THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC

CODA MAGAZINE

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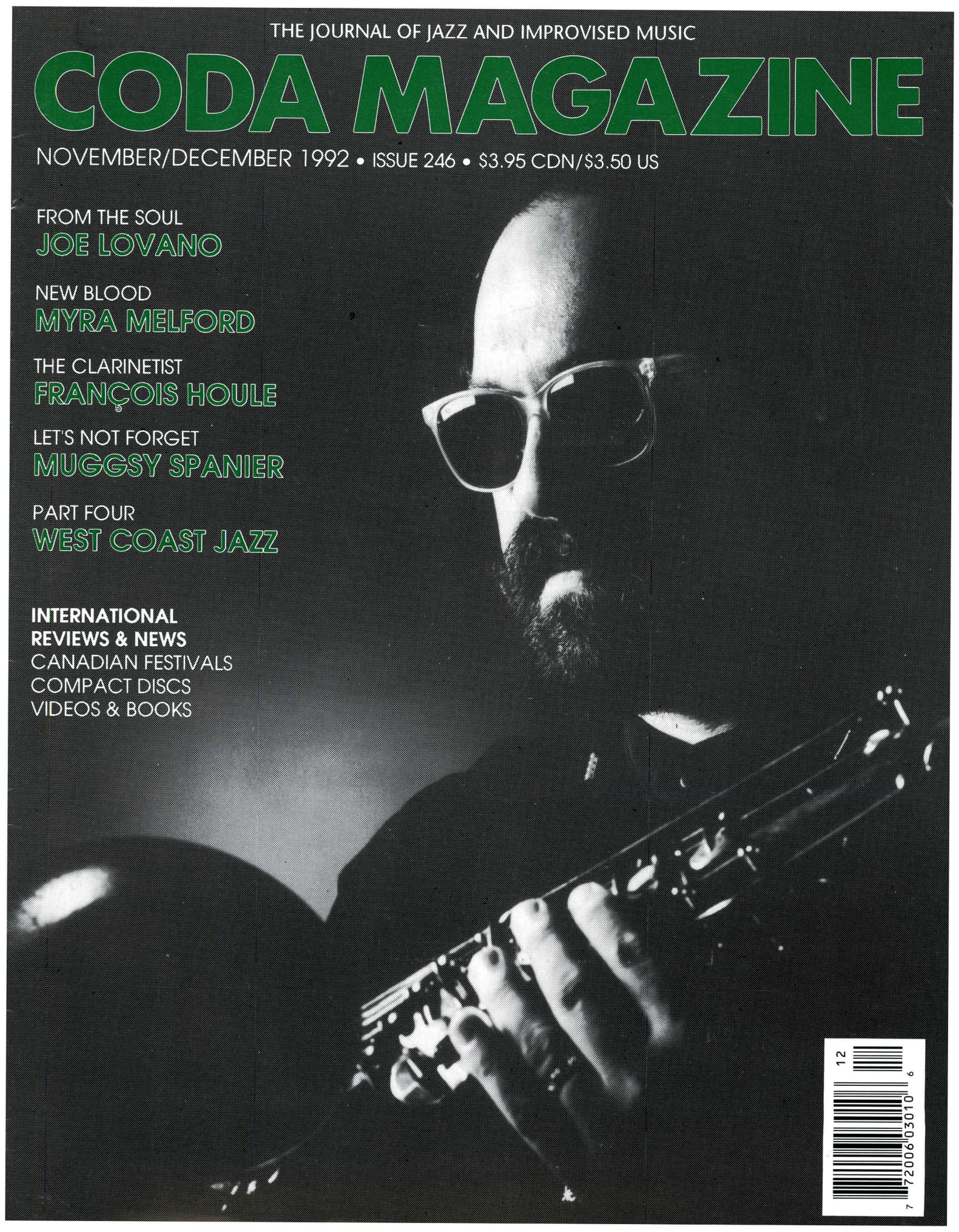

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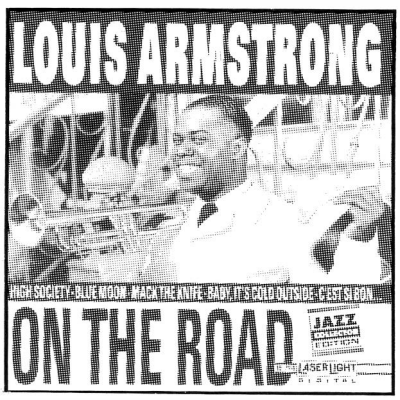

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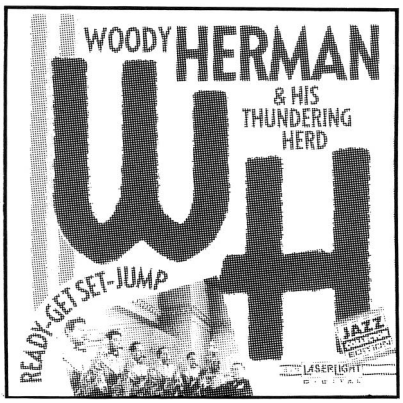

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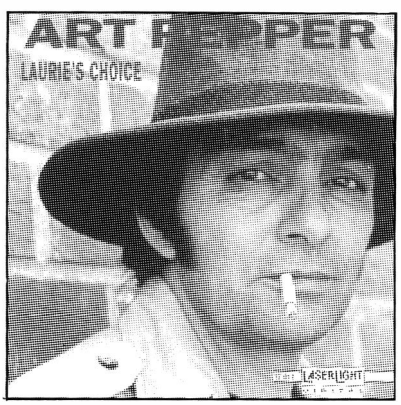

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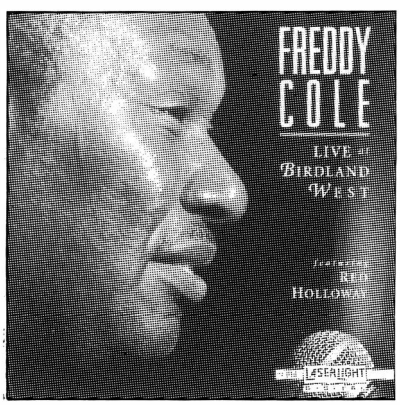

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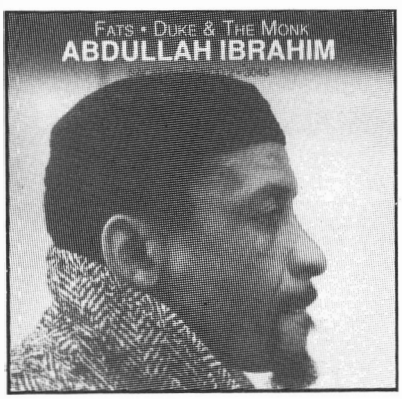

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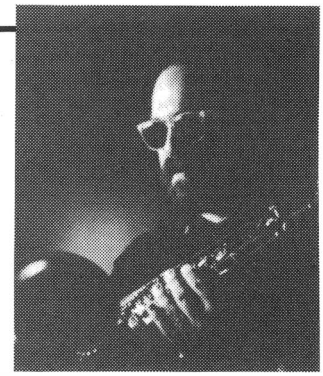


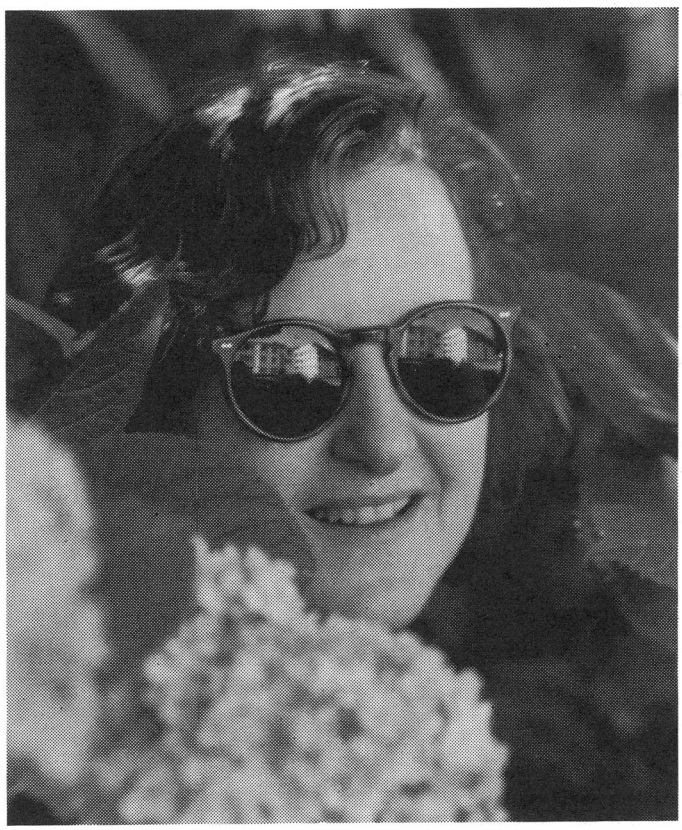
Cover Photograph Of Joe Lovano By Shigeru Uchiyama

BETWEEN NOW AND THEN

MYRA MELFORD IN CONVERSATION WITH BILL SMITH

AT THE VANCOUVER FESTIVAL JUNE 21ST • 1992

It seems unlikely that there will ever be a festival where I would desire to hear every presentation. So with this attitude in place, I organise my plan of action for the Vancouver event. This year was to be a bonanza, with my old trio of David Prentice and David Lee being resurrected to perform twice, old friends gathering, and the opportunity to interview an artist who excited my curiosity.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE M. SVIRCHEV

THE TRIO

Cohesion was never a problem for openers the Bill Smith Ensemble, a Canadian trio specially reunited for the occasion. Saxophonist Smith, violinist David Prentice, and bassist David Lee made listening an art form during their run as one of this country's most significant improvising units of the '80s, and the three were almost immediately able to plug into a quietly intense mood of telepathic concentration.
From a review by ***Alex Varty*** *in the* ***Georgia Straight***

OLD FRIENDS

Jazz musicians are a strange society who rarely keep in close touch with each other, perhaps a gig, a beer when one or the other is in town, or a festival. To experience each others music, often after a long period of time, is a delight. To catch up on the news.

Bassist Lisle Ellis and painter/percussionist John Heward, from Montreal, after a rather minimalist set with Paul Bley, came alive in their Glass Slipper performance with tenorist Glenn Spearman and pianist Paul Plimley. There are moments when, as Nijinsky could transform himself into a faun, so Ellis and Plimley move into trance state. Perhaps inspired by their relationship with Cecil Taylor.

Francois Houle's hard edge clarinet led his octet through powerful interpretations of John Carter compositions. John would have liked this music and to have seen his old friend Vinnie Golia sporting a surprisingly resplendent suit.

A wonderful lunchtime concert at Granville Island, once again with Francois Houle, this time as a member of Tony Wilson's Quintet, floating compositions of Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler across the waters of False Creek. Even the unlikely scenario of a transvestite mime artist dancing to their music.

Among all this marvellous music it would be difficult to select a highlight. But if this were possible, it would be that hot sticky night at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (The Cultch). A double bill, that featured pianist Marilyn Crispell in two amazingly different situations.

The trio with Chicago percussionist Hamid Drake and German sound terrorist Peter Brotzmann, bringing together three master players originating in quite different and unique traditions, finding a common power. The gift of spontaneous sound invention. The instant song singing from their hearts. Peter roaring Ayleresque, straight through the heat of this night. The swirling swelling percussion energy of the piano and drums drawing all the threads together.

Urgent - Very Urgent.

Acoustic music at the Cultch is such a joy to be part of, and the piano duet of Marilyn Crispell and Irene Schweizer benefitted from the hall's natural reverberations. Together, with near telepathic comprovisations, they coaxed from their tuned drums a sharing of sensibilities that was sound magic. The overtone series rose often from the grandes dames into an orchestra chorus, filling the hall with those other voices.

Free Jazz - Yes Let's.

And then at the Glass Slipper was the Myra Melford trio.

In the words of the New York writer Howard Mandel - ***Jump*** *once, and once again—what's the sun on the sound reflect now? A splash of romance, a surge of delight, a flood of feeling? Some kind of mystery that bops in the pocket, braves the theory of chaos, vamps til' the glory of heart*

revives a weary West? In both ebb and flow, the music of Myra Melford's trio helps me hear, move, think and feel better. Listen, and your spirit may ***Jump!***

THE INTERVIEW

Bill Smith - In this period there seems to be quite a focus on the women's movement and non conservative music. Are these reasons that you are coming to the surface and becoming known?

Myra Melford - Both of those factors are contributing, the time is right for me to be getting known, getting more opportunities to play. I would suspect that a lot of it has to do also with just where I am personally with my music, that has in the last couple of years started to get a lot stronger. So that in combination with the fact that I've played on many women's festivals and been involved in organising them myself. People are making an effort to hire more women right now and that has worked to my advantage. Also the more conservative element that took over a few years ago, although there are still plenty of people into that, others are starting to want something fresher and newer and not quite so conservative. I'm hoping that it is changing in that way, and that people will be more open to something new.

It's the kind of thing I talk about with people in the business, writers, musicians etc. We are all saying this should be happening, but it's hard to say whether it is or not. Those other people are still doing a lot of work. I guess it remains to be seen what the record companies do next. Whether they're willing to take a risk on some of this newer stuff. I'm afraid if they don't do it then it's going to be hard to get it out to people who don't already know about it. They're going to need to jump on the band wagon *now*. Some people that I've spoken with recently really think that this is the time that they're going to do it, because jazz is fairly popular, thanks in part to the Wynton Marsalis', but people are really going to start looking for something new and if the record companies get behind the newer stuff they would probably do well.

Bill Smith - Perhaps it's a sign that a record company like Novus has recorded musicians like clarinetist Don Byron and drummer Ralph Peterson, who are not so conservative and play quite personal music. How does it work for you with a record company like Enemy, which is not a jazz label?

Myra Melford - They have done well in supporting me and it's been a big help in terms of getting my music out into the European community and being able to perform over there. Now they have distribution in North America, which has also been helpful for me. How I fit into the label is interesting. I go to some of their concerts and it's all black guitar players, for the most part, doing slightly more funk oriented music. While I feel I have certain things in common, as far as looking for new ways to play, the style is very different. Ultimately whether Enemy will be the label that I stay with, and that they can really get behind me, remains to be seen. But so far it's been very helpful.

When I first put the trio together, with Lindsey Horner (bass) and Reggie Nicholson (drums), in the spring of 1990, to go on a Knitting Factory tour of Europe, Michael Knuth who is the executive producer of Enemy was distributing the compilation records that the Knitting Factory put out. He came to the shows a bunch of times in Germany. From the first night he came up and said I'm interested in recording you, and by the end of the tour he was certain he wanted to do that. So we were able to come right back from a month of playing to make the first record. (Jump - Enemy EMCD115). That was really a great break for me. Because they were promoting those sampler records they brought a number of groups to Europe, so it was my first time playing there. It led to the recording contract. The Knitting Factory has really done a lot for me breaking into the music business. A lot of people play there and a lot of people's careers have been helped by associating with the Knitting Factory.

Bill Smith - Someone commented last night at our performance, that we were obviously a band, that our music held together because we had been a band for fifteen years. So from your point of view it is really important that you have a real band, and not be a pianist arriving somewhere with bass players and drummers.

Myra Melford - Definitely. I have been very lucky that as I have been getting more work over the past couple of years, Lindsey and Reggie have been available to play with me. They both do a lot of playing with other people and I've been lucky that they have been free when I have wanted them to play with me. It's important that we play as an ensemble, that each of their instruments and each of their musical voices are featured on their own. Three important voices playing together. That gives me a lot more to work with compositionally, and it's much more stimulating to improvise with them because of that. I felt from the first gig that we played together that there was some magic there. That's just been reinforced by the fact that we have stayed together for two years. I really feel like we are a band. People often comment about that.

We don't rehearse a lot, that's the interesting thing, it's hard to do in New York. Lindsey and I are able to get together a little bit more often and play once in a while, but as far as rehearsing with the trio we just rehearse before a gig. We've had a couple of long tours in Europe and then we play about once a month during the year, whether it's in New York or out of town, and that's been enough that we've been able to keep developing, but it's really through performing that it's come together. I have the music pretty much worked out, but there is always room for letting things go in a different direction within any given piece. And of course the more we play a piece the more we just naturally go those ways together. But it's really been through performing that it's come together.

Bill Smith - Do you feel that your music is somewhat eclectic?

Myra Melford - In the sense that it draws on different kinds of influences? I guess that's one way to put it, I don't think of it that way. I'm not very intellectual about my approach to music. For instance when I moved to New York I started working with a flute player named Marion Brandis and we did what was a totally new concept to me, since I had not been around that scene at all, of exploring our instruments for every sound possibility that we could find. Free improvisation, structured improvisation. And then I found too though, that when I started composing and was studying with Henry Threadgill that I was writing very melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, structured music, not like jazz forms but discovering my own forms. So I had to figure out how to improvise over the music I was writing. I see

what I'm working on is synthesizing these two areas of interest - the sound oriented very open kind of approach, with what is my own structure and compositional form. I would say in writing this music I'm sure the music I studied as a child, some of the classical music, the Chicago blues and boogie-woogie that I heard, is in there. I was exposed to lots of world music when I was in college, I played in a gamelan for a while and an African percussion ensemble and I listened to music from all over the world. But I have not consciously tried to emulate any of that music. So is it eclectic? I'm sure that everything that's been a part of my musical and other life experiences are in there. I guess you could call it eclectic but its not been my approach.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GERARD FUTRICK

Irwin Helfer was a classical piano teacher in this community where I grew up. I was very enthusiastic about starting piano lessons, I guess I had started playing at three or four, just making up stuff on the piano, and couldn't wait to start taking lessons. I finally got in to kindergarten and Irwin was my teacher, and of course I was going to study classical music and how to hold my hands and how to read the notes, which I have to say was a great disappointment to me. I thought I was going to learn to play the piano and the methodology didn't make any sense to me. But at any rate he turned me on to some wonderful music including a lot of Bartok, Kabalevsky and twentieth century composers who had written some beautiful music for kids. I knew that he played blues and boogie-woogie because we had one of his records at home. I don't know if at that age I was going out to hear him, but during the few years that I studied with him I got to go down to the South Side of Chicago, and hear him play with Jimmy Walker and Mama Yancey and all these great old Chicago blues players. So I would ask him as part of the lesson to play for me, and then eventually he started teaching me the twelve bar blues, and different boogie-woogie bass lines. We would play four hands, he would play a phrase and I would copy it. That became the most wonderful part of the lessons for me. I always enjoyed the classical music that he gave me to play, but that was really the most fun, and I think that really stuck with me. I studied with him from about kindergarten to fifth grade. So it was during that period that I got into all of that.

I had a pretty strong feeling about music from very early on, I remember in first grade the teacher asking us what we were going to be when we grew up, and I said I was going to be a conductor. Now I don't know where that came from, and obviously I'm not a conductor, but I am a composer and pianist. I had some feeling that music was going to be my life at that age. I gave it up for a while in high school, I was being pushed in this classical track that wasn't right and hadn't discovered jazz or the AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Music), or anything that was to later become important to me. So I gave it up for a while. But I always knew in the back of my mind that I would come back to it.

I went to Olympia, Washington, for college to study environmental science, but I had in mind that I wanted to get back into playing. I started studying classical music again, just because that was what I knew, and I saw a sign in a local restaurant that said jazz piano lessons. I hadn't listened to jazz, I didn't really know what it was, but I thought what the heck I'll go check this out. I got introduced to a broad spectrum of jazz music from this person and started to learn a lot of the basics, though I found it difficult to play, just because I hadn't listened enough to really absorb the language and the feeling of it yet. But it was attractive to me. At the same time there was a little restaurant there called the Gnu Delhi, and the music director was very progressive in the kind of music he brought in. He brought in a lot of these AACM people, so I got to hear Leroy (Jenkins) and Amina (Myers) and Braxton and Oliver Lake. Even though I had only just been introduced to jazz, when I heard that music, that really struck a chord. I had no idea what they were doing, I didn't understand the music, I just knew that I related to the energy. It was very attractive to me aesthetically. From then I started doing whatever I could to develop. What I really found there too was a lot of support for doing my own thing. I felt that from the AACM people and from a lot of the musicians in Olympia. Even though plenty of them were trying to play straight ahead jazz, they sort of encouraged me. During that period Bert Wilson and Barbara Donald came to town, and I studied with Bert for a while, and got to know Barbara and play with her. I eventually went up to Seattle where I could study with Art Lande and Gary Peacock. The problem was, while that was instructive and giving me

some basis of technical and theoretical ideas, the music I really loved was what I had heard from the AACM. I knew a lot of those people were in New York and I just decided it didn't make sense to stay on the west coast and continue in school. I really just needed to get out there and be around them and study with them if I could, or get to know them or go hear them.

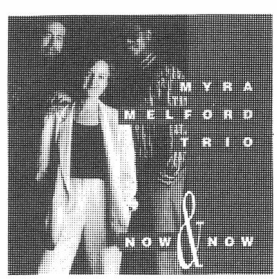
I moved to Boston and hung out at the New England Conservatory and got to know Ran Blake, George Russell and some of the people there, and I thought I don't feel like I'm ready to be out there yet. Maybe I'll go to school for two more years and get a masters degree. Then I went down to New York to visit a friend for a weekend, and happened to call Leroy Jenkins. He said I've got a workshop that's meeting once a week, and I just thought I should be in New York, to hell with going back to school, I can study here. So I really went to New York with the idea of studying. Then after a couple of years I felt that it was time to start performing, and things have just progressed from there.

Bill Smith - Contemporary artists seem to be able to perform in Europe and Canada, and audiences do respond to you even though they don't know entirely who you are, and yet there is a great difficulty in working and becoming known in your own country. It's as if there is something masking all the wonderful information. It certainly is not masking the artists because they are playing in Canada which is only across the border. Is this because of corporate control or...?

