Hampton** and **Johnny Griffin** are featured September 20-22. Clark Terry / Louis Bellson Quartet and Ron McCroby with Trio Grande (December 6-8), Herbie Mann & Jazil Brazz (March 13-15) and the **Count Basie Orchestra** (April 24-26) complete the schedule.

The Smithsonian has established a resident jazz orchestra with **David Baker** and **Gunther Schuller** musical co-directors. The orchestra will perform selections from the transcriptions of arrangements played by early big bands on their recordings. These transcriptions are being published by the Smithsonian. Additionally the Smithsonian is organizing a traveling exhibition on the life and work of Duke Ellington. Funding for these projects comes from Congressional appropriations. The orchestra began a summer season of free concerts on May 17 at the Carmichael Auditorium in the Museum of American History. The final concerts take place August 30/31. . . The annual **Chicago Jazz Festival** is being held at grant Park from August 26 to September 3 with Ramsey Lewis, Wynton Mar-salis, Jay McShann, **Claude Williams,** Ralph Moore and Elvin Jones among the participants.

Rova Saxophone Quartet launched their latest recording, a CD of music recorded during their 1989 tour of the Soviet Union, with a performance / party June 19 at Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. . . **Jazz in the City** is a summer series of concerts in San Francisco which focuses on many different aspects of jazz. **Dizzy Gillespie** headlined the May 25 salute to bebop which **Charles Brown,** Jay McShann and **Dorothy Donegan** were participants in a boogie woogie piano summit on June 2. **Charles Mingus'** *Epitaph* was performed June 7 by a 30 piece jazz orchestra under the direction of Gunther Schuller. Honi Coles, **Bunny Briggs** and Jimmy Slyde were among the participants in **Jazz Tap Summit III**. The final concert in the series was a solo performance by **Cecil Taylor** at Grace Cathedral.

The American Federation of Jazz Societies honoured Milt Hinton at its annual convention in Sarasota, Florida April 5. . . **Peter Leitch** was in Domaine Forget, Quebec in July where he was artist in residence at the summer school. He then headlined the annual Beaches Festival in Toronto before leaving for Australia and a six week residency at the Western Australia Academy of the Performing Arts in Perth. A new Concord release is due in September, just in time for his annual midwestern tour. A month of dates in northern Europe completes his 1991 activities. . . The **Phil Woods Quintet** will be at Kimball's East in San Francisco September 18-21 and then move on to Monterey for an appearance at the festival.

JAZZ AT SEA

The ninth annual **Floating Jazz Festival** takes place the weeks of October 19 and 26 aboard the S.S. Norway. An all-star lineup of artists has been arranged by Hank O'Neal. The first week has a bebop flavour with Dizzy Gillespie, **Red Rodney,** Clark terry, Kenny Barron and **Junior Mance** among those booked. Week two favours the blues with Joe Williams, Jeannie & Jimmy Cheatham, **Lou Donaldson,** Flip Phillips and **Frank Wess** among the performers. The toll free number for further information in Canada / USA is (800) 327-7030.

COMPETITIONS

Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz will present a jazz saxophone competition at the Smithsonian November 23 and 24. More information is available by calling (202) 895-1610 or Fax (202) 537-4867. . . the 9th annual **Great American Jazz Piano Competition** is one of the highlights of the Jacksonville Jazz Festival which takes place October 10/13. It's probably too late to be a participant in this year's event but more information is available by calling (904) 353-7770.

JAZZ RADIO

Charlie Shavers, **Bill Coleman,** Benny Carter, **Michael Mantler,** Art Farmer and **Kenny Dorham** are the subjects of profiles created by radio station KZUM in Lincoln, Nebraska and hosted by Jon Faddis. The programs will be distributed nationally over the public radio satellite.

ROAD NOTES

The large mega-festivals receive most of the attention but smaller events are often more appealing. There is greater intimacy and the music is often showcased more successfully. **Bern** remains one of the delights of the European circuit. This year, the sixteenth annual event was notable for an extraordinary Piano Summit with **Tommy Flanagan** and **Randy Weston.** Marcus Roberts' short opening set only put into greater focus the unlimited horizons of both the master pianists. Their separate trio sets culminated in a brief but joyous mutual exploration on two pianos. Other festival highlights were the consistently fresh performances by a Euro/American version of the **Lawson/Haggart** band which featured Christian Plattner, Brian Lemon and **Roy Williams** alongside Yank Lawson, Randy Sandke, Kenny Davern, **George Masso,** Bob Haggart, Bucky Pizzarelli and Jake Hanna. Equally electrifying was the partnership

between **Plas Johnson** and Jay McShann who were aided and abetted by Milt Hinton and Clyde Lucas. Music of this calibre compensated for the unfortunate spectacle of Maynard Ferguson's most recent band and the excesses of Elvin Jones: it seemed as if the brief statements of his musicians were mrerely bridges between the drum features.

Musicians have long talked favourably of the Central Pennsylvania Jazz Festival. This year's event (the 11th) took place in Harrisburg at the Sheraton Hotel's ballroom on June 14-16. Herbie Mann was the closest to a superstar performer and he filled the room but his music was the least interesting of the event. **Barry Harris** delighted the Friday night audience with his adroit blend of bebop and proficient area guitarists David Klein and Larry Camp were also heard. Saturday was better. Jay McShann and **Hank Crawford** turned the blues inside out in a lengthy set where Crawford seemed content to play only his solos. Never once did he take the tune out in the final chorus. **Art Taylor** then choreographed his young version of The Wailers through a set notable for its energy and precision. He is one of the remaining master drummers from the bop era and he plays that music with understated power. He was the glue which held the music together. Young pianist Mark Carey soloed adroitly while the saxophone tandem of Willie Williams (tenor) and Abraham Barton (alto) were fluent and full of self-confidence.

Art Taylor returned Sunday night with his bassist (Tyler Mitchell) and Mark Carey for a set with **Jackie McLean**. This was an explosive combination. McLean unleashed a torrent of notes as he ran through the changes of the bebop vehicles he chose to play. This was music by two of the Grand Masters. They performed with such energy and passion without seeming to be in the least bit hurried. A sure sign that this music comes from within their beings. For most of the set young altoist **Abraham Burton** (a student of McLean's at Hartford University) was on stage. His poise and fluent execution of the intricacies of the compositions as well as his tonal control and solid sense of direction in his solos indicate he is a musician who will become a major voice in this music.

Magical is also the only way to describe **Shirley Horn's** set. Her unique way with a song and the subtle unpredictability of her piano playing is something to behold in a setting such as this. Her music is perfect in an intimate setting but somehow seems to become lost in a large festival or concert stage.

The **Navy Commodores** and **Airmen of Note,** two service bands who are keeping alive the classic modern big band sounds were impressive without really offering anything different. Jimmy Raney and Ira Sullivan were also present and Buck Hill ran the late night jam sessions. It's a fun event with much camaraderie among participants and spectators. Next year's festival will be held June 19-21 at the Lancaster (PA) Golf Resort. If you live within driving distance of Harrisburg you should take out a membership with the Central Pa Friends of Jazz Inc. They are at P.O. Box 17105, Harrisburg, PA 17105 and they organize events on a monthly basis as well as presenting one of the friendliest festivals you are likely to find anywhere.

For something like twenty

years the New Jersey Jazz Society in conjunction with George Wein's New York Festival has presented two days of jazz at Waterloo Village. This year's event was a model for the future. Everything fit together and some exceptional music was heard. Saturday is when the piano players have their main turn under the benevolent guidance of **Dick Hyman**. Each pianist has about ten minutes to show off his stuff before he joins forces with the next performer in a two piano duet. **Derek Smith**, Johnny Barro, Junior Mance, Marty Napoleon, **Neville Dickie** and Hal Schaefer offered up a wide range of styles and conceptions. There was a set by the Last of the Whorehouse Piano Players: Jay McShann and Ralph Sutton, as well as a powerhouse all star group co-led by **Harry Edison** and Flip Phillips.

On Sunday four different bands projected different aspects of the freewheeling jam feel of jazz where the ensembles are unrehearsed and merely serve as a launching pad for the solo statements. Music of a more intimate nature was also heard at The Gazebo. Nevill Dickie demonstrated his virtuosity in the stride and boogie idiom before Ralph Sutton and Kenny Davern performed a series of intimate duets. Later in the day **Marty Grosz'** loosely organized Orphan Newsboys alternated with the long-lasting Original Salty Dogs who came in from Chicago for this performance.

Each year, it seems, there are impressive newcomers on view at Waterloo. This year was the first chance to hear trombonist Joel Helleny but it was **Joe Ascione's** drumming which was particularly impressive. He had worked Friday night with Jay McShann at The Cornerstone in Metuchen (a great place to hear jazz by the way) and he handled his various assignments with poise and skill throughout the weekend.

ELSEWHERE

The World School for New Jazz begins operations in Rotterdam this September under the artistic direction of **Bob Brookmeyer**. An impressive faculty has been assembled and an innovative teaching program is promised. The World School for New Jazz can be reached c/o The Rotterdam Conservatory, Pieter de Hoochwegg 222, 3024 BJ Rotterdam, Holland.

Trevor Watts is in the midst of planning an extended tour of Canada and the U.S.A. in June / July 1992 for his Moire Music Drum Orchestra and interested parties can contact Trevor directly at ARC Music & Records, 20 Collier Road, Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3JR, England (phone: 0424-443424/fax: 0424-429166).

The 1991 Jazzpar winner **David Murray** was featured with Pierre Dorge's New Jungle Orchestra and Horace Parlan in concerts in Denmark March 13-15 along with Hank Jones and Al Foster who performed with the groups of Jesper Thilo and Jens Winther. In early May it was announced that **Lee Konitz** was the Jazzpar prize winner for 1992. He, along with Tommy Flanagan, Charlie Haden, Abbey Lincoln and Albert Mangelsdorff were the nominees for 1992.

