THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC

CODA MAGAZINE

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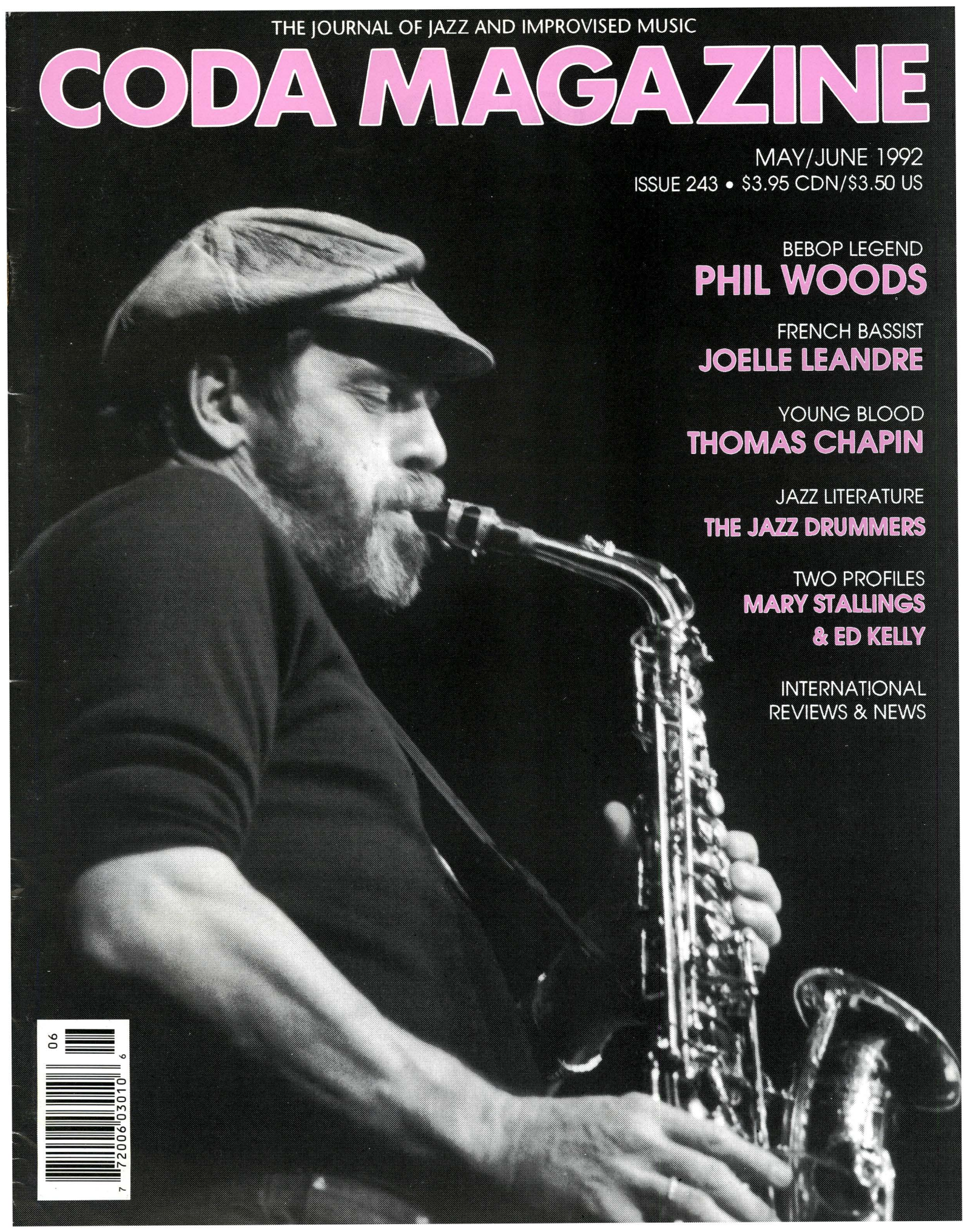

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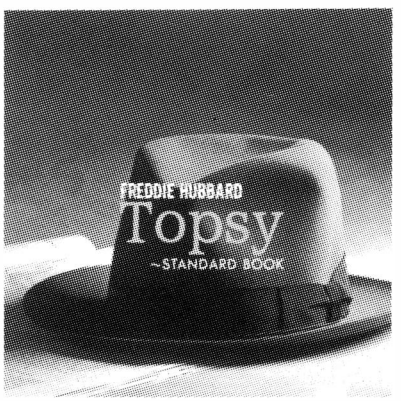

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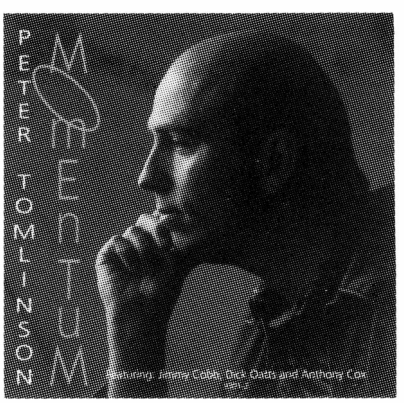

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

This is something of a new beginning for me, and although it appears in the form of an editorial, the content opens with what might be considered a confession. Over the past year many positive changes have occurred in my own personal life, mostly brought about by leaving behind the urban tension and moving into a more relaxed rural situation. The city was taking its toll on my energy and spirit, to such an extent that instead of concentrating on the music that had been such a large part of my existence, I found myself in the guise of the jazz poseur. Coda Magazine is one of my great loves and I regret, that like myself, it too suffered from my lackadaisical unfocused lifestyle. The editorial details and graphic design had become static to such a degree that it prompted one of the funding agencies to suggest that it was in need of new blood. This revelation however had already come to me, and indeed the results of the past year are now beginning to manifest themselves in Coda.

When one is trapped in the middle of everything it is sometimes impossible to see, think, and hear clearly, and now that there has been the opportunity to readjust my system of physicality and mental order, I feel able to give to the music, once again, all that it has given me. I believe the new direction of Coda Magazine will be apparent for all to see and that you will share in my new positive attitude. I thank everyone, readers, writers, advertisers and funding agencies, for bearing with me through these difficult times, and supporting the work that is so important.

The editorial policy of Coda has not changed, for its mandate has always been to present the great creative forces that are contained within jazz and improvised music, and not to be sidetracked by the superficial popularisers. The difference is that the material in Coda Magazine is being presented with the detail and accuracy that it deserves. This is being achieved on a number of levels; the use of the current computer technology, a diligent proof reader, fresh concepts of design, and several new writers added to the already wonderful roster of contributors.

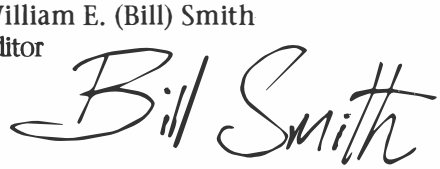
The last two issues were the first to be created from the island where I now live, and although not perfect, I believe they stand as an example of what is to come. That the new clarity that has come into my own life has been transferred to the pages of Coda.

There has always been a good deal of reader input into Coda throughout its 34 year history, but it has never been our policy to print the letters that you have written. In the future we will print some of the letters that we consider are of interest to the readership, so please feel free to write to me, for even if they are not published, they will give us some idea of what you are all thinking, and will assist in helping create the new course that we have set.

In the future, material for publication or review (with the exception of information for Canadian Notes & Around The World), should be sent to: **Bill Smith, Coda Publications, The Shire, Hornby Island, British Columbia, Canada V0R 1Z0**

The Toronto office, which is manned by publisher John Norris, is still the location for all business matters such as subscriptions, change of address, billing and payment of invoices etc. You can write, fax or phone: **Coda Publications, PO Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8. Phone/Fax (416) 593-7230**

Thank you again for participating in our adventure,
William E. (Bill) Smith
Editor



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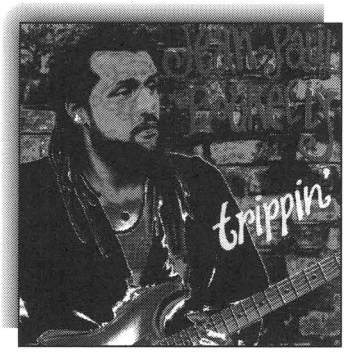

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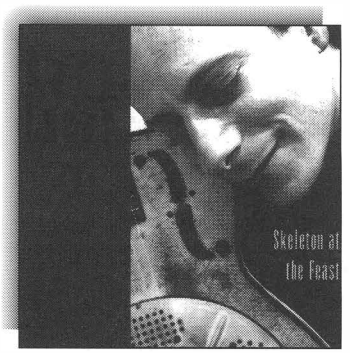

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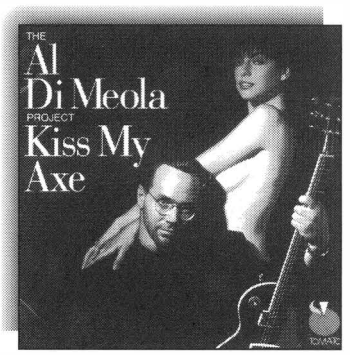

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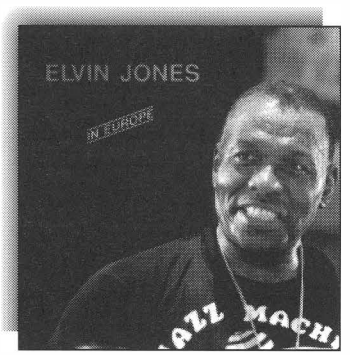

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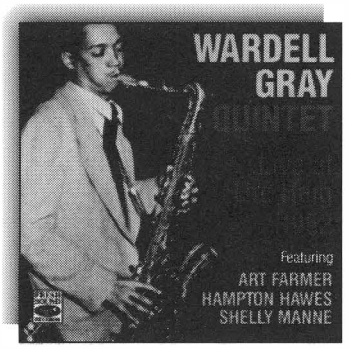

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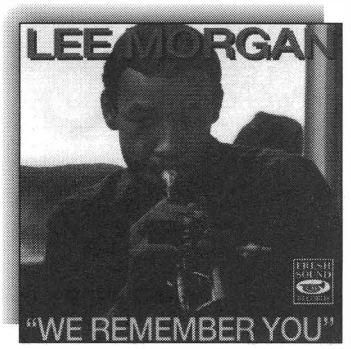

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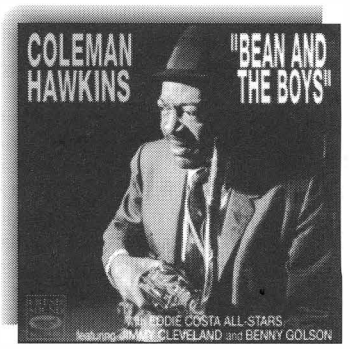

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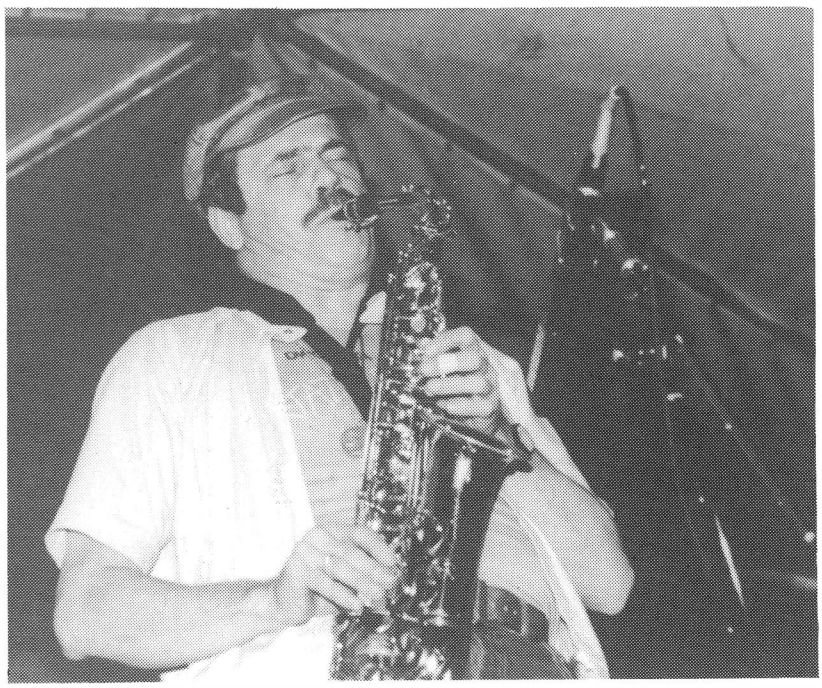
PHIL WOODS

DON'T JUST DO SOMETHING, STAND THERE

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOUG WATSON



One artist who was a great influence on you, Charlie Parker...

Well, actually, my influences were Fred MacMurray and Ozzie Nelson (laughs)... a little humour there. You know that Fred MacMurray and Ozzie Nelson were pretty great saxophone players? But seriously folks... I think Bird is to jazz like Bach is to classical music. It's the epitome of linear improvisation within a structure, within a tonal-chordal structure. I mean, he did turn the planet upside-down with the music, so of course I was touched. I listened to my first record of Bird when I was 13-14 years old, I think it was *Koko,* based on the changes of *Cherokee,* and I remember bringing it up to a kid band that I was playing with and they said, "Man, you like that? You call that music?" I remember I quit the band. I was so mad because they didn't dig it. I thought it was the greatest... I still do, I still do. And of course playing the same instrument, the inevitable comparison occurs, which is quite flattering.

The first alto player I saw live was Johnny Hodges, I think I was about 12 or 13, and I was taken with the romance and the glory of the road... the guys in uniforms. The lights went down and Hodges stepped forward and he played a piece called *Mood To Be Wooed* which was a solo I was working on with my teacher. I had a great teacher by the name of De Rose in Springfield, Massachusetts. He used to play piano and give me Benny Carter and Hodges solos. So Hodges really turned me around as far as romanticism. And Benny Carter... I should have revised my thinking in a sense. When you're a young man you think the road is a great place... I still think it's a great place but I didn't realize it was so god-damn hard! Bird was a meteor that just flashed across the universe; that changed the whole musical scene. He died very young, and at the risk of being facetious, dying young is not so hard. People like Benny Carter who continue to play at the age of 84 - this is something to shoot for. People like Dizzy Gillespie and Louis Armstrong or Duke Ellington who maintain careers for decades and decades and decades. This to me is becoming more of the message as I get older. It's a lot harder to sustain a career without the notoriety. Benny Carter never got arrested, never had any big problems and America still doesn't know who he is. Musicians know, and that kind of influence is more of a life influence than a musical influence. He's a genius in his own way, but not with the notoriety and the flash of being a drug addict or alcoholic. I don't mean to sound like I'm comparing the two, but as I get older I realize that any damn fool should sound good when they're 20 and when they're 40 they should be able to play, but after four or five decades in the music, there is a real challenge to stay there and keep playing well. Dying of an overdose is not so difficult.

Benny Carter's still on the road and he's a lovely gentleman. He's taught me a lot about tolerance of the human foibles. I had the great thrill of doing a tour of Japan with Benny Carter. I took Dexter Gordon's place because he was too ill to make it. Dizzy was also a guest of the band. To see Benny Carter and Dizzy Gillespie on the same bus telling stories, that was a thrill, that was a thrill. I just urge all young musicians to reflect about it, because a lot of cats tried to copy Bird with the abuse of the body, and I guess we've all gone through that at a stage, but there's nothing like - it took a long time to learn this - there's nothing like playing absolutely straight and clean. I used to have a drinking problem, I'm with Alcoholics Anonymous now, but I love the idea of going to work and being clear and straight, well fed and well rested. That takes a long time to understand, to comprehend what it means. You only get one shot at life and I want to make it last. I'm having too much fun to mess up. I came to this realization a few years ago. It's part of the discipline, so don't let them get to you. The hardest part about the music isn't playing the music, it's getting there to the gig, in your hotel, dealing with the airlines and surly cab drivers, and what have you. All the things that other people have to go through. When you get on the bandstand at night nobody wants to know what kind of day you've had.

PHIL WOODS

We have so much of a legitimization of jazz now in the United States. We have jazz education. I remember a few years ago there was a cover of Time Magazine, it said "jazz is alive and well", which simply means that Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and David Sanborn are making a lot of bread, and God bless them for that, but there's a lot of cats who aren't doing so well. You have this ability now to major in jazz at the University and at the high schools. There are stage bands and it's all very sanitary and sterile, nice lit rooms and all that. I've often thought the best thing to do if I was ever associated with a university, which I plan to do when I step down a little bit, is get all the kids that decide they want to play jazz for a living, or any kind of music for that matter, and before they play a note, you outfit them with uniforms and give them a big fat book, with 600 charts in it, and you get a bus and you put them on the bus and put all the blinds down, no scenic splendour, none of that stuff. Drive about 400 miles, have them all get off the bus, alright, "Change into your uniforms, set up the bandstand", call out a bunch of tunes and don't play a note. OK? Alright, "Pack up your books, take your uniforms off", get back on the bus and do 400 more miles. Do that for about two or three days, and then say, "OK, now, who wants to do this for a living?" (laughs) Are you kidding?!

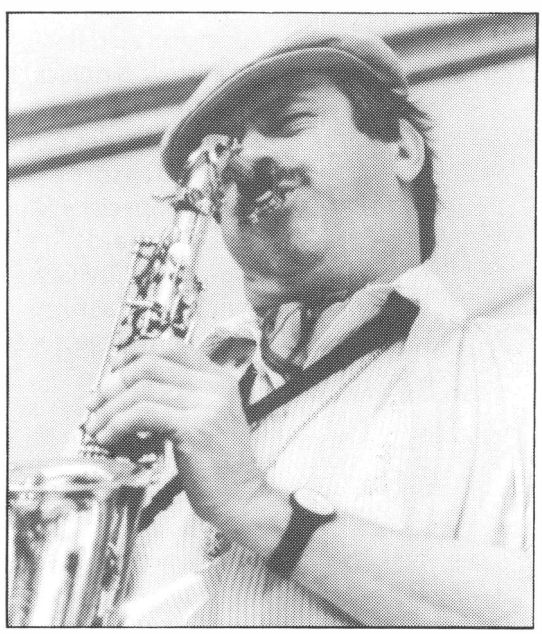
I believe a university should reflect the needs of society. There's this revolving door policy, at least in the States, I think it's going to infiltrate all communities... Europe doesn't have too much jazz education. I'm sure Canada has it's fair share. We don't need 3,000 tenor players a year, there's no place for them. It's not fair to the kids to give them their diploma and say "OK, go for it baby", like there's a place to go. I can understand we're graduating too many lawyers, but lawyers will always make a buck some kind of way. We've got too many of them, but that's different, that's not an art form, that's a business thing. In other words, you're telling the kids "Yeah, get your diploma and you'll make a lot of money in this field you've chosen", and it's simply not true. All too often many of the kids will major in jazz but will hedge their bets by taking their education points, graduate and go on the road with Maynard Ferguson for about six weeks and find out this is all ridiculous... a ridiculous way to go. So they go back to university to teach some more damn fools to graduate and see how ridiculous it is to go on the road. It's dangerous.

The theory was, twenty years ago, even if the kids don't become professional musicians, what a great audience they're going to make, what a nice broad based audience. But it's twenty years later and these people who have graduated are still home watching *The Waltons* like people of my generation. They're not out there supporting the clubs and the venues. They might turn up for an international band, but my feeling is that if you really love jazz, you must make it a point to go to your local club where there is music, even if you don't like what's there, even if it's not the greatest stuff in the world, you must go down there and slap down your ten or twenty dollars so that the club can keep on going. Then they can bring in Dizzy Gillespie or whoever you might want to see, but don't wait for them to extend their budget by bringing in a high priced act, then you are going to show up. I call them 'Summer Soldiers'. You should go out a least once a month and support if you love the music, and all too often this is not the case. Too many people stay home and listen to their records. So this broad-based audience that we should have from all of this jazz education, I don't see happening. I don't see the music changing that much. I think we are still waiting for the new Messiah in a sense. There's nobody really coming along of stature - Wynton Marsalis would perhaps qualify with a little bit more maturity. He's a mature gentleman, but as far as the leader of the pack, we don't have anybody. We don't have meteors coming along. And yet, we have more jazz education than ever - it's a strange dichotomy.