Myra Melford - It's largely because of the capitalist...what keeps capitalism going is money, and for some reason the powers that be, meaning the heads of the corporations, the people who produce the music and then by extension the radio stations, are not presenting this music to the general public, because they believe it does not make enough money. But they have never given it a real chance. There's been periods, like in the seventies, where there was a little bit more activity in terms of putting out new music. I'm not enough of an analyst to say what comes first, but the fact is the people are not being exposed to the music. So the record companies don't think it will sell, the radio stations are not playing it, then subsequently there is no demand for it. I think it's a lack of education, people are not getting the information, they are not being allowed to hear it over the radio, which is the strongest medium for turning people on. Television would be too, MTV is obviously very powerful, but it's through the radio and the education system. Most of the music programs in public schools in the United States are being cut and they're fairly conservative in and of themselves. I've been fortunate being able to go into the public schools in Brooklyn and teach the children about jazz and African and Caribbean music, and all kinds of stuff that really turns them on, but if they don't hear it there they don't hear it anywhere. So it's really lack of education and lack of the mass media being willing, for whatever reason, to turn people on to it.

Bill Smith - Do you yourself have an overall plan to keep expanding your possibilities?

Myra Melford - For the first few years in New York and to a certain extent I still do this, I play every opportunity I get, anywhere, that seems artistically valuable to play, often for very little money, so that I can really develop the music that feels right to me rather than trying to conform to the market place and play what's going to sell. At the same time I've been quite business conscious. I'm aware that I have to pursue gigs, that I have to be smart about negotiating contracts and making sure that now I have music out there on record that I've got the publishing and mechanical rights and royalties that I need. And now as things are starting to expand, to be careful about the kind of deals that I make for performing. I've been very conscious about dealing with the business end of my music as well as the creative end of it. I think those two things have helped me a lot. I'll go after things, I don't expect people to come to me. I've seen a lot of bitterness in older generation musicians, not a lot of people, but there is still a little bit of that complaining that there is no opportunities to play and there's no money. I know that's it's a reality, I don't think they're wrong in any way to see it that way, but I feel you can't depend on other people to create opportunities for you. I would like to make a living at it, whether or not that happens, is not the ultimate goal. But it's certainly part of it. I have to just keep moving on my own path, and so far there has been plenty of obstacles, but there has been opportunities all along the way, and I feel optimistic about pursuing this career. But I can't say that I have a plan per-se. I would very much like to make a record on a US record label. Like to be touring in the US a lot more. I'm trying to do all these things, but I keep in the back of my mind that the most important thing is to keep developing my music. □



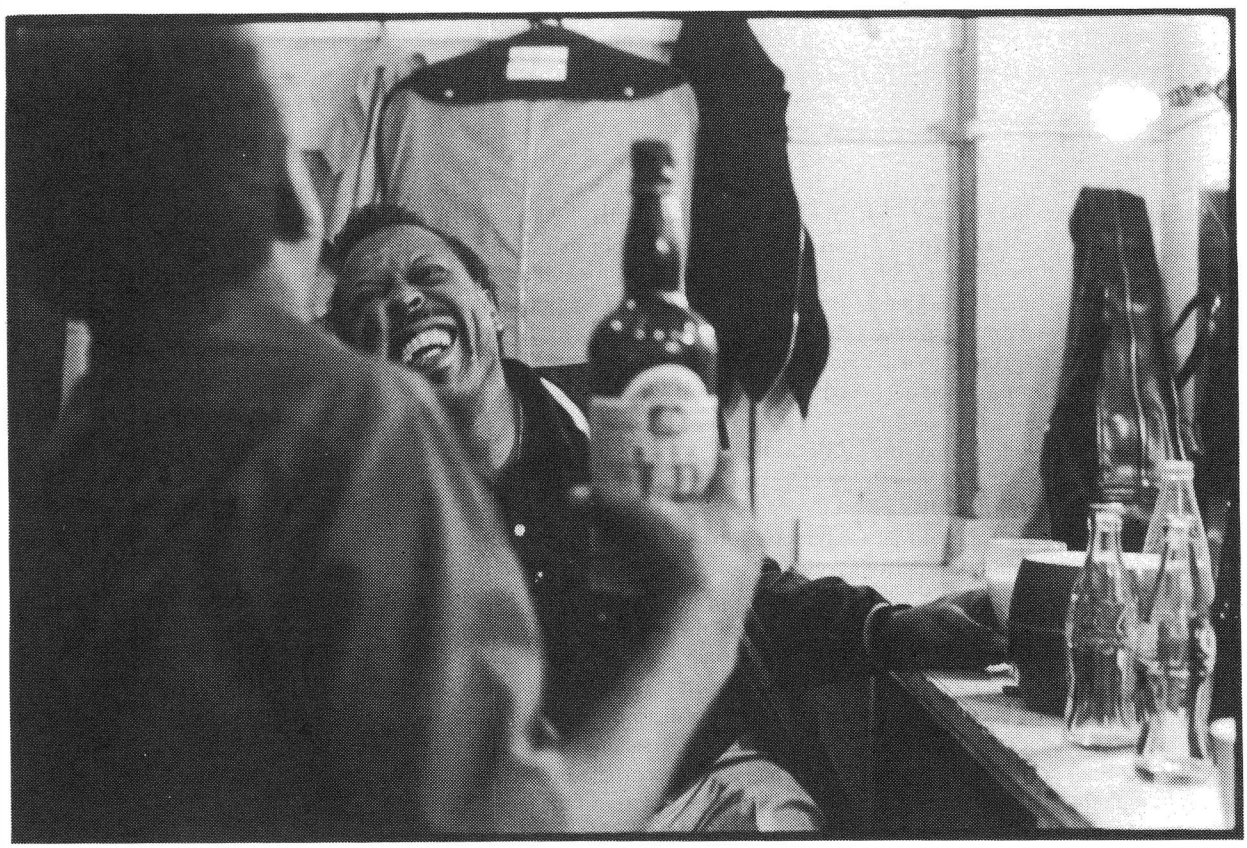
MYRA MELFORD • Now is Now • Enemy EMY 131-2

Caught at a club in the outskirts of Stuttgart, the Chicago born but New York established pianist Myra Melford leads a solid trio. With bassist Lindsey Horner and drummer Reggie Nicholson in tow, she plays here with the very same musicians she had on her tour, for this her second disc on this German-American independent label. Whereas her debut album ***Jump*** had stronger stylistic affinities with the pianisms of Cecil Taylor, this influence has subsided in her latest issue. More distant here are the bluesey tones that permeated her first effort. A strong suit in this recording are the varied moods and the well crafted compositions that bear many influences, yet never sounding derivative of any one particular style or role model. Neither a rote-like traditionalist, nor an overt avant-gardist, Myra Melford is an individualist, defining her style somewhere in between those opposite poles. Her trio is also very much a group, giving her sidemen ample solo space. In the best sense of the term, this is a good contemporary jazz recording that will stand repeated listening • **Reviewed by Marc Chenard** • Enemy Records are available from Distribution Fusion, 5455 rue Pare, Suite 101, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H4P 1P7 • Myra Melford can be contacted at - 170 West 109th Street, #3E, New York, NY 10025, U.S.A.

A FANTASY FROM THE PAST

FANTASY, THROUGH ITS ACQUISITION OF CONTEMPORARY/GTJ, PABLO, PRESTIGE AND RIVERSIDE has a firm lock on many of the great jazz recordings produced in the 1950's and 1960's. It is the bread and butter which fuels their continuing commitment to new jazz recordings.

Reviews By John Norris



PHOTOGRPAH OF EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS BY VAL WILMER

The CD explosion has only increased the reissue activity of the company and many recordings are surfacing for the first time in several decades. John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bill Evans and Wes Montgomery remain their biggest sellers but we can now enjoy an increasingly broad cross section of jazz from the past.

Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis was an exciting tenor saxophonist whose playing, while firmly rooted within the concepts developed by Coleman Hawkins, had a unique touch which made his vibrant style instantly recognisable. On ***Very Saxy*** (Prestige OJCCD 458-2) he shares the spotlight with Buddy Tate, Coleman Hawkins and Arnett Cobb. This 1959 date was produced by Esmond Edwards and was a prelude to the classic recordings issued by Prestige on their Swingville label shortly afterwards. Only a handful of these dates have re-emerged from the shadows. In more recent times ***Very Saxy*** would have been hailed as a major summit meeting. At the time it was recorded it was simply a blowing date where four compatible and complimentary tenor voices had their say on a variety of familiar standard chord structures and the blues. It remains an enjoyable and forceful reminder of the remarkable talent of all four players. Shirley Scott's idiomatically lean organ fills out the backgrounds while George Duvivier and Arthur Edgehill provide the rhythmic sparkle.

Trane Whistle (Prestige OJCCD 429-2) is a classic example of Lockjaw Davis' style. He stomps, roars and hollers in front of a big band with charts by Oliver Nelson and Ernie Wilkins, which are superb frameworks for the saxophonist. While Davis was often a major voice within the Basie band this particular showcase offers a broader palette within which Davis can perform. He responds brilliantly to the challenge. Included in this collection is probably the first recorded version of Nelson's *Stolen Moments*.

Afro Jaws (Riverside OJCCD 403-2) is a reminder that jazz musicians have been flirting with Afro-Caribbean rhythms for a long time. On this occasion Davis' tenor saxophone is surrounded by the rattle of Ray Barretto's percussion section but he managed to burst though with some typical solos. A four man trumpet section is a musical bonus with Clark Terry's solos being particularly assertive.

Jawbreakers (Riverside OJCCD 487-2) was the first recorded collaboration between Davis and Harry Edison. It triggered a working association which kept them active in later decades. The closely knit theme statements are the launching pad for the solos. Equally commended is a 1976 date for Lockjaw with Tommy Flanagan, Keter Betts and Bobby Durham. ***Straight Ahead*** (Pablo OJCCD 629-2) is an adroit mixture of show tunes and jazz standards. It's a virtuoso showcase for the saxophonist.

Lockjaw Davis also appears on three selections with the ***Red Garland Trio*** (Prestige/Moodsville OJCCD 360-2) where his rich melodic embellishments are perfectly suited to the late night ambience of the session. Red Garland's trio dates for Prestige were popular items in the 1960's. His distinctive use of the locked hands concept is balanced by the funky grace of his flowing lines. ***A Garland of Red*** (Prestige OJCCD 126-2) and ***All Kinds of Weather*** (Prestige OJCCD 193-2) rank among the best of his trio dates with Paul Chambers and Art Taylor. Garland was an influential pianist whose use of space rivalled that of Ahmad Jamal and his economical style placed great emphasis on their will to swing. This is even more apparent in his session with ***Coleman Hawkins*** (Prestige/Swingville OJCCD 418-2) where the roots of his style are clearly apparent. This is a joyous session with Hawkins responding readily to the sparks emanating from the rhythm section. Hawkins, who always had a keen ear for pianists, had first hired Garland in 1949 - something that was overlooked when this session first appeared to a less than enthusiastic reception from many fans of both performers.***Manteca*** (Prestige OJCCD 428-2) contains more brilliant playing by Garland but the trio's unity suffers from the addition of Ray Barretto's congas.

Vince Guaraldi, like Red Garland, has become an overlooked pianist. His piano sound was unique and it was never better showcased than in ***Jazz Impressions of Black Orpheus*** (Fantasy OJCCD 437-2) where he gives these delightful melodies a distinctively rhythmic twist with the assistance of Monty Budwig and Colin Bailey. *Cast Your Fate To The Wind* was the big number when the record first came out but equally appealing is the haunting moodiness of *Generique*. Guaraldi is also heard as the pianist with ***Stan Getz/Cal Tjader*** (Fantasy OJCCD 275-2), an often overlooked Getz date which ranks with his best. The entire group is focused in its swinging intensity. Scott LaFaro, guitarist Eddie Duran and Billy Higgins join with pianist Guaraldi in providing the momentum for Tjader and Getz to burn during their extended solos.

Bud Powell was the dominant voice for pianists growing to maturity in the 1950's. By osmosis this also meant an attachment to Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson and Earl Hines - all pianists who had served as models for Powell.***Meditations*** (Prestige OJCCD 1751-2) is a 1955 **Elmo Hope** date with a program of standards (six) and his own compositions (five), where his flowing lines evoke images of Powell at his most intense. Hope, like Herbie Nichols, drew on both Powell and Monk for inspiration and that duality is readily apparent in the program of originals the pianist recorded in 1959 for HiFi Records. The ***Elmo Hope Trio*** (Contemporary OJCCD 477-2) is a definitive example of the pianist's art. Jimmy Bond and Frank Butler are the other members of the trio.

Barry Harris has always remained true to his Powell roots. He first gained prominence when he went on the road with Cannonball Adderley and recorded several albums for Riverside. ***Preminado*** (Riverside OJCCD 486-2) is one of the best from that period despite the poor sound of the piano. Joe Benjamin and Elvin Jones are sympathetic partners with Harris.

Hampton Hawes was *the* jazz pianist on the West Coast. His classic Contemporary recordings, as well as his many sessions with horn players for a variety of labels, focused attention on a pianist whose exciting style was the epitome of the ideas being espoused in the 1940's by the bebop generation. By 1966, when ***The Seance*** (Contemporary OJCCD 455-2) was recorded, other elements had entered in Hawes' piano concept. There is no longer a strict adherence to a single tempo within a song and there is greater harmonic and rhythmic flexibility. The empathy between the members of Hawes' trio reflects the months of work together at the Mitchell Club prior to this recording being made (from the club). Red Mitchell and Donald Bailey are major players in the trio's music.

Andre Previn, before he retired from active participation in the jazz scene, was a pianist with similar musical roots to Hampton Hawes. You can hear this in his interpretation of music from ***West Side Story*** (Contemporary OJCCD 422-2), one of the best of his many jazz versions of Broadway shows. Red Mitchell and Shelly Manne provide rhythmic support in a well executed program.

Both Previn and **Oscar Peterson** have the kind of pianistic facility which created awe in all who heard Art Tatum. Peterson must be the most widely recorded pianist in jazz so his contributions can hardly be overlooked. He took the trio format, conceived and developed by Nat Cole and Art Tatum, into a world of his own. ***The Good Life*** (Pablo OJCCD 627-2) was recorded at Chicago's London House in 1973 when the pianist introduced his new trio with Joe Pass and Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen. The same venue had been a recording showcase for Peterson when he worked with Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen and the same suspect piano seems to be present. This time though, we are hearing the raw ingredients of a new group spontaneously creating exciting music together. This was the beginning of an extended relationship between the three musicians, and the chemistry was particularly explosive on this recording which was first issued a decade following its performance as a companion piece to ***The Trio*** (Pablo 2310-701-2). By 1979, when ***Skol*** (Pablo OJCCD 496-2) was recorded, the trio was an established unit. Added to this Copenhagen concert date were Stephane Grappelli and Mickey Roker who combine together to produce an excellent evening of music. Peterson has always been a superb accompanist and his rapport with Grappelli was already evident a few years earlier when they recorded together in Paris. The sound quality from this live date, by the way, is superb.

Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** was widely respected by his fellow musicians for the fluency of his lines and the quality of his ideas. He was at his peak in the late 1950's when he recorded ***2 Horns/2 Rhythm*** (Riverside OJCCD 463-2) and ***Blue Spring*** (Riverside OJCCD 134-2). The pianoless quartet of the first date is superb with Ernie Henry's distinctive alto saxophone well showcased. An alternative

take of *Sposin'* has been added to this CD. The larger ensemble of Blue Spring is more formal but there are plenty of bright moments from Dorham and Cannonball Adderley. Dorham is also part of ***Harold Land in New York*** (Jazzland OJCCD 493-2) and ***Cedar*** (Prestige OJCCD 462-2) where he makes his presence felt. The Land session doesn't rank with his Contemporary release of ***The Fox*** (OJCCD 343-2) while the Cedar Walton date captures the trumpeter on a day when his chops were less than secure. This CD has a bonus performance of *Take The A Train* not on the original lp.

Donald Byrd was one of the trumpeters who grew to maturity under the shadow of people like Kenny Dorham. He recorded widely, both as sideman and leader. One of his few Riverside dates was for pianist **Kenny Drew** on ***This Is New*** (Riverside OJCCD 483-2) where he plays assertively. On three selections Hank Mobley, one of the more admired tenor saxophonists of the time is featured, but it is the four quartet tracks which appeal most. ***All Day Long*** (Prestige OJCCD 456-2) and ***All Night Long*** (Prestige OJCCD 427-2) are quintessential examples of the studio jam session created by Prestige as a showcase for many different artists in the 1950's. Donald Byrd, Kenny Burrell, Doug Watkins and Art Taylor are present on both sessions. Frank Foster and Tommy Flanagan are also featured on the first with Hank Mobley, Jerome Richardson and Mal Waldron replacing them on the latter date. The format is simple — loose structures with plenty of room to stretch out on the solos. A similar formula is used on ***Tenor Conclave*** (Prestige OJCCD 127-2) which features Hank Mobley, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and John Coltrane in a stylistically mixed date with the Red Garland Trio. Much more cohesive and musically adroit were the **Gene Ammons** jam sessions. On ***The Happy Blues*** (Prestige OJCCD 013-2) Art Farmer, Jackie McLean and Duke Jordan are the other soloists but it is Ammons' soulful authority which carries the day. Ammons is also featured in a CD reissue of ***Jug & Dodo*** (Prestige 24021-2) where the tenor saxophonist is heard with pianist **Dodo Marmarosa** in six selections. The remaining titles are trio performances by the pianist which serve as a timely reminder of his short-lived brilliance as a performing musician.

A lestorian session featuring the tenor saxophone of **Richie Kamuca** and the baritone sax and arrangements of **Bill Holman** was issued as ***West Coast Jazz in HiFi*** (HiFi OJCCD 1760-2) and has good orchestral cohesion thanks to Holman's charts. Solos by Conte Candoli and Frank Rosolino are additional bonuses in a little known session of considerable merit.

Record dates were a bonus for the musicians who worked for the major touring groups in the 1950's. Reputations were established by many musicians who worked with Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Horace Silver and Miles Davis during that decade. Their talent helped shape the texture and style of these groups.

Benny Golson was an exceptionally gifted composer whose songs have become standard to the jazz repertoire. But ***The Other Side of Benny Golson*** (Riverside OJCCD 1750-2) was designed to showcase his talents as a saxophonist— it is one of several he recorded during this period which do just that. Curtis Fuller's trombone sound blends perfectly with the tenor in a program which includes Golson's well known tune *Are You Real* but also has a beautiful rendition of his lesser known *Cry A Blue Tear*.

Charlie Rouse in 1960 was just developing his patented association with Thelonious Monk but ***Takin' Care of Business*** (Jazzland OJCCD 491-2) displays little of this relationship. It is a straightahead hard bop quintet date with Blue Mitchell and a rhythm section of Walter Bishop, Earl May and Art Taylor. The repertoire is of interest for the two Randy Weston compositions and one by Kenny Drew. Like many studio conceived dates of the period there is a restrained feel to the music. The same kind of restraints are evident in ***Blue Mitchell's "Big Six"*** (Riverside OJCCD 615-2) where, despite the all star cast of Curtis Fuller, Johnny Griffin, Wynton Kelly, Wilbur Ware and Philly Joe Jones the music has a cumbersome feel to it. Individually there are good moments but the exuberance one expects from these musicians is all too rarely revealed. **Roland Kirk** never suffered from inhibitions and he's wailing in ***Kirk's Work*** (Prestige OJCCD 459-2), a 1961 session with Jack McDuff which helped trigger a wider appreciation for the multi-instrumentalist's work when first issued. The blues dominate this date and the music still sounds fresh.

An all star session which worked was the collaboration between **Howard McGhee** and **Teddy Edwards** in Los Angeles in 1961. ***Together Again*** (Contemporary OJCCD 423-2) is crisply played with both horn players stimulated by the outstanding piano playing of Phineas Newborn and the cohesion of Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen on bass and drums.

There's even greater cohesion in the **Curtis Counce** sessions recorded a few years earlier. ***Landslide*** (Contemporary OJCCD 606-2) and ***Carl's Blues*** (Contemporary OJCCD 423-2) represents one half of the band's recorded output. Their music was well conceived and rehearsed with Jack Sheldon and Harold Land providing a balanced blend in the ensembles. Pianist Carl Perkins, leader Counce and Frank Butler made up a fluid rhythm section. With a little luck this group could have enjoyed some of the same success that the Brown/Roach band attained.

Many musicians fall through the cracks and disappear from the scene following brief spells in the limelight. It's one of the weaknesses of a profit driven industry. Too many performers are discarded once their initial contributions have been completed. **Gigi Gryce** was a noted composer/performer who was a member of the Lionel Hampton band at the same time as Clifford Brown and Art Farmer and co-led a band with Donald Byrd which made several recordings. ***The Rat Race Blues*** (Prestige OJCCD 081-2) is the only one of his Prestige sessions to be reissued so far. It's an exciting reminder of an alto saxophone player who played with fervour and imagination. Trumpeter Richard Williams was another bright young player whose career never fulfilled its promise while Richard Wyands is an excellent pianist whose dependability has ensured his continuing presence on the scene. Julian Euell is the bassist and Mickey Roker the drummer in this enjoyable session.

Sonny Criss was a master of the blues. His soulful playing was captured on a series of Don Schlitten produced recordings in the 1960's which began with ***This is Criss*** (Prestige OJCCD 430-2) where he is supported by

THAD JONES

Walter Davis, Paul Chambers and Alan Dawson. Criss gave his own special dialect to the harmonic fluency of Charlie Parker and Kansas City blues lore. By the time of this recording all the cliches had disappeared from his playing.

Phil Woods and Gene Quill remained truer to the tonality and phrasing of Charlie Parker longer than such contemporaries as Sonny Criss, Gigi Gryce and Ernie Henry. ***Pairing Off*** (Prestige OJCCD 092-2) is a **Phil Woods** session where he and Quill share the spotlight with trumpeters Donald Byrd and Kenny Dorham in four extended performances which are notable for the clarity of the solo statements of all four horn players and those of Tommy Flanagan, Doug Watkins and Philly Joe Jones. The programming of this material comes to you in similar fashion to that repeated thousands of times in clubs and concerts. After the theme statement there are solos by the horns, piano and bass followed by round robin routines of 4 bar exchanges involving the drums and the other players before a return to the theme statement.