The **Calvie Festival** took place June 16-22. Each night the French city played host to four groups who were heard at two separate concerts. Michel Petrucciani, Didier Lockwood, Georges Arvanitas and Dado Moroni were among the listed performers... **Verona**, Italy was host to its own festival June 21 to 23 with **Geri Allen**, McCoy Tyner, David Murray, Don Byron, **Charlie Haden's** Liberation Music Orchestra and the Herbie Hancock / Wayne Shorter Quartet . . . The 1991 **Free Music Workshop** took place in Berlin between June 12 and 16 with **Raphe Malik**, Phil Minton, Ernst Ludwig Petrowsky, **Barre Phillips**, Evan Parker, Alex von Schlippenbach and **Ernst Reijseger** were among those participating . . . A Piano Conclave will take place September 26 and 27 in Berlin's Rathaus Charlottenburg with Alex Maguire, Fred Van Hove, Buus Jannsen and Urs Voerkel.

Marty Grosz and **Ralph Sutton** were in Japan for performances in Kobe in early May. From there Sutton headed south to Australia for ten days of concerts. While there he also recorded a series of solo, duo and trio performances with **Bob** and **Len Barnard**. An earlier collaboration with the Barnard brothers and Milt Hinton(a 1983 session called ***Partners in Crime***) is to be issued on CD by Sackville this Fall.

Jazz in der Aula presented the **Modern Jazz Quartet** in concert in Baden, Switzerland on April 14. On May 19 the same organization showcased the **Henri Chaix Trio** and the **Isla Eckinger / Chuck Manning** Quintet . . . A new recording by the **George Gruntz** Concert Jazz Band was issued in Europe in June and is expected to be available in the USA and Japan in September on the Enja label. The band appeared this summer at festivals in Lugano, Montreux and Vienne . . . **Jerry Bergonzi** was in Langau, Switzerland for a five day improvisation clinic in July with Adam Nussbaum, Joey Calderazzo and Walter Schmocker assisting in the program . . . **Urs Blochlinger's** trio has released a new CD of their group Kutteldaddeldu. . . Just published is an attractive 34 page ***Portrait of Irene Schweizer*** which outlines her career and includes a discography of her recordings. It's available from Intakt Records, P.O. Box 468, CH 8024 Zurich, Switzerland. . . **Han Bennink** is also the subject of a recently published booklet which outlines his career, contains a photograph section of his "art" works and the percussionist in action as well as a discography. The booklet was published in conjunction with Bennink's April appearance as part of the Reggio Emilia (Italy) spring concert series.

RECORDINGS

Blue Note continues to expand its repertoire of contemporary players and recent releases include CDs by **Jerry Bergonzi** (***Standard Gonz***), **Andrew Hill** (***But Not Farewell***), **Ellis Marsalis** (***Trio***), **Greg Osby** (***Man Talk for Moderns***), **Joe Lovano** (***Landmarks***), **Gonzalo Rubalcaba** (***Discovery: Live in Montreux***), **Geoff Keezer** (***Here and Now***), **Benny Green** (***Greens***) and **Michel Petruccianni** (***Playground***). Blue Note has also signed Jack DeJohnette. Archive reissues from Blue Note include **Bags Opus** by **Milt Jackson**, **Modern Art** by **Art Farmer**, **Matador** by Kenny Dorham, **Coltrane Time** by **John Coltrane**, **Jazz Advance** by Cecil Taylor, **The Jody Grind** by Horace Silver and **Right Now** by Jackie McLean.

BMG, through their Novus label, continue to document the work of contemporary performers. Recently released are CDs by **Roy Hargrove** (***Public Eye***), **John Hicks** with Cecil McBee and Elvin Jones (***Power Trio***),

Christopher Hollyday (***The Natural Moment***), **Carmen McRae** (***Sarah - Dedicated To You***), and **James Moody** (***Honey***).

Chiaroscuro has issued a two CD set of recordings featuring **Milt Hinton** in a variety of settings and a **Summit Reunion** of The Soprano Summit team of **Kenny Davern and Bob Wilber**. Reissued are Mary Lou Williams' **Live at the Cookery** and the **Dave McKenna** Quartet date with **Zoot Sims**. In preparation from Chiaroscuro are new recordings by **Dorothy Donegan** (70 minutes of concert recordings aboard the S.S. Norway), the **Al Grey** Quintet and Johnny Costa. To be reissued are the **Jess Stacy** solo recordings and **John Bunch's** collection of Kurt Weill compositions.

Denon has released a new recording of **Stephane Grappelli** in concert in Japan. . . **DMP** has in circulation the second set of duet recordings by **Bill Mays** and **Ray Drummond** (***One to One 2***) and Ray Drummond's own trio date with Hank Jones and Billy Higgins containing two original compositions by Drummond as well as excellent material from other quality songwriters (***The Essence***).

Fantasy, in addition to a continuing flow of reissues in their OJC / OBC series, has available new recordings by **Nat Adderley** (***Talkin' About You***, Landmark), **Billy Easley** (***First Call***) and **Freddie Redd** (***Everybody Loves A Winner***) on Milestone. New recording projects include **Bobby Hutcherson** with Tommy Flanagan, Peter Washington and Billy Drummond (Landmark), **Terry Gibbs / Buddy DeFranco** live at Kimball's East with Larry Novak, Milt Hinton and Butch Miles (Contemporary). Both **Hank Crawford** and **Grady Tate** have new projects in process with Bob Porter producing. Two previously unissued **Pablo** sessions are now available. **For Lady Day** is a 1978 collaboration between **Zoot Sims** and **Jimmy Rowles** while ***Stormy Monday*** is a collection of unreleased cuts by **Joe Turner**. Upcoming Fantasy group box sets include The Complete Bluesville recordings of **Lightnin' Hopkins,** The Complete Prestige Recordings of **John Coltrane** (it will exclude the Miles Davis titles) and a 7 CD set of the Complete **Art Tatum** Solo Masterpieces. A 1974 concert in Canada by the **Bill Evans** Trio is also scheduled. It's unclear whether this is the material previously issued illegally on CanAm Records. Fantasy is now the owner of **Specialty Records** and their first release contains five gospel CDs by the Swan Silvertones, Five Blind Boys of Alabama, Pilgrim Travelers and a collection of **Gospel Gems** and Dorothy Love Coates.

Freddie Hubbard has signed with **MusicMasters** and **Bolivia** is the first recording from the new contract. Vincent Herring and Ralph Moore are the two horn players who perform with Hubbard on this date.

Nine Winds Records (P.O. Box 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213) has new CDs available by **Bert Wilson** and Rebirth, **Rich Halley** (***Saxophone Animals***), Brad Dutz, **Vinny Golia** (***Worldwide & Portable***) and the group Submedia.

Silkheart has new releases by **Charles Gayle** (***Spirits Before***), Dennis Charles (***Queen Mary***) and Joel Futterman (***Visions In Time***).

Stash is preparing yet another arhival **Charlie Parker** recording. This latest effort includes a complete half hour remote of the Jay McShann band in 1943 from the Savoy Ballroom. There will also be new CDs featuring music by Count Basie / Lester Young, Jack Teagarden, Benny Goodman / Sid Catlett and Mary Lou Williams: all from location recordings.

Sphere Marketing is a company set up by **Black Saint / Soulnote** and **DIW** to distribute their recordings in the US. The impact of this arrangement is already noticeable in terms of the recordings being more widely available as well as having a better price structure. Both companies, of course, are in the forefront of today's jazz recording scene.

Qualiton Imports, a New York company which specializes in European recordings, has begun distributing a wide variety of reissues in the jazz field. Much of this material comes from France where several companies are repackaging the same material in different ways. It is a confusing situation for anyone interested in the reissue of vintage jazz recordings. The most comprehensive program is on Classics and the most recent of their ongoing series includes volume 3 of the **Lionel Hampton** Victor small group sessions, volume 2 of **Art Tatum** which covers the recordings between 1934-1940 (this expands upon the recent MCA reissue) and volume 5 of **Count Basie** (***Ham 'N' Eggs to Draftin' Blues***) continues the reissue of all the Decca / CBS 78s. Classics 564 reissues the **Lil Armstrong** small group recordings between 1936-1940 and Classics 561 contains all of **Lips Page's** 1938-1940 recordings.

EPM, another French company in the same field, has pressed the start button on its **Jazz Archives** series. Their CDs are "best of" compilations which overlap other programs in the case of Sidney Bechet, Lionel Hampton, Earl Hines, Bennie Moten and King Oliver. The **Chu Berry** CD contains his great Vocalion material as well as four Commodore sides. The **Charlie Barnet** and **Tommy Dorsey** issues cover familiar territory already partially documented on Bluebird. The **Ethel Waters** reissue is a CD duplicate of the French RCA reissue of her 1938/39 sides. There's a "Boogie" collection and a variety of selections from many different sources in the **Washboard Story**. The most original of the compilations documents music by very unfashionable groups: **The Original Dixieland Jazz Band** (1922-1936) and a collection of 1920s material by Red Nichols and Phil Napoleon. Vintage **Duke Ellington** continues to fascinate producers of reissues. Volume 2 of Hot And Sweet's chronlogical survey is even more complete than the same series on Classics with the inclusion of four alternates from these 1927 sessions.

From the Independents: Hand Made features the work of Greek pianist **Pandelis Karayorgis** in a 1989 session made in Boston with saxophonist William A. Peebles, Swiss drummer Serge Uebersax, bassist Atemu Aton and oboist Julie Werntz. It's on OM Records and can be ordered from Nicos Valkanos, 4 Zalokosta St., Athens 106 71, Greece.

Singer **Madeline Eastman's** new recording is on Mad-Kat Records (P.O. Box 253, San Francisco, CA 94101-9991) and is called ***Point Of Departure***. Tom Harrell, Mike Wofford,

Rufus Reid and Vince Lateano are the supporting musicians. . . **Joe Bonner's** most recent recording, ***The Layout*** is on Morning Star Records, P.O. Box 25087, West Los Angeles, CA 90025. . . **Intakt Records** has released **David Moss'** ***My Favourite Things***. . . The Chase Music Group has released ***Reaching For The Moon*** by singer **Roseanna Vitro**. Ken Werner, Harvie Swartz, Joe Lovano, George Coleman and Kirk Whalum are also featured . . . The Kit McClure Band, an all woman repertory band, has a new CD issued on Red Hot Records.