When I went to school, when I wanted to further my education in music, there was no place to go except the conservatory and there was no such a thing as majoring in jazz back in the forties. I think I'm a better musician for having studied Bach, Brahms and Mozart in the daytime and going to 52nd Street to study with Bird at night. I think you learn the music on the street. There's fewer gigs and there's more people studying the music, we've got too many musicians. The first advice I would give... say you're a young man who wants to play the alto saxophone but you are also toying with the idea of becoming a brain surgeon... I would go with the brain surgery and just play for kicks. Music is only meant for those who have no choice, I had no choice, I didn't pick the career, I think I was put here to be a musician. From the age of fourteen I was dedicated to being a jazz alto player and still am. I wasn't entertaining thoughts of "Let's see, should I do this or should I do that?" If you have options then you are not really suited because there are too many disappointments, and you're going to say "Oh, I should have ... "

If you pay your money and major in Coltrane at some university at a young age you might assume that there's a place for you. You're not being told the truth about the reality of the situation. The instrument companies are doing well and the schools are doing well but I wonder about what the kids do when they graduate. Where do they go? There are no more bands to go out on and learn about the philosophy of life a little bit. It isn't just playing. Young cats should read a book occasionally and know something about painting and literature, theatre and all that sort of stuff without this isolated... Bird was into all kinds of music. I remember when I was a kid reading in **Downbeat** that Bird loved Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire,* so I went out and got the 78's. My parents were quite patient with my jazz studies, I'd be in my little den and I'd be playing Bird, or 'Trane or whatever, but when I brought home this *Pierrot Lunaire,* they said "This kid has gone off the deep end!" (laughs)

People say "How do you keep a band together for seventeen years?" The secret is I don't keep the band together, the band keeps the band together. We had a lean period six or seven years ago, the work was not coming in with the consistency that I thought it should, and I said to the cats in the band "I don't know if I can keep the band going without work", and Hal Galper says "Work don't make a band, a band makes a band... if we're not working for three months... when you get a gig, we'll be there because we believe in the music." It also has to do with being fair. When we have a plum gig we divide it, I still get my leaders fee of course, but it's not like when there's a big gig and the leader keeps all the money and still gives the cats the same. The books are open to anybody. All too often greed takes over - the leader sees a real big concert - "I'll give the cats $100 and they'll never know." They are going to know and that's why the constant turn over in many bands. It's a matter of greed. So far I have been blessed with having men in the band who feel strongly about the music. We have to play the music, we have no choice. Too many good men have died for this music, let's keep it going.



I do my fair share of solo appearances, I have to, but it all costs to keep the group together. We are about the only repertory company on that level not trying to change the... if we could have changed the world's music we would have done so years ago, we're just professional craftsmen trying to deal with the material that's perhaps neglected by a lot of musicians. So much material that's not being played! Everybody still does *On Green Dolphin Street* and *Stella By Starlight.* I've really had it with those songs, so many other fish to fry. You can't get beyond that with a pick-up group. We spend a lot of time and care on the colours, we don't use microphones. All too often when you're using a sound system and you go down to pianissimo, the sound man will turn you up and everything becomes mezzo-forte. They are always shading you with creative engineering. The ideal soundman would be deaf, blind and with handcuffs behind his back. We've circumvented that, we don't bother with it, you get a quieter audience by that. Once they get into it, there's a psychological adjustment, once they are used to it. What you see is what you get. Jazz should be performed in an intimate setting, it was born in a brothel, it's salon music, chamber music, meant to be played for a couple of hundred people tops. We always play acoustically... Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Centre, we don't use microphones. Nobody makes a big fuss when a string quartet does it, so I don't see what the problem is with a jazz group.

For the most part I do the arrangements, a lot of arrangements will evolve. I select the tunes I think would be suitable and everybody gets a leadsheet and checks it out at home at the keyboard.This is mandatory for every musician, you must go to the keyboard no matter what your instrument is, you've got to have some piano chops to see where it's at. Then we will try it, just read it and it will evolve, a riff will occur or a background or a sendoff, which we incorporate on the spot. I will try to get a tape of the performance after about a month and see if it requires a short chorus or an ensemble thing to take it out. We approach it with care so that it has a structure. When we play a ballad we don't do a whole chorus apiece, I think that's duller than hell. Bird said it all in three minutes. Do it or get off the pot... if you need that much time, you're doing something wrong.

I spend a lot of time at the keyboard. If we are doing an old tune, say Cole Porter or Gershwin, I find the best place to go to check it out is either the original piano sheet, not the **Real Book** because the changes aren't quite correct, or ideally, if there is a movie playing where the original song appeared, and you can get exactly the way the cat orchestrated it, because a lot of that can't be used in chord symbols. It's not just G7 flat 9, there could be an inversion involved. Yes kids, there are inversions! Plus understanding what the lyric meant. I don't believe that you have to memorize every lyric of every song you play, but you should have some idea of what the lyricist meant when he wrote the song. The two work well together to give you an approach to the whole of the song, not just the changes. To just play the changes without any reference to the theme defeats the whole purpose of jazz, which for me is theme and improvisation. The melody is absolutely important. There are many Bird heads on *I Got Rhythm.* If you're going to take *Ah-Leu-Cha* or *Dexterity,* the solo should relate to what the head is. They are tough to play off of, but they give you a cue, a point of departure and a place to evolve... aim for something. Hal Galper expresses it well when he calls it "forward motion". You should always be shooting for something, not be rambling away. They tell a great story about Jim Hall. He had a student, and this student was filling up every bar, every space, he just never took a break, and Jim says, "Don't just do something, stand there!"

This interview was originally broadcast on CIUT Radio, and has been edited for publication. Doug Watson is a saxophonist living and performing in Toronto. □

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Michael Hashim
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THE ADVENT OF THE CD RAISES AN UNEASY QUESTION: When it comes to the musical content and quality, is twice as long twice as good? The leap from the three minute 78 RPM disc to the 45 minute LP was revolutionary. Musicians could stretch out in a recording studio as they normally did elsewhere, and everyone benefited from the gathering of related performances onto a single disc. The CD, on the other hand, merely doubles the potential playing time of the LP, an abundance of music that can be a test for the musician, producer and listener. Review of a broad sampling of new issues and repackaged reissues reveals results of widely varying success. The product can be a bag of gold, and it can be a bag of feathers—or bricks.

Checking out a dozen albums gathered pretty much at random, we come up with a mix of new releases and reissues that ranges from 41:04 to 69:57 minutes playing time. While all of them make some good musical statements, the extra length of the CD proves to be something of a burden in half of the cases, at least for the listener if not the musician or producer. However, that leaves half that do deliver the quality and substance to keep the listener absorbed throughout—though two of them are simply and wisely direct reissues of their LP forebearers.

THE ENDURANCE FACTOR • BY DICK NEELD

MOST REWARDING is the alto sax pairing of **Benny Carter** and **Phil Woods** on ***My Man Benny, My Man Phil*** (Musicmasters 5036-2-C). Utilizing the experience they've both had playing together at Dick Gibson's annual Colorado parties through the years, the combination works beautifully. The tune selection concentrates on the self-generated, five originals by Carter and two by Woods, plus Tyree Glenn's buoyant *Sultry Serenade* and Eubie Blake's venerable stomper, *I'm Just Wild About Harry.* Benny revives his *Just A Mood,* which is gorgeous and merits the two takes supplied. Their solos bear the stamp of masters, and at least as important are the arranging flourishes for the two horns supplied by both men. Added seasoning is derived from Carter playing his trumpet and singing, and Woods playing his clarinet on one of the two trumpet tracks. Chris Neville's piano is well-attuned to the playing of the two leads, George Mraz proves his value as a bass player once again and Kenny Washington supplies tasteful, subdued drumming. This is classic, timeless music of lasting interest.

Another jazzman who's been around as long as Carter—which is nearly as long as jazz has been around—is **Lionel Hampton**. He, too, has a newly recorded CD, ***Mostly Ballads*** (Musicmasters 5044-2-C). For this project Hamp leaves his band behind, working with a pair of quartets to handle eight established ballads, and a sextet to provide some strategically placed contrast. One quartet has the conventional piano/bass/drums support, with John Colianni manning the keyboard. The other replaces the piano with Richard Haynes handling a synthesizer while Milt Hinton logs still another studio session. The sextet utilizes both synthesizer and piano, with Harold Danko playing the latter, plus Lew Soloff's trumpet. As billed in the title, it's a field of ballads stretching nearly as far as the eye can see, proceeding from *I'll Be Seeing You* to *It Might As Well Be Spring* to *I Know Why And So Do You.* Breaks in the landscape are supplied by the sextet, providing some relief, if that's the word. Everyone plays capably, but it takes more of a thrust to get an hour's cargo of ballads and ballast airborne than is present here. Thus the near seventy minutes of music gets to be more of a burden than bounty, and the listener is likely to use all available CD-player programming technology to select, scramble and excise cuts, rather than ingest the album whole.

A CD product much favoured by producers is the reshuffled and refashioned reissue. It may consist entirely of known material drawn from two or more LP's, or a whole closet-full of 78's; or it may add the remains of sessions that had recorded more than a 45-minute LP could carry. Whether such quasi-reisssues are a good idea depends, naturally, on the quality of the unused material. One such CD that works is ***The Ballad Artistry Of Buddy Tate*** (Sackville CD 2-3034) featuring **Buddy Tate's** tenor sax but also including his clarinet. In this spotlight session he proves himself as a master both of instrument and mood. Tate's touch, tone and concepts tell us we're getting the culmination of all he has learned. With something to listen for on every track, the listener's interest and pleasure never wane. Sharing credit for the album's success is guitarist Ed Bickert, playing brilliantly throughout. Whether in duo, solo, accompanying or rhythm role, he enhances the results constantly. Completing the quartet are Don Thompson on bass and Terry Clarke on drums, both expert in keeping combos like this on track. The seven cuts from the LP are expanded with three new titles from the two-day 1981 session, with a mild-mannered blues completing the collection. With gems like *If We Never Meet Again, Cry Me A River, Darn That Dream, A Kiss To Build A Dream On, Isfahan* and *Laura,* the listening pleasure is unceasing.

Tate is also featured on a CD covering a session that originally was spread over a couple of LP's. With the addition of a couple of alternate takes, this music, ***Ruby Braff-Buddy Tate With The Newport All-Stars*** (Black Lion BLCD 760138) provides a generous harvest. The Newport labeling naturally means the hand of George Wein is present. Both hands, to be sure, as he assumes the pianist role along with being the gang's leader. The rest of the crew includes Jack Lesberg on bass and Don Lamond on drums. Recorded in 1967, the session reflects more of a popular standards bias than is the usual case today. There's lots of *Sheik Of Araby, "A" Train, Mean To Me* —all in two takes—*Body And Soul, These Foolish Things* and such. Good music, but songs that require extra effort to command attention. No one has a more readily identifiable sound than **Ruby Braff**, and no one uses his originality to better advantage. And Tate's classic tenor sound gives substantial mainstream-swing polarity to any date. Wein, for his part, could always get work as a pianist if he tired of his promoter role. A reliable bunch, this quintet inevitably gives us quality performances, though the additional takes don't equate to noticeably more quality or value.

Another CD repackaging of previously released LP's accounts for all the sides that **Al Cohn** and **Barry Harris** recorded for Xanadu in several sessions in the 1970's, ***The Complete Quartets, Volumes One & Two*** (EPM FDC 5171 & 5172). Working with different bassists and drummers, the pair apply their thoughtful natures to creating a string of cogent tenor sax and piano interpretations that benefit from a sustained vitality. They draw from the popular works of Ellington, Arlen, Porter and such, go inside for pieces like Neal Hefti's *Fred,* go outside for the noted version of *America The Beautiful,* and add strength and interest with such originals as Cohn's *Danielle* and *Zoot Case.* Cohn, of course, has now left us to rejoin side-kick Zoot Sims, making the renewed availability of this material that much more important. He was a compelling soloist with a distinctive hard sharp edge to his tone that tends to dominate. The inspiration isn't always on a level with the effort expended, but the reissue has a worthwhile purpose, producing a complete compilation of a fruitful relationship.

If **Barry Harris** tends to get overlooked when fused to Al Cohn's powerful output, his feature album, ***Plays Barry Harris*** (EPM FDC 5173), easily makes up for it. Another album originally produced on the Xanadu label, in January 1978, it gives full honour and exposure to the pianist as he plays his way through seven of his own compositions, ably assisted by George Duvivier on bass and Leroy Williams on drums. Harris' concepts and execution are all in place on an attractive array of driving show pieces, appealing ballads, expressive mood pieces and hard-core bop anthems. A varied program, it's confined to the same 41 minutes of the predecessor LP. While short time for a CD, it leaves you up at the end ready for more, rather than super-saturated.

PHOTOGRAPH OF EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS BY COLIN D. TOD

Another session, short by CD standards, that merits its presence is **Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis'** ***That's All*** (EPM FDC 5530). Recorded in Paris in 1983, it's short on quantity and long on quality, with eight tracks occupying 41:50 minutes of playing time. This is one of those sometimes glorious, sometimes notorious tenor/organ combinations. It's a form that can, when it is going well, be rich in musicality and vitality. This is the case here, with the fully mature Jaws at his best. He is fresh, perceptive and penetrating with an even mix of the familiar *(That's All, Satin Doll)* and the unfamiliar (a pair of Davis originals and a pair by the organist). The organist, Lou Bennett, knows how to fit the context and make his instrument say something, rather than succumbing to the organist disease of shaking out a barrel of empty notes for the sake of the sound alone. The pair work well together, with drummer George Collier providing the necessary timekeeping. Special seasoning is supplied on three of the standards, and on the closing grooving blues, by violinist Teddy Martin, who plays with the spirit of a Stuff Smith. This is another superior session that's well worth making available, whether the CD is only half-loaded or not.

Producing a CD of newly recorded material requires special attention to the medium's longer playing time and the necessity of filling the little platter's big appetite. This is a challenge easier met when drawing on live appearances than having to work up an abundance of studio performances. One example of this is ***Piano Players and Significant Others*** (Musicmasters 5042-2-C), which draws on six years of concert appearances at New York's annual 92nd Street YMHA Jazz In July series. The concerts and the CD were produced by **Dick Hyman**, who naturally lets himself play along with **Jay McShann**, **Ralph Sutton**, **Roger Kellaway**, **Marian McPartland**, **Dick Wellstood** and **Derek Smith**. The significant others include Ruby Braff and Carrie Smith,, along with Milt Hinton and Gary Mazzeroppi playing bass and Butch Miles, Ron Traxler and Glenn Davis handling the drums. No two of the thirteen tracks have the same line-up, assuring variety, if nothing else. There are only two completely solo tacks, Ralph Sutton playing Bob Zurke's choice classic, *Eye Opener,* and Fats Waller's *Viper's Drag.* Marian McPartland plays her two numbers with her customary elegance in traditional piano-trio format, and Jay McShann has Hinton and Miles with him for Avery Parrish's *After Hours.* Derek Smith also plays in the trio format, sounding more like twin pianos. There are three of Hyman's and the audience's favoured piano duets, with Hyman taking a turn with Wellstood, Kellaway and Smith. The Wellstood pairing is lucid and exciting, a perfect justification for piano duets, displaying fertile ideas, taste and interplay, artful dodging, high-powered swing and humorous by-play. The other two mergings, on the other hand, tend toward clutter, a phenomenon that is probably more apparent on a recording than in the fevered atmosphere of the concert hall. The two numbers with Braff and the one with Carrie Smith singing *Fine and Mellow* are good, but don't seem particularly germane. Seven pianists are more than enough to sustain one CD and left to themselves might have made for a better focussed package.

At the other end of the programming range for live performances is the solo piano album, **Ralph Sutton** at the ***Cafe des Copains*** (Sackville CD2-2019). Drawn from engagements at the Toronto club between 1983 and 1987, the twelve tracks make an effective summation of Suttons latter day playing. He has mellowed some in recent years, as compared with his youthful hard-riding stride style, and has gone deeper into his material to create a more complex and varied delivery. The old Sutton is still there, but he has edged over toward a more sophisticated manner. The songs are generally of four or five minutes duration, comparatively short by contemporary standards. This is

perhaps just as well, since the selection is not overly adventurous, though the likes of *Laugh Clown Laugh, This Is All I Ask* and *Christopher Columbus* counterbalance *St. Louis Blues, My Blue Heaven* and such. They are all thoughtfully played, so the fact that there are few surprises in the choices doesn't diminish the listening enjoyment. The club audience is well behaved and the sound engineer is exemplary, making the package all the more welcome. When it comes down to solo piano playing like this, there are virtually no limits as to how much is too much. And for those who think that way, the good news is that there's a second volume in the making.

The CD-length studio recorded package, as mentioned earlier, is another kind of challenge. There are relatively few musicians good enough to carry off an extended impromptu session successfully, opening the way for concentrating on groups that have developed an established repertoire. The most obvious example is the big bands, which are generally well-rehearsed as a unit whether they play frequent public engagements or not. A prime example is **Louis Bellson's** recent project ***Airmail Special*** (Musicmasters 5038-2-C). Using arrangements by Tommy Newsom, Don Menza, Sammy Nistico, Tommy Goodman and several others, Bellson fires off a twelve-gun salute to big band leaders Ellington, Goodman, Basie, Barnet, Hampton, James et al. While the connection is sometimes tenuous ("definitely something Tommy Dorsey would have liked and enjoyed playing"), most of the selections are the old familiars—*I Can't Get Started, Don't Be That Way, Cherokee* and the like. However, there's nothing familiar about the arrangements, or even recognizable in some instances. This is chancy business that comes off fairly well. Despite the leader's presence on the drums, this is the TV night show kind of juggernaut orchestra that doesn't really swing. However, the dynamics, harmonics and tonal colouring show well. And the solos, as supplied by Don Menza, Derek Smith, Scott Robinson and others, integrate well with the score. The performances are a credit to their sources and the tradition—original, different, stimulating. However, while the mission of the band leaders and their music was to fire up their swing engine and roar down the track, this band, like most contemporary groups, heats up all right but never leaves the station.

Problems are compounded for the big band of **Bill Warfield** in his ***New York City Jazz*** (Interplay IPCD-8607-2). In true contemporary big band fashion, once again there is lots of vertical activity with too little horizontal progress. However, where Bellson gets the benefit of the juices of a series of accomplished arrangers, this band has just one, Bill Warfield, who writes capably but doesn't develop the sustaining style that a single source allows. Four of the ten tracks are largely undistinguished originals and the remainder of the tunes from the pens of John Coltrane, Dave Brubeck, George Gershwin, Lee Morgan, Harold Arlen and Richard Rodgers, don't get memorable treatment. There are times when things go well—the scoring for the reeds on Brubeck's *In Your Own Sweet Way,* a hard beat close to the latter-day Basie band, on Warfield's spin-off of the *Goldigger's Song, Positively Wall Street,* an attractively crafted *I Love You Porgy,* a relaxed approach to *Waltz For A Lonely Woman* that provides more opportunity for expressiveness than do the leader's other originals. A judicious selection from the spread of tracks here, designed to fit an LP's time parameters, would make the solid package that the CD's time demands don't.