The blend between the flugelhorn of **Thad Jones** and the baritone sax of **Pepper Adams** is beautifully exploited in ***Mean What I Say*** (Milestone OJCCD 464-2) a 1966 recording by two Detroit area musicians whose empathy has been heard in quite a few different settings over the years. This is one of the better examples of their playing and was recorded at a time when the edge had slipped off much of the music rooted in the hard bop style. This date was an exception to this generalisation and the sensitivity displayed by Duke Pearson, Ron Carter and Mel Lewis helps in the overall feeling.

Two early settings for the soprano saxophone of **Steve Lacy** are a reminder that his roots go back to the early masters of the music. You can detect elements of this in ***Soprano Sax*** (Prestige OJCCD 130-2) and ***Evidence*** (Prestige OJCCD 1755-2). The 1957 session, one of his first, includes two Ellington songs, a Sonny Rollins line and several standards. Lacy's playing is straightforward and swinging as he works with a buoyant rhythm section of Wynton Kelly, Buell Neidlinger and Dennis Charles. The 1961 session is one of Lacy's classic dates. The quartet interprets five Monk compositions and one Ellington/Strayhorn song in exemplary fashion. Lacy shares the spotlight with Don Cherry whose lyricism is well suited to the angularity of Monk's lines. Bassist Carl Brown and the inimitable Billy Higgins provide an ideal carpet for the horn players.The mutual empathy of the players and the structural unity makes this one of the most satisfying set of Monkish interpretations.

PHOTOGRAPH OF STEVE LACY BY BROCK MAY

Both Buell Neidlinger and Dennis Charles were early cohorts of **Cecil Taylor** and can be heard on ***Looking Ahead*** (Contemporary OJCCD 452-2) — a definitive look at the pianist/composer's evolutionary approach to improvisation. There's a delicate balance between the piano and the vibes which emphasises the lyric possibilities of the material. This 1958 date also has Monkish overtones and, in spirit, is evocative of the Milt Jackson/Monk collaborations a decade earlier. It remains an essential part of Cecil Taylor's portfolio.

By the early 1960's jazz had firmly moved itself away from its associations with the entertainment/dance world. Most musicians still continued to adhere to a steady time pulse throughout a composition but tempo changes and abrupt alterations of mood were being investigated by a growing number of newer performers. Trumpeter **Don Ellis** was one of these and ***New Ideas*** (Prestige/New Jazz OJCCD 431-2) is one of two highly successful recordings (the other is on Candid) which demonstrate the possibilities inherent in this approach. Ultimately though, as time passes, an atmospheric program piece such as *Despair To Hope* seems more of a novelty than a satisfying musical performance. Much more representative of Ellis' instrumental capabilities are such pieces as *Uh-Huh* and *Natural H.*

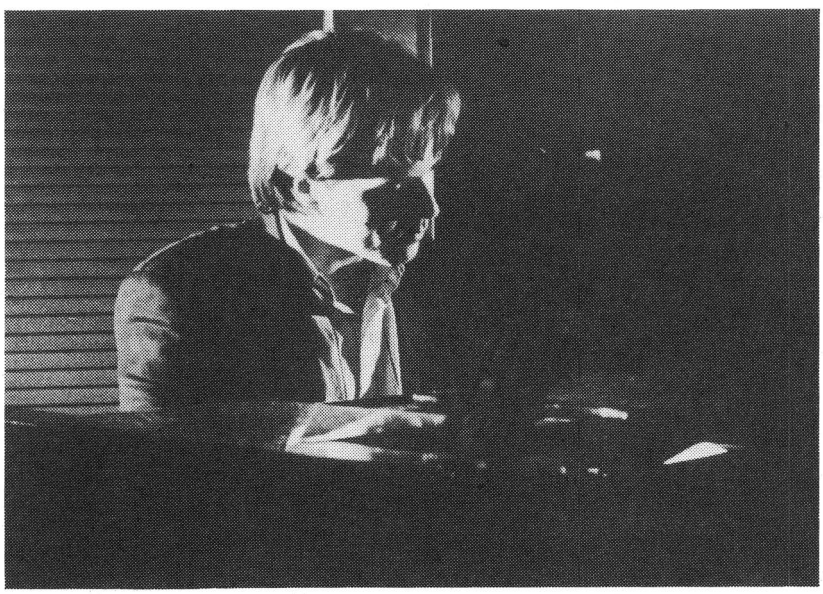
Don Ellis is also featured on **George Russell's** ***The Outer View*** (Riverside OJCCD 616-2) where, once again, experimentation gets in the way of the serious playing on several numbers. This recording is best kept for the extraordinary performance by Sheila Jordan of *You Are My Sunshine.* It is still an emotion-packed experience to hear the ways in which this simple song is turned inside out. It counteracts the somewhat studied approach of Russell's compositional frameworks. This CD contains the extra take of *The Outer View* not included on the original lp.

The OJC reissue program basically duplicates the content of the original lps. The average playing time of these CDs is only around 40 minutes but at least they are sold at a lower price than newly recorded CDs in the U.S.A. Unfortunately this is not usually the case once the CDs are exported. The quality of much of the music, however, more than compensates for the short playing time. □

ANOTHER TALE OF TWO CITIES

OTTAWA JAZZ FESTIVAL • JULY 20-27, 1992

FESTIVALS, BY DEFINITION, ARE CELEBRATIONS, events to be enjoyed within friendly surroundings, seeing familiar faces and making new acquaintances . In sum, they are occasions during which one can relax and never feel overburdened. Music festivals are now legion, some of which exude a congenial spirit unfettered by the vicissitudes of hype and slick marketing strategies. Such is the case of Ottawa's International Jazz festival.



JON BALLANTYNE • PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

For starters, its schedule is nicely spread out over ten days and a half dozen or so sites all within walking distance of each other. Moreover, it is not solely dependant on putting together a slate of star studded acts, nor does it pretend to be the greatest or biggest of this, even the best of that. Simply put, Ottawa is a pleasant place to spend a Summer jazz vacation, with just the right amount of shows to satisfy a wide range of tastes.

In its scope, it features traditional to mainstream jazz for the most part, but it does not neglect more adventuresome acts, as shown in its late night ***With an Edge*** series (which was presented on alternating evenings with one devoted to vocalists).

Of the high points caught during the six days there, the trio of saxophonist **Thomas Chapin** was a free-wheeling energetic affair, aided and abetted by the masterful bass of Mario Pavone and the equally convincing drumming of Michael Sarin. An admirer of Roland Kirk, the reedist embodies perfectly this inside/outside approach with flair. Less explosive, but more concentrated was another trio of similar instrumentation spearheaded by soprano saxist and clarinetist **Francois Houle** who was accompanied by bassist Lisle Ellis and percussionist John Heward. Houle threaded a couple of his pieces with others by such stalwarts as Cecil Taylor, Steve Lacy, Jimmy Lyons and Ornette Coleman, resulting in a satisfactory set with all holding a firm musical focus throughout.

Also with an edge of her own was Toronto-based pianist **Lee Pui Ming**, featured in the late afternoon ***Pianissimo Plus Series***. Her performance combined classical and contemporary music forms with Chinese folk melodies and a Taylor-like attack. Missing however was some rhythmic flexibility or a jazz feel to it all. **Jon Ballantyne**, for his part, played a very searching solo set, demonstrating his technical fluency yet lacking some emotional fervour in his probing forays.

More traditionally oriented was the duo of **Richard Wyands** and bassist **Paul Novotny**, a tasteful excursion into the land of standards with not a wasted note by either of them. Equally successful was the pairing of **Ronnie Mathews** and altoist **Dave Turner** who obviously enjoy playing together. In fact, the closing number, Mathews' *Salima's Dance*, was worth the price of admission.

Between both of these series, the main focus of this festival is set on the double bill outdoor concerts in Confederation Park. While a Canadian band opens the evening, an American "headliner" takes over by dusk. Overall, the performances were a mixed bag of musical tricks, the quality varying very much from show to show. On the Canadian side of things, guitarist **Sonny Greenwich** - back from yet another hiatus - is now heading a quintet of with saxman Mike Allen and pianist Don Thompson as main co-soloists. Faithful to his spiritual inclinations, his repertoire is very much steeped in those trademark modal excursions of his. Lyrical music for sure, but somehow it does not have the strong effect it once had. Following that, a spirit of another kind was tossed about by Boston's Barrence Whitfield and the Savages, an R&B act which fell beyond this reviewer's field of interest.

The second pairing heard was an all bop affair, first with trumpeter **Kevin Dean**'s quintet. Modelled on the 60's hard bop style, this band plays the leader's idiomatically derived originals in a crafty way, though lacking an element of unpredictability or looseness in its way of playing. In contrast, the five women of drummer **Sharrie Maricle**'s quintet may not have been as polished or virtuosic in their set, but there was a relaxed feel to it, sustained by the leader, and bassist **Melissa Slocum**'s strong surging lines. The latter being a personal

REVIEWS BY MARC CHENARD

standout among musicians heard at the festival.

Night number three was a study of contrasts. Pianist **Bernie Senensky** was first on with his seven piece band which played his complex arrangements with great assurance, besting in many ways the versions heard on that solid recording of his entitled **RE*ACTION.** For this concert, he had gritty tenor man **Kirk MacDonald** and the equally convincing trumpeter **Kevin Turcotte**, both strong soloists like the leader himself. The second half of this evening featured the Carlo Actis Dato quartet from Italy, back in Canada after last year's exciting performances at the Montreal festival. Combining ethnic beats, free improv and theatrics, this band just did not manage to rekindle that same zany spirit of their first appearances. For whatever reason, they seemed to underwhelm the audience, some of whom were expecting this to be one of the festival's highlights.

Another night, a couple of other bags. Opening things up with a bang was Canada's own jesters of jazz, the **Shuffle Demons**. Once known for achieving a clever balance between some interesting musical content and a theatrical presence, this band has clearly chosen to milk the latter for all its worth. After all when bassist George Koller decides to use his nose or teeth to play his strings, then the schtick is up. In comparison, Boston's **Orange Then Blue** offered a much more substantial set which crosscut latin musics, open ended arrangements and a joyful rendition of Ayler's *Truth Is Marching In* as a rousing closer. Earlier that day, five of the twelve musicians hosted a workshop, talking about their repertoire and playing some of it for the interested crowd in attendance. Throughout the festival, Ottawa offered these types of workshops, mostly with individual musicians, clearly a welcome initiative that should be part of more festivals.

Over the last couple of nights, there was an intimate performance by Nova Scotia altoist **Don Palmer** with bassist **Skip Beckwith** and guitarist **Roddy Elias** (a set which would have been much more enhanced with a drummer instead). Then a crowd pleaser type of show by vocalist **Jon Hendricks and Family**. The final headliner was trumpeter Jordan Sandke stirring up the ghosts of jazz past with tenor man Tad Schull in an Eldridge meets Hawk outing. Made you want to go back and listen to those masters to hear the REAL thing.

Also worth catching were the jam sessions hosted by drummer **Pete Magadini**. Sitting in were members of Orange then Blue, altoist **Sue Terry** and Melissa Slocum from the Maricle quintet, **Ronnie Mathews** for three kicking numbers, Dave Turner, even Thomas Chapin's three, plus Montreal pianist Andre White valiantly holding on.

Throughout the festival, there is also much action to catch in the early afternoons at other outdoor venues in the City, and across the river in the bordering Quebec towns. The new band of the Rollins-inspired **Rob Frayne** (with vocalist Teena Palmer), a very west-coasty sounding septet of **Bruno Drolet** and Paul Desgagnes straight ahead mainstream quartet **Backdraught.** A student of Kirk MacDonald, his no nonsense approach is firm and convincing, but still searching for a voice of his own.

A post-festival note was the appearance of tenor saxophonist **Billy Robinson** in a concert coinciding with the release of his first recording as a leader in 19 years! Entitled ***Doubt Dropping***, this self-produced effort features his own music, originals with twisting lines and tempo changes. This native of Forth Worth, but Ottawa resident, has lost nothing of his huge sound and wailing voice over the years, as shown in his concert with the same three colleagues on the recording: pianist **Jean Beaudet** and bassist **Steve Watson** (both sons of that city) as well as drummer **Nasyr Abdul al Khabbyr.** Fine disc, fine concert, nice to hear you again Billy.

All in all, Ottawa's 10-day jazz splurge was a swinging affair with high points and some let downs too, but all of this taking place in an atmosphere that maximizes enjoyment instead of mere profit. Unpretentious, the festival reflects the attitudes of its organizers, as well as its large staff of helpful volunteers, who make it run smoothly. To them all, thanks again and please keep us informed on next year's program.

DAVE TURNER PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER DANSON

MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL • JULY 1 - 12, 1992

REGULAR READERS OF THIS PUBLICATION ARE SURELY AWARE by now of Montreal's "festival to end all festivals", proudly displaying itself as the biggest one of its kind on the planet. Outdoing its grandiose self once more, this year's bash was extended by two days to 12, to accommodate the whopping 350 shows coinciding with the City's anniversary year of its foundation.

PAUL BLEY PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER DANSON

This year's thirteenth edition was marred by some bad luck, namely soggy weather. Though crowds thinned out on a couple of nights, this did not dampen the festive spirits arising from the hoards of musical tourists mulling around the five outdoor stages. From night to night crowds were treated to massive doses of blues, funk, world beat and even some jazz.

For the jazz enthusiast, the focus of the festival revolves around the indoor concerts. From year to year, bigger ticket items (at heftier prices too) dominate, while local bands and lesser known ones from elsewhere perform on the outdoor stages. Overall, this emphasis on a star studded cast has decreased the surprise factor in its choices. More than ever, the true and tried names were back for encore performances, the likes of Branford Marsalis (whizzing in and out from his plush L.A. job), Michel Camilo, Oregon, Sonny Rollins, Terrence Blanchard...

Yet, there was still a share of interesting shows. The solo series featured instruments as diverse as the bandoneon (Dino Saluzzi) or the harp (Deborah Henson-Conant) and the more familiar guitar, piano and bass. A standout in that series was **Dave Holland**, who demonstrated all of his melodic resources not to mention a masterful technique (both arco and pizz). Particularly moving were his dedications to Mingus, one an original, the other Mingus' *Goodbye Porkpie Hat.* Pianist **John Hicks**, for his part, showed his encyclopedic knowledge of standards and piano techniques in a contemporary extension of Art Tatum (though with occasional moments of respite in a couple of ballads).

Early evening spots were of varying interest as well. All of my picks happened to be drummer-led bands. First off was **Elvin Jones** and **Jazz Machine**, this time playing the n-th of his Coltrane tribute concerts. Throughout the mostly Coltrane repertoire, Maestro Jones steered his band with his usual savvy, though the three tenor lineup of Sonny Fortune, Ravi Coltrane and Javon Jackson could have been paired down by one, the latter being the weakest.

In contrast, **Max Roach** has never stopped looking forward over the years, be it in his search for new partners or his will to devise new projects. Of these, his double quartet with the **Uptown String Quartet** has been one of his major accomplishments over the last decade. Their festival performance was cleanly executed for the most part and it was only by the closing number *A Little Booker* that things heated up some with more solo space given to most everyone. In passing, it's interesting to note that this aggregation has played every major jazz festival on the planet since its beginnings a decade ago.

Viewed in the customary film series were ***Paris Blues*** and ***The Connection***. Unlike the former, which is a not too mushy drama with a jaunty score by Duke Ellington, the latter is a still relevant starker tale. The sound track, written by Freddy Redd and performed on screen by his quartet with Jackie McLean, has the real gritty hard bop edge of the period (1961). Moreover, the Waiting-for-Godot-like story line still retains all of its emotional angst today. The music doesn't serve as a back drop to the story, it's heard front and centre when the musicians start playing. Strong stuff.

Back in the concert halls, the late night ***Jazz dans la Nuit*** series was a mixed blessing this year. Featured here was pianist **Paul Bley** (a native son, lest we forget) in three different settings (plus an outing in the solo series). Of these concerts, the most stunning was a trio outing with two unheard of guests.

First off, was a Bley trio with his bassman of yester-year, **Gary Peacock** and drummer **Billy Hart**. Wandering in and out of tempo according to Bley's whims, Peacock managed to find some common ground, which was not so much the case with Hart. I would have liked to have seen Barry Altschul on stage, but in some cases, history just isn't meant to repeat itself.

After two rather short sets, exit the bassist and drummer, then enter the father-son team of **Michael** and **Matt Maneri**. Sitting in front of his piano with both legs crossed, Bley watched for almost 20 minutes a pudgy man in his 60's play some of the most off-the-wall sax and clarinet lines, only bested by his son's disarticulated playing of an elec-

ANOTHER TALE OF TWO CITIES

tronic violin. Chasing away a good half of the hall, this unlikely trio managed to rivet the remaining spectators to their seats right up to the end, when they gave them a standing ovation. As for Bley, he eventually joined in, both on piano and a rather inaudible synthesizer. As a footnote, insider info has it that all musicians billed with Bley - others being Scofield (in a duo), Surman and Ralph Bollenback (subbing here for John Abercrombie) - were chosen or okayed by the festival's artistic director. All that is, except the Maneris. A twisted joke it may have been, but certainly a delightfully iconoclastic one.

More conventional was the three-way youth encounter of **Geoff Keezer, Joshua Redman** and **Christian McBride.** A drummerless group, the trio possessed a chamber-like empathy thanks to Keezer's strong harmonic support, McBride's wonderfully resonant bass lines (he never plays with a pickup!) and Redman's finely crafted tenor statements. When one considers that none of these musicians is older than 25, one can surely marvel and wonder what they will be doing ten years from now.

With a long career behind him, tenor saxophonist **Teddy Edwards** is enjoying the limelight these days, thanks to a recording on a major label and sponsorship by songster Tom Waits. Were it not for this deal, we probably would have never seen Edwards ever make it here. In any event, here he was, in a standard quartet setting with legendary west coast bassist **Leroy Vinegar.** All in all, the music was straight ahead swing with a relaxed California feel to it. During the performance, Edwards moved up a gear or two with his accompanists tastefully backing him, though Vinegar's four to the bar solos were rather plodding after a while.

The outdoor scene used to hold the surprises of the festival, but this reviewer just did not make any momentous discoveries. From Holland, two bands of a neo or post bop bent were presented, the first a quintet co-lead by trumpeter **Jarmo Hoogendijk** and tenorman **Ben van den Dungen**, the other a septet playing the music of saxophonist **Dick de Graaf.** Energetic in both cases, these performances were nevertheless marred by a blasting sound system, balanced with all of the sensitivity of a heavy metal concert. The quintet, came across as a well-oiled machine with a mostly original repertoire that hinted at times towards some free form breakups. De Graaf's unit negotiated far more involved compositions with changing moods and tempos, with varied colours given by an interesting front line of guitar, violin, trombone and sax. Not exactly daring, one might agree with the leader's own description, a music of "tasteful eclecticism".

From neighbouring Belgium came the **Trio Bravo** whose instrumentation was a striking mix of **Michel de Brulle's** drums, **Fabrizio Cassol's** alto and soprano and the huffing and puffing brassman **Michel Massot** on trombone, euphonium and a humongous tuba. Comparisons with the Arthur Blythe trios are only partly warranted here, but there is as well, a stylistic leaning towards Dave Holland and some of the M-Basers. If one had to choose a surprise show, it would have been the one given by **Jay Hoggard's** quartet. From the first downbeat, they managed to capture the audience's attention with a hard swinging crowd-pleaser, but moved on then to some more heavy duty stuff. Kudos also go out to pianist **Onaje Allan Gumbs** and drummer **Pheeroan ak Laff** for keeping their two hour plus sets steaming.

In closing, some mentions go out to our own local musicians who get that one big crack a year at reaching wider audiences. Having had other business to attend to during those days, I managed to take in far less than I would have liked to. In any event, drummer Pete Magadini's set with tenorman **Mike Allen** as sole horn was a convincing one, just like the one given by the trio of our city's boss-baritonist **Charles Papasoff.** Also caught was a finely tuned set of pianist **John Stetch's** quartet, featuring here the take charge tenor of **John Nugent**, as well as the piano trios of **Steve Amirault** and **James Gelfand.** Other popular acts were those of the whole ***Paris Musette*** series devoted to French jazz accordionists (all the rage over there now) as well as the gypsy guitars of brothers **Boulou** and **Elias Ferre.** □

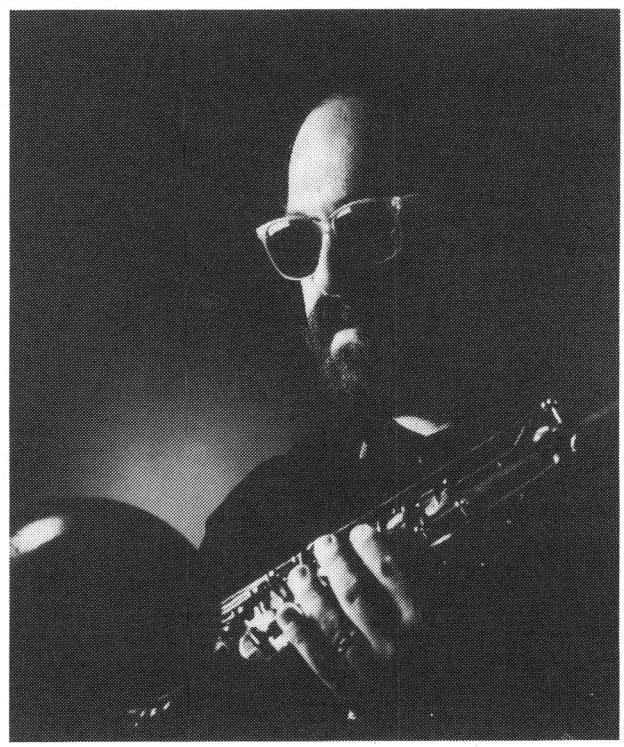
JAY HOGGARD PHOTOGRAPH BY GERARD FUTRICK

JOE LOVANO • FROM THE SOUL

An Interview With Marc Chenard

In the course of its history, jazz has had its share of family associations: be they named Ellington, Ammons, Freeman, Marsalis or Redman, the jazz lineage is studded with father-son relationships. While some carve out far more modest careers than those achieved by their elders, there are still others who manage to gain greater prominence than their first role models. Such may be said about tenor saxophonist Joe Lovano, one of today's first line reedmen. Soon to be 40, Lovano is an already seasoned veteran with an impressive list of sideman credits, far longer than his own as a bandleader.