A limited edition 5 CD set containing 49 selections by the best of American songwriters is the starting point for the work of some of Japan's best jazz musicians in this release by **Audio Lab** Records (1-8-3 Hatsudai, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 151, Japan. Fax: 03-5371-8312). There are quite a variety of musicians involved in this elaborate production of gently swinging jazz. Among the participants are pianists Kazuo Yashiro, Yusuru Sera, Yoshitaka Akimitsu and Norio Maeda, clarinetist **Eiji Kitamura** and saxophonist Kohnosuke Saijoh.

A two CD set (available singly) documents the evolution of jazz guitar styles. ***Legends of Guitar: Jazz***, compiled by ***Guitar Player Magazine***, was manufactured and released through Rhino Records. The set is quite arbitrary in its choices and there's no **Lonnie Johnson**, Jimmy Raney or Ed Bickert but I suppose there isn't room for everyone.

BLUES RECORDINGS

Alligator celebrated 20 years of recording with a 2 CD Anniversary Collection. There are also new releases by Tinsley Ellis, **Son Seals** and Kenny Neal. England's **Ace Records**, who now control the Modern catalog, has issued new CDs by **Little George Smith**, Lowell Fulsom, Johnny Otis and Walter Horton.

DEPARTMENT OF TYPOGRAPHICAL GLITCHES

The gremlins (as usual) got into the type in the last issue of **CODA**. On page 31 the references to the singer with Don Ewell should have been Barbara Dane. On page 18 the correct name of the French label which reissued the King Oliver recordings (and others) is Music Memoria.

OBITUARIES

Tenor saxophonist **Sal Nistico** died March 3 in Switzerland. **Jimmy McPartland** died March 13 in Port Washington, NY. **Bud Freeman** died March 15 in Chicago. Guitarist **Billy Butler** died March 20 in Teaneck, NJ. **Rusty Bryant** died March 31 in Columbus. **John Carter** died March 31 in Los Angeles. **Al Klink** died March 17 in Florida. Trombonist **Sandy Williams** died March 25 in New York City.

Eddie Miller died April 1 in North Hollywood. Saxophonist **Bjarne Nerem** died the same day in Oslo, Norway. Trumpeter **Jon Eardley** died April 2. Trumpeter **Bob Fertig**, who was leader of Rochester's Smugtown Stompers for many years, died April 12 in Canandaigua, NY. Record producer **Albert Marx** died May 1 in Los Angeles. Writer / broadcaster **Charles Fox** died May 9 in Brighton, England. **Stan Getz** died June 6 in Malibu, CA.

Clarinetist Caughey Roberts died last December in Los Angeles (thanks to Peter Vacher for the information).

CECIL TAYLOR IN BERLIN 1988

Whoever speaks in primordial images speaks with a thousand voices; he enthralls and overpowers, while at the same time he lifts the idea he is seeking to express out of the occasional and the transitory into the realm of the ever-enduring... - C.G. Jung, on the relation of analytical psychology to poetry

The visit of Cecil Taylor to the city of Berlin in the summer of 1988 was an occasion of exceptional creative collaboration, bringing the American pianist together with some of Europe's finest improvisor/composers for a string of concerts. The current release of those concerts by Free Music Productions (F.M.P.) in a handsome ten C.D. box set (accompanied by a 185 page folio of scores, essays, poetry and photography) opens the floodgates of issues on the process of creative music / art culture in the global community. Taylor's always uncompromising stance toward the presentation of his work, forged over the long period of exploration and recording he first undertook in the late fifties, is documented here with a precision that is uncommon. The care taken in the preparation of this set is a validation of Taylor's status as a living master musician and the guiding figure of the post-Coltrane improvisors. His meeting here with the European masters is, for the most part, on equal terms though the language differences in this rare communication are sometimes noticeable. Taylor's language is now changing from the system that he introduced in the late fifties (listen to his contribution to the Verve release, ***Masters of the Modern Piano***, a good sampler of his early style) to an all-encompassing tonal / rhythmic system that eclipses his previous works, a process that is indicative of the pianist entering into a new period of development. On Taylor's earlier releases, the sensibility that his virtuosity kindled was a profoundly different one, where the meaning of creative risk-taking was superceded by a naked honesty that is a slap in the face to the posturings of the "jazz" industry, Taylor refusing to spoon-feed those that would latch onto an artist for his mystique while ignoring the revolutionary concepts in his work. His early recordings are an anomaly within a recording industry that seeks to anaesthetize the listener with the tradition of the middle period of the music's development (1940 until 1960). The attitude that this industry perpetuates finds its conclusion in the loss of innovative artists like Lester Young and Charlie Parker whose stylistic identity was seized upon and exploited by a host of imitators while they sank under the weight of destructive urban life. Taylor must have seen the writing on the wall when he created for himself a path that none had travelled before, and one few have had the courage to follow in later years. By initiating this powerful original form, Taylor moved far in front of his contemporaries, causing some to dismiss his stylistic voice and to disparage him in print. This attempt to discredit his work had the ironic effect of drawing others to him, those similarly unhappy with the stagnation of the period's music. The drummer Sunny Murray, largely credited for solidifying the first Unit's free approach, was one of the few who understood the possibilities of the form that the pianist was creating, and leapt at the chance to express himself in Taylor's ensemble. It is of particular significance that five of the discs in this set feature duets with drummers, all of whom have developed a distinct identity within the music as individuals. The rhythmic component of modern music is its most fundamental element and in this series of recorded performances, Taylor's interaction with each drummer alters his approach to tonal and rhythmic correlation, making for substantially different results in each encounter. This could also apply to the contents of the entire set: all the recordings contain hints or clues, signifiers, usually in the first minutes of each performance as the players take the time to adapt to the form of Taylor's improvisation.

Taylor will use particular effects, pursue specific areas of tonal or rhythmic concentration, to pen the conversations that take place. These clues are very rarely discernable and are on the level of hieroglyphics, all highly subjective and personal to the interpreter, yet they do exist as signposts in the improvisations, elements of a highly developed personal vocabulary. Ekkehard Jost's informative essay on the technical and stylistic growth of Taylor's solo and Unit musics is a well-reasoned account of the pianist's techniques, chronologically interpreting features of the music and raising questions concerning the changes that have taken place in the work of this most enigmatic artist. Jost's essay, "Instant composing as body language", is the central piece of work in the body of the folio, offering factual information where other writers tend to obscure their

CECIL TAYLOR (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

observations of the F.M.P. presentation with personal reminiscences. This is not to negate the work of the other essayists but rather to bring to mind the central issue of Taylor's month-long stay in Berlin: the music and its unifying bond between the artists of Europe, often derided in the North American press as playing a secondary role in the music's development, and the work of Taylor, similarly reviled by the mainstream "jazz" community for having an impenetrable direction. A point of irony surfaces when Taylor muses about touring the USA with a European orchestra, an idea that, given the strength of these performances, would scare most of those critics holding dissenting opinions to death.

Taylor has paid great attention to the form of these far-reaching improvisations and compositions, leading the audience into the music in an undeniably subtle way. It would be difficult to say whether this series will reach beyond the audience that faithfully follows Taylor's work and has grown accustomed to his language / sound palette (which is in constant change at a slow but inexorable rate). The question that arises of Taylor's accessibility within the general view remains something of a non-issue, since the expression of creative genius has never been completely acceptable to the public at large. The hypnotic power of the music is entirely compelling if the listener is willing to settle down within the music in a meditative, non-analytical frame of mind, receptive to the progression of the sound composition in much the same way as a supplicant. The tremendous reactionary force of the recording industry rejects this form of listening, saying it requires too much, it is an unacceptable level of intensity for the public. Maybe so. In the early nineteen sixties, Gil Evans faced strong resistance to his plan to allow Cecil Taylor and ensemble free rein in the studio during the making of ***Into the Hot,*** this not being an indictment of the music as much as a function of North America in the early nineteen sixties not being particularly receptive to Black Art Genius. If there was a time that the level of receptiveness opened to a wider view, certainly this series from Berlin captures it. The extraordinary hope that at that time before the Wall came down, the time of dreaming of freedom, this incredible hopefulness for the future becoming once again possible, some of this is captured here.

In a document the merging of two continents' vision would seem unlikely. It is indeed overwhelming to begin to deal with Taylor's vision in the context of a single release, albeit one as multilayered as this. The opposing axis of art existing inside and outside time enters the equation of ***Cecil Taylor in Berlin 1988***. This is a statement that the composer could choose to make wherever he cared to, but the unusually opportune moment of his residency in Berlin allowed him to achieve surprising results, as this series demonstrates. Taylor's performance with the other members of his ensemble and in different combinations of duos is of a very high standard, investigating a different territory than was staked out on the Unit's last two live releases from European tours. The shift in his personal approach to the piano becomes more evident as well on this series, as the areas he dealt with on ***For Olim*** become transfigured in his solo segments within this package. It must be said that Taylor in the company of these musicians is a very different task-master in comparison to his role with his own Unit. There are audible differences within this release where it seems that Taylor consciously steps back and allows the players to direct the energy flow of the improvisation themselves, a rare thing for a director like himself. Taylor's shamanistic voice poetry plays an intriguing role in the direction of the improvisations as well. The voice and dance now central to the performance mystify the experience that Taylor engages the audience in. One writer in the folio of essays takes issue with Taylor for not directly performing the poetry in a manner that the words could be understood, but this seems tantamount to requiring that the magician explain the trick. Taylor's poetry, an ever-widening path of access to the pianist's work, gives no other clues than word-sound is power. Word ritual, the beguiling by the shaman in the initiation, is addressed in these recordings not in a linear, direct confrontation as much of the ritual power comes through inference, the spell (of the poetry / music ritual) never cast in a way that the audience may mark its path or function. Taylor's art remains grounded solidly in the hard fact mathematic eloquence of orchestral writing and ensemble playing yet also functions in a mystery realm of invocation, a haunting and healing root magic.

Accessing the notational aspects of the form and the linear process will only partly open the door to this music. Consider the elucidation of Taylor's harmonic structure for the orchestra workshop piece, Legba Crossing, notated and given analysis by orchestra oboist, Daniel Werts. The logical process that Werts follows will take the listener only so far. A greater understanding of the same piece may be gained by reading aloud the concrete poem arranged by H. Lukas Lindenmaier, based on Taylor's verbal exposition of the score at the rehearsals of the workshop ensemble, an illustration that conservatory analysis need not erase the music's generative threads in collective visionary experience.