To be sure, you don't have to be a big band to have a ready-made repertoire for a long studio encounter. There are numerous small combos of varying size that play as a unit whenever the opportunities allow. This can be quite often, enabling these combos to build a substantial book of head arrangements, if not actual scores. One such group is **Michael Hashim's *Strayhorn Project*** (Stash ST-CD-533), a quartet that features his alto saxophone playing, supplemented with some soprano. Assisting are Mike LeDonne at the piano, Dennis Irwin on bass and Kenny Washington on drums. They play eleven of Strayhorn's pieces, reminding one and all of the depth and majesty of his composing talent. Included are *Johnny Come Lately, Smada, The Intimacy of the Blues, Something to Live For, Lotus Blossom, I'm Checkin' Out Goodbye* and other too-seldom heard gems. Writing material expressly for Johnny Hodges as Strayhorn did, it's no wonder that the presence of Hassim's alto and soprano make the album a tribute to both Ellingtonians. While that's the context for this music, he manages well in playing his own way, with only a distant echo of the alto master. Le Donne, for his part, sticks to his own low-protein licks that support the leader's intent without bringing to mind the originator's playing. It's encouraging to see a new generation embracing the classic jazz lineage, a happy phenomenon of this era. The quartet can be forgiven for not doing the impossible—playing with the same inspiration as the originators. Hodges' lyrical quality, tone, imagination and tastefulness are, after all, matchless. However, the quality of the material, the group's overall playing ability and their devotion to the music combine to give the CD a good set of legs to run on, and the album sustains itself well.

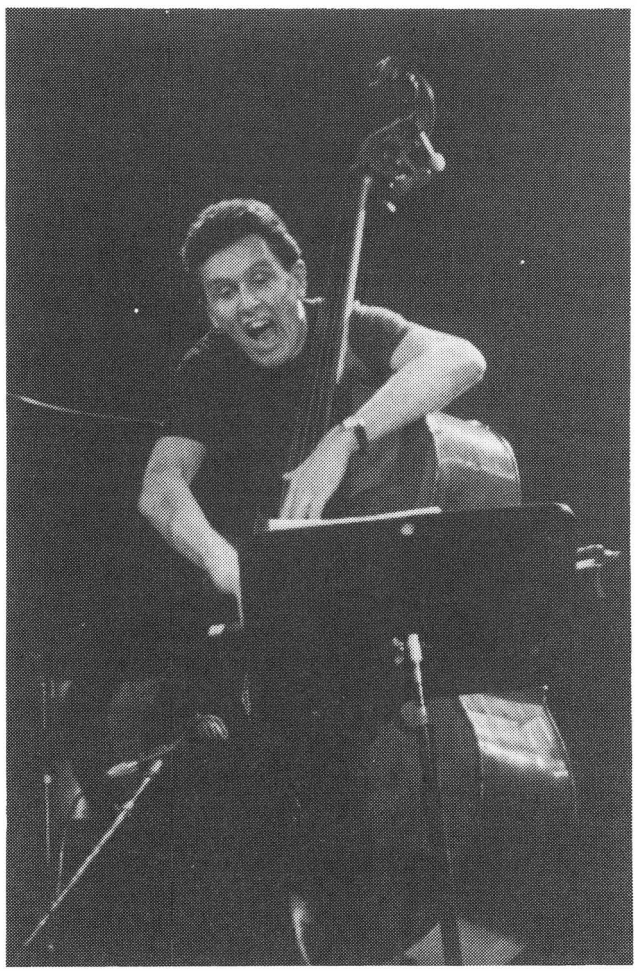
What becomes apparent from reviewing this recording activity is not exactly big news. As one would suppose, the CD, with it's extra time, offers opportunities for worthwhile projects. Done well, it can capture musicians in superior moments and provide an abundance of quality enjoyment. But when it falls short of the mark, the results can be tedious. Also worthwhile is a completist project—as long as there's enough merit to the original sessions being reissued. And when there's a shortage of worthwhile material, it can be better to make it available with the short playing time than to strain to load up the little platter with extraneous matter. In this respect, plunging into the CD era is reliving the transitional period of going from 78's to LP's. Sometimes it clicks, and sometimes it klunks. □

CANADIAN NOTES

WRITTEN BY JOHN NORRIS

TIME TO GET READY FOR THE SUMMER FESTIVAL SEASON. **DuMaurier** is the sponsor of jazz festivals in **Edmonton** (June 26-July 5), **Saskatoon** (June 26-July 4), **Toronto** (June 19-28) and **Vancouver** (June 19-28). Organizers are busy lining up the musical attractions but it will be mid-May before the final lineups are announced. Stay Tuned.

CANADA • The CBC has repudiated the view that the CBC is busy "popularizing" its radio network. Greg Quill, in the Toronto Star, quoted Donna Logan (the CBC Vice President in charge of programming) as saying, "The changes we have planned affect three or four shows. And I doubt that listeners will perceive them as an attempt to invade private radio's turf." One of the programs affected has been ***Easy Street,*** the nightly jazz program which is often far from easy listening thanks to imaginative profiles of great jazz musicians of all eras. It is scheduled to become a Sunday evening two hour show (6-8 pm) beginning April 19. Hopefully listeners will adjust to the new time slot.



PHOTOGRAPH OF MAARTEN ALTENA BY ANDREA MORRISON

The recession may have slowed the number of people getting out to hear live music but it hasn't diminished the calibre and quantity of talent which has flowed through Toronto recently. Three clubs - The Bermuda Onion, The Montreal Jazz Club and Top Of The Senator are competing for an audience which needs to expand for everyone to be happy.

The **Bermuda Onion** has featured Randy Weston, Ray Hargrove, Rob McConnell's Boss Brass, Freddie Hubbard, Jimmy Witherspoon, Mingus Dynasty, McCoy Tyner and Art Farmer. The **Montreal Jazz Club** has showcased Ralph Sutton, Richard Wyands, Mulgrew Miller, Gene DiNovi, Dave McKenna, Tommy Flanagan, Gene Bertoncini/Michael Moore, Harold Mabern and Neville Dickie. The **Senator** began the new year with the Lenny Solomon Quintet, a showcase to launch the violinist's new CD. Bill King and Moe Koffman followed and then there was a week with the Rene Rosnes Quintet followed by Eddie Higgins/Meredith d'Ambrosio and Dorothy Donegan. The club also collaborated with ***Unity Records*** for a one night (February 17) presentation of various groups.

Not to be outdone by all this activity, **George's Jazz Room** came up with its own strong program of Canadian talent. The Swing Sisters, Mark Eisenman's Quartet, Mike Murley's Quartet, Joe Sealy, Paul Novotny Quartet and Montreal's Dawn Thompson were all featured. The club has also begun a Sunday evening program of solo piano showcases. **Maarten Altena** was a guest of the Hemisphere Ensemble at its February 22 concert at Harbourfront...St Andrew's United Church in Markham has been presenting a series of jazz concerts under the direction of long-time producer/promoter Hal Hill. The Dave McMurdo Quintet were showcased on February 29 followed by Hagood Hardy's Sextet on March 28. The April 26 concert will feature a capella gospel singing by the Harvelites and the **Roger Chong** Quartet. The **Swing Sisters** will be featured on May 30.

The **Dave McMurdo** Orchestra will make a one week appearance at The Montreal Jazz Club (April 14-18). The music will be recorded for future release.

The 21st **Canadian Collectors Congress** will be held April 25 at the Ramada 400/401 Hotel. Further details are available from Gene Miller at (416) 231-4055.
Peterborough's Kawartha Jazz Society began the new year with a double bill of **Lorne Lofsky's** Trio and the Joe Sealy/Paul Novotny Duo. Trudy Desmond was there March 1 and **Don Friedman** and **Don Thompson** will be presented April 12 while Jim Galloway's Quintet perform May 31.

Rosemary Galloway's ***Velvet Glove*** was heard at St C's in Hamilton on March 9. Stacy Rowles (trumpet), Jill Hoople (piano), Jane Fair (saxes) and Sherrie Maricle (drums) complete the group.

Jazz is carried on the airwaves in Sudbury through radio station CFLR (106.7 Cable FM). Sigy Born is the host of ***Jazz Diet*** on Fridays from 7:30 to 10 pm.

Allan Holdsworth, **Sonny Rollins** and Bill Frisell were March presentations in Vancouver by Westcan...The Alma Street Cafe has introduced a Sunday series of literary and musical evenings. The **Francois Houle** Trio was heard January 26. Among returnees to the club recently have been Ross Taggart, Elmer Gill and George Robert.

Violinist **Lenny Solomon's** debut CD is on **Bay Cities** recordings with guests Ruby Braff and Peter Appleyard. ***After You've Gone*** is a program of classic violin...***Songposts Vol. 1*** is a compilation of contemporary songs performed by a wide-ranging group of singers. Included are performances by Jay Clayton, Sheila Jordan/Harvey Schwartz, Steve Lacy/Irene Aebi, Jeanne Lee, Anne LeBaron, Paula Owen and David Drazin from the US and Canadian performers Georgia Abros, Corry Sobol, Garbo's Hat and Jeannette Lambert. The Toronto-based ***Word of Mouth Records*** is the producer of this recording. □

AROUND THE WORLD

A NEWS COLUMN BY PUBLISHER JOHN NORRIS

ANDREW HILL PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LIVZEY

UNITED STATES • 23 year old tenor saxophonist **Joshua Redman** was the winner of the 1991 Thelonious Monk Competition. Redman is the son of renowned saxophonist Dewey Redman.

Harlem Renaissance and *Japan Suite* are two new **Benny Carter** extended works which were premiered February 7 and 9 at the State Theatre, New Brunswick, NJ. Carter performed with the Rutgers University Orchestra. Funding for the project was supplied by the NEA and MusicMasters Records.

Billy Taylor received the Tiffany Award of the International Society of Performing Arts Administrators on December 17. Just a few days later Taylor received the 1991 Award of Merit from the Association of Performing Arts Presenters. Taylor will be one of the headliners at the 1992 Bern Jazz Festival May 6-10.

Fresh perspectives on the music are being showcased at Sweet Basil in New York. **Anders Bergcrantz** and **Rick Margitza** headed up a group for 3 days in February (18-20) followed by three nights with the Eliane Elias Trio. **Joanne Brackeen**, Terumasa Hino, **Art Farmer** and Toshiko Akiyoshi all led small groups at the club. Farmer featured Clifford Jordan while Toshiko showcased the talents of Lew Tabackin. A trio consisting of Pete Levin, Chuck Loeb and Lenny White played the club March 3-8. Coming up in April are two Saturday brunches (11 & 18) featuring the **Sammy Rimmington** band plus special guests Doc Cheatham and Arvell Shaw...Jane Jarvis was at Zinno's in December in a duo setting with trumpeter Ed Polcer. This long lasting Manhattan club is expanding its jazz focus with larger groups and a more upfront jazz policy to go with its superior Italian cuisine...**Mark Whitecage** and Liquid Time were at the New Music Cafe January 8 and the Knitting Factory on January 21...The Knitting Factory also played host to the Ehran Elisha Ensemble on January 26...Bassist Tatsuu Aoki was featured at the Alternative Museum February 19 following a concert appearance February 16 at Pittsburgh's Beehive.

Andrew Hill will be artist in residence at Harvard University April 24-26... New England Conservatory celebrated its 125th anniversary with the world premiere of **George Russell's** Time Line March 4...New England Jazz Profiles is a three part series of radio programs showcasing innovative area musicians. The programs are being carried by the coalition of New England radio stations which feature jazz...Frank Morgan and **James Williams** performed February 8 with the Barbary Coast Jazz Ensemble at Dartmouth College.

Junior Mance, Johnny Lytle, **Clifford Jordan** and Phil Woods were the headliners at Lake Placid's Adirondack jazz series in February..**Freddie Cole** launched a new concert series March 19-21 at Lewiston's Art Park-in-the-Church...The Allegheny Jazz Society presented Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore February 21-22, Dave McKenna March 6-7 and Bob Reitmeier and **Keith Ingham** April 3-5. Barbara Lea and Tony Tamburello complete the spring series in Meadville, PA...George Coleman, **Ernie Andrews**, Slide Hampton and Bud Shank took part in the Central Pennsylvania Friends of Jazz' Winterfest January 31/February 2 in Harrisburg...***Clean Drums*** is an original play focusing on the life and times of drummer **Joe Harris**. It was staged in February by Pittsburgh's Kuntu Theatre and features the drummer in the central role in this play written by Rob Penny.

Dorothy Donegan, **Clora Bryant** and the Primavera Jazz Group were presented in concert March 7 as part of the Primavera Celebration of Women in the Arts in Tuscon, Arizona...Saxophonist **Kim Richmond** shared the stage in various duo situations January 17 at the Harbor College Music Recital Hall, Wilmington, CA...The same venue showcased **Glenn Horiuchi** February 16 when he premiered his newly composed, *Little Tokyo Suite*.

Brian Lynch has joined the Phil Woods band. He replaces trombonist Hal Crook who returns to full-time duties at the Berklee School of Music.

ROOTS MUSIC

The First Annual Blues Convention is being held May 7-9 in Indianapolis with a major concert taking place May 10. Phone King Ro at (317) 545-6277 for more information...The Georgia Humanities Council is helping fund a documentary film about the life and times of **Blind Willie McTell**...Gospel great **Marion Williams** is heard on the soundtrack of recent movies ***Fried Green Tomatoes*** and ***Mississippi Masala***. The music comes from her recent ***Spiritfeel*** recordings.

FESTIVALS & PARTIES

The Santa Fe Jazz Weekend takes place May 22-25 with the **Clayton-Hamilton** Big Band the headliner. Additional performers include Milt Hinton, **Alan Dawson**, Sir Roland Hanna, Red Holloway and Clark terry. More information is available by calling (505) 982-0842...The Chicago Blues Festival dates are June 5-7 and the jazz festival will be held September 5-6...The 10th Coneault Lake Jazz Party takes place August 28-30. If you want to make the European summer festival circuit you can join groups to the Northsea, Montreux and Nice events by contacting Ciao Travel at (619) 297-8112...There's only one jazz cruise this year on the SS Norway. It takes place October 24-31 and will probably sell out very quickly. You can get special prices and other goodies by being a member of Jazz Club At Sea. They can be reached at Three Kingwood Place, 800 Rockmead, Suite 151, Kingwood, Texas 77339.

ON THE ROAD

The **Roscoe Mitchell** Quartet with Matthew Shipp, Malachi Favors and Vincent Davis gave concerts and workshops in January in Charlottesville, VA, Duke University and The Wolftrap Foundation in Washington...**Bob Berg's** Quartet began a Caribbean Rim State Department tour January 16 with a concert in Kingston, Jamaica...Guitarist **Peter Leitch** is set for a 10 day Midwest tour April 23 to May 7 with John Hicks, Ray Drummond and Smitty Smith. St Louis, Kansas City, Fayettesville, AK and Columbia, MO are among the ven-

ues. The same group, less Hicks, will be at Toronto's Senator (June 2-7) and the following week Leitch records his third album for Concord.

GRAPHIC ART

Old Wine, New Bottles: Experiments With Paper is an exhibition of unique prints and posters by **Peter Bodge**. These works were on display from mid January to mid February at the Firehouse Center in Newburport, MA...***The Soul of Jazz*** was a group showing organized by the Jazz Photographers Association of Southern California. The works were on display February 16-March 22 at Black Gallery in Los Angeles.

ELSEWHERE

Maynard Ferguson, Kenny Davern, Bob Wilber and the Ray Brown Trio are among recent visitors to Australia...A major festival of contemporary jazz took place January 23 to February 9 at France's De Rive-de-Gier. **Hank Roberts**, **Tim Berne**, **Roy Hargrove** joined many of Europe's most exciting musicians for a unique event... ***JazzHaus Musik*** continues to document the Contemporary German scene through its recordings. Harte 10, **Frank Gratkowski** and Christopher Haberer are among the musicians featured in the latest CD...Gratkowski also has issued a CD of his own on ***2nd Floor Recordings*** under the title of ***Artikulationen.*** ..Berlin's jazz specialty shop, **Jazzcock**, has closed its doors. Dieter Hahne will continue operating a mail order jazz service...The 1992 International Trumpet Guild Conference takes place in Rotterdam from June 24-27...Switzerland's ***Intakt Records*** presents groups from the cutting edge of the music March 26-29 in Bern, Basel and Zurich. Featured were Heiner Goebbels, Fatima Miranda, Keith Rowe and Magnetic Attractions, **Dietmar Diesner**, Koch-Demierre-Projekt and The Ex & **Tom Cora.**

The International Association of Schools of Jazz has begun its own newsletter to keep in contact with those interested in its activities. The association can be reached at Juliana van Stolberglaan 1, 2595 CA The Hague, Holland.

VIDEOS/TV

Ray Charles: The Genius of Soul was shown on most PBS stations in January as part of their American Masters series...***Benny Carter: Symphony in Riffs*** was televised February 18 on the A&E Network...***Percussion in Space*** is a 30 minute New Music Video by John Bacon Jr. It was televised locally in Buffalo January 25.

LITERATURE

Work continues in fulfilling the lengthy task of completing the revised edition of ***Jazz Records 1942-1980***. Volume 4 is due this spring and a second volume (Vol 6) devoted exclusively to Duke Ellington will be ready at the end of May when the Ellington conference is held in Copenhagen. This work, when completed, will be the most accurate and complete general discography of the period with a tremendous amount of new information. Efforts are being made to add one person to the production staff in hopes of accelerating the finished volumes to at least two a year. The books are sold through specialty dealers or directly from JazzMedia Aps, Dortheavej 39, DK2400 Copenhagen, Denmark...Arne Astrup's newly revised edition of his ***Stan Getz Discography*** is now available through Engstrom & Sodring Musikforlag A/S, Palaegade 6, DK-1261 Copenhagen K, Denmark.

Charles Mingus: More Than A Fake Book explores Mingus' background and career as well as focusing on 55 of his compositions. It is published by Hal Leonard..***The Brazilian Sound*** by Chris McGowan and Riccardo Pessanha is a detailed guide to the many varied sounds which make up this unique musical world, one which has significantly touched the world of jazz. It is published by Billboard Books...Upcoming from Oxford University Press are Ted Gioa's ***West Coast Jazz: Modern Jazz in California 1945-1960***, Michael H. Kater's ***Different Drummers: Jazz in the Culture of Nazi Germany*** and ***Hard Bop: Jazz and Black Music 1955-1965*** by David H. Rosenthal...***Jazz In Mind*** is a collection of essays on the history and meanings of jazz. The Wayne State University Press book was edited by Reginald T. Buckner and Steven Weiland...***Bluesland: Portraits of Twelve Major American Blues Masters*** is a Dutton book edited by Pete Welding and Toby Byron..***Jazz Cooks: Portraits and Recipes of the Greats*** highlights the careers of 95 jazz performers along with their unique recipes for their favourite food. Bob Young and Al Stankus compiled the information and the book is published by Stewart, Tabori and Chang...If you want to keep in touch with Wild Bill Davison's Legacy you can subscribe to a newsletter being published by Dan Kassell, 25 W Fairview Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801.

RECORDINGS

Recently repackaged **Arhoolie** CDs include Clifton Chenier, Lightnin' Hopkins, Snooks Eaglin, Jesse Fuller and Mercy Dee. Atlantic's jazz vaults have opened again with Ornette Coleman's Change of the Century Betty Carter's 'Round Midnight and Jimmy & Mama Yancey's Chicago Blues among those in the works. Also scheduled is the Max Roach/Hasaan session and material by Hank Crawford, and Yusef Lateef. The Hasaan set is also being issued in Germany by WEA along with Wilber de Paris' Symphony Hall Concert and Lennie Tristano's The New Tristano.

There's another set of Capitol/EMI reissues from the Pacific Jazz Vaults. The rarest is the Bill Perkins/Richie Kamuca Tenors Head On. Also featured are two more volumes of Chet Baker material, The Artistry of Art Pepper, The Freedom Sound by the Jazz Crusaders and Portraits by Gerald Wilson.

DA Music has reissued on CD Earl Hines' Tour de Force Encore and the Grappelli/Kessel collaboration, Limehouse Blues, from Black Lion. Ten more CDS from the Story of Blues collection are also now available.

Delmark is readying for release the first four CDs from the legendary Apollo catalogue. Coming up are CDs with Sir Charles Thompson, Dinah Washington, a collection of R&B tenor players and a blues set by Sunnyland Slim...Delmark's documentation of the Chicago scene continues with new recordings by area performers Lin Halliday and Mike Smith.