Born in Cleveland just a few days shy of the New Year 1953, Lovano was immediately drawn to the music thanks to his father, one Big Tommy T. Lovano. A barber by day, but a tenor saxophonist by night, Lovano Senior was a hard swinger of the Gene Ammons-Illinois Jacquet school. A few months prior to his death in 1987, father and son recorded a live session together. As a youngster, Joe was already getting around the alto, then messed around with the drums for a while. Still, the lure of the tenor was too hard for him to resist. Far from being a difficult decision, following in his father's own footsteps was the most natural thing for him.



Photograph by Shigeru Uchiyama

JOE LOVANO - For me, I never really chose, so much as that was it. You see, I just used to listen to my dad practice and I wanted to create that sound myself. He also gave me the opportunities to do that and there were horns lying around the house anyway. My dad was a beautiful teacher because he let me explore on my own and have fun. By the time I was 11 or 12, I knew I wanted to play and he saw that too. During that period, I used to sneak in his bedroom and practice on his horn. In the early 60's he bought a new one so he gave me his and that has been my main instrument since. (Note: In the last year, he has also been using a vintage 1924 Conn, a model which he says was used by Chu Berry.) When it came to learning the music my dad taught me that in order to really be able to improvise, you have to take in everything you hear and love it so you can really make it your own.

***MARC CHENARD** - But that was a first step in his musical development. In fact, his own home town, while not a jazz capital per se, was still one of the important breeding grounds for many well known figures.*

You had people like Tad Dameron and Freddie Webster who came from that city. Tad's brother, Cesar, was my dad's age so they grew up together. Way back then, there was a scene happening there and my father grew up with all of that around him. He heard Charlie Parker and Lester Young when they came through town. I learned a lot from all of those cats in town who grew up at that time. And there were a lot of serious players too. Take Willie Smith, he was a good friend of my dad and a great writer. I even played some of his arrangements. Then there was Bill Hardman and Benny Bailey - who I still see when I'm over in Europe. But the players of my generation missed that whole thing, so I learned a lot from older local cats. One cat who inspired me a lot was Ernie Krivda. He's about ten years older than I am and he too developed a sound of his own. In fact, he was one of the first cats I knew who sounded like no one else. He was a real inspiration to me, not to copy him, but to give me the courage to get my own shit together.

Thanks to his father's record collection, young Joe also had the chance to hear many important players of the bop and hard-bop eras, a couple of which had a strong influence in his early years.

I would say Sonny Stitt was one of my first loves on record. A thing that he did which influenced me very much was that he played both alto and tenor. I was drawn to his tenor first and then I really started hearing him on alto, like he had different personalities on each horn. In fact, I'm picking up the alto again.

Aside from Stitt, I also have to list both James Moody and Roland Kirk.

At one time or another, I even had the chance to catch all of these players in the clubs where my dad worked. When I first saw Kirk with all those horns around his neck and doing all this amazing stuff, I'd go home and practice in a different way, with the attitude of not limiting myself and trying out different horns like the flute or the clarinet.

Seriously involved in music during high school, Lovano was gigging steadily around town, at times with large orchestras, or else subbing for his father in organ combos. Still, he was starting to feel the urge to go farther afield, which lead him eventually to enrol at Berklee's school of music in the Fall of 1971.

I was just out of high school when I arrived there and I was placed right in Gary Burton's ensemble. Everyone in the rhythm section was in their final semester, so that was a thrill. All of a sudden, I was studying Chick Corea's music, Keith Jarrett's, even some Carla Bley tunes, all things that were really different than what I had learned. Coming out from the bop style, I was now dealing with other kinds of song forms, different phrases and conceptions of rhythm. So that really opened me up and set me other directions, but with a firm bebop base. That gave me the technique and ears, as well as a concept of phrasing which made it possible for me to tackle other musics and absorb them more quickly.

From then on, the lure of big times was inevitable, given the proximity of the Big Apple. For many musicians, New York simply meant the Mecca of jazz and that alone was a good reason to head for that city.

To me, New York simply meant that great mythological jazz world. My first visits were with the bands of Jack McDuff and Lonnie Liston Smith, with whom I cut my first record while working with him between 74 and 76. One thing that I loved with the city at that time was how easy it was to just go around and hear all of my favourite players, like George Coleman, Charlie Rouse or Barry Harris, people who were all playing a lot then. Once I made the move for good in '76, I began working with Albert Dailey and did a few gigs with Chet Baker - who was also quite helpful. When I arrived, I certainly wasn't thinking that I would take the city by storm, or something like that. I just went there to study and hear people play. My life's dream was - and still is - to play with my favourites and to try and share music while fitting in with others. I was very much inspired by the quartet of Clifford Jordan and Barry Harris which was working a lot back then. In fact, every time I went down to see them, the tunes were different, which was quite something for me because I had been used to playing with a band that had pretty much the same repertoire every night. That constant change of material really forced me to listen and practice more.

Unlike many younger musicians of the day who have rapidly ascended to stardom, Lovano spent many years paying his dues, partly by gigging around, but also by working in the big bands of Woody Herman and Mel Lewis, two steady jobs that were rewarding for him, each in its own way.

I was really lucky to play with the Herman band. I joined it in 1976 and stayed for the three years. I won't forget the night of his 40th Anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall. The sax section did all the orchestral parts of the Four Brothers with those musicians soloing over us. We played Early Autumn, of course, and I had the chance to play my part with Stan Getz doing the lead. Here I was, standing next to Stan Getz with his beautiful tone and conception and that really gave me a lot of confidence at that point. Woody was a beautiful leader too. He made you feel that it was important when you were soloing, and you weren't there just to fill space.

Around 1980, I then joined Mel Lewis' band, right after Thad Jones had left and Bob Brookmeyer was taking his place as the main arranger. Mel's concept was that of a quartet within the band. And when you soloed, he made you feel that it was your band. And Mel would change his conception to fit each soloist. From that band, I learned a lot about working in other people's groups, but when it comes the time for you to play, you also have to take charge and develop your solo and let your ideas flow out of the arrangement. Basically, big bands helped me a lot in terms of how one works off a composition.

After that stint, Lovano concentrated more on playing with smaller groups, though he would tour occasionally with Carla Bley's big bands and, in more recent times, with Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra. Around that same period, Lovano joined drummer Paul Motian's then quintet, now better known as a trio format with the prominent guitarist Bill Frisell. In 1983, he joined the teaching staff at William Patterson College in New Jersey. For a musician who has paid more musical dues on the job than in the classroom, it may appear somewhat unusual to have him join the world of academe. Asked about his feelings on jazz education, he offers the following observations.

In general, I think that jazz education is at a very high level today. But after having done many workshops and clinics, I can tell you that there are many teachers and people in charge of programs who are not professional players. In most music camps around the country, a good number of instructors teach method, stylings. They teach pretty well out of books. Another thing too is this yen for solo transcription. If I have 25 students and tell them to write out a solo off a record, I'll wind up with 25 people playing the same way. A lot of teachers talk about transcription as a way to play, but I really don't go for that. I never did transcribe that many solos. Instead, I tried to study the songs I wanted to play and get in to the harmonic structures and chords which would give me the available notes for me to develop my solos while using conception of rhythm, sound and group interplay. Schools that have method training produce musicians that all sound the same, but that is not what jazz is about. I had a student who was amazing when we would play together a tune at a fast tempo. But when I asked him to play half time, he couldn't make it through a chorus! You see, he never really studied music or rhythm, but just licks. He picked up what somebody else had played, rather than looking into music itself. From the very start, I learned an important lesson from my dad and that is you got to make what you play sound like a song, even if it is a scale, or just a couple of notes. In fact, musicians in the early days of jazz may not have had all the knowledge of chords and scales, but they always played melodies that were coming from the heart.

Although critical of jazz education, Lovano nevertheless believes in the need for training, citing his own experience at William Patterson College as a conducive teaching environment.

To me, this college has one of the greatest jazz programs in the country because it is staffed by professionals. Rufus Reid is the department head and on faculty you have people like Harold Mabern, Eliott Zigmund, Todd Coolman, Norman Simmons, Horacee Arnold and Steve Turre. The adjunct faculty is also amazing and the fact that it is so close to New York makes it much more feasible to have such a strong teaching body. The whole program does not revolve around mere methods, but it takes into account the different conceptions of the teachers and is always structured around the music you study, the songs you play and their overall presentation.

In the last decade, Joe Lovano has been increasingly sought out as a sideman and his associations have been far reaching, ranging from such stars as Haden, Scofield, Frisell, to many European partners like Louis Sclavis, Henri Texier as well as countless solo tours backed by local rhythm sections. Based on all of these experiences, the saxophonist offers his own views on the two key elements of jazz: improvisation and composition. Are they distinct facets or are they more like two sides of a same coin?

Photograph by Larry Svirchev

To me, they are one and the same thing. What I try to do in my solos is to draw my ideas from the song. If there were three different tunes based on the same chord progression, I would play solos that would come out of each melody. I find that there are a lot of cats who kind of let the chords hold them down and they become directed by them. When you are improvising, you have to have everything in focus, the composition, phrasing, rhythm, harmonic structure. The first thing I do when I learn a new tune is to try and absorb the melodic structure by repetition, by playing it over and over again, so as to really be clear on what is happening in that melody. After that, I'll concentrate on the harmonic part of it then look at the relationship between the bass part and the melody. So I try to let the song give the foundation for building my own ideas and from then on, it's up to your own imagination, which is what makes jazz so beautiful.

Not only is he an improviser who shapes his music from compositions, but he is also a composer who finds some of his inspiration in improvising itself.

When it comes to composing, each of my songs comes together in a different way. Some of them come out quickly through my own improvisations, or they may stem from what I may have felt during a concert. Some melodies come first, then the harmonies, or it could be the other way around. Every tune for me has a different life. More importantly, I have never written a tune without something specific in mind, like the personnel of the band. I've never been able to write one tune after another and have them played by whomever. All my music then has been put together for specific recording dates. Take my new record, **From the Soul**: I had Michel Petrucciani, Dave Holland and Ed Blackwell and all of the originals were written with that trio in mind. My pieces here are quite different from my preceding album **Landmarks**. On that one, I had Bill Stewart on drums and he plays a lot with the energy of Roy Haynes, Philly Joe or Jack de Johnette. So I put that together with his style in mind, which was also the case for Ed Blackwell. I wrote things with which he could be comfortable, so we can get closer to each other in a spiritual way. And it happened too. Like, we took one afternoon, instead of the two allotted to us, to do the whole thing. In fact, seven of the ten tunes were first takes. Just in passing, I used the alto on a couple of cuts, - one being Coltrane's ballad *Central Park West* - and I'm quite interested in going back to that first horn. Now that I've got a personal thing going on tenor, I want to investigate other sounds, which is why I've also gone back to the soprano again.

Of his many musical associations, Joe Lovano has also had the chance to work with many vocalists, most recently with Judy Niemack and his wife Judy Silverman (the latter heard on Lovano's **Wind Ensemble** *recording"issued by* ***Label Bleu*** *in France). Regarding the influence of the voice in his playing and composing he states:*

The voice brings out the human element in music, obviously. As a saxophone soloist and improviser, I want that element to come out. I just don't want to play with the technique of a saxophonist, but achieve a vocal quality in what I do. From vocalists, one learns about the concept of lyricism in music. I hear that with my wife Judy, but she isn't just a singer for me but also a full-fledged instrumentalist. She doesn't have the limitations of playing on these keys like I do, but she's much more free to let her voice go where it can. She comes from a classical background, so she understands what the voice can do. But she's deeply involved with other kinds of musics too. As for myself, she has definitely opened up my conception by looking at other possibilities. I just really dig that real human sound she gives when we work together. As a matter of fact, I plan to include her in my upcoming recording where I will have her sharing the front line with me on sax and a trumpet player. To me, the voice kind of ties things together nicely between the two horns and I want to give it a real fresh quality. Having a voice changes the whole orchestral conception of a project. Over the years, I had the chance of playing behind singers like Sarah Vaughan, Mel Torme, Joe Williams and many more, and they all show you the importance of singing from the heart and soul. It's not just technique, but there is a whole lot of meaning to the music. And that is what I find most inspiring. □

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

AS A LEADER

From the Soul (Blue Note) • Landmarks (Blue Note)
Sounds of Joy (Enja) • Village Rhythm (Soul Note)
Wind Ensemble (Label Bleu)

AS A SIDEMAN

Paris Batignolles (Label Bleu)- with Louis Sclavis and Henri Texier
Live in Tokyo (JMT) - Paul Motian Trio
Dream Keeper (Blue Note) - Liberation Orchestra

LET'S NOT FORGET • MUGGSY SPANIER

AN ESSAY BY TEX WYNDHAM

THIS COLUMN INAUGURATES A SERIES OF SHORT ESSAYS CONCENTRATING ON INDIVIDUAL FIGURES of the earliest, i.e., pre-swing or Dixieland, styles of jazz. It was suggested by editor Bill Smith who, recognizing that Coda's main focus is on modern styles, i.e., bop and post-bop, wants to be sure that our readers stay in touch with the music's roots.

The game plan is to recount some brief biographical material on the featured artist, maybe a colourful anecdote or two, and then — as modern jazz styles emphasize markedly different values than older styles, suggest the best way a modern fan might approach the artist's music. With that lead-in, lets's get started.

Francis Joseph Spanier was born November 9, 1906 in Chicago. He picked up the nickname "Muggsy" as a youth, from that of famed baseball manager "Muggsy" McGraw. However, if you ever see a picture of Spanier's long hound-like countenance, I think you'll agree that the nickname was an apt one.

Spanier started on drums, but switched to cornet as a teenager. He began playing professionally in the early 1920s, when Chicago was running over with top jazz talent — King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings — to whom the young cornetist listened attentively.

His long and productive musical career included a stint with the Ted Lewis Orchestra which got him safely through the depression years. During the mid 1940s, Spanier was in and out of the New York Chicago style crowd that centred around guitarist Eddie Condon. He eventually settled in California, where he died, at Sausalito, on February 12, 1967.

In the late 1930s, Spanier had been playing with Ben Pollack's Orchestra when he suffered a collapse and nearly died. He spent three months recovering at the Touro Infirmary in New Orleans under the care of Dr. Alton Ochsner. In gratitude for Dr. Ochsner's saving his life, Spanier later participated in some experiments for Dr. Ochsner, including, it has been reported, playing the cornet with a catheter in his heart to record the effects of cornet playing on that organ. One of his most famous recordings is a blues entitled "Relaxin At The Touro".

In listening to Spanier, don't look for spectacular high note or bursts of technically advanced solos. His strongest points were his ability to provide an economical, driving lead to a Dixieland ensemble and his expressive work with the plunger mute.

As a lead horn, Spanier played with an incisive sound, a feeling of assurance, and an irresistible sense of drive. He had the ability to place his notes and leave open space in a way that invariably inspired his sidemen to swing hard, so that a combo with Spanier at the helm is virtually certain to be hot.

As a soloist, Spanier has obviously paid close attention to King Oliver, one of the masters of the plunger. Spanier's own plungered solos are warm, speech-patterned, poised and communicative.

The starting point for a Spanier collection has to be the

sixteen sides waxed in July-to-December 1939 for Bluebird by Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band. Affectionately know as "The Great Sixteen" by Chicago music buffs, these rank with the all-time best Chicago Dixieland sessions. They are models of well-knit ensemble playing, getting an amazing amount of meaningful statements from both the octet and the soloists within the usual three-minute 78 RPM time limit. Frankly, if you can't appreciate these performances, you probably never will like either Spanier or Chicago style jazz — and you have my sympathy.

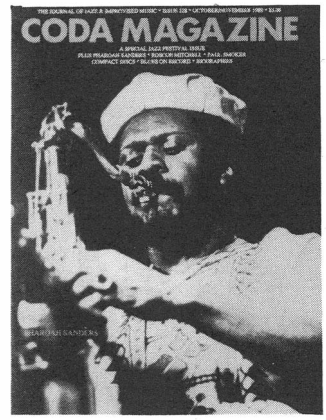
Almost as good are Spanier's April and September 1944 sessions for Commodore with a stellar lineup of Condonites. These, and the Bluebirds, are reissued with some regularity. In addition, the eight excellent sides cut in 1940 for Hot Record Society by the Bechet-Spanier Big Four, a "chamber Dixieland" group (if you can imagine such), put Spanier's contributions in a particularly easy-to-isolate setting.

Personally, I'm also partial to Spanier's recording debut in February 1924 for Gennett with the Bucktown Five, plus the two 1925 sides for Autograph by The Stomp Six. These display a surprisingly mature cornetist; despite the acoustic recording techniques, Spanier's characteristic spirit and punch shine through.

On the current scene, cornetist Ernie Carson's pungent lead lines and conversational plungered solos owe more than a little to Spanier's influence. Moreover, in recent years, a British band, The Brian White-Alan Gresty Ragtimers, has come up with a couple of albums for Jazzology — Volume One and Two of "Muggsy Remembered" — which do a superb job of capturing the sound and approach of "The Great Sixteen".

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tex Wyndham *is a well known pianist and cornetist, who has played and recorded with a large variety of Dixieland and Swing musicians. A number of his video cassettes and recordings are available, and a catalogue is available from Tex Wyndham, PO Box 831, 632 Hillendale Road, Mendenhall, PA 19357, U.S.A.* □



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What else has been happening in Europe, may be the question in this situation. These CDs cover a lot of ground, by musical as well as political territory, with one big band, plenty of small groups and one solo performance. Tradition gets a look in, and so does the free music, with a number of arresting gradations between those extremes. Pat pronouncements about the state of the European jazz scene will have to wait.

Yet there is a sense of difference to these recent recordings, if not distinctly European - and no doubt what we mean by "distinctly European" has to change by the day; just ask Mrs. Thatcher - then recognizably fresh to ears accustomed to the American mainstream. Maybe it's the feeling that the most reverential of these players, unlike so many of their young contemporaries, are taking tradition as a tonic rather than a straitjacket. That won't put them on the cover of Time, but nobody said the creative life was a cakewalk.

The freshest of this lot, in terms of what he does with tradition, is **Thierry Bruneau**. A musician and archivist who doesn't hide his debt to Eric Dolphy. Wisely, Bruneau's devotion is paced and directed by his determination to use that most rare of birds as the inspiration for his own flights. ***Live at de Kave*** *(59:35),* recorded at that Belgian club in September 1989, is less a Dolphy blueprint than an extrapolation of Dolphy's sadly truncated arc of invention.

Dolphy's Five Spot recordings on Prestige are the obvious inspiration. Pianist **Mal Waldron** is the living link to those dates - and this time he has a piano that's in tune - while Booker Little's *Bee Vamp* nods to that honoured program, but the consonance has more to do with the same spirit of adventure. This band stretches. Spanish bassist Carlos Barretto and American drummer John Betsch ensure the grooves are always there, but Bruneau and Waldron are ever probing the subtleties.

Like Dolphy, Bruneau plays alto *(Theme for Sister Salvation, Melody for Melonae,* and *Dolphy's Mandrake* and *245),* and bass clarinet *(Bee Vamp),* though he favours a warmer middle range on both. He's more distinctive on bassoon, an instrument he plays with rich fluency in Sonny Clark's *Nicely.* Waldron, heard here with fewer of his trademark stabbing vamps, builds a pithy solo in the same song from the surprisingly accommodating bones of *Jeepers Creepers Where'd You Get Those Peepers?*

Another refreshing wind blowing from the other side of the Atlantic is **Roberto Ottaviano**. On ***Sotto Il Sole Giaguaro*** *(63:55)* he plays only soprano, which in itself invites a reference to straight-horn specialist Steve Lacy. Fair enough, Ottaviano shares something of the American's cerebral approach to swing, as well as a tone so focused surgical instruments could be calibrated against it, but he hews more to the oboe range.

Working with bassist Piero Leveratto, drummer Ettore Fioravanti and pianist Stefano Battaglia, Ottaviano takes his time with a tune, turning it in his hand like a jeweller in search of new facets. *Slanting Way* and *Our Kind of Wabi* speak in the universal language of the blues, but the airy Impressionism of the first and the mystery of the second, cued by the slow, prowling bass, energize the focus. There's a touch of the muezzin call to the soprano in the title track, some Spanish fire in the piano for *Freaks,* but these are triggers, not tributes. A clever band.

Battaglia is a find. In *Slanting Way* he shows how to be delicate without soppiness. At the other end of the heat scale is his thinking fury in the mad crab shuffle of his own composition *Jar,* where he sounds like nothing so much as a recording of Don Pullen played at 78 rpm.

Klaus Ignatzek Group, led by the German pianist, is likeable, though ***New Surprise*** *(55:48)* is a rather misleading title for a session so in love with the Art Blakey school of the small mobile ensemble. Still, like Tony Williams' recent Blue Note releases, Ignatzek shows there are ways to pay tribute with grace.

The mellow *Pig's Blues* and the unapologetically pretty balladry of *Charming Eyes* pay proof to that, while New Surprise itself recalls the sanctified wallop of those Blakey testimo-

nials. Trumpeter Claudio Roditi and tenorist Tim Armacosi strike some sparks, and bassist Paulo Cardoso and drummer Marion Gonzi have their moments.

For the moment, however, it's best to file the band in the 'Ones to Watch' folder.

Since 1977, the **European Jazz Ensemble** has been a moving argument for affinity over political borders, a point that German leader and bassist **Ali Hourand** admits has "seemed to be quite interesting for the public as well as the agents." The music in ***European Jazz Ensemble at the Philharmonic Cologne*** *(66:36)* is more than interesting in its own right, and with exposure could pull the punters even without the current political relevance.

An 11-piece band that includes familiar names such as Manfred Schoof and Enrico Rava in the trumpet section, Gerd Dudek and Stan Sulzmann in the reeds and guitarist Philip Catherine, the **EJE** matches its little-big-band punch with a sardonic, episodic drama rather like the Vienna Art Orchestra, only with a stronger affiliation with commercial palatability. Every so often one or more of the players will itch for a little outside action, but everything always returns to swinging unanimity, which is no loss when the **EJE** does it so well.