Erzulie Maketh Scent

Cecil Taylor, solo piano

As time has passed, the intense physical beauty of Taylor's solo playing has changed, opened up to reveal more of the ecstacy of the dance. The intense struggle that marked the ***Silent Tongues*** recording seems to have fallen away, and while there is still furious energy in the pianist's work, the expression of that energy has taken on a new light. Perhaps the most overworked metaphor used to describe the art of Cecil Taylor has been that of the weather. All those words (stormy, turbulent, thunderous) fail to capture that ineffable quality at the heart of this music, but how is it to be expressed verbally? The solo piano concert from the 18th of June moves onward from the last solo release in an evocative powerful performance, humour and drama coexistent in Taylor's approach. There is a tendency to view the mature works of an artist with a backwards glance at the youthful studies to seek a conformity of line, to search for a common element. ***Erzulie maketh scent*** dispels this sense of the past as precedent. The three-part main theme does not require the listener to have an idea of what is to be expected but is working with many of the seeds that were first germinated on ***For Olim***. The rawness and vitality of Taylor's attack are quite surprising; an expanding (even by his standards) vocabulary of sonic and timbral effects is present that underscores a new attention to variation

within motivic cells. His subtlety of statement in this concert should convince even those who previously could not rise to the occasion of his singular presence. The pianist takes great pleasure in exploring the complete capability of the Bösendorfer piano, a model that features the greatest sonority of a commercially produced instrument and one whose qualities Taylor probes skillfully, running the gamut of virtuosic techniques. Of all the playing in this collection, it is here that Taylor as soloist realizes most completely as impulses in the moment his creative vision. One reason is his freedom from the restrictions in time of the recognition / identification component that the ensemble requires. He is free to move in and out of cycles at will. Paradoxically, his recording of the European big band also finds the pianist free to move away from a co-ordinating function as leader, as though his piano input to the ensemble were optional, given that ensemble's tremendous resources. In the essay, "Instant composing as body language," author Ekkehard Jost discusses with Taylor the subject of his precise articulation on a level that should be instantly apparent to those hearing this live concert recording. Taylor relates, "first of all, i want clarity of sound, i want the precision of the note as it is struck . . . Playing Bach, for instance, when i was eight or nine, it became very clear that each note was a continent, a world in itself, and it deserved to be treated as that. When i practice my own technical exercises, each note is struck, and i hear it, and it must be done with the full momentum and amplitude of the finger being raised and striking . . . it must be heard in the most absolute sense."

Pleistozaen mit Wasser (shaking the glass)

Cecil Taylor / Derek Bailey, acoustic and electric guitar

Taylor's encounter with the English guitarist Derek Bailey is an unusual one in that Taylor chooses to depart from his primary role at the piano and is featured in an active role as vocalist. This change of emphasis is dramatic in its contrast to Taylor vocalizations while at the keyboard, entering the realm of ancient theatre / ritual settings more than ever before. His vocal work leans toward extreme use of glossolalia, a mixture of shouts, moans and strangled screams that recall Taylor's affection for the Kabuki theatre tradition of Japan. This departure from his regular keyboard practice also prompts Taylor to match Bailey's subtle acoustic playing by adopting percussive mallets for manipulation of the inside of the piano. Derek Bailey employs many techniques that he has pioneered, including clusters of dense chordal material, slashing the strings with the side of the plectrum, and abrupt percussive lines jumping through Taylor's patterns. This brings out an altogether different Taylor, as surprisingly the pianist moves in the direction that Bailey dictates.

The second half of their duet features Bailey on electric guitar, and given the sustaining qualities of the amplified guitar, a different ambiance settles into the music; long spaces, more use of silence, and a more relaxed interaction. Bailey uses the amplifier sparingly, swells clusters of tone out that contrast with Taylor's line. Funny things crop up during the two sets of music. At one point, Bailey does an instrumental exchange with an audience member plagued by an insistent cough. At another turn, the duo seem momentarily to be playing a very oblique waltz figure, though this is derailed by Bailey after a minute or two. A most unusual pairing.

Riobec

Cecil Taylor / Gunter Sommer, percussives, voice

In keeping with the long-established history of American and East European alignment within the avant-garde music world, the first of a series of duets with drummers found Cecil partnered with the percussionist Gunter Sommer, a musician given little exposure here in the western world. This pairing is indicative of the challenges that Taylor accepted in agreeing to this cross-cultural exchange, working in the first public concert with a musician of whom he had no experience. In the recording, Sommer and Taylor, though they had met only hours before, play together with great empathy. The duo prompts Taylor to great activity, rifling the keyboard as Sommer begins the first round of his kit with mallets. Sommer favours the use of multiple percussives, changing instruments often in the course of the improvisation. Hand

percussion, gong, shakers, and some "little" instruments make up his arsenal. The only drawback appears to be the fixed tonality of tubular chimes that Sommer introduces in the first half of the set, a problematic choice in that it then fixes a tonal reference that Taylor must ignore or adopt. This too is discarded in turn, and the duo continue to move through a rapid succession of events, including passages that feature sudden shifts from a tightly restrained pattern to a startling outburst. Surprises enter the picture as Sommer introduces at one point a child's toy horn, much to the delight of Taylor. In other areas, a continuous sixteenth note pattern suggests endless factory hours, hypnotic and numbing. Taylor's own use later of an ostinato figure over Sommer's mallets on toms brings an ominous quality to their sound. A surprising start to the festivities.

Regalia

Cecil Taylor / Paul Lovens, percussives

Lovens' long association with the Alex Schlippenbach Trio has prepared him well to deal with the demanding task of accompanying Taylor in this duo. Lovens' is a prime example of the modern "free" drumming style that has grown away from the flashy 1940s "bop" aesthetic, and recaptured something of the original orchestral percussion orientation that fuelled musicians of the 1920s. Lovens matches Taylor's love of continuous dialogue and eventful playing by putting forward a chattering commentary, answering the restless line that Taylor extends. Lovens' use of small high-pitched drums, noise devices, metal, and irregular phrasing runs counter to Taylor's own fast-paced line yet maintains the exchange of rhythmic information. The low bass capability of the piano is highlighted in this duo as Taylor leans into the instrument in order to ground the high timbre of the improvisation. A slow delicate passages enters about thirty minutes into the concert that brings out a very blues-oriented tonality from Taylor, not in an obvious way, but a remarkably rich section punctuated by sharp jabs at the keyboard leading into another high energy exchange. It is an indication of the high regard Cecil holds for the European free sensibility that Alex Schlippenbach was invited to accompany the week of sessions held to acclimatize the big band players to the music while Taylor travelled to Italy for a solo performance program. Another indication is the level of communication at this concert.

Remembrance

Cecil Taylor / Louis Moholo, drums, percussion

The heartbeat of the Brotherhood of Breath, Louis Moholo joins Taylor for a finely woven performance. Completely different from the European style of Lovens, Louis Moholo is a pulse-oriented free drummer whose connection to African drumming and dance traditions becomes evident in the first minutes of his encounter with Taylor. There is a greater tension in the rhythmic settings he provides for Taylor, more martial rhythms and consistency being a quality of Moholo's work. Like the Dutch master Han Bennink, Louis Moholo is on equal terms with a pianist of Taylor's intensity, never giving the feeling of being overpowered by the pianist's concentrated attack. Taylor bears down on the instrument in this combination knowing the resourcefulness of his partner. In the first selection, Taylor plays a delicate figure that sits uneasily against Moholo's snare drum roll. Both players remain fixed in their opposition, a wonderful tension in the juxtaposition, a trusting. Taylor carries the figure forward, moving into wide intervallic leaps. A cascade of pitches and rhythm. Moholo's understanding of the free music, of the tension and release in high energy playing leads to staggering consequences. This recording, along with the Bennink / Taylor duet should warrant a separate release from F.M.P., representing as it does a rarely heard side of Taylor's playing.

Leaf Palm Hand

Cecil Taylor / Tony Oxley, drums, electronics

Tony Oxley, a player with a long and varied presence on the British and European jazz scene, joins Cecil here for a set that should open some people's eyes in terms of his impact as a performer. Oxley's regular membership in Taylor's trio (with bassist William Parker) in part stems from this performance and it is easy to see that his energy playing and imaginative lines lock right in on the stream of play the pianist taps into. Oxley has a unique position in the history of Taylor's ensembles in that he is perhaps the only permanent rhythm section mate coming out of the European free

PAUL LOVENS (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

tradition. His development of an individualistic approach to the role, one that incorporates electronics and sound-based exploration owing as much to *musique concrete* as to jazz, may be the reason for this distinction. Although he doesn't employ it in an obvious way, his command of the instrument indicates a fundamental understanding as well of the traditional (post 1940) jazz vocabulary on the kit. This has an interesting effect on his interaction with Taylor on this CD. Very few of Taylor's Unit drummers in the last period have equalled the originality of statement (in terms of personal autonomy) that Oxley makes here. He is not pursuing Taylor as much as being engaged in a conversational duologue. Reflecting a very painterly free collage of sound elements, his work brings Taylor a new sonic intensity to embellish as he will. Oxley's strength in this direction is also in the ability to listen / contribute in the present moment, a hallmark of the truly creative improvisor. There are no preplanned moments in this discourse, at least there don't appear to be. Oxley's performance consciousness is closely linked to Taylor's, surging forward and then retreating with the maturity of the artist respecting the silence within the form.

Spots, Circles and Fantasy

Cecil Taylor / Han Bennink, percussion, drums

Of all the five collaborators that Taylor is paired with in this collection of piano and drum duets, his encounter with the Dutch master Han Bennink is the most exciting and transcendent. Bennink's command of the instrument, energy, and ability to hear precisely what train of thought Taylor is following make this CD performance the strongest. The long historical association with pianist Misha Mengelberg and the ICP seems to have little discernible influence on the music here, a long, fierce exchange with Bennink pushing the American pianist as much as being pulled in the wake of the piano's tonal barrage. The two musicians here have created a work that is resilient and bloody, life-like. Taylor's thematic advances in the work's long central theme appear to be opposed by Bennink's considered responses, but listeners will have to decide for themselves on that point, considering the complexity of this music

form. It is unfair in reviewing these discs to make any judgement automatically (this statement should be applied to all preceding remarks in this article) since this living music must be repeatedly experienced in order to be fully comprehended. Only at that time can one begin to allow the music's meaning to surface. Shouldn't this be obvious? The aphorism, "how can you hope to understand in ten minutes what took twenty years to create?" holds true here as anywhere. The beauty of the music here and in all of Taylor's recording work requires a commitment from the audience that is at once fascinating and exhausting. With this disc, the effort required in developing one's appreciation of the improvisor's form is amply rewarded.