DRG/Cabaret has issued a CD of Barbara Carroll recorded live at the Cafe Carlyle...Dave Burrell has dug back into time with a CD recording of Jelly Roll Morton's music...New on Jump Records is a trio set by Bobby Gordon, Keith Ingham and Hal Smith. Jump also has a cassette only issue of never before issued Jack Teagarden material. The hour long tape includes a Lamplighter broadcast and a private session at Joe Rushton's house.

MusicMasters have come up with a real find in ***The Last Recordings of Artie Shaw***. These recordings feature Tal Farlow or Joe Puma on guitar and Hank Jones... MusicMasters also has a newly recorded presentation of the music of Jimmie Lunceford by the American Jazz Orchestra... **Mosaic Records'** next project is the complete Lightnin' Hopkins/Otis Spann **Candid** sessions... Clarinetist Don Byron is featured on **Nonesuch's *Tuskagee Experiments***... **SST Records** has released **Cruel Frederick's *We Are The Music We Play***.

Harold Ashby, Michael Hashim and The New York String Trio have all issued new CDs on **Stash**. The same company has issued broadcast material by Jay McShann's Orchestra with Charlie Parker and the first in several volumes of Raymond Scott's music.

Telarc were back at The Blue Note in January recording the celebratory music surrounding Dizzy Gillespie's 75th anniversary. Already issued is the music recorded by the Lionel Hampton All Stars from last June.

Artists looking for recognition often have to issue their own recordings. Saxophonist Jim Mair is a Kansas City based saxophonist whose initial CD is called ***8th & Central*** on **JMP** Records. Also featured is trumpeter Carmell Jones. This music is available from JMP, P.O. Box 414112, Kansas City, MO 64141...***You Don't Know What Love Is*** showcases the Coltrane influenced tenor work of Michael Pedicin Jr. The 1990 recording is issued on **FEA Records**, 8600 Burton Way, #104, Los Angeles, CA 90048...Vocalist Pam Tate is heard on ***Die Happy***, a release on **Left Field Records**, P.O. Box 3273-C.S.S., New York, NY 10008.

The Matt Kendrick Unit's most recent recording is ***Unity & Alienation*** on **Suitcase Music**, P.O, Box 10121, Winston-Salem, NC 27108.

Archival material from the Lennie Tristano Sextet is available on **Jazz Records'** ***Wow***. The 1950 live dates feature Warne Marsh, Lee Konitz and Billy Bauer in low fidelity...Previously unissued Eric Dolphy sessions continue to appear. ***The Upsala Concert Vol 2*** comes from a Swedish concert on September 4, 1961 where Dolphy plays with a Swedish rhythm section. It's on **Serene Records**, 16/32 Rue Raspail, 92270 Bois-Colombes, France.

OBITUARIES

Saxophonist **Garvin Bushell** died October 31 in Las Vegas...Pianist **Lance Hayward** died November 9 in New York...Record producer **Clive Acker** died December 1 in Redondo Beach...Drummer **Beaver Harris** died December 22 in New York...Alto saxophonist **Howard Johnson** died December 28 in New York...Saxophonist **Pat Patrick** died December 31 in Moline, Illinois...**Champion Jack Dupree** died January 21 in Hannover, Germany...Saxophonist **Charlie Ventura** died January 18...**Willie Dixon** died January 29 in Burbank, California... Saxophonist **Junior Cook** died in New York February 3...Blues vocalist **James "Thunderbird" Davis** died January 24 in St Paul while performing at the Blues Saloon. □

EDITOR'S NOTE

To be listed in these news columns, musicians, promoters and venues should send information and photographs to: John Norris, Coda Publications, PO Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8.

PHOTOGRAPH OF CHARLES MINGUS BY LOIS SIEGEL

JOELLE LEANDRE

MUSIQUE ACTUELLE

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVEN VICKERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN-MARC BIRRAUX

SINCE THE IMAGE OF DEXTER GORDON swaying along the avenues of Paris in Bertrand Tavernier's ***Round Midnight*** captured the minds of a new generation of filmgoers, their attention has turned to the city of PARIS, mecca for the European jazz community. Paris has always held a special fascination for the film and music community, home of expatriates like Bud Powell and Kenny Clarke, and this feeling of being in the presence of the masters is inescapable for the first time visitor walking through these streets. The buildings, the people crowded into cafes drinking, arguing, and laughing, the smell of cooking, and the sounds of so much music in the air creates a dream-like atmosphere, a dream that can turn dark as the autumn rains become an everyday occurrence. It was pouring with rain on the afternoon I set out to visit and interview the French virtuoso bassist JOELLE LEANDRE, but the bleakness of the weather was quickly dissipated by her warmth and hospitality. Climbing the steep neighbourhood streets one begins to form an idea of the artist's life though this too may be part of the Paris dreaming.

THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WAS CONDUCTED IN ENGLISH. WE HAVE ATTEMPTED, IN THE EDITING, TO RETAIN THE ORIGINAL FEEL OF THE CONVERSATION.

CODA: ***You mentioned that the French have yet to give your work its proper attention. Can you talk about that?***

Joelle Leandre: I have a criteria about the music and this feeling I have for the music influences me. Its not out of snobbism or something like that, but I don't play enough with the French musicians, not too much, not enough, this I can't explain. I would like to play more in France. It is my country, but as it is I am more known in North America or in Germany or Switzerland. Sometimes this is tiring because in your own country, all the time you have to prove, to prove the standard of the work and the way I work. What I am doing, the people do not always understand. Is it jazz, its not jazz, is it new, you see there is composition, there is improvisation. It is many things. I compose for people in theatre, in dance, for concerts. The people, they like my work... but c'est ca.

They don't quite know how to think of it?

No, not really, they look at it like it was maybe E.T. (laughter) yeah that's it, like its E.T. For years and years, its been my main feeling that the support of my life has been travel. I travel a lot and I've met so many great and wonderful people, not just musicians, many others in poetry and dance or anything, and for me it is so natural to work with different people, explore different emotions. I don't like to be just like that (moves hand through the air indicating a straight line). Music is *insaisissable* (elusive, hard to catch) it is abstract, you can take the music just like that. For me, it is so natural to view the music that way. That's why I am very close to some American people, musicians who play in the symphony, and recording sessions, and at night play in clubs and this is natural. This does not happen so often in France and this sometimes is heavy, here (puts hand on heart). Recently I have been playing a lot in Germany but now I am taking a little time to compose and prepare, to try to analyse the work at this time because soon the new year comes and so many things. You understand when I say the new year, I mean the fall season, the musicians become very busy...I have to do some compositions and new things.

Are you more involved in composition or in improvisation in your work?

Hmmm...I don't know. I love to improvise because I am a bass player, and I have been composing for years, but...I would say I am a composer and to be a composer is different from being a performer. This is very difficult for me to express to you in English. First, I am a bass player, a musician, but by chance or not, I met different people, I was very young and interested in writing, not only music but also literature, I read a lot, maybe more than I listen to music, because I play music. So very early people in the theatre came to me, in 1972, to ask me to compose. I was in the Conservatoire de Paris, and you know you have to compose just like an *autodidact* but you have a sense of form and structure. After that, I met dancers, around 1974, and I composed with a drummer/percussionist Stephan Graymon, as a duo, and we made a crazy music, composed maybe but, we didn't care, you know. We find the structure, some moments it was free, and other times it was very written, and it was composition. I am a composer, but in Europe you have to study harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and all these subjects, to really be a composer, then I'm not but I think I am more of a composer than a lot of other composers. I learned the material but I didn't follow the study of composition, I followed the study of the bass, as well as theory and the course of study at that time. In France, it is a very clear path that the composition student must follow, the years of harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and after that you have to finish other studies, and upper levels of work, and then you have to find an editor, and blah, blah, blah blah, blah, blah. This is an institution and I am against institutions. I don't want to spend my time like that..

I am a musician, I love my instruments, and I compose, and I would like sometimes to compose more. Slowly other projects are coming to me, this year I received a new commission, a quintet, and I played a big hall in Paris, a lot of people were there, and I passed a commission to Steve Lacy, the saxophonist and composer. That is why I love jazz, or the jazz feeling or spirit, because they don't ask you if you are a composer or performer, they make *la cuisine,* you see, cooking, and you listen to this music and you listen to this other music, and if you are o.k. and play strong, and if you have the desire, then yes. It is the creation in the moment, you have some thing (sings melody) how can that happen?, and you have to go out and talk, that's all. For me, it's very close, the improvisation and the composition, it is a spontaneous composition. I don't know about the other improvisors, how they are working, but when I begin to play with my bow or my fingers on the instrument, I am composing when I play free music, that's why for me it is not such a big difference, it's very close. When I was in this orchestra of new music, I found so many interesting composers, many interesting scores, I still play a few compositions that I found that I like, I analysed and understood. I remember years ago I found different scores, graphic scores, scores where the composer would allow the performer to play in an "open" section of the score. All that is to give you the freedom, and I like this. For me, the improvisation is material about composition, its not just, "Oh,they play free music, oh! my God!, they do what they want, just some shit,you know." Its not that at all. For me, it is very clear, it is a real work, when you improvise, you compose. Now, when you take a pencil, this is composition because you will stop and take time for reflection. It's so different when you don't have your instrument, you have a pencil.

Then the ability to revise on paper while composing gives a certain distance to the writing?

Yes, definitely. It is more difficult to compose than to improvise, but improvisation, when I can find people like me, is very different. I improvise because I know well this material of free music, I can put this material in my composition. This quintet, for example, from last April, was a real composition, at different moments, I asked the violinist for some material to improvise, after a moment, there was a trio improvisation, and the drummer would conduct because I had outlined the section with a graphic score. With this trio, all the other musicians were given a rhythm to play. I think improvisation is so natural. I know a lot of composers do not like improvisation, because they are afraid, they want to control the information. It is very simple really, the music is about the musician, the music is not about the composer, the music is about the performer. That's why I like jazz people because each musician proves they play their instrument. I know from years of working in new music orchestras, a lot of the composers do not touch any instruments, nothing, just the intellectual pursuit, and this is bad, serious, because in the last century each composer was a performer. Chopin, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Berlioz, they played instruments. They improvised too, and afterwards, they took out a pencil. It was so natural then. I don't know who made the break, I think it was the result of the economic and political situation, the composers were

given the right, the power, and the musicians...well, I think it is a pity some times but then I don't care, people will do what they want to do, what they can do, it is a pity sometimes for the music.

The people that you work with are from all parts of the world. Do you feel there is a shared language for improvisation within the creative music?

The music is music, but each musician is a human being and each is so different. I think when you improvise, you talk also about your life, your frustrations, everything, your life. The improvisation is serious music, you can just play like that. I don't know...when I play with British improvisors like Derek Bailey, it is different from when I play with Fred Frith, for example. There is a different background, another view about life, so yes, it's different. I think that the European improvisation is distinct from the American tradition, but I cannot explain this in words, I think that jazz music is also a different music too.

Can you characterize the European free music as distinct from the Black jazz tradition?

No. We received free jazz in Europe at the time when Ornette Coleman and all the other players were creating, but free jazz is not free music, free jazz is a Black music too. Free music is, I think, definitely a European music. We have a long history of the music, we have Monteverdi, we have Bartok, we have Stockhausen, its a long line. Even if... O.K., I love jazz, my God! I think that this kind of music, free music, is very much a European music, and where different people come from, they bring their own ways to it. You know, we have very wonderful jazz musicians in France, but they play the American music, they don't play the European music (laughs) but what I like is all this mixture. I think jazz is the blues, and the blues is not European, the blues is a Black music.

Is the influence of the classical notated music tradition of composers like Stockhausen and Bartok stronger than the jazz and blues languages on the work of the free music performers?

Yes and no, because jazz is such an important music, it is difficult to explain its influence. All these kind of musics and composers are called *musique savant* (scholarly, learned), this is a real term. These composers are using a different process, old, old relation about the music...I don't want to talk about this, I am no musicologist, I am a musician. What I will say is we are very different from jazz, that's all! and maybe we are very different from Indian music, and also very different from Arabian music, why must we talk all the time about jazz? Music is the end of so much different stuff. I don't care about it (the influences), all I care about is the result, the music, that's all, you like it or not, and this is also personal. You can analyse everything you want about African music, Arabic music, Indian, American, and its just to please yourself, your feelings, your emotions. I know I am very close to jazz people, but what about the spirit of jazz. What is jazz? Who can talk about jazz, who can say what is jazz? I would like to talk about creative music, the roots of creative music. If you are born in Oslo, Norway, you don't develop the same emotion for the sun if you live on the snow all your life. You have the midnight sun. Its not the same way as the sun in Africa, where the people take time differently, or in India, a very spiritual country, all the mystics, its different, and the music is the result. I think I like jazz for the spirit, for the life of these people. For me, they are more simple with their emotion, I come from a background of very practical, institutions, very shh, shh thinking, very academic, very intellectual, and sometimes the pressure of this is just boring! When you try to be simple, something happens, and I think it's the same for the music. When you're on-stage, you talk about emotions, dreaming, your life, and you communicate. You want to do that, this is important! I find the new music composer sometimes, the composition, doesn't care about the audience, doesn't care a bit. The interesting thing about the music that I am dealing with is that we move all the time, all the time. When I was just eighteen or twenty, I played my bass very gently, and slowly listened, went to jazz clubs, and heard people's music. After a time, I moved a lot, I changed a lot. Never when I began to play my bass at nine would I think one day I would play with Anthony Braxton. But this is me. I made the choice, I moved, changed, tried to think a lot, but I cannot talk and say for sure what is jazz, I don't want to say that. I have a lot of respect for jazz and the people who created it, but the roots of the music are different.

Can we talk about your work with the Feminist Improvising Group?

I was never active with F.I.G.. This was Irene Schweizer's group with Maggie Nicols, Lindsay Cooper, and a couple of other women from London. I had just arrived as things were ending for that group. I began to work with Irene, this is ten years ago now, with different groups. Now we have a trio that is Maggie Nicols, Irene and me, a very strong trio, ohh, la, la. We made a tour last year, and we play often in the studio, but this is another discussion to do with women.

Is that association of women improvisors formed more as a way of dealing with the mainstream music industry's indifference to women performers, or its indifference to improvisors?

Each year, in each century, the women were there but their station in the eighteenth or nineteenth century was more difficult. Not only in music, in theatre, in painting, everything. I think the women have to work more than men to be accepted in my profession. I work a lot on my bass but people didn't ask me any real questions at first about my work as a bass player. I play but who said that bass is a male instrument? Since maybe fifty years ago, this was exactly the phrase. It was determined this was male, this is for men. This is boring. In America, more and more now, it is the woman who plays drums, who plays saxophone, the trombone, not so much in rock, but slowly things change a little bit. First we are not

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SMITH

talking about improvising, we are talking about the musicians, men and women. I think jazz is definitely very closed to women. Its a male, and very macho world, very closed, but now you find good performers but the men don't know or are afraid because we are different. A little bit.

How is it different in the approach to the aesthetic of what you are trying to achieve ?

I feel that we are less concerned with power, we don't care about power, and men care about power. In the music, in life, they want to be the first. Even when you listen to a quintet of musicians, they are loud, in the ensemble, the sax with that - "Hey,Man!", and the drums - "They are FREE!." It is about power. Women care less about that, we don't have this feeling. I play more with men than with women, and all my studies were with men, and I am good friends with men, like a big sister, but for that, you have to be strong. To be you. I'm like that, I play like that, I'll do that, It's Me! That's why its very bizarre how I met Derek Bailey, Steve Lacy, Braxton, because my background is classical, that is how I made my personal evolution. Nobody said to me, you have to do that, it was just by emotional feeling and sometimes I would fall, but alright, you know, that's the way it's been all my life. Often I took a risk, but these men came to me. They wanted to play with me. And I don't know, its not for me to explain that. I have to learn a lot of things. I would really like to learn, not in terms of being famous but in terms of my own technique, I would like to gain a real understanding of jazz feeling , harmony, all that, but since I'm interested in being authentic, I'm stronger when I play arco (bowed technique on the bass) because its my feeling and I talk about a lot of things and I am a bass player and that's all. You see, its not only about music, maybe I have to learn a lot, but never have I had a mentor, a guru, that I want to be like him or like her. I don't want after looking for myself to be just like someone else. I know a lot of good musicians who play a little bit like Charlie Parker, a little bit like Stan Getz, a little bit like Eddie Gomez... You see what I mean? I prefer to play my feelings,my music, my ka-ka, but its me. I don't have a mentor! My first mentor was my teacher, to be a musician on the bass, you know, a real kid, and it hurt, the bass is really rough. And after you just have to understand to learn, and to meet people, and you learn everything. I learned a lot. I met this dancer, and this painter, and this poet. Last week I was with Eric Watson, who is a jazz pianist, and he asked me I would like to play with him, to make a C.D. with Paul Motian. He learned from me and I have learned from him, and that is how it has been all my life. That is why I cannot explain about Feminist improvising, I think when we improvise we are very close to men, very close, it is perhaps the only way we are truly brother and sister, not only because it is free, but because the language of music is listening, emotion, time, space, and with discussion, communication. That is what we are all after. □

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

SOLO BASS • *Urban Bass* - ADDA • *Sincerely* - Planisphare • *Solo Contrabasse* (works by Cage, Bussotti, Jolas, Kanach, Scelsi & Leandre) - ADDA
DUO • *Ecritures* (with Carlos Zingaro) - ADDA • *Cordial Gratin* (with Irene Schweizer) - FMP
TRIO • *Six Sequences Pour Hitchcock* - Nato
GROUP • Joelle Leandre Quintet - *Les Douzes Sons* - Nato • *Paris Quartet* - Intakt • Irene Schweizer Group - *Live at Tatklos* - Intakt • *The Storming Of The Winter Palace* - Intakt • Derek Bailey - *Company* - Incus • Anthony Braxton - *Ensemble (Victoriaville) 1988* - Victo • Canaille -*International Women's Festival* - Intakt

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Sources • **Marginal Distribution,** Unit 103, Lower Mall, 277 George Street North, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada K9J 3G9 • **North Country Distributors,** Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679, USA

Thanks and gratitude to the Ontario Arts Council for the funding of this series on the CONTEMPORARY CREATIVE SOUND ARTIST.

A Bagful Of Bop
Reviewed By Peter Stevens

Dizzy Gillespie • **The Bebop Revolution** • Bluebird 2177-2-RB
Dizzy Gillespie • **Meets the Phil Woods Quintet** • Timeless SJP 250
Sonny Rollins • **All The Things You Are** • Bluebird 2179-2-RB
Tommy Flanagan • **Jazz Poet** • Timeless SJP 301
Larry Vuckovich • **Tres Palabras** • Concord CCD 4416
Jackie McLean • **Dynasty** • Triloka 181-2
Tom Teasley • **Balancing Act** • T&T Music 1189
Roy Hargrove • **Diamond In The Rough** • Novus 3082-2-N

PHOTOGRAPH OF DIZZY GILLESPIE BY COLIN D. TOD

HERE'S A GRAB-BAG OF CD'S BASED IN BOP AND THE MODERN SOUND OF JAZZ developed into contemporary patterns. And where best to start in bop than with that old artful artificer of bebop, **Dizzy Gillespie**? ***The Bebop Revolution*** (Bluebird 2177-2-RB) is a collection of 21 cuts by different groups from 1946 through 1949, 14 of them under the name of Dizzy, starting with those classic cuts from 1946: hot clanking vibes from **Milt Jackson**, slithery breathy boosts from **Don Byas**'s tenor and a solid rhythm section grouped around **Ray Brown**'s bass. And then there's Dizzy with all the fiery brashness of his young days, exciting, many-noted, high-flying, fierce, both open and muted on bop classics, *A Night In Tunisia, Anthropology* and *52nd Street Theme.* These cuts have all survived on various reissues since their first release. RCA brought them out on several earlier LPs and just recently they were included in the double album, ***The Dizziest***.