Boring it isn't. Hourand appreciates the impact of relative density, and frequently subdivides the band into smaller cells of creativity - a duet for trumpet and guitar to start *Past Time,* a military tattoo from drummer Tony Levin to open *Aspire,* Hourand's bass quietude in his own *Three or Four or More* - before marshalling the tout ensemble power. Catherine's smooth or spiky blues transformations are trenchant and motivating, and singer Uschi Bruning is as good as several depth charges. Her tangle with Ernst Ludwig Petrowsky's clarinet in *Three or Four or More* is a knotty delight.

The best duets match two halves of the same heartbeat. ***Impressions of Paris*** *(55:14)* matches guitarist **Philippe Petit** with bassist **Miroslav Vitous,** and though the guitarist gets the feature billing, Petit graciously credits the Czech for the personal improvisations within his own themes. That's more than politeness.

Petit is the sort of guitarist for whom "tasty" was coined. Playing mainly with a semi-acoustic instrument, he works with a coolness that could never be mistaken for emotional distance, whether he's digging into the fast bossa of *Swing 89* or the aquamarine-coloured swing of *On Manhasset Avenue,* or the spooky *Sagittarius Meeting*. Here and there are hints of Django Reinhardt, but interestingly they're of the gypsy in a classical turn of mind.

Vitous shadows him tighter than a repo man. The signature arco slicing puts an edge on *Swing 89,* but his part of the interplay tends to be more subtle, and sometimes telepathic.

As a bonus, some of Petit's original scores are transcribed in the CD booklet; nice touch, that.

A guitarist of a decidedly different bent is Germany's **Hans Reichel**, who applies his astounding technique to a trio of prepared guitars (one electric, two acoustic, all detailed in the CD liner notes) for ***Coco Bolo Nights*** *(73:12),* 73 minutes of inarguable if alien beauty.

It seems to be a fascination of forward-thinking fretpeople to make their guitars sound like a pure sound source, with only tangential reference to the basics of strings and fingerboards. Like Derek Bailey, Fred Frith, Canada's Tim Brady and a few of rock's iconoclasts (say, Phil Manzanera or Can's Michael Karoli), Reichel is a transformer; like those fellow players at their best, he creates music of such imagination that the technique, far from calling attention to itself, is secondary to the music produced.

Conjuring acts abound in these live improvisations. Repeated listenings invoked a decaying calliope, a sitar sounding inside a steel drum, an amplified Slinky, monkey cries, and John Fahey playing on Mars, to name only a few impressions. *Locusts Looking Like Men* is a pocket encyclopedia of his fantastic abilities, from the intimations of tabla and double bass to the ringing, bell-like overtones; amazing to think this was done in one take.

Derek Bailey himself figures in ***Once*** *(70:02),* an issue from that floating academy of spontaneity known as **Company**. This London session from 1987 situates the guitarist among the transient cast of Richard Teitelbaum (keyboard), Carlos Zingaro (violin), Tristan Honsinger (cello), Barre Phillips (bass), Steve Noble (percussion, bugle, etc.) and, making one of his more outside turns, Lee Konitz, who in addition to alto blows a bit of soprano and even takes a quick run at the traps.

Such improvisational events are always informed by the mood of the moment, and evidently these six days of May spurred a ruminative mood. The Noble/Phillips duo shakes some aggressive action - Noble, indeed, is almost pugnacious at times - but for the most part these are quieter, chin-in-collar collectives.

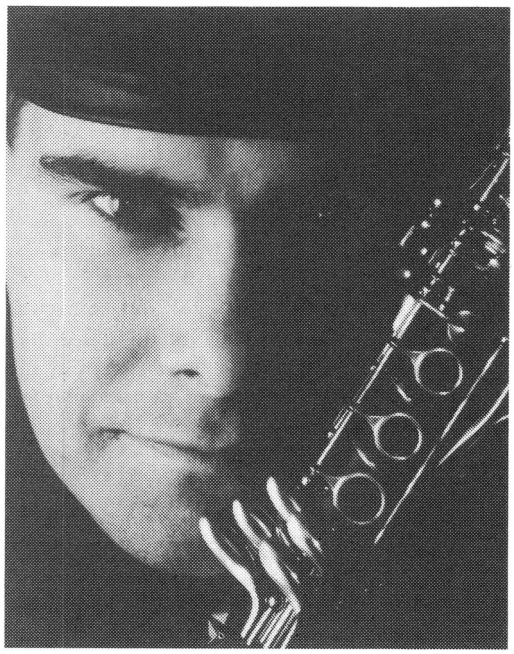
Konitz often takes the lead. The temperature of the opening *Sextet* rises on the thermals of his dry-toned but searching alto. He describes muted ziggurats about Bailey's banjo-like chording in *Trio 1,* and heads the charge in the closing quartet. Hot-bloodedness has never been his style, but these tracks find him pumping some feeling into what would otherwise have been an interesting but rather dry gathering.

There's no such worry about dryness in ***Réservé*** *(74:45),* a long, free set by **Peter Brotzmann** (bass, tenor and alto saxes, bass clarinet) and **Gunter Somer** (drums, etc.), with a guest appearance by **Barre Phillips**. Not to put too fine a point upon it, this one scared the bejesus out of me.

Doubtless, the ferocious German reedman is used to that reaction (if memory serves, one British scribe opined, "I wouldn't want to meet him in the Black Forest."). Still, Brotzmann rarely gives quarter in the long workouts of the title track *(31:05)* and *On Walked Beep (35:02)*. He's almost always in attack mode, whinnying in the high range on tenor, sundering the earth with his darker horns - hang on, Peter's just swallowed a duck! The set-closing *Joya de Nicaragua (8:35)* is light relief by comparison, and finds Brotzmann generating multiphonics on soprano over what appears to be a prerecorded theme on accordion.

Each to his own. Cowering in a corner, I heard more to like in Sommer's quieter details, like the little two-note melody on tubular bells in the title track and his rattling of little drums later in the same piece. □

REVIEWS BY RANDAL MCILROY



FRANÇOIS HOULE

Interview & Photography
By Laurence M. Svirchev

OUT OF NOWHERE, THE NAME FRANÇOIS HOULE IS POPPING UP in jazz journals and on the programmes of festivals. Houle's tribute to the great Black American clarinetist and composer John Carter opened the 1992 du Maurier International Jazz festival in Vancouver, and set a standard of musicality that few met or surpassed during the ten day event. Houle is headlining a New Music Across America gig in Vancouver this October as well as playing the prestigious Festival International de Musique Actuelle de Victoriaville, Quebec.

FRANÇOIS HOULE IS A NEW FORCE ON THE IMPROVISING MUSIC SCENE AND *CODA* FEELS IT IMPORTANT TO PRESENT HIM TO ITS READERS. WHAT FOLLOWS IS THE RESULT OF SEVERAL MONTHS WORKING CLOSELY WITH MR. HOULE.

François Houle's career until three years ago was in classical music. He graduated from Yale University with a masters degree in performance. "I studied with Keith Wilson," Houle says. "He was unusual for a classical teacher because he was always encouraging me to seek my own thing in the way I played. That was good for me because I had always been looking for a different way of interpreting the repertoire. The more I was tempted to follow his advice, the more I began to realize that the restrictive requirements imposed on the classical musician impaired my own freedom of expression. If I wanted to get a job in a orchestra, it implied a codified approach to playing the music."

Dissatisfied with performance requirements, and unsure of what direction to take, he quit performing for a year and undertook musicological studies.

The resolution to Houle's problem came during a research project in Europe to study the history of old instruments. In Paris on nights off, he started going to the Cafe L'Eustache across from the St. Eustache Cathedral to hear jazz, and it provoked his curiosity towards improvised music. "A friend suggested I listen to Steve Lacy", he says. "I bought *Paris Blues*, a duo album by Lacy and Gil Evans. I was stunned. It was the only album I listened to for the rest of my six month stay in Europe."

He decided to investigate the jazz repertoire, working his way back from Lacy to Coltrane, then Parker, and even further back to Jelly Roll Morton. He moved to Vancouver, purchased a soprano sax and went into an intense period of woodshedding. He checked out the jazz scene by going to the old *Classical Joint*, the *grunt gallery* and the *Glass Slipper* when it only had one show a week. "I met a few musicians around town," he says, "but was reluctant to play with them because I didn't know the music. I was trying to learn, doing a lot of listening. After about a year I started writing tunes, working with Claude Ranger on my charts, and practising my two horns. From there I got progressively involved in the Vancouver scene.

François Houle formed his band *Et Cetera* and in June 1992 issued a CD on Songlines Recordings, *Hacienda: Live at the Glass Slipper*. The title suite *Hacienda* is a mysterioso mood piece with shifting textures and tempi starting with dark sounds from the didgeridoo and Houle's clarinet. When asked about the tune, Houle uses the following allegory to describe the form and content of the piece: "I was living on the west side. The old buildings there have names on the brickwork, like "Steele Mansion" or "Whatever Manor." I walked by one that read "Hacienda".

"I liked the name and started thinking about what it meant. Hacienda is Spanish for house. A house is a cultural icon; you can think of it spiritually like the House Above as in the tarot, or the house of higher spirits and things like that. You can take it that way in the music if you are so inclined. I prefer to visualize this house in an animation setting, a big house with a party happening. All of a sudden the house takes off and goes for a joy ride. The house doesn't go on a road, but goes around

on landscape, prairies, mountains, lakes, rivers. And while it's moving across the landscape, the house itself changes shape. The people inside the house are still having their party. They don't know where the house is going and how it's changing shape; or maybe they do know, but it doesn't surprise them.

"The music goes through different grooves, each solo telling a different story. There's constant relentless movement, building up, building up, and then quiet. Then the process repeats, but each time it builds up, there's something more. The energy builds until the house explodes.

"The energy emanating from music can trigger something in your brain, bringing out sub-conscious images. If that's what music does, then you 're accomplishing something because the language is strong enough to convey an emotional response. If those images don't result from the music I usually rework the tune because it's fallen short of where I want it to be."

Four months after *Hacienda* was cut, Houle presented his tribute to clarinetist John Carter, who died on March 31st 1991. Houle had been fascinated with Carter's work not only because modern improvising clarinetists are so rare, but also because of the strength of Carter's writing. He had the idea of performing Carter's music and quickly gained support for the project from Ken Pickering, artistic director of the du Maurier International Jazz Festival.

Over the course of the winter, Houle put together his ideas, transcribing tunes from Carter albums culled from Pickering's collection. Vinny Golia, who had worked with Carter, sent a chart of a never-recorded piece called *Three Dances In The Vernacular.* The concert presented *Three Dances, Karen On Monday, Sticks And Stones,* and a medley from the *Fields Suite: Bootyreba At The Big House, Juba's Run,* and the introduction to *Ballad For Po' Ben.*

He took the clarinet chair and brought in Vinny Golia to play the other reeds that Carter used in his instrumentation. Rob Blakeslee from Portland, ●regon, was his choice for the trumpet part. The rest of the band was composed of Vancouver musicians Dylan van der Schyff, drums; Tony Wilson, guitar; Joe Williamson, bass; and Jason Liebert, trombone.

"The challenge of the tribute was threefold," said Houle. "First was to have a band that could play the material with a minimum of rehearsal and to have guys who had played together before, and that was solved easily by using the *Et Cetera* rhythm section.

"Second was having the charts ready so it was crystal clear what would happen on stage. There couldn't be any question of where the music was going: everyone had to feel comfortable, not having to worry about weird cues. At the same time everyone had to feel we could open and blow. The third aspect was not to be intimidated by the material, to think of playing the tunes as if they were our own in order to bring them to life."

The distinguishing mark of a Houle project is the intensity with which he attacks the compositional process. He spends months preparing the structure of the music, the cues marking transitions between thematic and solo statements, and the order and duration of solos. The resulting clarity of structure allows musicians to flavour the music according to their own style without losing the overall context. Solos remain succinct and freedom reigns within the structure.

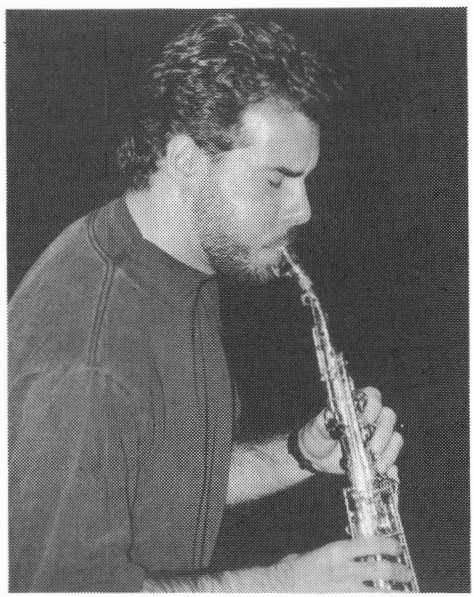
The Carter project was no exception, but there were some surprises in store for him as he tackled Carter's music. Houle explains: "Within *Et Cetera* we had always been working with what is called mobile forms, a process of composition pioneered by Earle Brown from the contemporary music New York School of the 50's. John Carter worked with "free lines" within an established form where the melody moves independently from the basic pulse of the piece. I took Carter's concept of free line and applied it within the concept of mobile form. I set up different stylistic things by juxtaposing different material to create kaleidoscopic effects. When I paid attention to what Carter was doing, I heard a lot of affinities between his work and mine.

"It was a revelation because I was making an assumption that I was coming up with something very different. Then I realized other people had been doing these things. What I was trying to do came out of recordings I had listened to while growing up. You can hear them in Jelly Roll Morton and Johnny Dodds. The clarinetists in the old days did a lot of creative things that are forgotten, ignored, or have just not been explored.

"So I didn't want to repeat something assuming that I was writing something new. There is nothing wrong with assimilating that material, but it has to be used at the right time and place. It also made me realize that I would have to come up with things of my own. The realization also gave me some short-cuts in the compositional process."

THE FRANÇOIS HOULE INTERVIEW

Vancouver is becoming increasingly known as the place where critical listening is going on. Audiences are sophisticated and open to innovation. Blasé sets by name-performers are received in a lukewarm fashion. But audience reaction to the John Carter tribute was intense. Carter's music is not well known and the listeners may have been a bit puzzled at first; by the middle of the concert, the audience was wide-open receptive. At the last note there was sustained applause.



Houle says "When we hit the stage, I want people to know we mean business. I want to grab people's attention right from the first note. That has a lot to do with the demeanour of the musicians, how you walk on stage, how you present yourself, how you get to use the microphone, and how you get ready to play your first note.

"There's nothing I detest more in a concert setting than musicians walking on stage to welcoming applause only to take five minutes to tune their instruments. It puts a damper on the energy from the audience. When I walk out there and hear people applauding, I want to *hit* right away, acknowledge the fact that 'We're here and it's time to play!' In a way it's a theatrical thing, a visual performance as well as an audio performance. If people want just audio, they can buy CDs. I'm not saying you need glitzy clothing; I'm saying you have to show people you're there to play."

It has taken three years for Houle to transit from classical to improvisational music. The change is not complete. Houle says: "I decided I was going to make an attempt to discard the kind of music I studied for the last 15 or 20 years and move on to a new language. That is something that required an incredible amount of courage on my part. I tried to do that for a year or two, working my way through Charlie Parker and Gil Evans or whoever. But then I realized that I could not really ignore all that training and knowledge from my past. It kept sneaking into my improvisations, catching me by surprise. I've had to come to terms with that.

"I've had to figure a way of using my classical training in an improvisational setting. The more I do that, the more I am able to open up my palette of sounds."

Resolving the personal contradictions between his past and present musical strivings may put Houle on the crest of new directions in the improvisational world. He is familiar with the classical vocabulary, the idiom of American jazz, and the world of contemporary music.

Houle says, "The whole electroacoustical thing forces performers of traditional instruments like the clarinet to redefine their instruments and figure out a way to play an acoustical instrument with an electroacoustical mind. By using extended techniques, circular breathing and multiphonics, we sort of accomplish that. That would not have happened twenty years ago when synthesizers were just oscillators creating sound waves. Now synthesizers generate an incredible complexity of sound. It is a challenge to re-create those sounds on an acoustical instrument.

"Take someone like Lisle Ellis who has explored the bass. The whole sound palette of the bass is much wider than plucking strings or using a bow. He makes sound on the acoustic bass that sounds electronic. Sometimes he sounds like he is using three different instruments. I'm trying to develop something like that on the clarinet. Figure out a way of giving the impression there are two clarinetists in the room. Then there are more ideas and resources to draw from. Contemporary music brings things like that to the improviser.

"But I don't consider myself an avant-garde musician or composer. I'm just trying to keep up with what is going on and absorb it with an open mind, to be as honest as I can when I perform. I can never tell in advance what is going to come out next. Sometimes when I play, what comes out is a surprise to me. The music is ever-elusive, ever-changing. The moment. We always talk about reaching that higher level in music. We get a glimpse of it now and then. I strive to get to that state as often as possible." □

THE RECORDING

Hacienda: Live At The Glass Slipper, on the Songlines label, is distributed by Festival Records; it can be ordered direct from Songlines PO Box 33977 Station D Vancouver BC V6J 4L7 Canada. The other musicians are Tony Wilson, guitar; Brad Muirhead, bass trombone; Ian McIntosh, tuba; Saul Berson, woodwinds; Joe Williamson, bass; Dylan van der Schyffe, drums.

THE WRITER

Laurence M. Svirchev is West Coast correspondent for Coda. An industrial hygienist by training, he is also a photographer. His latest project was a year and a half sojourn researching the history of Montana dental floss tycoons.

PIANO JAZZ

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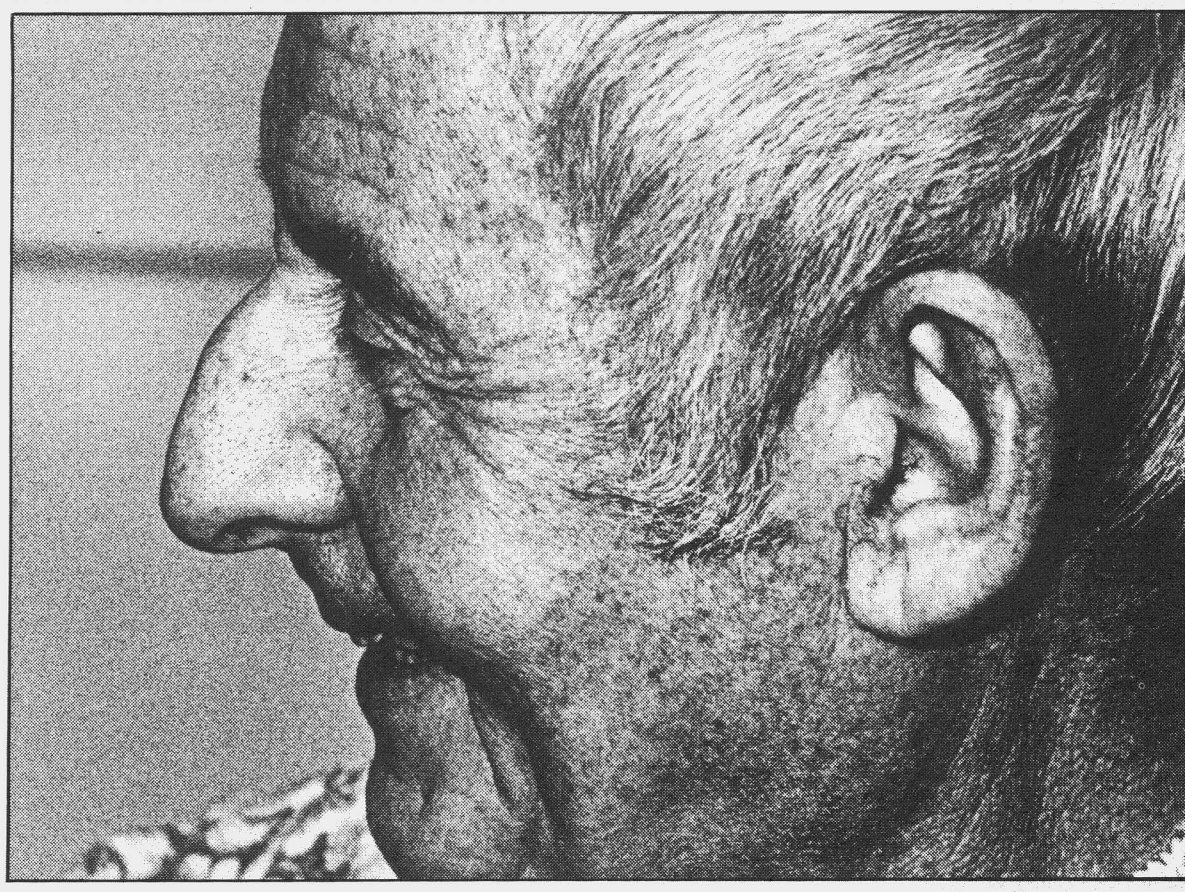
Sal Mosca • **A Concert** • Jazz Records JR-8CD
Andre Previn • **Uptown** • Telarc 83303
Ronnie Mathews • **Selena's Dance** • Timeless CD 304
Roy Meriwether • **Opening Night I and II** • Gemini 001
Connie Crothers • **Concert at Cooper Union** • New Artists 1002

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI PHOTOGRAPH BY WALT GOWER



A REVIEW OF CDS, WITH MUSIC SHAPED AND HONED AT THE KEYBOARD AND COVERING such a wide range of stylistic techniques, should begin, it seems to me, with those most closely associated with that period, when roots were being solidly entrenched and legends were already in the making. What better beginning than with Sackville's recent release of **Jay McShann's *Swingmatism*** (Sackville CD 2-3046), an hour's worth of that legendary pianist's fresh interpretations of Ellington, Gillespie, and Shearing (among others), tinged with inherent traces of a rich Kansas City past and the blues.

Despite the fact that he was in his early 70s at the time of this session (1982), McShann is hardly "fixed in time". He brings fresh and buoyant perspectives to such Ellington standards as *The Mooche* and *Jeep Is Jumpin'*, treating *All Too Soon* to a gorgeously sensitive rendition, yet riddling *Just A Sittin' And A Rockin'* with Basie-like comping. With *Lullaby of Birdland*, it's as though Shearing plays the blues, while his punctuated rhythms on *Evenin'* nostalgically recall Jimmy Rushing's gravel-throated bruising of the lyrics on that 1936 Basie-led Decca session (a 78 disc I wore out long ago). Gillespie's *Night In Tunisia* is given a characteristic Latin flavour; the title tune, an original he first put on record in 1941 (with Charlie Parker in the orchestra), lives up to its name. Throughout, his approach to each number has been carefully considered. The accompaniment of bassist Don Thompson and drummer Archie Alleyne, two veteran musicians who have supported many of the best who have appeared at Toronto's jazz venues over the years, is impeccable. It took 8 years to bring about the release of this material. It was well worth the waiting.