The Hearth

Cecil Taylor / Evan Parker, tenor saxophone, Tristan Honsinger, cello

A very interesting twist on the format of duos in this set is the trio of Taylor, Parker and Honsinger. Beginning with a duo of cello and tenor, there is an immediate sense of communication between the two musicians that is enriching. Joined by Taylor, the music has the quality of an avant-garde chamber ensemble, lines arcing back and forth, colliding and reeling with a joyful sort of abandon. Parker on tenor is on the lookout at all times in the performance for the line moving through the air, leading and following Taylor in this unusual combination. There are great moments in the disc and also moments when the imbalance in sonic power becomes evident. Honsinger's cello is at times overtaken by the sound density generated by Taylor's playing although he is never at a loss for ideas, bowing chords, playing pizzicato bass lines that are surprisingly resonant, and creating a spontaneous counterpoint line to Taylor and Parker. It is unfortunate that due to technical limitations in the recording process, Honsinger's cello remains unamplified and some of the nuance that it is capable of is obscured in the mix. Parker's tone is full and powerful here, and his adeptness at instantly reharmonizing a com-plex line is masterful. The only drawback to this trio is a sense of incomplete instru-mentation, though this is not to fault any of the players. Listening to the finished work, one longs for the addition of another string or reed instrument for the balance / ballast it would bring to this encounter, perhaps the addition of Peter Kowald or Louis Sclavis. Still, a welcome meeting of spirits.

Legba Crossing

Cecil Taylor Workshop Ensemble

This recording is the most documented of all in the box set from the concerts. In the folio, there is an intense look at the harmonic setting that Cecil has produced for his workshop participants to perform, as well as an accompanying score notated by the oboist Daniel Werts. The ensemble's performance of *Legba Crossing* makes for an interesting test of young players' abilities to adapt to a score that is only partly fleshed out, and requires that their interpretive skills be finely tuned. All in all, they make a good reading of a tough piece, with the soloists and ensemble members featured in the recording making use of the same techniques that Taylor employs in the Europe Orchestra arrangements. This is not a student recital piece written for the half-holiday parents' visit! The devices that this score calls for are demanding to the most seasoned players and the finished piece represented here is very strong. Voice work, performers dividing the responsibilities of

EVAN PARKER (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

free and composed sections of the score, soloist / ensemble settings of complex tonal / rhythmic parts, and the use of unconventional instrumental techniques are among the demands that this score made. A substantial performance.

Alms / Tiergarten (Spree)

Cecil Taylor European Big Band

with Enrico Rava (t), Tomasz Stanko (t), Hannes Bauer (tr), Christian Radovan (tr), Wolter Wierbos (tr), Martin Mayes (fh), Peter Van Bergen (reeds), Peter Brotzmann (reeds), Hans Koch (reeds), Evan Parker (reeds), Louis Sclavis (reeds), Gunter Hampel (vibes), Tristan Honsinger (c), Peter Kowald (b), William Parker (b), Han Bennink, (d and percussion), Taylor (p)

The recording of the Cecil Taylor European Big Band is the centrepiece of this FMP box set, and deservedly so, since it contains a superlative performance of some of the greatest living improvisors. An introduction to the theatre for those unfamiliar with Taylor's performance craft, the set begins in darkness with voices moaning, chanting, keening. Music begins with the drum, and Han Bennink here opens the door to the otherworld that is the orchestra of two continents. Dense, clattering activity of percussion mixing with the excitement of the hall. First notes of the horns heart-catching discord. Pause for breath, this is a living not machine music. Staccato, telegraphic, brass introduction that picks up the theme, the phrase fans out through the ensemble like a tribal language passing through many hands. Tristan with Peter K. and William. Muted trombones that unfold into the music. Cecil's presence more felt than heard, piano undercurrent. Bright metallic flares of trumpet, orange then blue, light that glints off metal surfaces. Brass pulses stirring in the heart of this medicine, a healing music in Berlin, the tenor saxophone of Peter Van Bergen. Slow brass build warming up to contrapuntal theme. Big chord!!!!

Much of the music's mystery is derived for the listener by trying to follow multiple lines, lines that sway and grapple all in the same moment tumbling out on top of each other. There is a point in the program where the realization must have hit the audience in the Kongreshalle Berlin that this was a once in a lifetime show, a gathering of the richest talent in the international circle, a distinct vision shared, and that all slips away in time.

Human spirit talk, theme in the reeds, soprano horn (Parker?) dances with piano. Basses race like horses, push the waterfall. A theme rises to be seen, and then slips back just out of view (Cecil's trick of jumping behind the piano) brass smears of colour leading into theme entrance, chaotic jackson pollack violence high horns, vertigo, altitude, the blues seen from far above the earth.

Jost Gebers and F.M.P. invited Cecil Taylor for a month long residence in association with the Goethe Institute and German Arts Councils, and as part of the bargain offered the pianist a hand in choosing participants for a series of concerts. Some of the musicians are known internationally, some unknown, some soon to be international. Concerts and workshops were held through the period of June 17th to July 17th from which are drawn these recordings.

Trumpets in another direction from the approach of the brass ensemble Ghost of Albert in multiphonics of Peter Brotzmann. Taylor leans into the piano with the velocity of commitment. Evan soprano and Peter tenor in top register of their horns. Swells of bass clarinet, the conference of Bird's circles through the unity of Taylor and Gunter Hampel. Clash of drums and piano in polarity, rapid contrapuntal woodwinds and brass.

The limitations of the FMP box set are in its inaccessibility to the listeners. A limited press run of one thousand making this review the closest most of the fans will ever get to these recordings. Balance this notion against the excellent quality of the set and the historical importance of documenting this series of players at this point in time.

Long tones as Cecil changes direction, sad pretty theme surfaces and disappears. Han tears cymbals and drums up. The view of what the world is like to the new arrivals. As in all the music, this exists as a welcoming. an unfolding and a knitting together, the chant of spirit voices, voice of the continents slipping toward each other.

FMP Recordings are available from Cadence, Cadence Building, Redwood, NY USA 13679-9612 (315 287-2852

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HORACE, HARD BOP, AND THE HEALING PROCESS

When Dizzy Gillespie wrote his memoirs, ***To Be Or Not To Bop*** (Da Capo Press, 1979), he chose a most appropriate title. In the decade of the 1940s, this decision of swing or bop had to be made by jazz musicians and the listening public alike. As the 1950s rolled around, the label, *hard bop*, was subsequently attached to the music that developed as a sequel to bebop, but there was a problem with terminology: by this time, a host of other musical influences had likewise bred themselves with that pure and defined art form, bebop.

In ***The Grove Dictionary of Jazz*** (Grove Dictionaries of Music, 1988), pianist / composer / arranger / bandleader Horace Silver is given credit for bringing about hard bop's inception and development. However, hearing it straight from Silver leaves one in doubt for the simple reason that even he is unsure if there is such a beast as *hard bop*.

"I never think of my music in terms of bebop or hard bop or anything," states Silver. "I just think of it as Horace Silver's music. Many things have infiltrated my style. You can hear gospel, blues, bebop, even boogie woogie and folk music. You can certainly detect the Latin influence, especially Latin rhythmic concepts. So, I just consider it a conglomeration of things, a potpourri. Since I was a kid, I always wanted my own style; I strove toward developing my own identity."

"Sure, there was bebop, which was heavily defined," Silver continues, "then what came after it, if you want to term it, call it modern jazz, an extension of bebop. I was heavily into bebop and I still dig bebop. Bebop was a hell of a musical form. But I think the critics started calling it hard bop because for a time there, a lot of the West Coast musicians were playing a form of music that was more on the polite side. We just threw all that to the wind and got real guttural and nitty-gritty, and basic with it. It's just a matter of personal taste, but I was more into the cats who were bashin', a heavy-kick-your-ass type of music. There was no bullshitting around, no politeness. Just bang it on out."

Another style of music for which Silver is often given credit in introducing is funk. Tunes like Silver's *The Preacher*, and *Doodlin'* were successful in launching an entire idiom based on this same rhythmic and harmonic structure. Straight-ahead musicians Cannonball Adderley, Lee Morgan and dozens of others followed suit (often at the prodding of their hit-bound record producers), and the jukeboxes were loaded with funky blues-based tunes.

"People were playing and writing funk long before I started," argues Silver. "Take Milt Jackson, for example. That's Mr. Funk, period. Milt Jackson is Mr. Funk. John Lewis, too. When The Modern Jazz Quartet gets to playing funky, look out. And if they decide to get sanctified and gospelly, they can sure do that too. So, guys like that were playing that way long before I did it."

"See, there was a point in the development of bebop when it got very sophisticated in terms of harmonies and melodies," Silver continues. "The bebop lines were long, you know, a whole lot of notes, and a whole lot of chord changes moving very swiftly. It was good; all the stuff was good. But they had gotten away from the funky approach to the music. In fact, there was a point in time when a lot of jazz cats thought it was very unhip to be bluesy and gospelly in the music. When I came in with it, I didn't do it on purpose; it was just part of my natural habitat. I came in and simplified it, and the public like it, so a lot of guys started doing the same thing."

Was Silver ever accused of selling out because of the commercial success? "Well, I never caught much of that flack," he responds. "I wouldn't have paid much

HORACE SILVER (Photograph by Gerard Futrick)

HORACE SILVER BY JAMES ROZZI

attention to it anyway because my music comes from my heart and my soul, and my mind. It's my love and it's for real. I never once in my life tried to falsify or purposely contrive something. Whatever I do, whether it's commercial, semi-commercial, or non-commercial, it's me. I can stick my chest out with pride and say everything I've done in music, I believe in."