Also included on that release and on this CD were some Gillespie big band sides from 1947 to 1949 and many of them are now recognized as classic performances. It's still amazing to hear how Dizzy adapted the high-charged tension, the technical razzle-dazzle to the big band format though it's not always the fast-paced material that catches the ear most enjoyably. Here there are the loping jaunty tunes like *Two Bass Hit, Woody 'n You* and *Good Bait,* as well as his Latin classics, *Manteca* and *Cubana Be.* (The CD incidentally also lists *Cubana Bop* here as well but that is a mistitling.)

The other seven cuts on this CD don't really measure up but they have some interest historically and for those who want to hear some musicians not well represented on recording, you can find them here: the sterling tenor of **Allen Eager, Dodo Marmarosa**'s piano, **Chuck Wayne**'s guitar. Then there's the music of some players coming out of swing and jump music fitting into the newer sounds of bop though sometimes the bop influence doesn't seem that strong as these musicians blow their way without going whole hog wild into the revolution: **Coleman Hawkins, Budd Johnson, Pete Brown, Benny Carter.** And the **Kenny Clarke 52nd St. Boys** has an all-star cast: **Navarro, Dorham, Stitt** and **Bud Powell**, besides Clarke himself. The music by these small groups is uneven as they try to be too tricky, too boppy, only to sink sometimes into ordinary licks. This is still a very useful compilation.

One would think that the teaming of Diz with altoist **Phil Woods** would create real sparks. Woods is one of my favourite players: I can't remember a bad solo by him and much of his playing is never less than stunning. But unfortunately on ***Dizzy Gillespie Meets the Phil Woods Quintet*** (Timeless SJP 250) there are only some good moments interspersed with lacklustre pieces. This was recorded in 1986 so Diz in this late stage in his career sticks to his veteran pose. He keeps to the mid-range, though he can still let fly with quick, staggeringly fiery runs and phrasing but his attack is not as certain as it used to be. He sputters on occasions though he breaks out of them with some notably fizzy successes. But he is somehow not in a take-charge mood. There's some poignancy in his version of *Round Midnight,* but he does not venture into double metre, something he often did in the past.

In the same way Woods is also uneven here though he also has his moments. He blows his husky heart out on Gillespie's voodoo vampy *Whasisdishean,* careening fast runs, biting phrases off, in particular one bluesy descending swoop that sets him off into a series of crackling flurries and flutters. **Tom Harrell**'s trumpet, as usual, is precisely articulated but he too stays mainly in the mid-range, his slightly more studious approach a good counterpoint to Diz. But finally the effect of this CD is one of earnest endeavour, on the verge of taking off, Woods blowing hard, almost as if he is trying to urge the others on, not always succeeding so shouldering much of the burden himself.

Another reissue from another veteran is **Sonny Rollins: *All The Things You Are*** (Bluebird 2179-2-RB), a misleading title as this CD certainly doesn't show all the things Rollins is. The last six cuts contain good solid straight ahead stuff with sound **Herbie Hancock** but there's none of Rollins' real inventiveness, his delving into tunes to extract weirdly apposite designs, his off-hand melodic fragments, his sudden booting boosts, his ripping out of raw power. Much of the playing on these cuts is subdued, the only glance to the Rollins who was hovering around free playing at this time is *Trav'lin Light,* featuring **David Izenson**'s arco bass and even this doesn't expand into anything very seriously. While Rollins had been off on one of his sabbaticals a few years before these recordings, there's not much evidence here that he's developed very much; indeed, there's none of that headlong flight he shows in the late 50s albums like ***Saxophone Colossus*** and the ***Village Vanguard*** albums.

Yet the first six cuts are much more the idiosyncratic, even eccentric Rollins. I detect some sly humour in these cuts on which he teams up with the old master, **Coleman Hawkins.** On first hearing it's a little difficult to discover just what Rollins is up to but I suspect he's putting Hawkins on a little, not maliciously but perhaps having a little fun, almost as if Rollins wants both to acknowledge the influence of Hawkins on him but also to show he's having no truck with that older style. His playing against Hawkins ('against' is a very apt word here) consists of deliberately avoiding the melodic, breaking the tunes apart into odd shapes while Hawkins valiantly adheres to the melodic line and to his own style, though even he seems to be in a more slithery mood, not his gruff huffing and puffing of rasps and throatiness.

You notice this contrast from the very beginning of the CD. Hawkins plays a breathy version of *Yesterdays* (and incidentally this side of Hawkins surely surfaces in a mix with the Pres side in the later playing of Zoot Sims and Stan Getz with some Websterian touches). Then Rollins comes in to solo with a series of slightly discordant trills for almost sixteen bars, decoration rather than phrasing or ideas. That's followed by the title cut of the CD on which Rollins plays a solo by turns fragmented, jaunty, oblique, full of strange leaps. Perhaps all this is not a sly dig at Hawkins. The pianist in this group is **Paul Bley** and maybe his slightly indirect style of comping and his squirrely soloing inspired Rollins into this mood which continues through all six cuts culminating in high-pitched squeals as Hawkins vainly tries to rescue the tune at the close of *Lover Man.* This is some of the most curious music Rollins has ever recorded and yet for most of the time it's eminently listenable and Hawkins' playing, while less energetic than usual, strikes up some interesting honks, breathy jaggedness and melodic ideas.

Pianist **Tommy Flanagan**'s career has been an expansive one but somehow he never quite seems to have

JACKIE McLEAN
Photograph by Mark Miller

achieved the recognition he deserves. Part of the Detroit scene of the 50s, he remained a popular sideman in groups featuring Detroiters and others. Then came his long fifteen-year stint with Ella Fitzgerald, perhaps a job that left him stranded outside the general accolades afforded other pianists of his generation who were still sidemen in instrumental groups and recording artists in trio settings.

In recent years Flanagan has been documented in settings that bring his special qualities to the fore; I think of a Denon album of solo piano, an interesting teaming with Phil Woods and Red Mitchell, a live duet with Hank Jones, some of his appearances with JATP. He is an articulate and thinking comper, underlining a soloist without pushing too percussively. His touch is softly compelling, making a case for his being the best quietly lyrical pianist in jazz after Bill Evans. All this surfaces admirably on ***Jazz Poet*** (Timeless SJP 301), a delightful trio performance from 1989. The music rolls out effortlessly in a collection of fine tunes of wide variety, tunes both well-known and under-recognized, but all approached with Flanagan's subtle touches, keen sense of time, unfailing sense of tunefulness and his unerring mix of the romantic and the bluesy. The bouncy tunes *Raincheck* and *I'm Old Fashioned* really do bounce along, the up-tempo *Mean Streets* really flies, the ballads *Glad To Be Unhappy* and *Lament* are full-bodied without over-rhapsodizing into sentimentality. Latin touches keep cropping up even in *St. Louis Blues,* an unusual arrangement that goes back to that Spanish tinge of Jelly Roll but rocks around funkiness as well. Throughout **George Mraz** and **Kenny Washington** offer superb emphasis without drawing attention away from Flanagan's splendid playing.

Pianist **Larry Vuckovich** on ***Tres Palabras*** (Concord CCD 4416) also indulges his Latin side but comes at it with an altogether pushier, percussive feel, helped along by the strong trumpet of **Tom Harrell** on some cuts. Vuckovich's push and hard-driving touch develops into that fulsome over-rhapsodizing that Flanagan avoids so I find the ballad playing here, while it has some effectively quiet moments, too often tips over into over-emphasis.

Still, he makes the most of the other tunes: a *Blues In The Night* that is surprisingly good (a bluesy tune but it's not one that jazzmen favour: perhaps its essential bluesiness doesn't lend itself to being opened up much). Then there's a tribute to Garner, Vuckovich sliding into Garner's style easily on one of that pianist's compositions, *Dreamy.* All in all, ***Tres Palabras*** is pleasant listening, engaging the attention every now and again, but finally not quite grasping one's wholehearted concern.

A new pianist to me is South African **Hotep Idris Galeta**, a player who claims his favourite pianist is Horace Silver, an influence that emerges forcefully in his own compositions but who in the context of the CD he appears on, **Jackie McLean's *Dynasty*** (Triloka 181-2), plays more in the mode of Hancock and Corea in their acoustic days in jazz.

This CD certainly has an apt title for McLean nowadays is coming to be seen as a real inheritor of the Bird tradition, travelling out after his long Blue Note career. And then his stints with Mingus widened his horizons and he discovered a slightly more angular approach in a tone that hovered around an edgy, keening sharpness. It's that tougher style he is passing on to his students, part of his dynasty. You can hear it in the last CD by Christopher Hollyday who seemed to be bogging down into a too imitative Bird sound, and you can also hear it in the playing of his son Rene but mainly on tenor as you can hear on this CD.

A Bagful Of Bop

This is a hot and exciting collection, if anything it is a little too relentless in its hectic drive. One would like an occasional change of pace and mood. It comes barrelling out in two opening tunes that blow fierce bop: *Five* and *Bird Lives. Perhaps A House Is Not A Home,* coming next, is intended as a slightly lower temperatured song but I am not convinced it's a good vehicle. In fact Bacharach's tunes have never convinced me and they don't really lend themselves to jazz treatments. However, when we come back to Galeta's two compositions, *Knot The Blues* and *King Tut's Strut,* we move into Silver territory, catchy and vampy songs, still played full force, like the joyous closer, *Muti Woman,* written by **Rene McLean**. This CD for the most part is full of a dynamic energy, both tense and tightly swinging, moving out from bop through Silver echoes into the dancing back-beat funk of *Muti Woman.*

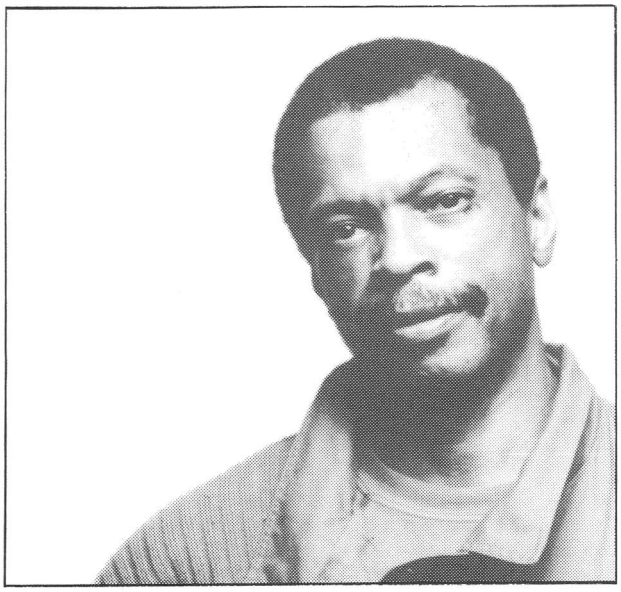
Some new names to close out this bagful of bop extensions. **Tom Teasley**'s ***Balancing Act*** (T&T Music 1189) is a pleasant enough romp along boppish lines through standards and bop pieces. Teasley is a very competent vibist out of Milt Jackson adding a different colouring when he plays marimba on a couple of cuts. He also plays drums on some cuts but I find his drumming too clipped, slick but sort of swing-time, a little inappropriate in style. Teasley performs in quartet settings but also adds trumpet and tenor sax on some cuts. **Chris Battistone**'s trumpet is like the leader's drumming, a bit chopped up and square, never springing loose. **Bruce Swaim**'s tenor is better, huffy-puffy in a broad tone. But the best music comes out of pianist **Robert Redd**, sprightly comping, forthright soloing.

This CD seems something Teasley has put together himself and he's to be commended in getting his music out to us. It's good to know that he's taken the trouble to do this and there are other musicians across North America doing similar things, recording, trying to distribute the CDs, get themselves known, the kind of thing Unity Records does in Toronto, for instance. It's one of the ways of keeping jazz alive, local recordings to show the music is not forgotten, so this is commendable but it makes no greater impact than other similar local recordings.

The other, more media-oriented way jazz is ostensibly spreading is by the interest in very young players, the whiz-kids of jazz. And here's another one, **Roy Hargrove**, and his first CD, ***Diamond In The Rough*** (Novus 3082-2-N). Hargrove is another from that phalanx of New Orleans trumpeters led by Wynton Marsalis, who has exerted some influence on Hargrove though Hargrove seems more 60s-Miles-ish but without the melancholic edge. Yet this is contemporary stuff exemplified by the opening cut, *Proclamation,* by the pianist who appears on some cuts, **Geoffrey Keezer**, another new name. The tune opens with a splashily loose drum break by one of my favourite drummers of this newer generation, **Ralph Peterson Jr.** The melody comes out of Wayne Shorter but with some back-beat accents which Peterson keeps exploding though he maintains that polyrhythmic looseness, sounding like a Tony Williams of the 90s.

That Shorter melodic influence is also present in Hargrove's own compositions but the groups (there are really two groups present on the CD) also veer into classics. *Ruby My Dear* features some impressive alto from **Antonio Hart**, treating Monk's tune to some Hodges-like swoops and slides before he delves into hard-biting sounds, a mix of two altoists mentioned here, Phil Woods and Jackie McLean. Hargrove does not seem as comfortable in this Monk ambience though generally he's accomplished in a straightforward way, especially on a perky version of *Wee,* which closes this CD. This is straight bop with good tenor from **Ralph Moore**.

There's some fine playing here, especially from Hart, Keezer and Peterson. It all seems rooted in the bop traditions and their contemporary extensions, perhaps a fitting comment to end this review. □



Apple Source

New York Notes By Kevin Whitehead

DON PULLEN PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL FRIEDMAN

Violinist **Billy Bang** has been too little heard of late; solo at Roulette on December 13, he displayed all the qualities that recommended him in the first place: a nice full woody tone, a deeply lyrical sensibility, and sweet intonation—though there are moments he seems to honour the old saw, if you hit a clam, bend it. Billy played *Lonely Woman* with some of the dervish momentum Ornette brings to his own fiddling, then tapped the strings with the back of the bow for a berimbau effect. He did a couple of slave-era songs, and finished with his own sleek *Going Through,* seasonally interpolating three Christmas songs. Somehow it wasn't corny.

Singer **Carla White** did four Thursdays in January at West Side Storey, a glass-bricked street-level bar at 95th and Columbus. This is what you might call a dues room, where champagne corks, clattering plates, bar soda spritzers and a few babbling patrons added random percussion to her backing duo, pianist Peter Madsen (on a clinker-studded upright) and bassist Sean Smith. On Peggy Lee's blues *I Love Being Here with You,* Smith came close to trading fours with the electronic cash register, as it printed out a long tab. White has an admirably aggressive approach to repertoire; I caught most of her two sets January 23, in which she repeated no tunes from the last time I'd heard her, a year or so ago. She sang among others: Hoagy Carmichael's *Lazy River;* an obscure Angelo Badalamenti tune from the '50s, *Fancy That* (not too good, but I admired her digging it up); a medley of *Georgia Brown* and a bop tune on same changes, deftly steering a course between the two when she scatted; Mingus' *Nostalgia in Times Square,* for which she's working up new lyrics; Duke's *I Didn't Know About You.* The last, no easy line for singers, showed that her one-time intonation problems have been resolved. White has an attractive smoky timbre, doesn't attempt to improve melodies that don't need it, and doesn't overscat. She uses her voice to draw you in rather than knock you out—which is why, by the end of her first set, folks who'd been yakking earlier were hanging on every note.

Don Pullen's Afro-Brazilian Connection was at Condon's the first week in February. Panamanian altoist Carlos Ward and Brazilian bassist Nilson Matta were aboard; Guinea's Epizo Bangoura (subbing for Mor Thiam on Thursday the 6th) and Brazil's Guilherme Franco split drumming chores. Pullen has always had an affinity for Iberian music—he's got a ton of tunes where chords wobble up and down a half-step, flamenco-style; his feel for Brazilian rhythms became clear on an Ivo Perelman gig at the Knitting Factory last summer. Those flamenco melodies are perfect for Ward's dramatically singing tone and easy way with open harmonic situations. This band is a winner; with its tricontinental cast, the rhythmic inflections slide all over, from one infectious groove to another (without wearing any one out), just as Pullen and Ward step between inside and outside tacks forcing it. The melodies are catchy, you tap your feet, they take it out—what's not to like? (**Michele Rosewoman's** trio at the Knit the night before, with Rufus Reid and Tony Reedus, similarly imbued 4/4 swing with a subtle latin feel that was ever-present but rarely took over, save when Eddie Bobe sat in on cowbells.)

Pullen's not the only musician blending market-friendly sounds with creative structures. At the New Music Cafe December 20, **Reggie Workman** debuted a sextet where Mikele Navazio's very Hendrixy guitar, and funk inflections from Reggie and drummer Eli Fountain, were offset by the attractive glow of Don Byron's clarinet, Tim Berne's alto, Ken McIntyre's baritone (an instrument he should play more) and Mark Feldman's violin. When Reggie played bass violin arco, he made good use of doubled fiddle sonorities. The music had post-rock raunch sans simplism; the clique-busting line-up paid off. This good band gives the lie to the ugly Reggie-plays-art-music rumours.

The first New York gig by **Bill Frisell's** new trio—his quartet with drummer Joey Baron and electric bassist Kermit Driscoll, minus cellist Hank Roberts—wowed all but about five listeners at St. Ann's church in downtown Brooklyn February 8. I was one of the five. Maybe Frisell got carried away by the Japanese tv cameras, but he sounded like the kind of cliche-dependent guitar hero he attracted fans for not being. The trio didn't sound like Power Tools or Cream, they sounded like the James Gang. They even played a Madonna song. Things got only slightly better when Byron on clarinets and Guy Klucevesek on accordion joined in for two movements of Copland's *Billy the Kid* and a too-arch romp on Sousa's *Washington Post March,* the old Monty Python theme. Like, postmodern. Maybe it's a phase—Bill's solo concert the night before was heavier on the good old squiggly stuff; highlights included a medley of *Crepuscule with Nellie* and *Evidence,* a *Misterioso* played on four-string banjo ("Kermit told me, `You're the only banjo player who doesn't burn.'") and a piece for guitar, delay unit and trinkle-tinkle music boxes that was cuter than kittens but still worked.

Triowise, better were KnitFac appearances by two from Boston: guitarist **Joe Morris'** with electric bassist Sebastian Steinberg and drummer Curt Newton (February 9), and **Shock Exchange** with Ornette keyboardist Dave Bryant, electric bassist John Turner and Chris Bowman at the traps (the 11th). Either band was harmolodic as all get-out. Morris combines Blood Ulmer's flinty tone and woodchopper attack with Hendrix's legato wah-wahs. Shock Exchange got off to a rocky start, playing *Ramblin'* in the style of Emerson Lake and Palmer, but found its balance when Bryant settled in on (fake) piano. How come Bostonians understand Prime Time better than New Yorkers?

Some other shows at the same venue deserve comment. **Steve Lacy** played a Third Person gig with cellist **Tom Cora** and drummer **Samm Bennett** January 4. It was sorta ill-conceived; 3P usually improvise with their guest, but Lacy conned them into playing his tunes. There were nice moments—Steve told me he dug Cora—but Samm by his own admission is nobody's idea of a jazz drummer. **Sun Ra,** January 10, almost thin, wheelchair-bound, sounded good. On one solo he played a jaw-dropping uninterrupted left hand line that snaked through the chords for a chorus and a half, and made Tristano sound like Basie. January 16, the trio **Spanish Fly**—Steve Bernstein, trumpet, Dave Tronzo, slide guitar, and the amazing Marcus Rojas, tuba—proved once again they can play hip, hip open blues and jazz (picture Tronzo as a Ry Cooder who can play bop heads), but Bernstein's insistence on playing the fool/comedian/emcee is screwing up an act too good to throw away. The last Sunday of every month in '92, **Anthony Coleman** ringleads a performance of John Zorn's game piece *Cobra.* January's sounded good; we'll have a report after we hear a couple more. □

HAT AND SHOES
THE THOMAS CHAPIN PIECE

By Gary Parker Chapin

Sunday afternoon at the Knitting Factory. For the month of December, Thomas Chapin is using this venue and time slot to record what will become his second trio record, ***Anima*** (Knitting Factory WORKS). The current tune being laid down by the trio (Chapin, alto sax and flute; Mario Pavone, bass; Steve Johns,drums) is a lengthy stomper called *Hat and Shoes*.