One legend deserves another. But what a stark contrast in style! Contemporary with McShann, **Stephane Grappelli** fashioned his niche in jazz history not only in a different milieu but also on a different instrument from what we hear on this CD (CBS MK 46257); hence, the album's title, ***My Other Love*** (i.e. the piano). He plays here with that same elegance and sculptured phrasing that his violin brought to those classic recordings with the Quintette du Hot Club de France, he and Django improvising above and around the rhythmic base set by the likes of Louis Vola, Joseph Reinhardt or Roger Chaput. With a Tatum-like embellishment, he ranges over the entire keyboard spectrum, always alert to the possibilities of harmonic and melodic inventiveness. On standards *(A Cottage For Sale, Satin Doll, Tea for Two)*, he plays with the lyrics at his fingertips, infusing little "Tatum runs" into the melodies. Those with stronger rhythm demands *(Ain't Misbehavin', Two Sleepy People)* don't, in my opinion, work as well (e.g. his simulated "stride" closing on the former); however, his originals, perhaps more intimate and personal in nature *(Jacqueline, Stephane's Blues for Abby, Ballade)*, are beautifully and sensitively captured. A future album of his own compositions would be a delight. Nevertheless, this is a bubbly, joyous array of tunes styled by a master musician obviously enjoying this opportunity to publicly break new ground.

Dorothy Donegan is not included in many jazz discographies (Jepsen dismisses her recordings as "belonging to the fringe of jazz"), and most critics and reviewers seem to have ignored her over the years (a recording artist since 1942). Perhaps they haven't heard her play recently. Listening to the opening cut, *Lover*, on this 1986 live, Zurich-based CD ***Live At The Widder Bar*** (Timeless: SJP 247), one can only marvel at these oversights. This session certainly supports the liner notes that her style is "strong, muscular, uninhibited, facile with a swinging beat, full of energy... "; she draws casually, effortlessly upon Tatum or Garner, among others, when the playful mood strikes her. Her audience appeal is apparent here, and with bassist Jimmy Woode and drummer Norman Fearrington, she turns out for her responsive listeners a host of standards (many in medley format) vastly varied in mood and technique. She can tickle the ivories with a rolling, funky blues *(All Blue)*, a boogie phrase now and then *(Perdido/ In the Mood)*, a hard-driving stride rhythm, a bundle of arpeggios *(Tea for Two, Autumn In New York)*, or sudden descents to the sublime *(Mood Indigo, Here's That Rainy Day)* that must make mouths open and jaws drop. Even a classical touch *(*from *Warsaw Concerto)* is not ignored. She appeared with Phil Woods at the 1988 Montreal jazz festival and "knocked 'em dead", as the saying goes. I can't think of a more surprising and entertaining disc that I've heard this year. Its only shortcoming is a somewhat erratic sound balance which, at times, overplays the rhythm section at the pianist's expense.

Richard Twardzik's *1954 Improvisations* (New Artists: NA 1006), with its home recording on a dim acetate as well as an untuned piano for the first six of twelve numbers, is still a rare and significant find indeed. Digitally remastered, it makes the best of serious drawbacks. Twardzik, who lived only from 1931 to 1955, made very few recordings. A promising star, extinguished too soon by a self-inflicted drug overdose, he left us with a scant 23 sides cut with Charlie Mariano (1951/ 1953), Serge Chaloff (1954) and Chet Baker (1955), in addition to one (1951) number with Bird, and an impossible-to-get 1954 trio album under his own name; hence, these additional 12 performances, in any form, are treasures. One begins to overlook the horrendously out-of-tune piano on numbers such as *Warming Up* or *Round Midnight*, so engrossed is Twardzik in his struggles to make them right despite the obstacles; and when the mechanical difficulties are finally overcome, the results are memorable. The final eight minute *I'll Remember April* is, of itself, worth the price of the CD. An ingenious harmonic sense coupled with a strong bop sensibility in the school of Lennie Tristano or Bud Powell make this a must for anyone interested in that explorative period of jazz.

The cool, almost dispassionate sounds of pianist Lennie Tristano had a marked influence on some of those musicians who were helping to shape the new directions of jazz in the late 40s and early 50s. If nothing else, a gravitation towards a greater sense of improvisational unpredictability and economy of statement were fostered by his performance and principles. Among others, one of his early disciples was **Sal Mosca**, whose 1979 concert in NYC is preserved and now released as ***A Concert*** (Jazz Records JR-8CD). This concert (before an enthusiastic audience), funded by the Lennie Tristano Jazz Foundation and dedicated to him, affords us the opportunity to hear a pianist who has been, I believe, greatly undervalued for his own originality and virtuosity. Fourteen of the seventeen numbers are his own creations, and, despite the obvious Tristano influences - a melodic sparseness, the uninflected tonality, the lack of emotional coloration which imparts to the compositions a quality of "etudes" rather than romantic "ballades", there is a playfulness, a strong element of surprise, and a unique rhythmic impulse in his performances. For example, *Give A Rag A Ride* seems deliberately to pervert the anticipated rhythm; *Bits of Wits* and *Fine Fettle* offer brief flashes from familiar standards soon absorbed into uncharted improvisational progressions; Ellington's *Prelude To A Kiss* is given a half-speed Tatum treatment. Yet, Mosca's *A Family Song* is both melodic and warm. I highly recommend this CD both to those unfamiliar with this performer as well as to those who cherish the Tristano school of jazz.

Since his return to the jazz scene in 1989, **Andre Previn** appears to have lost none of his fervour for *that* brand of music. As Mel

Powell, distinguished composer and performer, concludes in his liner notes to this recent CD ***Uptown*** (Telarc 83303), "You can count on pleasures aplenty." Such was the case with Previn's prolific recording period during the late 40s and 50s for Victor and Contemporary with the likes of Red Mitchell and Shelly Manne, a repertoire chiefly of popular songs, show tunes, and jazz standards. On this CD, he reverts to his earlier format of bass and guitar accompaniment (Ray Brown / Mundell Lowe), and proves, once again, that he is still the melodic improviser, with a selection of Harold Arlen compositions and Ellington showpieces ranging in mood from cool to warm. His style is always fluid, gently free, tempered at times by hints of Nat Cole, Garner or Tristano. Most noteworthy are *Stormy Weather,* beautifully introduced and imaginatively interpreted; a rolling, animated *Good Queen Bess;* a swinging exposition over a sturdy rhythmic base to *Five O'Clock Whistle;* a relaxed yet playful rendition of a *Daydream / Prelude to a Kiss* medley, the latter in stark contrast to Sal Mosca's 1979 concert presentation of it. It's good to have this gifted lyricist, whose musical career has been so vastly diverse and rewarding, reunited with an art form that might conceivably be deemed his "first love".

Brooklyn-born **Ronnie Mathews** has had a long and distinguished career, beginning (on record in 1960) with drummer Charlie Persip, and, over the years, in conjunction with a host of prominent reedmen (Clifford Jordan, Sonny Stitt, Junior Cook, Dexter Gordon, Frank Foster, Johnny Griffin), trumpet players (Bill Hardman, Freddie Hubbard, Woody Shaw) and drummers (Art Blakey, Roy Haynes, Max Roach). It was, initially, pianist-composer Hall Overton who first drew him towards musical rather than medical pursuits, and the influences of Art Tatum and Horace Silver played their parts as well. With such credentials, in addition to widespread exposure throughout the States and on the continent, one would expect this performer to be high on the jazz listener's priority list. Moreover, this 1988 release ***Selena's Dance*** (Timeless-CD 304), recorded in Holland, offers us a varied sampling of the facility and inventiveness which he can bring to a keyboard: a strong, two-fisted attack *(Blue Bossa),* the supplanting of an unexpected bossa beat to a normally slow-paced romantic ballad *(My Funny Valentine),* or suddenly imposed tempo or chordal shifts that afford immediate fresh perspectives for the listener *(In A Sentimental Mood, Selena's Dance).* Whether the name Ronnie Mathews is new to you or not, this CD, a trio session with bassist Stafford James and drummer Tony Reedus, is a good place to start; then you will want to work your way back in time to those earlier discs you may have missed, or wish to hear again.

DOROTHY DONEGAN PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY THOMSON

The final CDs in this review, **Roy Meriwether's *Opening Night I and II*** (Gemini 001) and **Connie Crother's *Concert at Cooper Union*** (New Artists 1002) offer the listener a study in contrasts, reflecting, in their own unique ways, two of the many strong individualistic approaches to jazz that coexisted during the 80s.

Meriwether's performance (actually 2 separate concerts from Indiana) presents a cross-section of compositions which feature him in those roles which, perhaps, best foster his strength of appeal, as a relatively swinging blues-oriented jazz pianist *(Seven Steps to Heaven),* as a proponent of the soul / blues / funk school of jazz *(After Hours, Sexual Healing, Sweet Sixteen Bars, St. James' Infirmary),* as a purveyor of popular tunes *(Where Is Love, Lady, Endless Love).* If audience response is any measure of his greatest appeal, it shows strongly in favour of the second category where his playing is most dramatic and heavily accented, reminiscent at times, perhaps, of Gene Harris or Ray Bryant. Throughout, he employs the full range of the keyboard, even occasionally brushing the strings of the piano to add a cool, shimmering crystalline mood to such ballads as *Where Is Love* and *Lady,* or infusing a Gershwin melody *(Summertime)* first with a slow, sensuous treatment, then with bouncy Latin rhythms. One senses that he is a pianist in transition, "testing the waters" here in order to determine which of many paths he will ultimately take on the road to success.

Connie Crother's 1984 solo concert, is a totally different experience. From the opening piece, *Carol's Dream,* dedicated to Carol Tristano, the pianist's powerful two-handed style, percussive and explorative, is evident. In her treatment of standards, initial melodic lines are soon dispersed in heavy chordal patterning *(All The Things You Are),* in fragments of melody *(You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To),* or into a Cecil Taylor otherworldliness *(What Is This Thing Called Love).* Yet with the Rodgers-Hart *I Didn't Know What Time It Was,* her sudden descent to a crystal-toned delicacy permits the lyrical aspects to blossom with awe-inspiring beauty. Her closing *Trilogy* is a study in mood shifts, ranging from deep foreboding to a spirited explosion of joy. There is a deliberate perversity, a controlled angularity, an intellectual intensity about everything she plays; if she swings, it's to her own inner sense of rhythm. All this can both challenge and fascinate the listener. It takes us a long way from a McShann or a Grappelli. But then jazz isn't a traveller with the past strapped firmly to its back. It seeks new vistas, new means of expressing its response to such changes. That's what makes it so interesting and rewarding. □

Jazz Video Update • By Scott Yanow

New Orleans - Til The Butcher Cuts Him Down • Jackie McLean On Mars
John Carter and Bobby Bradford - The New Music • Jazz In Exile
Sonny Rollins In Concert • L.A. All Stars • Zoot Sims Quartet
Diane Schuur & The Count Basie Orchestra • Chick Corea Akoustic Band's Alive

New Orleans • Til The Butcher Cuts Him Down *(53 minutes, 1971)* deals with the New Orleans jazz scene of the early 1970s in general and specifically trumpeter Punch Miller. Narrator William Russell sets the stage by saying, "In the old days in New Orleans, musicians were kings. Those who remain are old and their days are numbered. With them is passing the first chapter of American jazz." This oddly edited film takes awhile to settle on its subject, putting in scenes of the Olympia Brass band playing at a funeral (focusing on the second line dancers) and of the Algiers Stompers performing at Preservation Hall; unfortunately the musicians are rarely identified. The most poignant moments of this film are when it deals with the legendary Punch Miller, a veteran of the 1920s who had returned to New Orleans from Chicago in 1957, broke and nearly forgotten. Preservation Hall gave him more steady employment and helped him have a modest comeback. By 1971, though, Miller was quite ill. He is seen listening to a few of his records, pointing out himself in old pictures and talking about his rough childhood. Hospitalized during much of the summer, he was released just in time to appear at the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival. Dizzy Gillespie (who is seen briefly playing *When It's Sleepy Time Down South* and rehearsing with Punch), George Wein (concerned about the brassman's health) and a rather ill-looking Kid Ory all make cameo appearances before Punch Miller takes the stage. He talks briefly to the crowd and starts to take a decent solo on *Exactly Like You,* but then the film shifts for no real reason to scenes of Punch in the hospital and a funeral, which kills the continuity of his performance. Back on stage, Miller sings *8, 9 and 10* with Bobby Hackett backing him on cornet and does a fine job vocalizing on a medley of *You Can Depend On Me* and *That's My Home* although there is very little trumpet from the veteran. He leaves to generous applause and is seen packing up his horn. The closing credits (which return to the funeral dance scene) note that this was his final performance and he died December 3, 1971 while the film was being completed. Although a slight disappointment, this is a memorable document of a New Orleans legend.

Jackie McLean On Mars *(31 min. B&W 1979)* is a definitive if brief portrait of the brilliant altoist. Produced and directed by Ken Lewis, this film evolves logically with McLean's offhand comments and anecdotes often leading to the next scene. A sequence of chronological snapshots and album jackets show McLean's physical evolution through the years from a baby up to the time of the film. During a radio interview when he is asked how it makes him feel to be considered a legend, the saxophone replies: "I feel like an exploited poor musician in 1976." After commenting on how he is happy to be a music professor at the University of Hartford because now he can turn down jobs that in the past he had to take, the scene shifts to the classroom where McLean debates his musical ideas with students. He reveals that it took him six months to learn *Giant Steps* even though he was in jail and studied music all day! A mention of his former drug problems leads to a film clip from 1961 of out takes from ***The Connection.*** There are many interesting stories and comments scattered throughout Jackie McLean On Mars with McLean covering everything from seeing Max Morath on the Captain Kangaroo children's television show (playing Scott Joplin's music without mentioning the composer's name) to his defense of Sun Ra's show-biz trappings. This fascinating film concludes where it started, with McLean practising wild phrases and screaming high notes in the empty apartment.

John Carter and Bobby Bradford • The New Music *(29 minutes, 1980).* Although the late clarinetist John Carter achieved some recognition late in his career due to his five-part ***Roots and Folklore*** series of recordings, he and cornetist Bobby Bradford spent most of their careers in relative obscurity due to their rather advanced music and their decision to settle in Los Angeles. During The New Music, a film by Peter Bull and Alex Gibney, Carter and Bradford are seen at a recording session performing a pair of duets: the melancholy *And She Speaks* and a fiery *Circle.* Bradford's lyricism was always a perfect contrast to Carter's highly explorative style and their playing on these pieces is interdependent of each other. They also answer a few questions with Carter complaining that, "We are educated to believe that the proper music is the so-called classical music," while Bradford admits, "I would foam at the mouth if I could make $18,000 a year just playing, which is just above poverty wages, isn't it?" The New Music, comparable to a one-scene play, is quite successful within its limited scope.

Jazz In Exile *(58 minutes, 1982),* which was directed by Chuck France, covers a wide range of topics, balancing commentary with a generous amount of music and doing an excellent job of summing up many aspects of the jazz scene of the early 80s. Mal Waldron states the main premise: "When I left America, I was thought of as the lowest man on the totem pole because I was a jazz musician... While in Europe it was just the opposite. I was considered to be the top, the best one they could find!" Among the other musicians who are featured verbally in interesting segments are Phil Woods, Dexter Gordon, Steve Lacy, Art Farmer, Richard Davis, Randy Weston, Carla Bley, Lester Bowie, Woody Shaw, Gary Burton, Gato Barbieri and Betty Carter. Many topics are covered from the usual one about how American artists are better appreciated in Europe (which is balanced by Farmer telling how Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughan and Tony Williams were each booed individually off the stage by rude audiences at the Berlin Jazz Festival) and each of the musicians' reasons for leaving the US, to why many of them later decided to return, following Dexter Gordon's example. Phil Woods sums up the second half of the film: "It seemed like a logical challenge to try to make it in my own country . . . Europe no longer presented any challenge." There are many lengthy excerpts from live musical performances including Dexter Gordon's *Gingerbread Boy,* Johnny Griffin playing his ballad *Soft and Furry,* the Art Ensemble of Chicago's colourful *March*

Medley, Art Farmer performing *In A Sentimental Mood,* the duet of Richard Davis and Ben Sidran on *All Blues,* Dexter playing soprano like Coltrane during a version of *Alone Together,* Randy Weston demonstrating how he developed *Hi Fly* out of an African drum rhythm, Phil Woods investigating *Last Night When We Were Young* and Dexter and Griffin trading off on a hot *Red Top*. JAZZ IN EXILE is a particularly rich film, both educational and enjoyable, historical and timely.

The remaining three releases are all straight performance films.

SONNY ROLLINS IN CONCERT *(36 minutes, August 1973)* features the masterful tenor a year after ending a long hiatus from music. With his quintet of the time (guitarist Masuo, pianist Walter Davis Jr., bassist Bob Crenshaw and drummer David Lee), Rollins is in excellent form. The outfits and hair styles of the musicians may have gone out of date more than a decade ago but the music still sounds fresh and frequently exciting. Sonny begins the performance unaccompanied on *There Is No Greater Love,* gives his sidemen a chance to solo (a rough splice skips from a cooking piano solo to a short spot for the drums) and then Rollins takes over, building up a nine-chorus solo to a furious level. On *Don't Stop The Carnival,* Rollins makes a lot out of a little, playing an endless assortment of interesting variations over a four bar pattern. *Alfie,* despite another rough splice (which this time cuts into the guitar solo) is the best all-round performance while *St. Thomas* serves as a brief encore. The muddy sound and occasionally primitive camera work detract a bit but in general SONNY ROLLINS IN CONCERT is excellent.

L.A. ALL-STARS *(28 minutes),* filmed at Memory Lane in Los Angeles, the first of a series titled EURO-FILM PRESENTS JAZZ ON STAGE, has a variety of important performers playing a set sometime in the mid-70s (Neither of these films list their dates). *Memory Lane Blues* features Harry "Sweets" Edison in good form, pianist Hampton Hawes taking a brief solo, some walking bass from Leroy Vinnegar, the much missed altoist Sonny Criss, drummer Bobby Thompson taking a chorus, Hawes and Criss getting second chances to improvise and a loose ending. Big Joe Turner joins the band for two blues *(Feeling Happy and Shake, Rattle & Roll)* and, although it is difficult to understand the words that Turner sings, the latter song is notable for fine solos from Sweets and Criss. Concluding this short set is *Teddy's Blues,* an instrumental that has tenor-saxophonist Teddy Edwards joining the quintet. The solos are strong by the three hornmen and Hampton Hawes even if the ending just sort of happens. The very rare film appearances of Sonny Criss and Hampton Hawes compensate for the occasionally cloudy sound and make this a valuable historical document showcasing jazzmen often taken for granted during their own lifetime.

ZOOT SIMS QUARTET *(28 minutes)* is similar in content. The swinging tenor-saxophonist, joined by pianist Roger Kellaway, bassist Chuck Berghofer and drummer Larry Bunker, is seen at the late lamented Dante's in Los Angeles. The quartet jams on a cooking *Zoot's Piece* (based on *Doxy*), a tender *My Old Flame,* a medium-tempo *On The Trail* and a fast blues called *Motoring Along*. Sims is in typically brilliant form, Kellaway is particularly creative on *Motoring Along* and, although there are a few excessive shots of the audience during the first number, the cameramen wisely let the music tell the story; in fact, Zoot never says a word. Highly recommended and, in its own way, priceless.

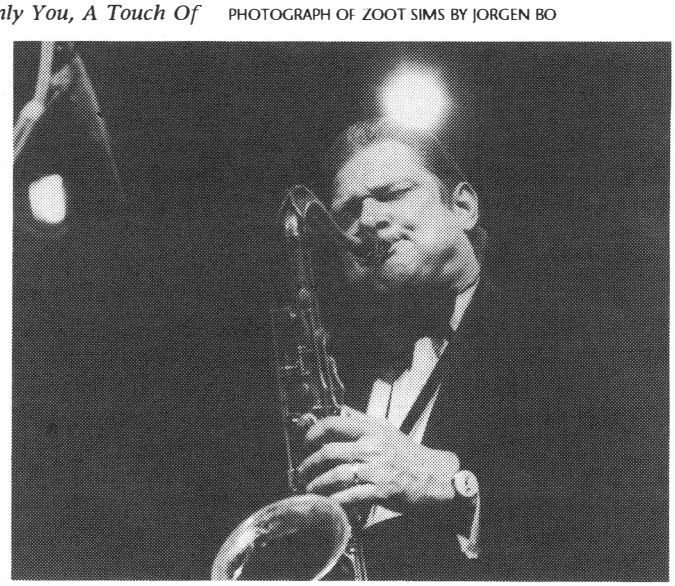
Preceding videos are available from Rhapsody Films, P.O. Box 179, New York, NY 10014, U.S.A.

DIANE SCHUUR & THE COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA *(51 minutes, Feb. 25, 1987)* features the singer in top form on 12 songs *(I Just Found About Love, Until I Met You, Trav'lin' Light, Travelin' Blues, Only You, A Touch Of Your Love, I Loves You Porgy, You Can Have It, We'll Be It Together Again, Everyday I Have The Blues, Climbin' Higher Mountains, Deedle's Blues)* that form a well-rounded program ranging from swingers to intelligent ballads. Due to the material and the strong backing, this is much more jazz-oriented than most of Schuur's recordings. *Until I Met You* and *I Loves You Porgy* were not on the original CD, nor were the two instrumentals, *Splanky* and *Jumpin' at the Woodside,* which are unfortunately partly covered up by opening and closing credits. Incidentally, this film would be rhythm guitarist Freddie Green's final performance for he died four days later, just 18 days short of his 50th anniversary with the Basie orchestra. Although he is prominent throughout this video, needless to say, he doesn't solo.