In reference to contemporary trends in instrumental music, Silver comments, "They've gone way overboard in categorizing music as *jazz*. A lot of what I hear being referred to as jazz is not jazz at all. You know, Duke Ellington had his viewpoint. He believed there should be no categories; that it should all be called *music*. As much as I love him and respect him, I don't particularly go along with that viewpoint myself. I think the word *jazz* is valid. I just feel we've got to get the public to respect the word more. They should respect the music and respect the word, accept the music and accept the word, a hell of a lot more than they do thus far. They kind of take us for granted; we've always been treated as a stepchild."

Silver expends much of his creative energy these days in the form of composition and orchestration, confining his touring to the summer months beginning the end of June. "I have a 17 year-old son who is in high school," he explains. "I can't go out the rest of the year and leave him by himself. It's just the two of us living together." Silver's regular working band has been remarkably consistent considering that the musicians must put their regular gigs on hold to become part of the Horace Silver Quintet or Sextet for only a few months a year. For the past several years, his band has been based on personnel from ***Out Of The Blue (O.T.B.)***, the quintet recording for Blue Note Records. Vocals have become an integral part of the Horace Silver sound, and have been beautifully handled by Andy Bey and his soulfully resonant baritone voice. Past excursions have found Silver and his band on lengthy tours throughout Europe, Japan and Brazil, as well as the U.S.

When he's not putting pen to manuscript, Silver spends much of his time developing the latest addition to his musical portfolio: his own record labels. For seven years, Silver has been nurturing his **Silveto Productions,** which encompasses the labels **Silveto** and **Emerald**. While the Emerald label is based on recordings of straight-ahead instrumental jazz by well-known musicians, or those deserving of wider recognition, Silveto is strictly reserved for Horace Silver's metaphysical music, which had its beginnings on a triad of albums he recorded for Blue Note in the early 1970s: ***The United States of Mind***. When interviewed by Joe H. Klee for ***Downbeat*** in 1971, Silver described this music as having "a metaphysical or spiritual theme to it. It deals with self-awareness, self-control, and self-realization." Before going further, it should be pointed out that no apprehension is in order for those fearful of the pedantic or the trend-wary; Silver's music is as earthy and funky as ever.

"Blue Note, who I recorded with for years, was putting jazz on the shelf, and everybody whose contract expired, well, they didn't renew it," Silver states as his primary reason for forming his own record labels. "When my contract wasn't renewed, I was approached by a couple of different smaller companies. I gave it a lot of thought, but kept saying to myself, 'I want to get into this self-help, holistic approach to music to help assist in the healing process. I know if I go with one of these labels, they're not going to want me to do that. They're going to fight me on this because they'll figure it's not going to sell.' I believed in it and wanted to do it. It had been on my mind for so long that I said, 'I'm going to try it myself,' and that's how I got into it."

At this time, Silver has three albums out on the Emerald label. ***Horace Silver - Live 1964*** (EMR 1001) is not on Silveto because it is obviously not metaphysical music. "It's a nice cookin' session, the fidelity is good, and it's one of only three live albums with the quintet," says Silver. Personnel includes one of Silver's finest working bands (Joe Henderson, tenor sax; Carmell Jones, trumpet. Teddy Smith, bass; Roger Humphries, drums) blowing freely on *Filthy McNasty, The Tokyo Blues, Senor Blues,* and the never-before-recorded *Skinney Minnie*. Likewise, Silver's latest release, ***The Natives Are Restless Tonight*** (EMR - CD-1003), has the same personnel with the addition of Woody Shaw on trumpet, cranking it up on *Song For My Father, The Natives Are Restless Tonight, Que Passe,* and two takes of *The African Queen*. ***Clark Terry - Live 1964*** (EMR 1002) finds the ex-Basie / Ellington trumpeter in excellent form, weaving his way through *Straight No Chaser, Stardust, Perdido, Misty, Haig And Haig,* and *In A Mellow Tone* with Michael Abene on piano, Jimmy Gannon on bass, and John Forte on drums.

On the Silveto label, Silver has released three quintet or sextet records. ***There's No Need To Struggle*** (SPR 103) has Silver on piano, Eddie Harris on tenor, Bobby Shew on trumpet, Carl Burnett on drums, Bob Maize on bass and Feather (Weaver Copeland and Mahmu Pearl) on vocals. As with all Silveto releases, all compositions are original and recorded here for the first time. To this listener's tastes, the message and its musical medium of ***There's No Need To Struggle*** is a bit trite and predictable. However, an excellent synthesis of music and words can be found on the most recent release, ***Music To Ease Your Disease*** (SPR 105; Silver, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Junior Cook, tenor; Ray Drummond, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Andy Bey, vocals), and ***Spiritualizing The Senses*** (SPR 102; Silver, piano; Bobby Shew, trumpet; Eddie Harris, tenor; Ralph Moore, tenor; Bob Maize, bass; Carl Burnett, drums), which is strictly instrumental. Both are interesting, easily understood guides to practising Silver's dogma, and both records *cook* as you'd expect of the musicians involved.

Guides To Growing Up (SPR 101) is directed toward children of all ages, and blends some common sense advice with straight-ahead blowing. The instrumentation on this album represents a light deviation for Silver, as Joe Diorio's guitar is included, combining with Eddie Harris' tenor, Bob Magnusson's bass, and Roy McCurdy's drums, with Feather supplying vocals. There are also several recitations by Bill Cosby.

The Continuity Of The Spirit (SPR 104) was a large undertaking, best explained by Silver: "I was commissioned by ASCAP to write a three-part musical work for Duke Ellington which was to be included on a program they had in Duke's honour. I wrote it for string orchestra, rhythm section, a mini-chorus of singers, and some flute players. That really turned me on, you know? People who heard it liked it and recommended that I write more pieces like

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it."

"I've been very active lately writing extended pieces of music," Silver continues. "I'm still writing singular pieces of music, singular tunes, but I've completed three extended pieces and am writing more. I hope to have them performed on stage at some time in the near future. Some other things I've been hoping to do include a Broadway production and motion pictures. I'm not interested in becoming a full-time film writer, but I'd like to do a few movie scores that I could really sink my teeth into. I always think of classic movies like ***Black Orpheus***, which Jobim wrote the music for; something like that which would stand the test of time."

As with most independent record labels, distribution is Silver's biggest problem. "I've been fighting that for the past seven years," he explains. "Just when I hook up with somebody and it looks like it's going to happen, it falls through. I have three distributors, but they're all small companies. The bigger companies are not interested. I've sent them sample records. I've called them. I've written to them. I've had other people approach them for me, and they just don't seem to be interested." Silver feels that one possible solution is to beef up his Emerald catalog with more artists and releases.

Silver's most intense hopes are philanthropic and much broader in scope than playing music and selling records. "My prayer is that all healing people will get their heads together and blend their efforts for the good of humanity and stop fighting. The established medical profession continues to knock the holistic people down and poor humanity suffers in the balance. Certainly there's a lot that organized medicine does for humanity. God bless them; we'd be lost without them. Why can't we blend it all together for the good of humanity?"

Horace Silver's priorities are void of ego. Acknowledged as one of the most creative and exciting pianists in jazz history, he wears his selflessness on his sleeve, an example to all.

For mail order and more information, contact:
Silveto Records, P.O. Box 1852, Santa Monica, CA 90406

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

When indulging in the pleasurable task of reviewing recordings, my aim is to create a story line, to share with you the experience and thoughts that the music transmits to me, to perhaps make a path through the hundreds of recordings that appear on the market on such a regular basis. To give you an opportunity to know, at least from my point of view, which turn in the maze may get you to a final choice. Words are not the music, so a bar by bar detailed account of music structure seems not to be of much use; to explain the music's content in technical jargon seems unreal.
Who is the expert?
Historically, jazz is an eclectic and far reaching music, creating most personal listening habits, which in many cases change as one's curiosity expands. It's been more than thirty years that this music has enthralled, drawn me into its web, given me the privilege of entering into such an exciting life, lived through perhaps one third of the history. Along the way there has been the opportunity to involve myself in a more intimate manner; by being a player I have been privy to special moments, details and friendships, that have enlarged the already wonderful force of the music itself. It's not only the sound of jazz for me, but the people that make it come forth.
In the sixties, the musicians that were becoming my inspiration in person, were in England, an England that had just become the home to a number of new ideas in improvised music, and also the new safety for the South African musicians in exile. Among them was the late Chris MacGregor. In an interview conducted in that period, Chris said that when he lived in South Africa, away from the main source of jazz music, he would receive recordings in the mail and it was like receiving letters from friends. Now that I also live away from the mainstream, in relative isolation, I begin to understand what he meant.
The following recordings of Marilyn Crispell, Jane Bunnett, Don Pullen, Kate Hammett - Vaughan, John Heward, Derek Bailey, Barre Phillips, Paul Plimley and Lisle Ellis, are my letters from friends.

Crashing clumping clusters
behoving the piano to shout back
flustered momentarily from the shock
of this rude awakening.
A woman you say
not silent tongues for sure.
The rush of the treble still paying
tribute to a known master
but quite clear that this is music
now fully formed.

MARILYN CRISPELL
Live In San Francisco
Music & Arts CD-633
October 1989

MARILYN CRISPELL TRIO
with Paul Motian & Reggie Workman
Live In Zurich
Leo CDLR 122
April 1989

MARILYN CRISPELL QUINTET
with Oliver Lake, Peter Buettner, Reggie Workman and Gerry Hemingway
Victo CD 012
October 1990

My, this has been a bad season, what with born again, new age, yuppies, three piece suites, a war and the recession. There were times when it seemed as if the air would never clear. The yuppie trend, culminating in a massive recession, with its right wing attitudes resulting in a vapid culture, managed to obscure the real music that was continuing to struggle on. Jazz music, in spite of numerous fashionable interruptions, has always carried along its developing path, always enlarging the boundaries of imagination. The dreadful wishy washy college boy exercises, that have appeared in every period of our music, will soon be forgotten, and what will remain will be the few artists that enriched and sustained our interest during this period. None of these players could be described as imitating past information, but rather will be thought of as the natural evolution of the art.
Not zerox, or any other corporate concept.
If one reflected into the past, even with an abbreviated thought, perhaps piano history could be arranged to read - Jelly Roll Morton - Earl Hines - Thelonious Monk - Cecil Taylor - could be identified by just four of its genii. Of course Taylor does not sound like Monk, nor Monk like Hines, nor Hines like Morton, but there is that stylistic link joining them all together, creating a convenient history.