Thomas explains that the tune is about up and down, Heaven and Earth, Heaven and Hell, Angels and the Devil — in other words, hats and shoes. And, despite having to choke down the heavy metaphysics, that makes both structural and thematic sense. The first half of the A Section, for example, is a flighty, upper-register line, jangly, but reminiscent of someone's pastel-pleasant idea of the Great Beyond. Suddenly, with the second half, the mood reddens. Thomas hits the lower register and you hear the Devil stomping around below, popping and squealing and having a good time with it all. Soon, he's out of the A Section, into the B, and the trio is virtually rocking on a four/four vamp that funks out, building tension expertly and launching the group into the first round of improvisations.

It's a revealing piece, saying as much about Thomas Chapin's musical background as it does about his attitude towards hats and shoes. The trio's solos, like the structure of the tune, flirt with out-ness, but always make sense melodically and thematically. If Thomas' alto rips the plaster off the ceiling, then you can be sure it was perfectly appropriate to the tune that the plaster be brought down.

Actually, though, terms like 'in' and 'out' as applied to music have always struck Chapin as being little more than useless, prescriptive annoyances. This makes sense when you consider that his first important influence was Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

Chapin explains, "Roland Kirk was really important to me in terms of how I came into jazz — how I heard jazz. He's a person who is neither in or out, who is both. Also, the term doesn't apply. He's so deeply rooted in tradition and yet the spectrum in which he operated was total. And I hadn't heard much jazz before that. I wasn't raised on jazz, so I was just finding this stuff out for myself. It's the way the man thinks. There's a great deal of variety in his music. A great deal of span and range, in his music and in his sonic palette, which is very large.

"Also when you start listening you don't think of things like in and out. You like it or you don't like it. I listened to Charlie Parker and Sun Ra. And Sun Ra is rooted. Everything is rooted somewhere. Ornette Coleman is rooted in Texas and blues and bebop. All those guys are. They may have taken a different branch than other guys, but it's all part of the same tree. It can't be otherwise. It seems so obvious to me."

In terms of his own immediate roots, Chapin started on the piano at the age of three, picked up the flute at ten, and then the saxophone at sixteen. Although he has played tenor and soprano, and spends time exploring a vast array of world instruments, Thomas landed on the alto simply because, "That's my voice." After high school Thomas packed up his horn and took it to Rutgers University, studied up on their jazz curriculum, played frequently ("For me, Rutgers was one long rehearsal"), and got his degree. After this brush with academia Chapin quickly built himself a wide and varied resume: working with the Chico Hamilton Quartet, serving five years as lead alto and musical director for Lionel Hampton's band, playing with various collectives such as Motation, Zasis, and the freely improvisational Machine Gun. At the same time he worked in a number of Latin contexts, and engaged in a bunch of mixed-media experiments with percussionist Brian Johnson and poets John Richie and Vernon Frazer. All of this while leading various bands of his own through performances and recordings for labels like Mu and Alacra.

At one point Thomas saw himself playing in so many dramatically different contexts that he thought he would give himself a different name — and personality — for each one. The only one that caught on was "Rage", which he uses when playing with Machine Gun ("It seems like that's what I do with that band.") But before he could dub himself again Chapin began working with the current trio.

Says Chapin about his cohorts: "Mario is one of the most energetic, inventive players I know. And Steve ... when he locks onto a groove it's like a bulldog grabbing a postman. More importantly, though, they've each got very personal and particular strengths which make the music what it is. Somebody who has a personal sound on their instrument, to me, is ideal, because this is what I strive for in myself — my own voice."

There are many aspects of Chapin's own voice to discuss, both regarding his playing and composing. One aspect common to both of these things is the element of search — he never stops looking for new areas to explore musically.

When asked how he approaches the flute differently from the saxophone, he replies, "It depends on the piece, the demands of the music. Sometimes I approach the saxophone differently from the *saxophone* . Often I try to play the instrument in a way that I don't know how to play it, and I don't know if that's a good idea. Sometimes I try to play it from a different angle within myself. A feeling will come over me, and I'll just strive for some

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PEGGY CWIAKALA

different sound, like some different personality that wants to say something. It's very interesting to watch. "Similar sentiments show themselves on the compositional front. For Chapin composition is a logical extension of the continual quest that is improvisation. It seems that the reverse should be true. Within jazz, wouldn't improvisation follow the composition? "I don't think so. I've spent a lot of time in free improv situations, and I've found that the forms arise very naturally."

"Whether that was our conditioning from playing written music or hearing it, how our minds formulated it ... well, it wasn't a conscious thing. I'll just be improvising and out will come an idea that will strike me, and I'll say, `hmm, here's a point for further exploration.' That's where the writing process starts for me. It's very inspiration oriented."

This approach also seems to prevent 'concept' from intruding too heavily into Chapin's compositions.

He agrees, "There are ways of contriving things and there are ways that you can contrive to spur yourself on to do things that you wouldn't normally do — and you have to do that, it's required of you — but sometimes you hear the contrivance in the music, and sometimes you don't hear the contrivance. I prefer not to. In other words, the concept is merely the vehicle for an emotion — though I don't mean sentimentally emotional — I mean a very direct communication."

One way in which Chapin's approach has changed recently — a way that allows for more direct execution and communication — is that, whereas he used to compose almost exclusively on the piano, he now works directly on the alto. How has this changed his music?

"Composing on the alto puts a heavy emphasis on melody and counterpoint, as opposed to the harmonic things that you tend to get into on the piano. Also, when you write on your instrument, the ideas that will come out will be formed differently. They'll fit that instrument well. We were talking about *Hat and Shoes,* and during the second part of the A section, the devil part, I'm leaping around the low register. This gives it a certain kind of pop because it's articulated in a certain way. That wouldn't have happened on the piano. On the piano I don't think I would have done it like that. On the other hand, I wrote this bass line with no idea of what the bass could do technically. And what I had originally written was pretty much impossible, but Mario came up with a variation that worked out very well. If I were a bass player I wouldn't have written that line. So what you write is definitely affected by what instrument you write on."

Aside from these technical concerns, Chapin's search for a compositional voice involves drawing in information and putting it out in some holistic fashion. This impulse used to manifest itself in Chapin's tendency to place himself within as many musical contexts as possible. Today, it's more a case of bringing those contexts into the trio.

"The trio seems to best describe where I exist musically. It encompasses a lot of different material, but we remain ourselves. I think the more you embrace the more you become whole. This is true musically, and I'm not just talking about playing different styles. Compositions are a balance. It's like the saying, `for every poison there's an antidote'— if a composition gets too sweet you have to mess it up, on purpose.

And if this creates some feelings of ambiguity in the listener then it's a job well done. Ambiguity is one of the key points of the tao. Ambiguity allows for maximum interpretation and experience. That's what I want."

Obviously, for Chapin, the voice encompasses much more than notes, song structures, and influences. Like the tune *Hat and Shoes,* everything Chapin puts out has some other-musical dimension that reflects a poetic/spiritual world view. For example, the name of his upcoming trio record is ***Anima***.

"The dictionary definition of anima is `life spirit'. The psychological definition is, `the feminine component of the male psyche.' In Italian the word means, `soul'. It represents to me the mysterious feminine — the creative force. That's the well that I am trying to drink from. And for me, the truly great musicians are the ones who draw from that well. I've always liked the shamans, the medicine men of the music. Roland Kirk, for example, he dipped heavily into the dream world. And Sun Ra, he just lives in that magic kingdom place."

The word shaman evokes powerful, universal images of the lonely mystic; apart from society, yet the creative, spiritual centre and healing force of that society. In jazz the shamans might be Monk, Coltrane, Ornette, Cecil, and a good number of others. The other aspect of this analogy which seems to apply to Chapin is the shamanic practice — documented from Siberia to the Great Plains — of purposefully inducing an altered state of consciousness in order to make the journey inward.

"Playing, for me, is about changing my state of mind, moving out of my ordinary self. I've noticed that when I play, it's almost like a different person takes over, someone who I don't deal with in my day to day life, but who is inside me. I try to let this creative force take over. I try not to get too much into my conscious thought. It's more a matter of setting up conditions — gaining mastery of my instrument, mapping out structures, that kind of thing — that will allow the conduits to open. And when the conduits do open, when that other person does take over, I just sit back, watch the show, and see what comes out. To me, that's what's divine about all of this. That's why I love to play." □

The writer and the reviewer are not related despite the similarity in their names.

The Sweetness of the Alto Saxophone

Compact Disc Reviews by Stuart Broomer

Elton Dean • **Unlimited Saxophone Company** • Ogun OGCD 002
Urs Blochlinger • **Kuttel Daddel Du - Live in Lausanne** • Plainisphere 1267-61CD
John Lloyd Quartet • **Syzygy** • Leo CDLR 173
Keshavan Maslak • **Mother Russia** • Leo CD LR 177
Jimmy Lyons & Andrew Cyrille • **Burnt Offering** • Black Saint 120130-2
Charles Gayle • **Spirits Before** • Silkheart SHCD 117
Oliver Lake • **With Trio Transition** • DIW-829
Anthony Braxton • ***Quartet (London) 1985*** • (Leo CD LR 200/201)

PHOTOGRAPH OF OLIVER LAKE BY ANTHONY BARBOZA

The recordings to be discussed represent a kind of festival of current saxophone music: nine CDs of eight artists or groups, lasting about nine hours. Five of the eight are actually "live" performances. Though most of the musicians are American and British, there are saxophonists from as far afield as Switzerland and the Soviet Union. Groupings range from a sextet with four saxophones through quartets, trios and duos to unaccompanied solos. Though doubling occurs and a tenorist is featured, this is a festival of the alto saxophone. As with any good festival, there is a balance of the familiar (Braxton, Lake, Lyons) and the lesser known (Gayle, Lloyd, Blochlinger, Maslak). There is some fine music and some brilliant saxophone playing, and they occur together often enough to make things interesting.

The bias of the festival may not seem traditional: the most "conventional" jazz heard here is by Elton Dean and Oliver Lake. Ancestors—Parker, Coleman, Dolphy—are acknowledged, but effort is seldom made to reproduce them. There is certainly no saxo*clone* music here (e.g., Pine as Coltrane; Hollyday as McLean); if that happens to be your preference, you will want to avoid these proceedings entirely.

Instead, tradition inheres in the dominant instrument itself, in a certain vocal grain, a sweetness, a longing, an inflection, a density of timbre or line, that will commemorate the saxophone's very particular history as a dominant tool of African-American musical extension and expression. If the music seems to have shifted, at some undefinable point, from a culturally specific "jazz" to a generic "improvised music," then the saxophone speaks of that prior history.

Given similar instrumentations and a shared acuteness to historical circumstance (yes, there is a past; yes, it can be used; no, it can't be repeated), these groups play musics of remarkable variety. In part, that derives from the saxophone's openness to the individual voice. Further, it represents the struggle to go beyond voice to the assemblage of a language. Every group here forms a different music out of different tonal biases and vocabularies, a different reading of a shared musical history, different assumptions about what can be determined or predetermined,

and what cannot. If, at times, one could imagine (or hardly avoid) a single, idealized, account of saxophone voice and vocabulary—Young's, Parker's, or Coltrane's—, the voices here are insistently distinct, sometimes idiosyncratic. This is as much a festival of difference as a festival of the saxophone.

Elton Dean's Unlimited Saxophone Company (Ogun OGCD 002), was recorded at the groups debut, the Covent Garden Jazz Saxophone Festival 1989. Lately, reed-only bands have become sufficiently numerous that one almost wants to congratulate Dean on the novel variation of bass and drums. It's a powerful ensemble, distinguished by Dean's broadly traditioned heads: *Rising* manages to invoke the Ellington reed section; *Small Strides,* Dameron; *One Three Nine,* Ornette. There's a Mingus-like thrust and vitality almost everywhere here. Though it's primarily a vehicle for saxophone improvising, the music never degenerates into a mere string of solos. Pieces usually feature only one or two saxophonists, and there are effective explosions of collective improvisation. Bassist **Paul Rogers**, making good use of his lower register, and drummer **Tony Levin** create a consistently dense and powerful backdrop. The vocalic alto solos, by Dean and **Trevor Watts**, are very good. **Paul Dunmall**, on tenor and baritone, and **Simon Pickard**, on tenor, enjoy less solo space, but sound fine in the space allotted.

Two European groups—a Swiss trio, a British quartet—present musics that are as unalike as they might be within similar frames of reference: composed heads; loose, more or less thematically based, improvisation; similar instrumentation.

The trio of altoist **Urs Blochlinger**, pianist **Jaques Demierre** and bassist **Olivier Magnenat**, or ***Kuttel Daddel Du -Live in Lausanne,*** (Plainisphere 1267-61CD), is distinguished by refinement, lyricism and chamber music-like combinations of spaciousness and intimacy, warmth and precision. Every member has an almost academic clarity of sound; the materials are strongly melodic and their development is emphatically linear. Blochlinger, particularly, is a tonal improviser, with a big, sweet sound that persists even on split notes and harmonics. The interaction here is seamless: piano and arco bass seem to fuse in a sustained tremolo; each player, including the altoist, glides from lead to support roles. The polish is such that a listener may wonder if an ostinato's repetitions are fixed or spontaneous, or whether Blochlinger always quotes *Left Alone* or Charlie Parker at just those points. This recording left me wanting to hear more, particularly from pianist Demierre, whose playing is exceptionally articulate in a group that is already remarkably so.

Short of playing their instruments with other body parts, or just badly, The **John Lloyd Quartet-*Syzygy*** (Leo CDLR 173) could hardly be more dissimilar. While Kuttel Daddel Du is all space and melody, refinement and allusion, Lloyd, pianist **John Law**, **Paul Rogers** and drummer **Mark Sanders** play dense, vertical, chromatic, often rhythmically driven, sometimes unresolvable, music. While the preceding is invariably polished, this music is alternately churned and squeezed. Compression and combination are central to the aesthetic; "syzygy," from the Greek for "yoke," describes the combination of two poetic feet into a single metrical unit. Lloyd's sound is at once tight and raw; it suits his particularly knotted lines, which are almost serial in the ways in which they tend to double back, repeat ("syzygy" can also describe consonant sound patterns and repetition), mirror or unravel themselves (a primary source may be suggested by some of his titles: *94, Fragment 92 & 93, 90*). At times, his alto or soprano seems to persist as a fixed voice around which the other musicians—each warrants extended attention—whip up inventive storms. The solos of Law and Rogers are always interesting, and their protracted disappearing into silence at the end of Lloyd's *Motif* is a thoughtful complement to their usual density.

Mother Russia (Leo CD LR 177) is a kind of scrapbook compilation recorded by Detroit-born altoist **Keshavan Maslak** (or "Kenny Millions," as he insists on calling himself in every composition title and composer credit) during a tour of the Soviet Union back in 1989 when it still seemed to exist. The CD includes solo performances and duets with local musicians. Maslak is a remarkable technician: the unaccompanied solos that open and close the recording reveal great timbral variety, breath control and facility in every range and in between. He can be as lyrical as Blochlinger, or as knotty and convoluted as Lloyd, usually in one piece. To some point, it's a joy to hear him play the saxophone. At seventy four minutes, however, the present CD is generous to a fault. Two performances might have remained the cherished memories of their original audiences. The duet with pianist **Misha Alperin** *(Kenny meets Misha meets Hieronymous Bosch)* is a virtuoso collage of Russian kitsch, funny and impressive on first hearing, less so on the second. On the twenty four minute duet with percussionist **Vladimir Tarasov** *(Kenny talks-turkey with Vladimir),* Maslak begins on alto at Cuisinart tempo and gradually backs off; pausing, he returns to burn it up on clarinet; after a subtle percussion interlude (interrupted for fifteen seconds with blasts on two horns) the saxophonist switches to tenor, burns it up, retreats to a kind of free gutbucket blues, then revs it up to the Cuisinart level for the conclusion. If only he'd taken more horns, he might have kept it up forever. It's the kind of "... gift/gift of/crazy/saxophone/wisdom" (from a poem by "K.M.") that leaves this listener looking at his watch.

Maslak, however, is at times a startling player, with at least two musical identities to go with his two names. The most interesting music here appears in the sequence of five duets with fellow saxophonist **Anatoly Vapirov**; each musician concentrates on what the other is doing and on shaping complex, at times surprising, dialogues. There's a good record here, but purchasers may want to separate it from the other one it's mixed up with.

Anyone recently exposed to a bombastic and/or tedious duet of saxophone and percussion should immediately acquire ***Burnt Offering*** (Black Saint 120130-2), by the late **Jimmy Lyons** and **Andrew Cyrille**. The recording comes from a 1982 performance in Alentown, Pennsylvania that previously produced ***Something in Return.*** Lyons' performances always sound to me like an arc, enscribed in air, linking the characteristic curve of Charlie Parker and those particularly long, overlapping, lines of Cecil Taylor. Lyon's special quality—unusual for a saxophonist of his generation—consisted in maintaining a kind of orderly unfolding in the midst of great forces, forming and holding a particular, narrow, path of linear coherence amidst seemingly infinite possibilities. It was, of course, one of the qualities that made those epic performances of the Cecil Taylor Unit in which he played sustainable and beautiful, as was the wonderful drumming of Cyrille. What the two craft here is, inevitably, related to what they did with Taylor for so many years, but it is also very different (I can't quite imagine a music with Cecil Taylor specifically subtracted), somehow both more relaxed and more concentrated, possessed of its own depths, its own nuances, its own evolving structures. It's a different pleasure to hear Lyons, a significant force in himself, not contending with great forces, weaving a continuous sequence of melody of varying complexity; to hear Cyrille when he isn't matching volcanic forces; and to hear the exalted level of interaction that the two achieve. Lyons possessed grace, as does Cyrille, and grace is worth hearing, whether or not it's under pressure.

Spirits Before (SHCD 117) is **Charles Gayle's** second CD from Silkheart. As on the former, ***Homeless*** (SHCD 116), the tenor saxophonist is accompanied by bassist **Sirone** and drummer **Dave Pleasant**. If the earlier title alluded to Gayle's literal domicile, it might refer as well to his musical approach: a commitment to free improvisation without "heads" or other predetermined components. That approach can include just about anything (and has for some time), but Gayle's particular usage is absolutely rooted in the jazz practice of the mid sixties. You could take ***Spirits Before*** as "Spirit Before" an act of homage to Albert Ayler. Much of Gayle's vocabulary—the low end blasts whirled off into high speed chromatic glissandi in a falsetto register; the vocality; the glacier slow ruminations comes straight from that source.

Now having written that, I want to stress that this isn't the time to dismiss Charles Gayle. He isn't speaking a dead language, only one that has been buried. The bracing thing about him is what he sounds like in a contemporary context (this collection of saxophonists, for example, of whom many are more technically adroit, more "musical," more "inventive," more varied; while each is undoubtedly committed to his art, what one hears in Gayle is pure commitment). Put him in the average jazz or serious improvised music festival (by all means) and he'll be about as comforting as the prophet Jeremiah at a wine and cheese reception. For Gayle plays with both power and vision, and that vision is hardly diminished by being a vision of loss.

If one tended to construct "free jazz" as celebration of the loss of authoritative order (a joy constantly present in Lyons and Cyrille), it is heard very differently here. Here, it is an exile from anything on which one might depend. What distinguishes Gayle's music from Ayler's is what has been subtracted: he doesn't mimic Ayler's tunes (those melodies of great beauty, energy, or comedy, the destruction of which formed a component of Ayler's formal genius); nor can his work possess the buoyancy, invention, or incomprehensible *elegance* that Ayler's had. What Gayle legitimately inherits is some of Ayler's force, a level of expressive intensity that becomes in itself form.

These performances are focussed on a void into which history and meaning seem to have slipped. Their power comes not only from a certain re-enactment of sixties tenor music (imagine jazz as a mystery cult archaeologically reconstructed on the sole evidence of Ayler's ***Spiritual Unity*** and Coltrane's ***Om***) but from an equally potent sense of the very loss of that expressivity (it is the latter, I think, that fuels recent performances by Archie Shepp and Pharoah Sanders, each of whom takes the additional step of singing blues). One does not imagine these performances to be sustainable, but that is exactly what Gayle has done and does.