CHICK COREA AKOUSTIC BAND'S ALIVE *(55 minutes, 1990).* The trio, consisting of Corea's piano, bassist John Patitucci and drummer Dave Weckl, is heard on the same program as on their recent CD although the latter also included an 11 1/2 minute version of *How Deep Is The Ocean.* Corea, who is instantly distinctive from the first note, is inspired on a fiery *On Green Dolphin Street,* both abstract and soulful during a Duke Ellington medley *(Sophisticated Lady, U.M.M.G.),* cooks on his *Humpty Dumpty,* sounds unMonkish on a medley of *Round Midnight* and an eccentric *Hackensack,* and is powerful during his *Morning Sprite.* John Patitucci's virtuosity can be better appreciated on film (or in person) than on record for his quick reactions and close communication with Corea (not to mention his speed) are very impressive. Dave Weckl also fares well on this very enjoyable tape which benefits from the technically superior production qualities. □

These two videos are available from GRP Video, 55 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019, U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH OF ZOOT SIMS BY JORGEN BO



JAZZ LITERATURE

Boy Meets Horn
By Rex Stewart
University Of Michigan Press
1991

Trumpet Story
By Bill Coleman
Northeastern University Press
1991

Waiting For Dizzy
By Gene Lees
Oxford University Press
1991

Trumpeters **Rex Stewart** and **Bill Coleman** were near contemporaries: Stewart was born in 1907; Coleman, in 1904. Both played in the big bands that were a part of the jazz scene in the late twenties and early thirties; both spent a good deal of their careers in Europe. Their autobiographies, reviewed here, are being published in the English speaking world many years after their deaths: Stewart's, because it was still incomplete when he died; Coleman's, because it appeared first in French, the language of his adopted country.

Al Grey
Photograph By
Gerard Futrick

Neither player was one of the great players of jazz. Stewart is perhaps best known for the fact that he introduced half-valving as part of his idiom. For me, at least, recordings in which he exploited this technique, such as *Trumpet in Spades* with Ellington, obscured at first what a remarkable player he was. One measure of any player's power can be the number of truly memorable performances he has left us; and, for me again, Stewart has left quite a few that I go back to: the incomparable *Finesse* with Django Reinhardt; *Fat Stuff Serenade*; and Ellington's *Morning Glory*.

Rex Stewart's autobiography takes us only from his birth up to 1948, during which time he played with Fletcher Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers and with Duke Ellington from 1934 (when he replaced Freddy Jenkins) to 1943. Stewart gained a reputation as one of the few jazz players who could also write about jazz. He contributed articles to ***Down Beat*** and other periodicals during the 1960s; and some of these were brought together to make his book ***Jazz Masters of the Thirties***. The expectation is therefore that his autobiography would be a work by someone who knew how to write such a book, and that it would give us valuable new information and insights concerning the bands with which he played. In fact, the book has a major constructional flaw: instead of narrative or analysis concerning Stewart's experience with the big bands, we get somewhat rambling reflections. Over a third of the chapter *The Duke and his Men* is taken up by reflections on Jelly Roll Morton, with whom he compares Ellington; and there is very little factual narrative concerning the years with Ellington, which were musically the great years of Stewart's career. In addition, many of the anecdotes in the book - some of them illuminating the players involved - were told in ***Jazz Masters of the Thirties***. One has the sense that Stewart had previously mined his manuscript to produce the Jazz Masters book, which is a much more readable and informative work. Stewart puts forward the challenging opinion, in his autobiography, that the development of jazz on the East Coast did not depend on the example of the New Orleans players, and was indeed well on its way before the New Orleans influence could reach it. Here he draws on his own youthful and boyhood memories; and, so far as his thesis is concerned, it appears as though he places some of the events that he remembers (such as hearing Coleman Hawkins with Mamie Smith) earlier than they occurred. Nonetheless, this is the part of the book that is most alive and fullest of narrative interest. It gives us a very vivid sense of what it was like to grow up musically in those

REVIEWS BY TREVOR TOLLEY

ragtime years, learning to play in boys' bands, and pictures the vanished sub-culture in which the music developed.

Bill Coleman is a player whose reputation I have never been able to understand. He spent some years in Europe - mainly in France - before World War II; and it is on the recordings that he made then, with Dickie Wells, Django Reinhardt, Stephane Grappelli and others, that his reputation seems to be based. I have almost all these recordings; yet I can remember his playing on none of them. He had a high reputation in England before and after the war; and his now geriatric admirers of those days still carry the torch for him. Coleman's autobiography has the virtues that Stewart's lacks. It is well organised, lucid, full of information that is correct, and the narrative has a steady continuity and does not drift off into obfuscating reflections. It will be a great source for those researching the personnels of bands of the twenties and thirties: Coleman played with Lloyd Scott, Charlie Johnson, Luis Russell and many other leaders; and he gives the membership of almost every band with which he played. Coleman often gives the reasons why people joined or left bands, or why bands started or folded, which is also of great interest. One has the sense that the book was written from a diary; and, while this could account for its accurate factual detail, it also points to the central weakness of the book. Coleman makes the point that the book is what its title says - **Trumpet Story** - and not the story of his personal life. Nonetheless, there is a certain amount of detail that sits inert in the book, quite inconsequential, not pointing before or after. More importantly, one comes to realise, as one reaches the later years when Coleman has finally settled in Europe, that much of the colour and life of the book is supplied by the reader and not the author. As we read the lists of players in the bands of the twenties, or the names of those who hung out on Fifty-Second Street, the narrative is full of colour because we, the jazz readers, know all these people - what they looked like, how they sounded on record. When Coleman lists the players in his bands in Europe - in some German or Swiss group - the names sit lifeless on the page, because the people whom he mentions are not supplied with colour from the reader's memory. Someone who knew nothing about jazz would find Coleman's book very colourless compared with that of the much less well organised Stewart.

Both books give detailed and insightful accounts of how the authors came to play jazz. Coleman did not begin to play trumpet until he was eighteen. Both of them were playing professionally before they could read well or play in every key. Yet neither of them remained musically uneducated. Indeed, Coleman frequently expresses his embarrassment at players who did not understand harmony and other technicalities of music. As with so many jazz players, they were educated by those with whom they played; and both the books are to be valued for the intimate sense they give of how players of their generation grew up musically.

GENE LEES IS A CELEBRATED WRITER ABOUT JAZZ, AND READING WAITING FOR DIZZY ONE CAN UNDERSTAND WHY.

The book is a series of portraits - portraits that are derived with great skill from interviews. In several of the pieces - notably in the one about Hank Jones - Lees is narrator and respondent, setting the scene, providing continuity and letting his subject talk. It all seems to fall out very naturally; but what we get is not desultory but cleverly organised. *Waiting for Dizzy*, the last of the portraits, is a little drama in itself - a group of players at a long session, waiting for Dizzy Gillespie, who is to arrive on the last day. Their sense of what Gillespie means to them and to jazz emerges, as does their sense of themselves and of what they are doing. In *Bix and Bill*, an interview with Bill Challis who did many of the best arrangements for the Goldkette and Whiteman orchestras when Bix Beiderbecke was playing with them, we hear a lot, not only about Beiderbecke and Challis, but about the whole orchestral scene of the day.

Some of the interviews are not up to the standard of these two. The one with Al Grey says a lot about trombone playing and being a jazz trombonist; and the portrait of Spike Robinson, who made a name in early be-bop days in England and then disappeared from view for decades, makes one want to get his records. However, the portrait of Joe Venuti consists mainly of humorous anecdotes about Venuti; while the interviews with Benny Carter and Spiegle Wilcox do not take one into the life of their music. One wonders why Wilcox seems interesting, except that he appears to have been the last of the Goldkette band left playing. He was the straight trombone man; and he spent most of his life in the family coal business.

Carter and Wilcox, as presented by Lees, fit the thesis that runs through the book and is enunciated in the introduction - that jazz musicians "are mostly gentle men and women, sensitive and cultivated and very middle class." After all, his subjects are all old or middle-aged; and those who were alienated or hip or just didn't fit in, like Beiderbecke, Reinhardt, Parker, Powell or Lester Young, it might be argued, never made it to an advanced age. Even Alan Ginsberg turned into a monument of American literature. Lees makes it all sound a little as though Toronto were the spiritual home of jazz: he is heavy on sentiment in the Canadian manner; and, in the Canadian style again, criticises almost nobody in the jazz world. Rudy van Gelder is one of the few, pictured in an anecdote about his objecting to anyone as much as touching his equipment.

One of the few pieces of music adversely criticised by Lees is Ellington's *The Mooche*, which Lees finds objectionable because it pandered to the notion that jazz is a jungle music; though he allows that the record did "things original in the popular music at the time".

Such remarks are almost enough to make one walk away: the Okeh version of *The Mooche*, with Bubber Miley, Baby Cox, Lonnie Johnson. Johnny Hodges and Barney Bigard, is one of Ellington's greatest records and a masterpiece of tone colour. But Gene Lees is clearly happier with the band from 1934 on, when it enters the swing period.

The music of the swing period - and its extension, be-bop - is what Gene Lees is at home with - foot-tapping music. There are no portraits of avant-garde musicians; and, concerning the pre-swing period, his judgements, while often perceptive and well-informed, are not reliable. He gets facts wrong; and lets go by wrong facts enunciated by his subjects, such as Joe Venuti's remark that the first recording he and Lang made was *Doin' Things*. That was the first for Okeh; but their first duet was *Black and Blue Bottom* and *Stringin' the Blues* for Columbia, one side of which was included in the two-album (not three-album) set from Columbia that Lees cites in the paragraph that precedes Venuti's statement. He quotes without correction Lester Phillips' remark that Lester Young "learned Goldkette's *Clementine* because Trumbauer had a solo on it", without observing that there is no saxophone solo on the record (though Trumbauer leads the section).

Lees complains about the stereotyping in jazz writing, but offers his own stereotyping when he comes to praise Robert Parker's "restorations" (as he calls them) of early records: "Listening to jazz of the 1920s has been for many people more a matter of duty than pleasure" is the opening passage of his first piece. Perhaps it was for Lees. He seems to believe that drummers in the twenties were asked to play quietly; whereas, up to the end of 1927, when McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans made a breakthrough, the drummers were not allowed bass drums in the studio for fear of shaking the equipment. Chauncey Morehouse, on Bix's *I'm Comin' Virginia*, discussed by Lees, played a single cymbal, as did many other drummers - a piece of information offered by one of Lees' later subjects, but not fed back into the earlier text. As for scratchy records, I have been listening to new copies of master pressings of records from the twenties since I started collecting in 1942 in England, where they were freely available: Armstrong's *West End Blues* was deleted at the end of the fifties. I even have a near new copy of a master pressing of Hoagy Carmichael's *Walkin' the Dog* made for Champion in 1928, the "restoration" of which Lees makes so much of - also issued as a master pressing in the thirties in England. I can only say that I would rather hear it through modern equipment than suffer the improvements of Robert Parker, whose work reminds one of Flanders and Swan's *High Fidelity Song*: "And at a touch/I can make Caruso sound like Hutch".

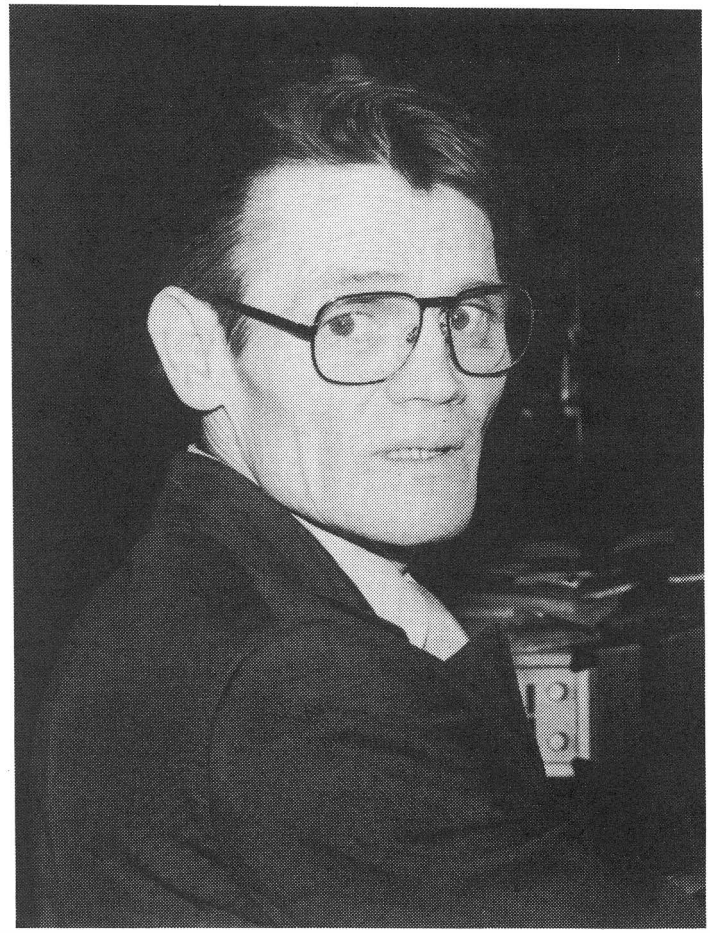
When all is said, however, about the jazz that he loves and the players who made it, Gene Lees is very good. **Waiting for Dizzy** is one of the most deftly turned books on jazz that I have read. It is certainly well worth reading. □

WEST COAST WHAT?

MODERN JAZZ ON THE WEST COAST

Part Four of a Five Part Series

BY JAMES ROZZI



CHET BAKER PHOTOGRAPH BY CECCO MAINO

THE ETHNOCENTRICITY OF THE NEW YORK JAZZ CROWD, ESPECIALLY THE CRITICS, PRESENTED THE GREATEST STUMBLING BLOCK TO THE 1950S WEST COAST SCENE AND PREVENTED THOSE INVOLVED FROM ACHIEVING APPROPRIATE RECOGNITION. HERE IN THE 1990S, THERE IS STILL RHETORIC, DEBATE, AND MORE THAN A FEW SOUR GRAPES. LEROY VINNEGAR, ONE OF THE GREATEST BASSISTS, WHO PERFORMED WITH EVERYONE FROM ART TATUM TO STAN GETZ, REMORSEFULLY SUMS UP THE FRUSTRATIONS OF MANY MUSICIANS WHO CHOSE TO LIVE ON THE WEST COAST IN THE 1950S: "AFTER ALL THAT I'VE DONE, THE WRITERS HAVE NEVER ACCEPTED ME."

AS GERRY MULLIGAN SERVED HIS SIX month narcotics-related prison term which began in June of 1953, Chet Baker carried on at the Haig, playing with regular band members Carson Smith and Larry Bunker. Since the piano had been reinstalled in the club, pianist Russ Freeman eventually joined them, adding his personal, highly developed harmonic and melodic sense to the already rock-solid trio. When Mulligan was released from prison, Baker immediately approached him, asking for a substantial raise if the original quartet was to continue gigging. Of course, Mulligan didn't have it and was naturally taken aback, so one of the greatest front lines in jazz parted ways, performing together again only on rare occasions with less than startling results. Lack of tact aside, perhaps Baker had a right to ask for more money; while Mulligan was absent from the scene, Baker's leader star had risen with a series of successful recordings for Dick Bock's Pacific Jazz label. As an article in the February 1, 1954 issue of **Time** magazine announced, "At the top of the list stands a skinny (5 ft. 9 in., 135 lbs.) 24 year-old ex-army trumpeter named Chet Baker."

Even though Baker had been chosen as a sideman by none other than Charlie Parker for his Spring,1952 West Coast tour, as heard on **Inglewood Jam**/Time Is TI9801, also featuring Sonny Criss (as); Russ Freeman (p); Harry Babison (b); Lawrence Marable (d), and often sat in with established players Al Haig (p), Sonny Criss (as), and Jack Montrose (ts),as heard on **Al Haig Live In Hollywood**/Xanadu FDC 5162, from early 1952, it was Mulligan who really brought Baker to the public's attention with his famous pianoless quartet starting with one particularly sensitive rendition of *My Funny Valentine,* recorded for San Francisco's Fantasy label in September of 1952 (available on **Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker**, Prestige twofer 24016).

Like Mulligan, Russ Freeman was the perfect partner for Baker. With a unique, self-taught style derived from Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk (although void of "knuckle chords"), Freeman was also a fine composer *(Bea's Flat, Summer Sketch, The Wind)* and perhaps as importantly in this situation, proficient at managing the business end of the quartet, which rendered Baker totally inept. Baker was "basically irresponsible," producer Dick Bock later imparted of this bad boy/golden boy of jazz.

As the focus of attention continued to shift from the East to the West Coast, Baker's detached "rebel without a cause" James Dean attitude and striking good looks personified the smoother, more subdued jazz that was now called "West Coast jazz." At one point, Baker even took it one step further. As the August 12, 1953 issue of **Downbeat** claimed, "He is convinced that he is a better singer than a trumpet player," Baker went through a period when he allowed his oft-exuberant horn to take a back seat as he quietly sang love songs, head bowed with hands clasped behind his back.

Baker continued to sing, but whereas his vocals ran the gamut from critical condemnation ("effeminately soft with affected phrasing and bad breathing") to praise (fourth place male vocalist in the 1954 **Downbeat** poll), Chet Baker was undisputedly an outstanding trumpet player, a true stylist who was at his peak while still very young. In 1953, Baker received **Downbeat's** 'New Star' award and by 1954, he took top trumpet,

ART PEPPER
PHOTOGRAPH BY GERARD FUTRICK

beating out both Dizzy and Miles (who is often cited by critics—though not Baker—as Baker's strongest influence) just prior to Miles' "rediscovery" at the Newport Jazz Festival. Only a short while later, in September of 1955, a different Baker—a strung out Baker—left for Europe. There he spent much of his time in years to come, making recordings which often, depending on how high he was...or wasn't, fell short of depicting his true talent.

So for Chet Baker, his time as a Mulligan Quartet sideman (see Part Three of this series), and that with his own quartet featuring Russ Freeman were his best performances, and two collections on the Mosaic label, **The Complete Pacific Jazz Studio Recordings Of The Chet Baker Quartet With Russ Freeman** / MR4-122, and **The Complete Pacific Jazz Live Recordings Of The Chet Baker Quartet With Russ Freeman** / MR4-113 (both available on CD and LP) are comprised of the best Chet Baker sides, period. This is not to say that Baker said it all inside of these few, short years, for the pathos of his later performances is so revealing that it often leaves the listener feeling like a voyeur of sorts (cases in point: the quiescent soloing over the gorgeously orchestrated ballads of **Chet**/Riverside OJCCD-087-2, his encounter with strings on **Chet Baker & Strings**/Columbia JCL 549, or even the more recent **As Time Goes By**/Timeless CD SJP 251/252 and **Cool Cat**/Timeless CD SJP 262, both from December of 1986). However, the Mosaic boxed set recordings, which begin in July of 1953 and end in November of 1956, show Baker at his peak, both instrumentally and vocally. (A single CD of these vocal sides has been released as **Let's Get Lost/Chet Baker Sings**/Pacific Jazz B2-29932; the remainder of Baker's Pacific Jazz vocals, backed by strings, are included along with 13 outstanding 1953 instrumental septet cuts on the recently released **Chet Baker/Grey December** Pacific Jazz 7 97160.) In the Mosaic box, the first Pacific Jazz quartet recordings find Baker and Freeman with Bob Whitlock (b) and Bobby White (d) performing *Isn't It Romantic, The Lamp Is Low, This Time The Dream's On Me* and *Maid Of Mexico*. Various changes in personnel include bassists Carson Smith and Jimmy Bond, and drummers Larry Bunker, Bob Neel, Peter Littman, and Lawrence Marable, staying with either standards such as *Long Ago And Far Away* or excellent Freeman originals. (Four of these quartet sides and one quartet with Pete Jolly on piano, along with nine additional 1954-56 quintet, sextet and septet cuts have been released subsequently on **The Best Of Chet Baker Plays**/Pacific Jazz CDP 7 97161 2.) The final Baker-Freeman studio recording with Leroy Vinnegar (b) and Shelly Manne (d) which produced *Love Nest, Fan Tan, Summer Sketch, An Afternoon At Home, Say When, Lush Life, Amblin'* and *Hugo Hurwhey* is probably the best session, but throughout these several hours of music, there are few dull moments. The strictly instrumental live sides (*Line For Lyons, Lover Man, My Funny Valentine, Stella By Starlight, My Old Flame, Deep Purple, My Little Suede Shoes, Moonlight In Vermont,* etc. on MR4-113) from 1954 concerts at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles are robust and spontaneous, with bass and drums handled by Smith and Neel.

With much emphasis placed on his lyrical side, it has often been overlooked that when he was *on,* Baker, a self-taught player who relied entirely on his ear rather than his intellect, could breathe fire. "When he was right, he was as good as anyone," Freeman said of Baker in an interview with John Tynan, published in **Downbeat**. "That includes Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and all. There were nights when Chet would finish a solo, and I'd be sitting there, and I'd feel: what's the point of trying to play a solo now? He's just said it all."

Unlike Baker, who was a native of Oklahoma and seemingly came out of nowhere, native Angelino alto saxophonist Art Pepper's rise to recognition was not an overnight affair. At a young age, Pepper was known locally for holding his own at sessions with the black musicians on Central Avenue. At seventeen, he was a member of Lee Young's band, and from there played with Benny Carter. Stints with the Kenton band in 1943, 1947 (interrupted by Army duty), and then again in 1950-52 with the Innovations Orchestra as an often-recorded soloist (i.e. Shorty Rogers' composition *Art Pepper* as heard on **Kenton Presents**/Creative World ST-1023 of 1950) brought him his first national recognition. The other major stepping stone was his inclusion in Shorty Rogers' **Modern Sounds** octet of 1951 (see Part Three of this series), where his sublime interpretation of *Over The Rainbow* caught the ears of jazz fans and critics alike. If the **Downbeat** polls are any

indication, Pepper placed second to only Charlie Parker in 1951 and 52.