And so we come to Marilyn Crispell, a self proclaimed disciple of Cecil Taylor, a next generation continuing the master's concept. In some ways, this adoration for CT has worked in a negative manner, has led certain information sources to treat her (and others) as copyists, and have missed, once again , the point of what is going on. For in reality Marilyn is not imitating Taylor's music, but is captured by

Marilyn Crispell (photograph by Bill Smith)

the spiritual force, by the essence rather than the result, by its sheer tenacious vivacity.

These three recordings are a perfect introduction, or illustration if you will, of the breadth of her abilities, for she appears, not in the artificial confines of the studio, but in live performance ; in solo, trio and quintet configurations, allowing us, as close as can be, the opportunity to be the "audience" of a public event.

SOLO

In this program, taped in San Francisco, she has opted for a series of quite beautiful romantic pieces, five of which are originals, plus the standard *When I Fall In Love*, Monk's *Ruby My Dear* and John Coltrane's *Dear Lord*. In a certain way the opening statements of all three concerts set the tone of the evening, in so much that her programs are not just a series of tunes but rather a thought-out conceptual event. *Penumbra*, being the beginning of the solo recital sets in motion, her style, building from its gentle rhapsodic introduction into a pianistic tour de force, with its twelve minutes being an overview, a brief outline of the concert to ensue. With the exception of this opening composition and *Misconception*, which is full of her legendary rhythmic dancing attack, I find the music very romantic and quite aligned to what is refered to as the tradition. The readings of *When I Fall In Love* and *Ruby My Dear* are as they should be, full of respect for the form in which they were composed. Her own pieces vary from miniature melodies spaced apart and joined together by the thoughts of someone fondly thought of (*Zipporah*), gently dark and probing (*Tromos*) or as in John Coltrane's *Dear Lord*, respectful for this "master" in the form of a homage. Is this a hymn?

TRIO

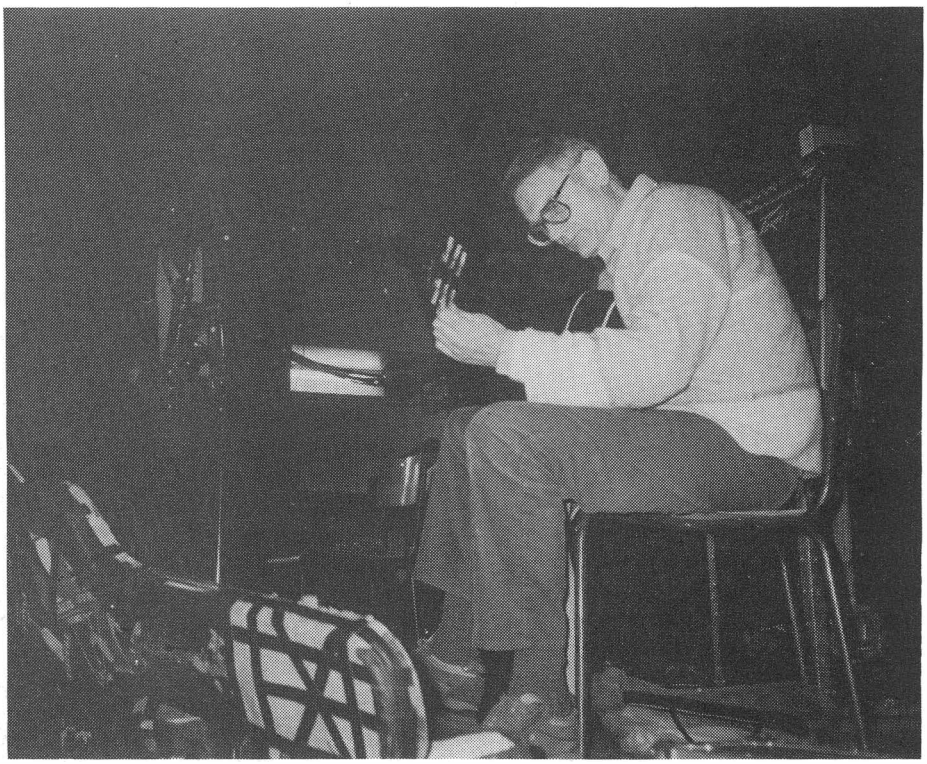
As with the solo concert, this event also has the feeling of being programmed, with Paul Motian setting the stage, whisk brooming an environment for Marilyn's clear strong voice to sing a songline almost folk - like in its simplicity. The trio puts her into a different perspective even if it is for the reason of not having to occupy all the space alone. With the cooperation of Motian and her long time associate Reggie Workman , the variety of the music is expanded, and although it does not take on the character of the "jazz trio" there is a certain additional rhythmic force. Part of her solo technique is the original choice of chords to support her intentions, and in the trio format this lightens a little and becomes less clustered. One composition, *Duets/Points In Time*, features the talents of Motian and Workman in a variety of combinations, and, as in the solo recording there is a rendition, so beautiful, of Trane's *Dear Lord*. Heartfelt.

What a wonderful night this must have been in Zurich. A music quite in keeping with the feeling of this Swiss city. At once old and new.

QUINTET

Victoriaville, the location of the festival where this was recorded, and the quintet itself, are quite unique. The festival, which is the only new music festival in North America of its kind, has over the years, produced a great number of recordings of interesting music, and this one is no exception. The quintet, which is Marilyn's regular current trio of Reggie Workman and Gerry Hemingway, plus the saxophones of Oliver Lake and Peter Buettner remind me of the wonderful energy music of the sixties, and in particular the music of Cecil Taylor's Unit Structures. Interesting that in the whole time that I have been listening to these recordings, this is the first moment that I have thought of her connection with Taylor, and even though this thought has occurred, it would be more in terms of a reference point of description than a reality of fact. The form of the four pieces, *Ritual*, *Sorrow*, *Circles* and *Chant* is simplistic, with a "tune" bracketing a series of improvisations, and although this has the function of holding the music together, it is really the energy and spirit of the group improvisation that captures my attention. Suddenly the "rhythm" section is an organic whole, creating a wave of joyful power which inspires the saxophones to "jump in" and shout out their response. I find this music very exciting and by the shouts of the exuberant audience know that they concur.

Which of these three recordings will please you remains as always your choice, but in which ever area you find your fancy, you will find music that is stimulating and worth the time to listen.



Derek Bailey (photograph by Bill Smith)

PAUL PLIMLEY / LISLE ELLIS DUO
Both Sides Of The Same Mirror
9 Winds NW CD 0135
July & November 1989

JANE BUNNETT / DON PULLEN
New York Duets
Music & Arts CD 629 (Now issued on Denon)
August 1989

RECORDINGS REVIEWED BY BILL SMITH

DEREK BAILEY / BARRE PHILLIPS
Figuring
Incus CD 05
May 1987 & September 1988

Although jazz has confined itself to quite strict instrumental formats, over the past three decades, just as the music itself has released the language from the narrow band of convention, so has the idea of different instrumental combinations occurred. For me the most interesting has been the duet, mostly because, for the first time, the idea that two players of like intent can cooperate together on the most personal of all levels. The music can at last be an intimate conversation.
It is of course true that this is not the first time that the duet has served as a perfect format, we would only have to know about Doc Cheatham and Sammy Price to clarify that, but even they, as great as they are, use the duet in the same manner they would a band. What has occurred in modern music is not the miniaturising of group size, but more the possibility of open interplay, a chance to work with details and produce music that happens just that one time. Repetition would mean change.

The three recordings in this second section become even more like letters from friends, as I have played over the past years with Paul Plimley, Lisle Ellis, Jane Bunnett and Barre Phillips, giving me a special reason for wanting to hear their music. Musicians, due to the nature of their existence often travel, so seeing each other on a regular basis is unusual. When one does there is often a small celebration, a time to reminisce, to catch up on the news. For most of us a postcard could be this moment, so a recording can cast me back to memories. A pleasant feeling being presented to me in this room.
Once again the influence of Cecil Taylor is in evidence, as both Paul Plimley and Lisle Ellis are serious students of his, and have benefited from the concept of Unit Structures. Plimley even appears on the orchestra CD that is part of the magnificent FMP boxed set of Cecil Live In Berlin. But, once again, as in the case of Marilyn Crispell, it is the history and guidance of Taylor that has been useful, and not an attempt to emulate his music. In fact the musical association that the two share goes back to the 1970s when they were both part of the invention of the New Orchestra Workshop in Vancouver, a movement that was central to the development of the burgeoning west coast scene. So it is not too surprising that their music has an intimate closeness. It must be flattering, especially for a Canadian musician for whom fame is elusive on an international level, to be compared to someone as fantastic as Cecil Taylor, and although Plimley would acknowledge this influence, his music is less physical, more lyrical and blues inflected than the man who taught him so much.
The hour of music on this CD, with the exception of the Jimi Hendrix composition *Third Stone From The Sun*, and one by each of them, is collaborated composing, giving the overall illusion of a suite in nine parts. Perhaps the intention. Close together is the thought that keeps entering my mind, so close that on several tracks it is impossible to discern the bass from the piano's rumbling lower clef. Rhythmic, sprightly, intense, beautiful and sad, much like the character of the two amazing players that play this music. This is the first time out for them together as a recorded duo, but I am sure that once this music is heard they will be in much demand. In 1982 Lisle Ellis moved to Montreal and his energy is once again in evidence in the form of a weekly series of which he is the musical director. Etats Soniques has in recent times presented William Parker, Karen Borca, Joe McPhee, Glenn Spearman, Raphael Malik, and a great number of Canadian players.
Canada's reputation as a "jazz country" has never succeeded in going past the idea of *Swinging Shepard Blues*, but like a great deal of our country's reputation, no longer exists. This duo could be a perfect way for you to be introduced to the new order.