The concluding performances present two dominant saxophonists, **OliverLake** and **Anthony Braxton**, in quartet contexts with piano, bass and drums that demonstrate radically different approaches to problems of form and vocabulary. One is rooted in traditional jazz practice; the other explores textures and relations that may have more in common with Henze and Stockhausen.

Trio Transition with special guest Oliver Lake (DIW-829) is a very unusual record. At times it sounds like two distinct musics at once, or an evolutionary model alternative to the particular divisions that took place in jazz twenty five years ago. The trio consists of **Reggie Workman**, the late **Freddie Waits**, and **Mulgrew Miller.** Lake is more than you might expect a "special guest" to be: he appears on every track and contributes one tune, as do Workman and Miller; Waits contributes two, and the group does something unique for this batch of recordings: they play something written by a non-member (Stanley Cowell's *Effie*). Whatever one could expect, given the breadth of Workman and Waits, this is neither the recantation of Oliver Lake nor the revolution of Mulgrew Miller; it's an uneasy, provisional, definition of "mainstream," posed as if such an idea were still possible.

While Lake and Miller are both tempered in one another's directions by the mix of material, the level of music that arises is very high, in part from the very tensions in how the two principal soloists think harmonically, texturally and structurally: Lake always loosening, thickening,

bending, and stretching; Miller tightening, clarifying and restoring. On two of the more conventional heads—Miller's *Planetside Trip* and Cowell's *Effie* —the group repeats the tune between Lake's and Miller's solos, almost presenting two different versions of each piece. When Workman and Waits charge off in pursuit of Lake on the former, Miller holds very forcefully to the tune's structure. Conversely, when there are fewer apparent structural determinants, as in Lake's *November '80,* Miller seems to invent them, comping and soloing in a manner that is almost Monkish. There is tremendous, compressed energy here, a latent volatility, something you'll never find in groups that simply try to recreate the kind of late modified hard bop (Blue Note circa 1965: modality, suspensions, vamps, tempo changes, irregular phrase lengths) from which this music derives. *Effie,* mid-tempo and modal, receives a performance of great beauty, from Workman's introduction to the fills that Lake tosses off at the ends of its phrases (with more energy and detail than many musician's solos). The record is a fitting commemoration of Freddie Waits' drumming, sometimes presenting simultaneously the range of musics which he could propel.

Anthony Braxton's ***Quartet (London) 1985*** (Leo CD LR 200/201) is a two CD concert recording with **Marilyn Crispell**, **Mark Dresser** and **Gerry Hemingway**. Each CD presents about an hour in which the group forms an uninterrupted, panoramic whole from a series of the leader's compositions.

There is much that distinguishes this recording, but nothing so much as Braxton's willingness to find ways to shape music that are beyond both convention and convenience. Most remarkable here is his exploration of ways to integrate and overlay composition and improvisation. The extended performances that emerge have a complex, evolving, shape in which numerous compositional, improvisatory and timbral techniques appear and disappear, converge and overlap in a variety of configurations. At times it has the aleatoric density of multi-lingual conference calls merged.

The significance of individual *parts*—whether those of musicians or segments—is dispersed into the interests of the whole, which is at the same time an open form, a succession of textures and incandescent moments. Making all this work is the flexibility of which each of the four musicians is possessed: a capacity to be inventive or impassioned (or uninventive and dispassionate), as complex musical circumstances permit or dictate (or don't). Without the individual qualities that they bring (a succession of moments, difficult to isolate), clearly, the performance would be very different, certainly diminished, but there might still be interesting music. The music is more complex (plural) in its shapes and identities than anything else to be heard among these records and grows with repeated listening.

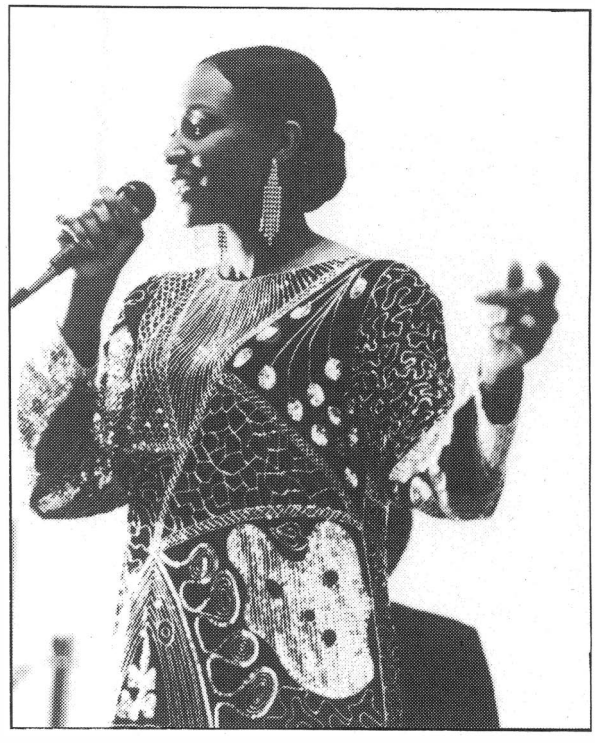
Braxton has managed a fine balance between the intensity and spontaneous complexity of free improvisation and the structural novelty of rapidly shifting compositional materials, increasingly and positively merging what have sometimes seemed two distinct aspects of his musical identity; when an inspired moment wanes there is still someplace interesting for the music to go, rather than to entropy, exhibitionism, or the mere point of origin. It is a pursuit for which all who hear it can be grateful. □

PHOTGRAPH OF JIMMY LYONS BY PETER DANSON

JAZZ BY THE BAY REVISITED

TWO PROFILES BY ELAINE COHEN

Though the jazz heyday of the Fillmore and North Beach is long gone, and even the good ole days of the Keystone Korner and Bajone's are history, there's still an amazingly tenacious talent pool of serious jazz artists who live and work in the Bay area.



Among these numerous artists are such giants as **Mary Stallings**, the reigning queen of vocalists in Northern California. A San Francisco native whose singing career began in the A.M.E. Zion Church, she first recorded with a family group at age eleven. Tutored by her uncle, saxophonist Orlando Stallings who encouraged her to develop her own style, she began appearing with his group in Oakland and San Francisco clubs in her early teens. In high school she performed with or opposite talent such as the Montgomery Brothers, Ben Webster, Red Mitchell, Teddy Edwards, Cal Tjader, Don Rickles and Lenny Bruce. In her senior year she joined Louis Jordan's Tympani Five; upon graduation, Stallings was a seasoned professional.

Before she was twenty she toured Australia and was featured on the west coast club and college circuit. She sang in Chicago nightclubs with Sonny Stitt, who took her aside and gave her pointers on breathing. A few years later at San Francisco's famed Blackhawk, her distinctive style - a transcendent blend of Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughan, and Ella Fitzgerald - captured the attention of Dizzy Gillespie who invited her to appear with him at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival. Her next engagement was a year long stint with the Billy Eckstine Band in Nevada. Stallings shone so brightly that Eckstine had to warn Duke Ellington not to steal her away for his own band.

She returned to the Bay Area to sing with the Grover Mitchell-Earl "Fatha" Hines Band. Eventually Mitchell left to join Count Basie, and when the vocalist spot became vacant, he recommended her. Basie's manager called offering a round trip ticket. "Make it a one-way," Mary said, "that's all I'm going to need."

For the next three years (1969 - 1972) she toured with Basie throughout the US and Europe and put to use what she'd learned from Eckstine; the ability to command the stage with a single small gesture. Her musicality and regal, elegant presence inspired several other offers to join other bands. However, she decided to return to San Francisco to raise her young daughter.

Her "retirement" was interrupted by a tour of South America with Dizzy Gillespie. About 1980, she was coaxed to play a club date with Ed Kelly and Pharaoh Sanders in Oakland. It was time for a comeback.

During the past decade, Stallings has appeared in every possible context with every conceivable type of group—from duets to symphonies. ***Fine And Mellow*** is the title of her 1991 CD on the Clarity Label, a collection of ballads, blues and uptempo moods backed by pianist Merrill Hoover (who also accompanies Anita O'Day). She and Hoover perform together four nights a week at Bix's, a restaurant in San Francisco. Recently featured with Branford Marsalis at an East Bay Jazz Festival, Stallings is in her prime, ranking with the names she once idolized.

DRAWING BY GUITAR

Pianist **Ed Kelly**, a Texas native who moved to Oakland in 1945, is another Bay Area musical giant. With roots deep in the church and blues, the classically trained Kelly has a style that integrates encyclopedic influences—from the obscure Evidence Bradshaw, Oscar Denard and Wakefield Taylor to Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, Hank Jones, Red Garland, Monk and Trane. Throughout the '50's and into the '60's Kelly led his own piano and organ trios. On nights off he'd perform with Wes Montgomery, Jimmy Witherspoon, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Abbey Lincoln, John Handy and many other luminaries who passed through town when San Francisco's jazz scene was at its apex. He toured Europe and recorded three albums with violinist Michael White on the Impulse label before rock 'n' roll narrowed the field for jazz artists. Kelly then picked up his teaching credential and for over twenty years he's been a professor at Laney College in Oakland where he teaches piano and leads the jazz ensemble. Every summer he teaches at Rhythmic Concepts Jazz Camp, a kind of jazz heaven in the redwoods for aspiring musicians.

Most young musicians in the Bay area owe something to Kelly's savvy tutelage. Bay area native Michele

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE SU

Rosewoman, leader of the New Yoruba Ensemble and recording artist on Enja and other labels, is one of his proteges. In October of 1991 Rosewoman arranged a duet with Kelly at a Composer's Forum Concert at Merkin Hall in New York City where he also played at Visiones with Bob Cranshaw and Tony Reedus.

Kelly's albums on the Theresa label recorded during the 1980's, ***Music From The Black Museum*** and ***Ed Kelly And Friend*** (the friend is Pharoah Sanders) capture the excitement of his live performances. He plays regularly at Yoshi's in Oakland with bassist Herbie Lewis. With his son Terence Kelly he also leads the Oakland Interfaith Gospel Choir, a choir some forty voices strong, that appeared at the 1991 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, the Atlanta Arts Festival and will tour Europe this year. He tours California with Pat Yankee, a singer formerly with Turk Murphy, has recorded with Linda Ronstadt, toured Japan and Aruba with Marlena Shaw and recently recorded with guitarist Bruce Forman. Ed Kelly, grounded in Oakland for so long, is on the move these days.

Kelly and Stallings are just two of the musicians who give the Bay Area jazz community its unique spirit. Internationally known artists such as Pharoah Sanders, Joe Henderson, John Handy, Bobby Hutcherson, Don Cherry and Bobby McFerrin also make their homes here. Musicians such as pianists Larry Vukovich and Tee Carson, violinist India Cook, guitar/saxophone duo Eddie and Mad Duran, drummer Eddie Marshall, cellist Cash Killion and guitar/vocal duo Tuck and Patti perform regularly at various clubs and concert settings. Drummer Donald Bailey leads an ongoing jam session at Wellington's Lounge in the Berkeley Hotel and at Schooner's in San Francisco, amid beer fumes and nautical kitsch, trumpeter James Hill and tenor saxophonist Vince Wallace host an authentic blowing session with guest vocalist Eric Hendricks.

Returning to San Francisco after almost five years' absence in the Apple, this reviewer finds the Bay Area jazz world refreshing and real. Though there are fewer jazz clubs and more upscale restaurants, though the pockets of avant-garde creativity have grown increasingly obscure, though truly fine musicians are still vastly underappreciated and underpaid, though Sonny Simmons plays on the street for spare change while lip service is given to jazz as Classical American music, there exists a supportive audience and a dynamic, cooperative, creative spirit which is ultimately what the music is all about. □

Elaine Cohen is the author of Unfinished Dream: The Musical World of Red Callender, *and the as yet unpublished book on Buddy Collett and a jazz novel.*

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THE JAZZ DRUMMERS

LITERATURE REVIEWED BY AL VAN STARREX

Drummin' Men • The Heartbeat of Jazz • The Swing Years
Burt Korall, Schirmer Books, New York & Toronto $24.95, 381pp.

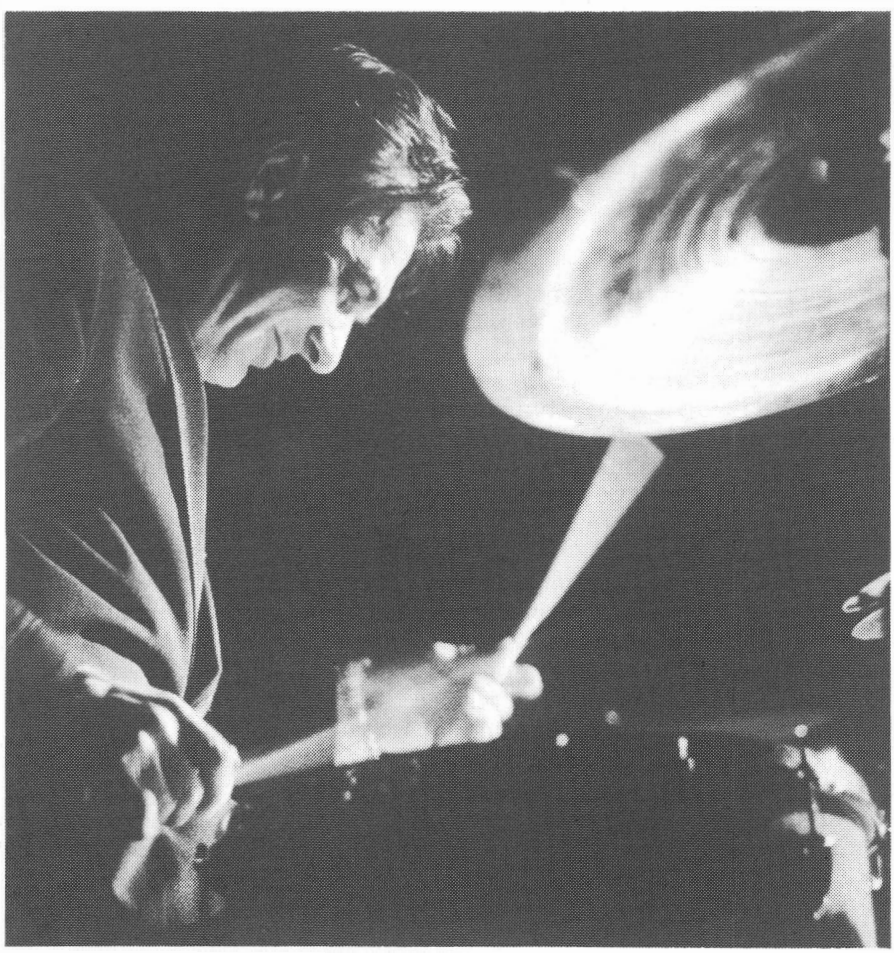
The World of Gene Krupa
Bruce H. Klauber, Pathfinder Publishers, Ventura, California, 214pp.

Traps, The Drum Wonder • The Life of Buddy Rich
Mel Torme, Oxford University Press, New York & Oxford, 233pp.

Klook • The Story of Kenny Clark
Mike Hennessey, Quartet Books, London & New York, 364pp.

PHOTOGRAPH OF GENE KRUPA BY FRANK ROSENBAUM

Jazz drummers are an eclectic bunch, and although the original drummers of ragtime-jazz and marching bands came from New Orleans and its vicinity, the great drummers of the Swing Era came from all parts of the country and borrowed freely from each other to develop their own individual stylistic approaches to skins and cymbals.



Some of the greatest of these swing era drummers are profiled in ***Drummin' Men*** by Burt Korall, a longtime jazz buff, a one-time drummer and a current BMI executive who can't get over his passion for drums. His choices, says Korall, are personal which allows him to include **Ray McKinley** among the top seven drummers he profiles at length who he feels influenced the music most during the Swing Era. Seven other drummers are profiled briefly.

In addition to his own observations and association with some of the drummers, Korall draws on interview material and observations by fellow musicians and others who knew these key rhythm kings personally, to give a fully rounded portrait of each man. (There were no women drummers to be seen or heard.)

Leading the parade and an obvious choice is **Chick Webb**, the little hunchback drummer from Baltimore who went on to become the undisputed King of Harlem's Savoy Ballroom with the driving force of his unbeatable band and his advanced ideas of rhythm and syncopation that put the stamp on swing drumming that others could only hope to emulate. Webb, rendered a hunchback when he was dropped on his back as a child (and called 'Chick' because of his size), suffered from tuberculosis of the spine and was in such pain for the latter part of his short playing life that sometimes he fainted on the bandstand.

But that did not stop him from becoming the premier driving force in swing drumming in the 1930s; a man every musician went to hear and watch and learn from: "There were great drummers in those times. But they weren't in the same league as Chick Webb." (Doc Cheatham); "He was a powerhouse, an elemental force [with] a sense of controlled abandon that permeated his playing." (Artie Shaw); "He represented true hipness. His playing was original, different, completely his own..." (Buddy Rich); "I don't speak of Chick Webb, the drummer. I speak of Chick Webb, the epitome." (Jo Jones).

Webb rarely took a breather. He didn't want to be known as sickly, so he kept on going. Every challenge from other bands was accepted, including Benny Goodman's, and inevitably won. Krupa, after the Goodman band was cut in one such battle, got to the heart of the matter when he said, "I've never been cut by a better man. "Finally, overcome by pain, Webb consented to enter Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore for an operation. He hung on for several days until on June 16, 1989, he asked his mother to prop him up on bed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I've got to go," fell back and died.

While Webb was a great showman as well as a drummer, **Gene Krupa** took showmanship to greater heights, becoming perhaps the flashiest of all drummers, which went hand-in-hand (and what hands!) with his dazzling drumming skills.

Krupa, who played drums as a child, came out of the Chicago-jazz tradition, derived from New Orleans and was on the Chicagoans' first recordings in 1927 (becoming the first, after Baby Dodds, to use a bass drum in a recording studio). He combined the elements of the New Orleans drumming of Baby Dodds, Zutty Singleton and Tubby Hall with the swing of Chick Webb, whom he revered as "the most luminous of all drum stars, the master..." He picked up his ideas on good showmanship, however, from Cuba Austin, the dynamic drummer of McKinney's Cotton Pickers, "who played no little part in the success of that swinging outfit".

"Big time for Krupa came after he joined Benny Goodman's precision conscious big band in 1935, becoming as big an attraction as Goodman himself. While Krupa never developed Chick Webb's keen sense of swing and lacked subtlety, his drumming made obvious sense to the largely dance-minded audiences Goodman attracted.

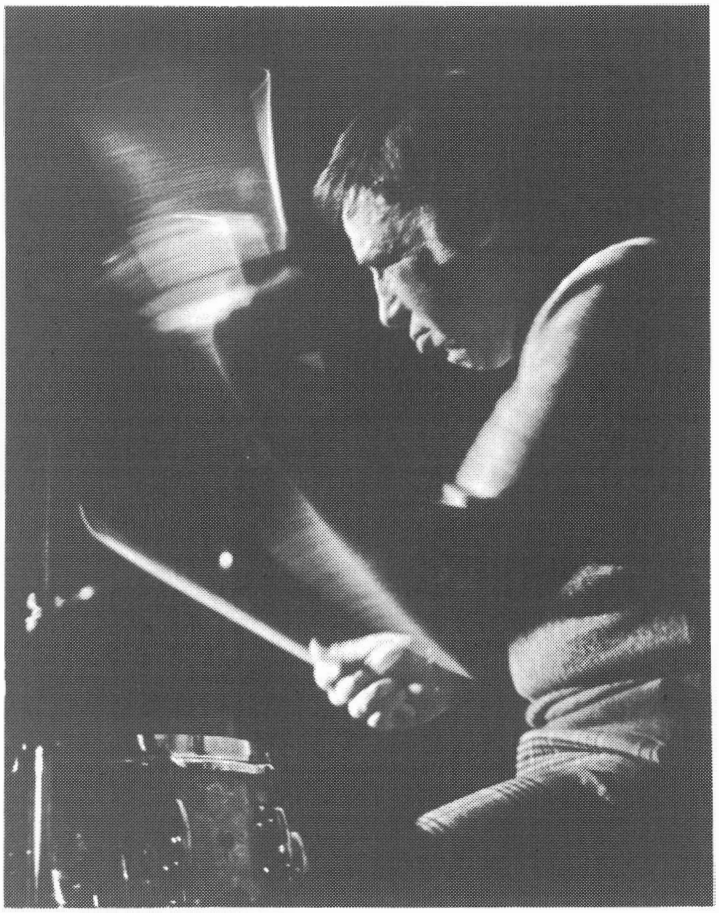
Ultimately Krupa became too big to be contained by the Goodman organization and, after a much-publicized "split," he formed his own band in 1940. Krupa was by now a star and if not the "world's greatest drummer" as his publicists billed him (a title also claimed by Buddy Rich), certainly its best known one, his name becoming almost synonymous with swing drumming: "Things wouldn't be the way they are if he hadn't been around," said Buddy Rich.