As seems to be one of his specialties, Don Schlitten of Xanadu Records has managed to procure and release two obscure live recordings, recorded prior to Pepper's first official date as a leader. Featuring Art Pepper (as), Hampton Hawes (p), Joe Mondragon (b), and Larry Bunker (d & vib), **Art Pepper/The Late Show**/Xanadu 117 from February 12, 1951 is a fine blowing session (*Night In Tunisia, Spiked Punch, The Way You Look Tonight, Minor Yours, Suzy The Poodle, Easy Steppin', Chili Pepper, Lamjhp, Everything Happens To Me, Move*), direct from Hollywood's Surf Club. **Shorty Rogers & Art Pepper/Popo**/Xanadu 148 is from December 27, 1951, with Frank Patchen (p), Howard Rumsey (b), and Shelly Manne (d) adding their touch to *Popo, What's New, Lullaby In Rhythm, All The Things You Are, Scrapple From The Apple, Body and Soul, Cherokee, Jive At Five, Tin Tin Deo.*

With a large body of recordings left behind as his offering to a world he struggled to cope with, there has never been a more consistent jazz soloist than Art Pepper. A true natural who learned the theory behind his harmonic excursions after he was an accomplished player, Pepper had a fluid style that made it all look easy at any tempo. His sound is one of the finest ever heard on the instrument, smooth as silk with just enough of an edge to cover the entire spectrum of emotions. Although the ideas literally flowed from his horn, Pepper was the thinking man's alto; he could be simultaneously pensive, often pausing to make music of the silence as well. (Pepper's transcribed solos lend themselves to better reading than the majority of those transcriptions now on the market. A book of Pepper transcriptions, very recently published by Warner Bros, is a welcome enhancement to jazz pedagogy.) Author Gary Giddins sums up in **Riding On A Blue Note** (Oxford University Press/1981) that when considering the "great white bebopper...there is none greater than Art Pepper." When Pepper was on a record date with musicians who were also happening, the results were magic.

For his first official session as leader, Pepper entered the studio on March 4, 1952 with producer Dick Bock (who had been impressed by Pepper at the Surf Club) of Discovery Records. With Hampton Hawes (p), Joe Mondragon (b) and Larry Bunker (d), this quartet recorded three Pepper originals, *Brown Gold, Surf Ride, Holiday Flight* and a standard ballad, *These Foolish Things,* presently issued on **Black California, Vol. 1**/Savoy 2215. In October, Pepper was back in the studio with Russ Freeman (p), Bob Whitlock (b), and Bobby White recording *Chili Pepper* and *Suzy The Poodle* (an oddly-named smoker based on *Back Home In Indiana*). These and six others are included on the two-LP set **Art Pepper/ Discoveries**/Savoy 2217 along with thirteen cuts of some inspired quintet work with Jack Montrose (ts), Claude Williamson (p), Monty Budwig (b) and Larry Bunker (d), recorded in August of 1954 (the CD format, **Art Pepper/ Straight Life** Savoy ZD70820, contains only a total of 13 cuts). While most of these originals and standards are Pepper arrangements for two horns and rhythm, several consist of excellently improvised head arrangements with spontaneous harmonies that rival any of those that were written.

Unfortunately, by this time Pepper's heroin addiction, which began while he was on the road with Kenton's Innovations Orchestra, led to the first of several incarcerations which would eventually claim ten years of Pepper's life. (For a starkly detailed, painfully candid account of Pepper's life, his autobiography **Straight Life: The Story of Art Pepper,** by Art and Laurie Pepper, 1979/Schirmer Books is recommended.)

Following the Discovery sessions and appearances as a sideman with **Shorty Rogers And His Giants** (see Part Three of this series), Pepper's next record date of April 6, 1953 was with **Shelly Manne And His Men Vol.1**/ Contemporary 3507, a precursor to the throng of smooth-sounding, tightly arranged West Coast-style dates to come. (Note: for additional solid playing by Manne, check out **Shelly Manne's "The Three" & "The Two"**/ OJC-172, featuring loosely structured trios with Shorty Rogers (tpt) and Jimmy Giuffre (cl, ts, bs), and duets with pianist Russ Freeman; or **Modern Jazz Performances Of Songs From My Fair Lady**/Contemporary C-7527 with Andre Previn (p), and Leroy Vinnegar (b), one of the most popular recordings of this era.) Manne, a native New Yorker who became the most in-demand drummer on the West Coast remains underrated to this day. John Tynan quoted Russ Freeman as describing Manne as "one of the most underrated musicians—*by* musicians. When Shelly's playing well, I'd rather play with him than *anybody*." In the February, 1990 issue of **Cadence**, drummer Mel Lewis reiterates: "I think Shelly was underrated all the time. Shelly came up at the time of Max Roach and there was always controversy over musicality. They were both considered musical drummers, and I think the fact that Max was a New Yorker (based in New York), for one thing, he had an edge on Shelly."

Following the session with Shelly Manne, Pepper teamed up with Chet Baker for several memorable record dates. The first, recorded in July of 1956, is now available on CD as **The Route**/Pacific Jazz B292931, or in a Mosaic boxed set entitled **The Complete Pacific Jazz Small Group Recordings Of Art Pepper**/MR3-105 (CD or LP) and has Richie Kamuca on tenor along with the incredibly articulate piano of Pete Jolly, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and Stan Levey on drums. The second, from December of 1956 is available as **Playboys/Chet Baker and Art Pepper**, on either Pacific Jazz CD P 794474 2 or in this same Mosaic set. This is excellent jazz, featuring Phil Urso (ts) and an all-star black rhythm section of Carl Perkins (p), Curtis Counce (b), and Lawrence Marable (d) with arrangements by Jimmy Heath. The other selections on the Mosaic boxed set include one October, 1956 cut from The Chet Baker Big Band (*Tenderly*), which is rightfully included since it is a gorgeous alto feature; a December, 1956 quintet with Jimmy Rowles (p); Ben Tucker (b); Mel Lewis (d) featuring Pepper blowing outstanding two-part counterpoint with Bill Perkins (ts); and an August, 1957 Shorty Rogers-inspired nonet on the order of **Modern Sounds** (including several of the same titles), with Pepper (as), Don Fagerquist (tpt), Stu Williamson (vtbn), Red Callender (tuba), Bill Holman (ts), Bud Shank (bs), Russ Freeman (p), Monte Budwig (b) and Shelly Manne (d). (Note: these last two sessions are now available on a single CD as **Art Pepper/The Artistry Of Pepper** Pacific Jazz CDP 7 97194 2.)

Bob Cooper: "I first met Art before he was taking any drugs. We all loved him.

He was fairly quiet, really into music all the way, and pleasant to be around. I always loved his playing, except up until the last few years where he...I don't know whether he was trying to play freely or what, but it seemed to take away all that glorious sound he had...you know, the relaxed feeling. We'd rehearse at

the Musician's Union with this rehearsal band and whenever Art was there, it was always a pleasure because I knew that I was going to hear something beautiful."

Marty Paich: "Art Pepper really epitomized West Coast jazz with that laid back sort of sound. Very typical, I should say. Of all the saxophone players I've ever worked with, I found that playing with Art was always the most consistently gratifying experience."

In August of 1956, following a drug-related prison term of nineteen months, Pepper entered Radio Recorders studio in Hollywood with Marty Paich (p), Buddy Clark (b), and Frank Capp (d) for some fine blowing on *What's Right For You, You And The Night And The Music, Sidewinder, Abstract Art, Over The Rainbow, All The Things You Are, Pitfall, Melancholie Madeline,* and *Marty's Blues.* This session, which yielded **The Marty Paich Quartet Featuring Art Pepper/**V.S.O.P. #10CD was originally recorded for Tampa Records, one of a growing number of independents formed to cash in on the lucrative L.A. scene. Another solid quartet date on Tampa is **Val's Pal/The Art Pepper Quartet/**V.S.O.P. #61CD, recorded three months later. Here are ten cuts, including four takes of *Val's Pal,* an uptempo blues which makes for an interesting study in the effortless flow of ideas from Pepper's salty horn. Both albums garnered four stars from **Downbeat**, with praises of "Art Pepper has returned to the scene with even more to say on his horn than before," and "Marty Paich is fine both as composer and in his swinging, emotionally direct solos. Recommended."

The Return Of Art Pepper/The Complete Aladdin Recordings Vol.1/Blue Note CDP 7 46863 is comprised of two sessions. The first, recorded for the Jazz West label in August of 1956, has Pepper joined by Jack Sheldon (tpt), Russ Freeman (p), Leroy Vinnegar (b) and Shelly Manne (d), for some fairly inspired romps through ten Pepper arrangements. However, cuts 11-15, originally issued under drummer Joe Morello's name on the Intro label, are comprised of some of the finest blowing by Pepper, bar none. With Red Norvo (vib), Gerald Wiggins (p) and Ben Tucker (b), Pepper blows spicy hot lines on alto *and* tenor to such tunes as Charlie Parker's *Yardbird Suite,* the standard *You're Driving Me Crazy,* and Pepper originals *Tenor Blooz, Pepper Steak,* and *Straight Life.* These five tunes alone are worth the price of the CD. **Modern Art/The Complete Art Pepper Aladdin Recordings Vol.2/**Blue Note CDP 7 46848 2 contains previously released and unreleased material from the December 1956 and January 1957 sessions that yielded the original, well-received **Modern Art** LP on the Intro label. A total of ten beautifully recorded cuts find a spirited Pepper in cahoots with Russ Freeman (p), Ben Tucker (b) and Chuck Flores (d). Bare bones duets with Tucker produce memorable moments on two relaxed, "headless" blues *(Blues In* and *Blues Out),* followed by well-played standards *(Bewitched, Stompin' At The Savoy, When You're Smiling)* and two takes on a Pepper original *(Diane's Dilemma).*

In January of 1958, record producer Manny Koppelman recorded Pepper with Carl Perkins (p), Ben Tucker (b) and Chuck Flores (d), and released the results on Omega Tape in an open reel format. When the quality of this material became known, jazz fans became hopeful that it would be released on LP as well. It's true that the musicians were *on* (somehow ignoring the fact that Koppelman was not exactly reputable), but Carl Perkins in particular was at his absolute soulful peak at this session. In the October 16, 1958 issue of **Downbeat**, Pepper relates that "Carl's playing on these two albums was his greatest recorded work." Perkins became ill and died only two months after this session, but his spirit lives on in these performances, now once again available on LP as **The Art Of Pepper Volumes 1 & 2/**V.S.O.P. #30 and #33, and on CD through Blue Note: **The Complete Art Pepper Aladdin Recordings Vol.2** (three cuts only) and **Vol. 3/**CDP 7 46853 2 (remaining sides).

Leroy Vinnegar: "There were so many great rhythm section players on the West Coast at that time: Carl Perkins, Russ Freeman, Hampton Hawes, Frankie Capp, Shelly Manne, Stan Levey....Yeah, those cats really played good. They just never got the recognition. Naturally, all the cats back East got all the recognition. Philly Joe and Elvin would come to town and stay. See, clubs would host longer engagements back then...two weeks. Now it's three nights. So, we got to hang out with them and a lot could rub off in a couple weeks."

Contemporary Records (now owned by Fantasy, Inc.), a Los Angeles-based record company established in 1951, was responsible for recording a great volume of diverse, quality West Coast music for over twenty-five years. Gene Norman, producer of the 'Just Jazz' concert series and the GNP Crescendo Record label, and Albert Marx, founder and producer of Discovery Records recall Contemporary founder/producer Lester Koenig's early days in the business, which were indicative of the times:

Gene Norman: "Lester Koenig was marvellous. I don't know if you know his story, but he was assistant movie producer with William Wyler, who made great films. But he got on the McCarthy black list and never worked again in pictures. They had indulged themselves the luxury of starting a label called Good Time Jazz, recording The Firehouse Five, so he ended up in the record business."

Albert Marx: "I gave Koenig his background. He used to come over to our place at least once a day and talk to me and ask questions about the record business. I helped him. He was working at Paramount at the time. He was considered a communist, which they were doing to a lot of people who weren't going along with McCarthy. It was ridiculous. You don't know what this city was made up of...all those people. I was a member of the country club where a lot of them were and they were being accused of being communists. Oh, it was a strange thing."

Whereas the mere mention of any particular record company almost always brings gripes, grunts and groans from musicians who have been affiliated with it and in turn, ripped off in some way, Contemporary Records and Lester Koenig garner more praise from musicians than seems humanly possible.

Leroy Vinnegar: "There was a lot of prejudice in that period. It just happened with me being a bass player, there was a shortage of bass players, so I was on a lot of record dates. I just happened to have the sound that they wanted, but there was a lot of prejudice. There still is. But I must confess, when I made records with a lot of white musicians, they didn't see me as a token black. I didn't feel like I was being used as a token; I felt like I was really wanted. The record companies made it hard for blacks...all of them. Contemporary is about the only one who had a mixture of musicians...well, Pacific Jazz. A lot of those cats followed suit later. Les Koenig created a

trend. Norman Granz was in there too; he'd put everybody on stage together for the people to see. Lester Koenig was great. He was thorough, but he was great. He didn't bother you. He let you go. Nothing he did detracted from the music. He amazed me; the man had so much knowledge of music. A lot of the records I've done have had personnel matched up by him. He knew the combination of musicians needed to get that sound."

Bob Cooper: "Lester Koenig was wonderful. He gave us a lot of freedom and tried to understand what we were attempting to do and help us with it. A real gentleman...I can't say enough about him."

Harold Land: "Oh, he was beautiful. Lester was the kind of cat who took as much time as was needed. He was so kind and considerate and would never get in your way. He really wanted freedom of artistic expression; that was his thing. He was really something. I have a great deal of respect for him."

The first time Art Pepper recorded for Contemporary was on January 19, 1957 when he was "matched up" by Koenig to play with "The Rhythm Section." That's Miles Davis' rhythm section which happened to be in L.A. with Miles and Coltrane: Red Garland on piano; Paul Chambers on bass; Philly Joe Jones on drums. As Pepper explains in his autobiography, "Diane woke me one morning and said, 'You have a record date today.' I hadn't been playing. I hadn't been doing anything. I said, 'Are you *kidding?* With who?'"

Pepper continues, "...I walk in, and I'm afraid to meet these guys because they've been playing with Miles and they're at the pinnacle of success in the jazz world. They're masters. Practicing masters. But here I am and here they are, and I have to act like everything's cool—'Hi' and 'What's doin'?' Hi Red, what's goin' on?'"

Art Pepper Meets The Rhythm Section/ OJC-338 (*You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To, Red Pepper Blues, Imagination, Waltz Me Blues, Straight Life, Jazz Me Blues, Tin Tin Deo, Star Eyes, Birks Works*) received five stars in **Downbeat**, with the reviewer citing, "It certainly was one of the best jazz albums of last year and probably Pepper's most mature recording to date."

Pepper's second date for Contemporary in May of 1959 yielded **Art Pepper + Eleven: "Modern Jazz Classics"**/OJC-341, arranged and conducted by Marty Paich. With an all-star West Coast ensemble backing him up, Pepper blew his way with gusto (on alto, tenor, and clarinet) through solid arrangements of twelve of the most serious jazz tunes of the day, including *Move, Groovin' High, Opus De Funk, 'Round Midnight, Four Brothers, Shawnuff, Bernie's Tune, Walkin' Shoes, Anthropology, Airegin, Walkin'* and *Donna Lee*. By this time, Pepper was on a definite roll, again gathering up five stars from **Downbeat**.

In February of 1960, Pepper was again in the studio with Miles Davis' rhythm section, this time comprised of Wynton Kelly (p), Paul Chambers (b) and Jimmie Cobb (d). In addition, Conte Candoli, who played regularly at the Lighthouse with Pepper, was on hand—one of the hottest trumpet players on the Coast. Compared to the previous time when the altoist was backed by Miles' cohorts, this time Pepper (as & ts) was prepared for the session, was feeling good, and blew beyond his usual means. This recording, **Art Pepper: "Gettin' Together"**/OJC-169 is similar to the release that followed, **Art Pepper Quintet: "Smack Up"**/OJC-176 in the sense that Pepper was really experimenting, skirting along the outside of the changes and accentuating the extensions with marvellous results. By the time **"Smack Up"** was recorded in October of 1960 with Jack Sheldon (tpt), Pete Jolly (one of the pianist's finest recordings), Jimmy Bond (b) and Frank Butler(d), West Coast jazz was in a state of transition, as evidenced by this recording's final track, *Tears Inside,* by none other than Ornette Coleman who was in the process of turning the entire jazz world upside down. □

PHOTOGRAPH OF ART PEPPER & WARNE MARSH BY MARK WEBER

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James Rozzi is a freelance writer, teacher and musician in the Orlando, Florida area. He invites comment on this series of articles and may be contacted at: P.O. Box 97, Killarney, Florida 34740, USA, telephone: (407) 877- 8225.

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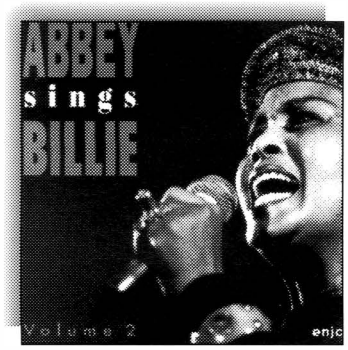

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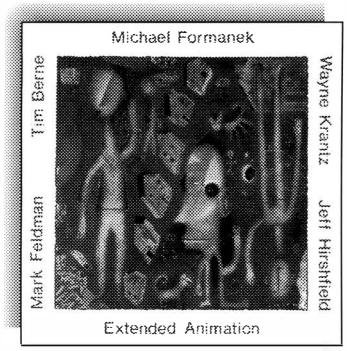

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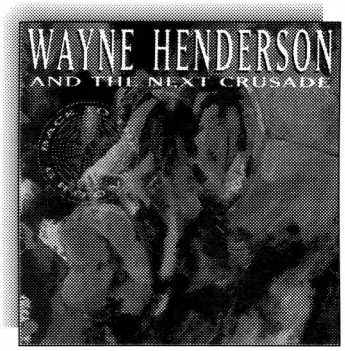

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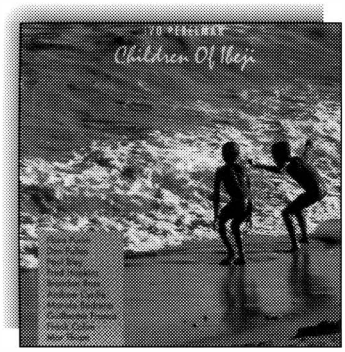

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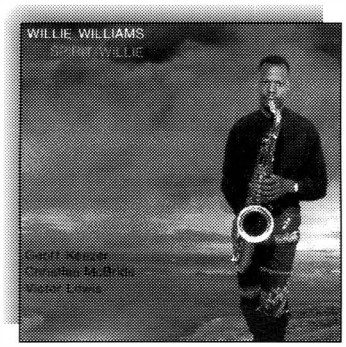

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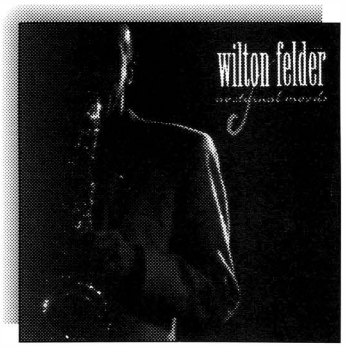

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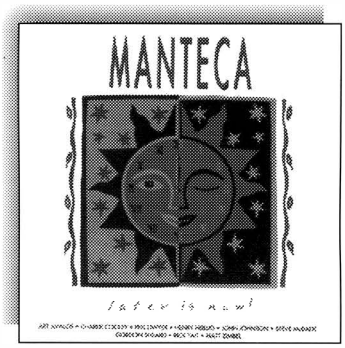

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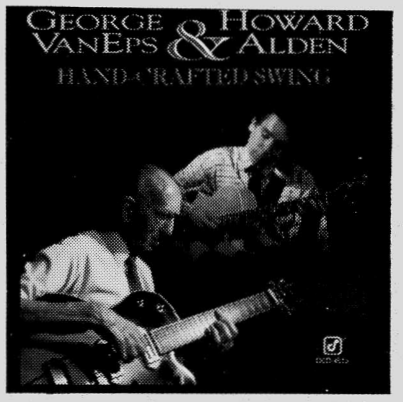

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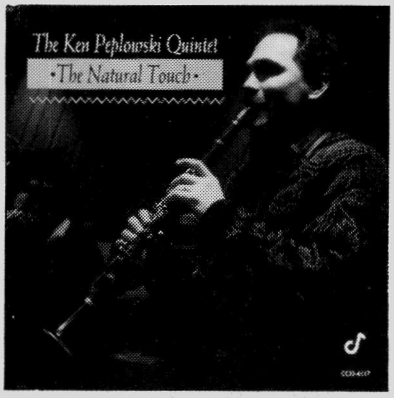

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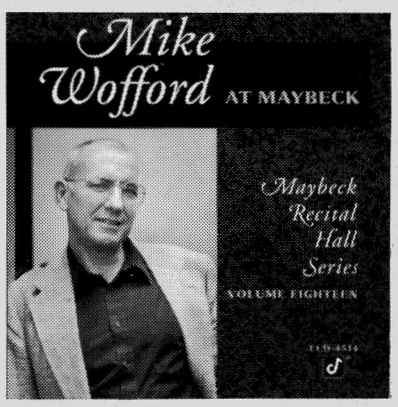

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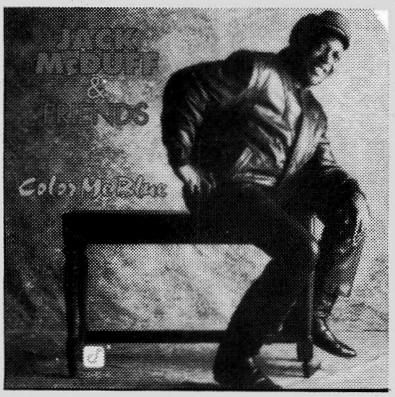

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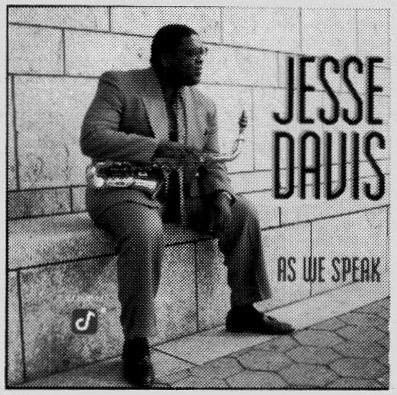

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