There was a time when we discussed "jazz" that we would automatically be refering to American music, and with few exceptions (Django & Grappelli, Albert Mangelsdorff, Dollar Brand, Oscar Peterson, Gil Evans, Paul Bley) this would have been an accurate assessment of the situation. Times, like communication itself, have changed, so that now the creative forces come from many different countries. Always low down on the list, (both Peterson and Bley were always thought of as other than Canadian) was our country, and it indeed has not been until the most recent of times that a seemingly "national" identity has surfaced. As with Plimley and Ellis, saxophonist Jane Bunnett is beginning to make her mark. Her music though is quite different to the open daring music of the preceding duo, and has developed out of the influences of Steve Lacy and Eric Dolphy, putting her music firmly in the jazz tradition. Her major assets are superb musicianship, choice of partners, and her study of more than the superficial layer of jazz. Jane has dug deep into the song form and discovered that the popular one is not it, and has found instead inspiration in the music of Monk and more pertinently that of her recording partner Don Pullen. Knowing Dons music should instantly clarify the challenge that exists, because if you can't swing with wide open ears, then forget it. Jane Bunnett not only manages to deal with Don Pullen, but more often than not is the one making the action occur. A little on edge in the faster tempos, soft and laid back on the ballads, and always together. Of the ten compositions, two are by Monk (*Bya-ya & Little Rootie Tootie*), one by Toronto bassist Al Henderson, two by Don and five by Jane, making a varied and interesting program of sounds.

They first played together at the Little Theatre Club, London, in the 1960s, then not at all until the 1980s when their paths crossed often: workshops and concerts in France in 1984, a tour of Italy by Company in 1986, the 1987 Company Week in London, a duo performance at Crawley Festival in 1988 and a duo tour, in 1989, of the North of England. These recordings were made during Company week in 1987 and at the Crawley Festival 1988.(The liner notes)

Duets with Derek. The most intimate of conversations. Hear Ear Eavesdropping. Private Moments. Many Occasions. Derek Duets With Evan Parker - Cecil Taylor - Anthony Braxton - Tony Coe - Han Bennink - Cyro Baptista - Tristan Honsinger - Steve Lacy . Such a fine group of friends to sit around with; discuss as you will, what.
Is the music too private? Hear Ear Eavesdropping.

The day is early, garden shadows still long, the wind has been busy for some days now, whirling the rapid changes up the channel. Trees Leaves Whirr. Never a moment the same, always a detail different. The melodious utterance, as the song of a bird; the thrush cries.

Other echoes
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow ?
Quick, said the bird, find them, find them
Round the corner. Through the first gate,
Into our first world, shall we follow
The deception of the thrush?
Into our first world.
(Burnt Norton - Four Quartets - T.S. Eliot)

"You 'll find my theory is logically sound."
A tune perhaps?
A melodious succession of musical tones forming a coherent whole, developing as the pizzicato language of the strings. PlinkPlonk - to - fleet rhythmic intensity. Quiet though.

OR
"Who's there to know you passed 'em around."

Delicate / Fragile. The bowed bass making clear the meaning of the description classical. Abrupt jagged guitar klang. Difficult to say what this music of Derek Bailey and Barre Phillps describes, but inside you it stays.

GARBO'S HAT
Hats Alive
Kate Hammett - Vaughan (voice), Paul Blaney (bass) and Graham Ord (soprano saxophone and flute)
Garbo's Hat, 1018 Odlum Drive, Vancouver, BC V5L 3L6
Cassette - October 1990

GLENN SPEARMAN & JOHN HEWARD
Utterance
Production : Diction 01
301 Murray Street, Montreal , Quebec, Canada H3C 2E1
Cassette - October 1990

As this current batch of letters from friends, which has been received over the past year, dwindles to two cassettes, I find myself in the most intimate of situations; as they are recordings of artists that I have performed with in this current period.
There has not been much coverage of cassette recordings in Coda, but for a great number of artists, due to the enormous cost involved in production, this is the only way to represent themselves in these times. Self help is not a new condition for creative musicians, especially if they stand aside from the mainstream, or as in this case be Canadians, who are likely not known outside of this country. Or for that matter even within.
Both these cassettes represent activity that has been developed in the cities where the artists live.
Garbo's Hat - Vancouver & John Heward - Montreal.

Not having a penchant for the "jazz singer", has narrowed my appreciation of this form in a rather eclectic manner. Examples of singers that I appreciate would be Billie Holiday, Sheila Jordan, Jeanne Lee and Ellen Christie, all of whom are better described as musicians rather than mundane purveyors of the popular ditty. My pleasure of these particular vocalists is mostly due to the very personal quality that they all bring to the song. The understanding of more than just the veneer, indeed a new interpretation of the form itself. They are not singers in the sense of being accompanied, but are musicians among musicians.
And so to Kate Hammett - Vaughan and Garbo's Hat.
The trio's configuration of Kate Hammett - Vaughan, Graham Ord and Paul Blaney establish their style immediately, in the opening *Bye Bye Blackbird*. Breathing new life into this old standard. An interweaving tapestry of sound. So clear. It has been suggested on a number of occasions, by reviewers, that the elusive Canadian sound is perhaps relaxed, unhurried, creating a more genteel image. This is surely so in the case of Garbo's Hat, for although the program of material is broad in content, there prevails an airy , somewhat whimsical (full of sudden fancy) quality within the music. Five "standards" with many highlights. *Lush Life*, a duet for voice and bass being a believable story of fragility. Or the moment in life of *Nature Boy*. Two improvised trios, allowing us the opportunity to hear why, as a trio, they are so close together. *Ord's Pipe*, a feature for Graham's flute. And two original poemsongs from Kate. Perhaps an abbreviated description could be - Stories In Rhyme & Rhythm, loose and uncluttered.
As I write this, Garbo's Hat are presenting a cross Canada tour, making it possible for more people to be introduced to this quality original music. For those not fortunate enough to be there, send $12.00 to Kate Hammett-Vaughan.

Throughout the history of jazz there have been numerous players who could be described as multi - disciplinary artists. The likes of Pee-Wee Russell (painter), Rex Stewart (writer), Miles Davis (painter), Marion Brown (painter), Michael Snow (film maker)..... come quickly to mind, and it should not be too difficult to realise that any person who is creative in one field, if inclined, could develop their talents in another discipline. John Heward is one such friend, and if you could see his paintings, would not be surprised to discover he is also one of Canada's finest improvising percussionists. For the past past few years he has worked in cooperation with his friend, bassist Lisle Ellis, in support of numerous musicians visiting Montreal, including his partner on this recording, tenor saxophonist Glenn Spearman. John Heward is a self taught musician who has developed his music over a number of years by playing with an interesting variety of players around Montreal, and one can hear in his playing the concepts that have come from the likes of Sonny Murray, Rashied Ali and Andrew Cyrille, but once again is not an imitator of these musicians, instead has been inspired by their contributions to his world of sound. Receptive to the other players is a way to imagine his contributions.
You may have already seen mention of Glenn Spearman in previous Coda's. A west coast saxophonist now residing in the east, who is part of the tradition of hard playing, free-wheeling tenorism, much in the style of Frank Lowe and the Reverend Frank. Coming from the experience of the Cecil Taylor Unit, a training ground that has served a number of young american musicians well, he gruffly swaggers his way through the three pieces (*Tongues, The Soldification Of Fires and Summoning Voices*). splashing colours, bright in hue, about him, as he strides, always, forward. The details provided by John Heward, enhance and enrich the music, as John is not dragged along in tidal wave barrage, instead provides another voice almost delicate, and most certainly of a different palette of colours. Fine free improvised music, well worth investing $12.00 in.
I trust that the thoughts that I have shared with you about these eight recordings and all these wonderful musicians will be of some use to you, will assist in your continuing search for new and interesting music.
Warmest thoughts,

Bill Smith (Improvisation In Exile)

THE BEST Jazz IS TIMELESS

Joanne Brackeen
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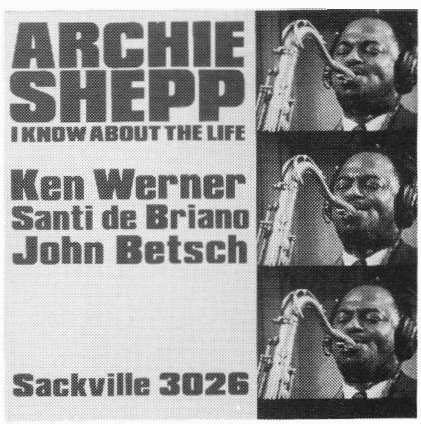

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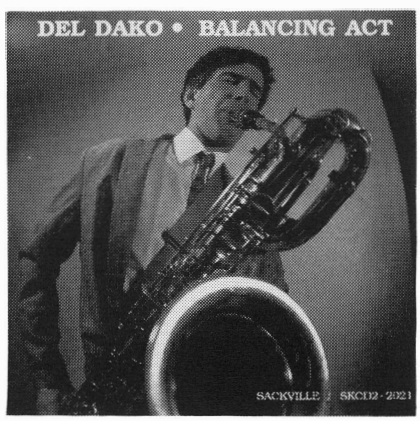

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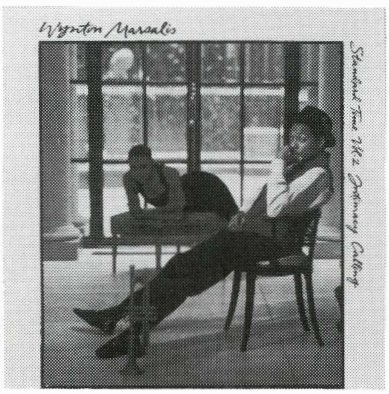

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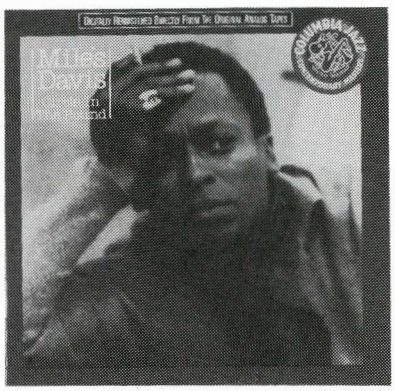

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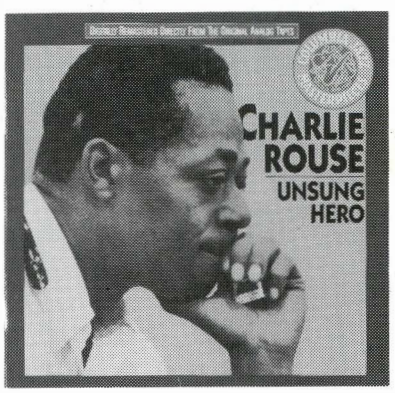

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