Ray McKinley, third of the top seven drummers profiled, is hardly a household name in drumming however. McKinley (not to be confused with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, whose drummer Cuba Austin gets no direct mention here) played in the bands of Jimmy Dorsey and Ray Bradley before the war and Glenn Miller's Army Air Force Band during it. Best known as leader of the revived Glenn Miller band of the mid-50s, he is much admired by musicians of that era for his imaginative playing and rhythmic sense but (he tells Korall) he regrets not having taken drumming as seriously as he should, and never practised. (Since 1966 he has worked for Walt Disney, done some TV and records and played an occasional gig.)

For **Jo Jones**, listed next, drumming was his life and jazz was his soul. A self-taught drummer who grew up in Alabama (he was born in Chicago), Jo cut his musical eye-teeth in a wide variety of travelling shows (he also sang, danced and played occasional piano, sax and trumpet) and territory bands before joining Count Basie's band in Kansas City, on Valentine's Day 1934, when his career, and the band, took off, creating swing history.

With the Basie band, and it's famed All American Rhythm Section, Jones virtually re-invented big band drumming. As trumpeter Joe Newman indicates, "Jo Jones could take any part of the drum set and make music out of it." But his chief means of defining his unique time-feel and establishing tempos (with a more flowing 4/4 pulse than his predecessors) was the high-hat cymbal which he literally raised from obscurity, fifteen inches off the floor, to make it the central ele-

PHOTOGRAPH OF BUDDY RICH BY HENRY KAHANEK



ment of his drum set. (At the same time he threw out many percussion adjuncts used as novelties and de-emphasized the bass-drum beat.) "What he was doing was new and drew a lot of musicians to him," said John Hammond, who produced many of the Basie band records. "Gene Krupa, at the height of his fame, visited Jo every day to practise with him on the pad.

"After leaving Basie in 1948, Jo busied himself freelancing, recording a great deal and travelling the world often. But he never did get the recognition he deserved. As Joe Newman states, "In the later years a lot of people didn't even know who he was, especially in America...Change, attitude be damned. He revolutionized jazz drums. A man who did that deserves respect for his entire life.

"Few drummers survived as key figures beyond their primary period of activity, as did **(Big) Sid Catlett**. Big in size, gentle in nature and a giant among drummers, Catlett bridged the gap between his past, the 1920s, to the time of his passing, at age 41 in 1951, with his consistently interesting, creative playing, in small groups, big bands, whatever the context. And his impact on jazz drumming lasts to this day.

Catlett, out of Evansville (Indiana) and Chicago, where he studied piano and drums, was indebted to early jazz drummers like Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton in the 1920s, yet paved the way for modern drummers like Max Roach and Art Blakey and befriended many others, including Jo Jones, who carried a picture of Big Sid wherever he played.

He worked in a variety of contexts, from McKinney's Cotton Pickers (1933-4) and Fletcher Henderson and Louis Armstrong's orchestra (1938-41) to Duke Ellington (briefly), Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson and Coleman Hawkins. Goodman, annoyed with the attention Big Sid was getting, let him go. ('It was one long nightmare with Goodman,' recalled Sid, who cried when he got the axe from Benny.)

In 1946 Sid was part of the historic sessions in which Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker recorded the first examples of bebop. At the same time he was part of the traditionally oriented Louis Armstrong All Stars (1947-49) until illness prevented him from playing. He died of a heart attack while talking with Slam Stewart backstage during a Chicago concert. "When Big Sid split," rued Buddy Rich, "there was nobody to take his place." The situation remains.

Perhaps the closest to Sid Catlett in his ability to make a band swing, regardless of its size or the nature of its music, was "little" **Dave Tough**. But in other respects they were opposites: Diminutive in size (he barely weighed 100 pounds) and sickly, Dave could swing the sixteen-piece Woody Herman orchestra with only brushes. Well read and a devotee of the fine arts, he would just as soon discourse on Shakespeare, Cezanne and the classical music masters as play drums. But jazz was his riding passion and although he developed his ideas from the early black drummers in the 1920s, and thereby influenced Gene Krupa among others, many features of his advanced style prefigured bebop drumming.

Tough joined the "Austin High Gang", a group of talented youngsters who pioneered the Chicago school of jazz playing in the 1920s, then, after a sojourn in Europe to absorb culture, went on to power the bands of Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and eventually Woody Herman with his outstanding drumwork. But because he refused to take long solos and was never a showoff, Dave never got the recognition he deserved, except perhaps from his peers: "With the least amount of 'chops', Dave inspired a whole big screamin' band with his subtleties and strong feeling for time." (Woody Herman); "He was the most imaginative drummer we ever had in the business." (Lionel Hampton); "His energy force was so strong, that you'd think there was a 400-pound guy sitting up there." (Buddy Rich).

Beset by personal demons, which resulted in, and was compounded by, severe alcoholism, Dave died in a fall shortly after his release from a New Jersey veterans' hospital in 1948 at the age of 40.

Buddy Rich, last to be long-profiled, was as much inspired by Dave Tough as by Gene Krupa (Tough's disciple in a way) and by black drummers, from Chick Webb, Jo Jones, Sid Catlett down to modernist Max Roach.

Rich's story would fill books (and does), but Korall's profile covers most basses, and drums, from Buddy's show-biz beginnings, as a four-year-old tap and drum prodigy billed as Traps, the Drum Wonder and Biggest Little Act in Vaudeville that played Broadway and toured Australia in the 1920s to the final years, in the 1980s, as the last of the big band swing drummers. "I think Buddy Rich is far and away the greatest drummer who ever lived," said Ray McKinley, in what appears to be an understatement.

Thumbnail sketches of seven other drummers are bunched up under "Other Major Figures": **Sonny Greer** (Duke's main man on drums), **George Wettling, Cozy Cole** (Cab Calloway's catalyst), **Jimmy Crawford** (who stoked the fires of the rip-roaring Harlem Express, Jimmy Lunceford orchestra), **O'Neil Spencer** (the John Kirby Sextet whiz), **Cliff Leeman, Ray Bauduc** (the Bobcats drum major). These and other drummers were indeed the "Heartbeat of Jazz", as distinguished from the "heart-attacks" some long-soloing latter day drummers tend to induce.

Fans of **Gene Krupa** will welcome ***The World of Gene Krupa***, an affectionate look at the legendary Drummin' Man by Bruce H. Klauber, a Philadelphia-based writer, professional drummer and professed Krupa fanatic. There's much to enthuse about Krupa, and Klauber does it well. Drawing on several sources, as well as Krupa himself, an elegant articulate man, Klauber has put together a fascinating story, often in Gene's own words (pieced together from various magazine, radio and television interviews).

Krupa thus describes the beginnings of his style (his work on Benny Goodman's Sing, Sing, Sing, for instance, was influenced by African drum rhythms he heard on recordings made by the Dennis-Roosevelt Expedition to the Belgian Congo); his early years, first recording date, the feuds with Benny Goodman, his first band, the end of his big band and the birth of the small groups. He also talks about his trumped-up drug bust which, blown out of proportion, nearly put an end to his career. (The drugs were the focus of a crassly distorted movie biography ***The Gene Krupa Story***, starring Sal Mineo.) There is also the complete text of an intriguing Gene Krupa-Buddy Rich interview for the Voice of America; a Krupa chronology, filmography (he appeared in more movies than any other jazz musician), an album-ography, etc., all of which, along with his music of course, help keep the Krupa legend very much alive.

The singer and would-be drummer Mel Torme, who's written the introductions to both above books, has also written a full-fledged biography of his close friend and drum-mate **Buddy Rich**, ***Traps The Drum Wonder***, some details of which were recounted to the author at bedside by Rich shortly before the drummer's death on April 2, 1987.

Written from a personal perspective, Torme remains generally unobtrusive in detailing Rich's early life and career, from Buddy's vaudeville days as the highest paid and most successful child performer of the early 20s (as 'Traps - The Drum Wonder'), which takes up all of seven chapters, to his career as one of the most dramatic of all jazz drummers which lasted half a century. (Torme's beat-by-beat descriptions of some of Buddy's great drum performances help emphasize this point.)

Rich played in all contexts, showcased in the big swing bands of Tommy Dorsey (where his friendship with singer Frank Sinatra, whom he resembled in talk and manner, developed), Harry James and others, before forming his own bands and small groups. He became a mainstay in Norman Granz's Jazz At The Philharmonic, always playing "his way," ("When it comes to my playing, I take no prisoners," he told Torme) and sometimes engaging in drum "battles" with Krupa and Louis Bellson.

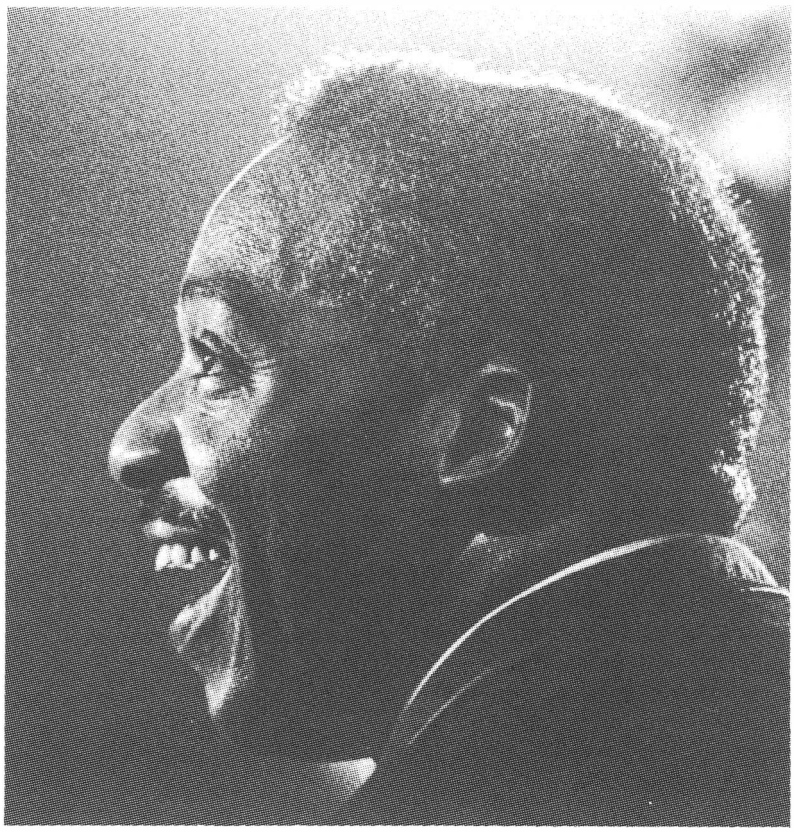
In the 1960s, after a heart attack, Rich led his own youth-oriented powerhouse 16-piece band, with his daughter Cathy as vocalist. Yet, with characteristic outspokenness he lambasted rock drummers (as "no-talent animals") and the scene in general. Although in 1966 Rich made the Guinness Book of World Records as "the world's highest paid orchestral musician," earning $15,000 a week, he was beset with tax and financial woes. But he remained an active and spectacular drummer, as well as an outspoken TV talk show personality, right up to his death in 1987.

Torme's story of Rich becomes increasingly personal, and richly anecdotal, as he covers his friend's final years. In February 1987, after suffering nine seizures in one day, leaving him semi paralysed, Rich had been diagnosed as having a brain tumour, or as Torme describes it, "not merely a single tumour; three were growing inside his brain and 'grapevining', spreading tentacles into his body. " But Rich bravely tried to beat the odds as he'd done before (he had already licked heart attacks and quadruple bypass surgery) and insisted that, after surgery, he would go on playing drums. ("Book the European tour," he ordered his agent. "I've still got one good hand and one good foot. I'm making that tour.")

Rich also filled in details of his early life and career that Torme needed for his proposed biography, insisting that he leave nothing out, "warts and all". Which is what Torme has attempted to do, portraying with affection and understanding "the strange, walking, breathing anomaly he was - warm and caring and yet sometimes hugely insensitive - witty yet often abusively abrasive . . . living to play drums yet impatient with questions about how he played - coveting friends and associates and often alienating them".

Torme also covers Buddy's views on drums and drummers, Buddy on Film (the first in 1929); Buddy's celebrated pranks; Buddy's Passions (from cars to karate), and Buddy's outspoken mouth. He provides no discography - which was provided in Doug Merriweather's excel-

lent - if hard to find - bio-discography, ***We Don't Play Requests***. But, as Torme hopes, he does Buddy Rich justice and provides fans with an engrossing read.



KENNY CLARKE • Photograher Unknown

Although **Kenny Clarke** was one of the most influential musicians in modern jazz, a founding member of the bebop movement (possibly giving it its name) as well as the Modern Jazz Quartet, which pursued other ideas, and no doubt founder of modern jazz drumming, he is also the least acknowledged. Musician-writer Mike Hennessey tries to set the record straight with a well-researched sensitive biography of his friend, ***KLOOK, The Story of Kenny Clarke***, that's both definitive and, in the best tradition of British jazz biographers, entertaining and perceptive.

Clarke (or Klook, as he was called), a well-schooled all-round musician, put his drum innovations to effect when he was with Teddy Hill's band in 1939-40, playing accents instead of four-beats-to the-bar on the bass drum on fast numbers in order, he told interviewers, to rest his right foot which would otherwise get tired at such furious tempos. But Hennessey believes that it is in total keeping with Kenny's unassuming nature to use such a banal explanation rather than claim any special inventive ingenuity, "to save himself from the psychological discomforts of talking about himself...Considering his contribution to jazz, he was one of the least arrogant musicians I ever met".

Clarke's streamlined style blossomed when Teddy Hill, now manager of Minton's Playhouse, hired him to lead the house band with the likes of Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and guests like Charlie Parker, who dug the drummer's radical ideas. He achieved the name Klook for his combination of bass drum and snare-drum accents, which sounded like klook-a-mop and may in turn have given rise to the term bebop. His drum licks were also the basis of many a bop standard, which he co-authored, including *Salt Peanuts* and *Oop Bop Sh' Bam* with Dizzy Gillespie (who wrote a heartfelt introduction to this book), and *Epistrophy*, with Monk. (Clarke has at least 24 other compositions to his credit, registered in France.)

As versatile as he was innovative, Clarke fit into any context, playing with traditionalists like Louis Armstrong (after Sid Catlett primed him for the job) and Sidney Bechet (New York and Paris) to modernists whose style he helped to orchestrate. (The late Ralph Gleason wrote: "I have a suspicion that Kenny Clarke, placed in the rhythm section of almost any group, is the equal of half a dozen poll winners, several thousand volts and the pocket history of jazz.") But Clarke was always experimenting and he told Hennessey that he had changed his way of playing at least ten times in his career.

It was a career that spanned 55 years, more than half of them (31) spent in France, to where he "escaped" in 1956 to find a better life and an appreciation he didn't get at home. (Klook, says Hennessey, was always "escaping", from alienation, exploitation, discrimination, conflict, drugs... He escaped from the regimentation of the U.S. Army by going AWOL; he "escaped" from the Modern Jazz Quartet because of John Lewis' rigid control of the music and its commercial bent.) Clarke found the creative freedom he wanted in France, where, among other achievements, he ran a drum clinic in Paris and co-led, with Belgian pianist Francy Boland, a spectacular multinational big band for nearly a decade.

Kenny Clarke's achievements in revolutionizing the rhythmic foundation of jazz, Hennessey believes, is on par with the invention of the jet engine. "Certainly, in my view [his] contribution to music was equal in its enduring significance to that of Louis Armstrong." But, as always, Clarke disdained personal aggrandization and thought drum solos "stupid". He lived modestly, if comfortably, in a terrace house outside Paris with his Dutch wife and collection of Sherlock Holmes pipes until 1985, when he died of a heart attack.

Hennessey was in the process of organizing an eight-piece Paris Reunion band to pay tribute to Kenny Clarke when Klook passed away. This excellent biography is, in a way, an extension of that tribute. □

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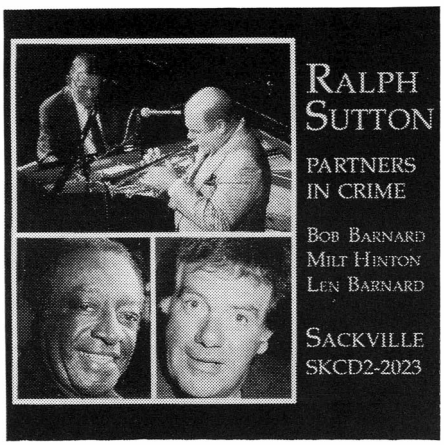

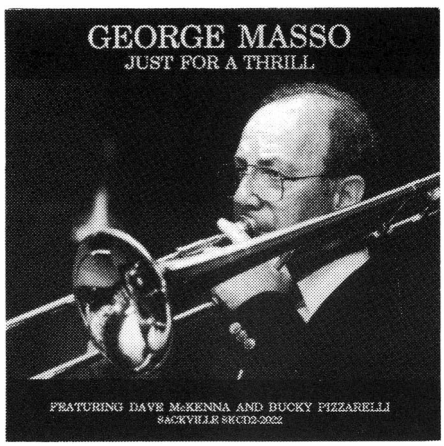

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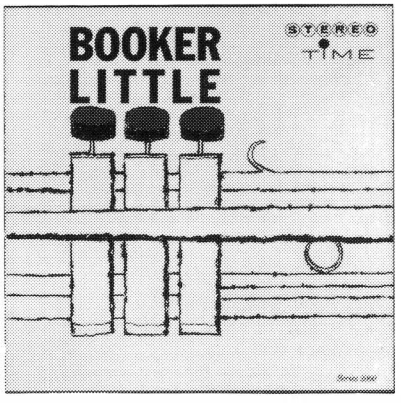

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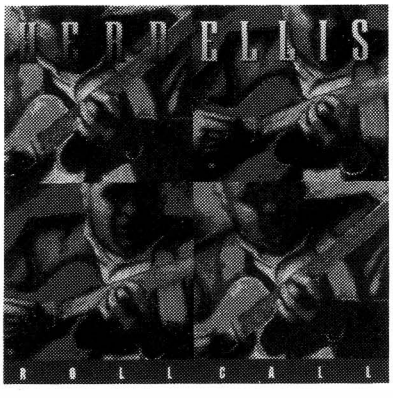

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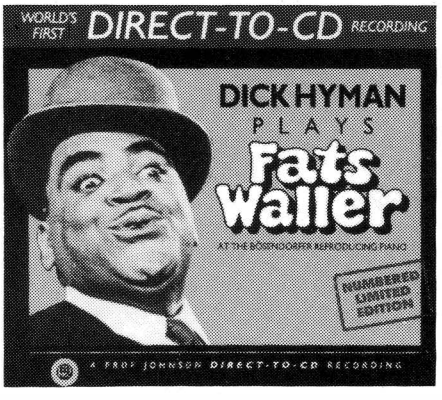

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