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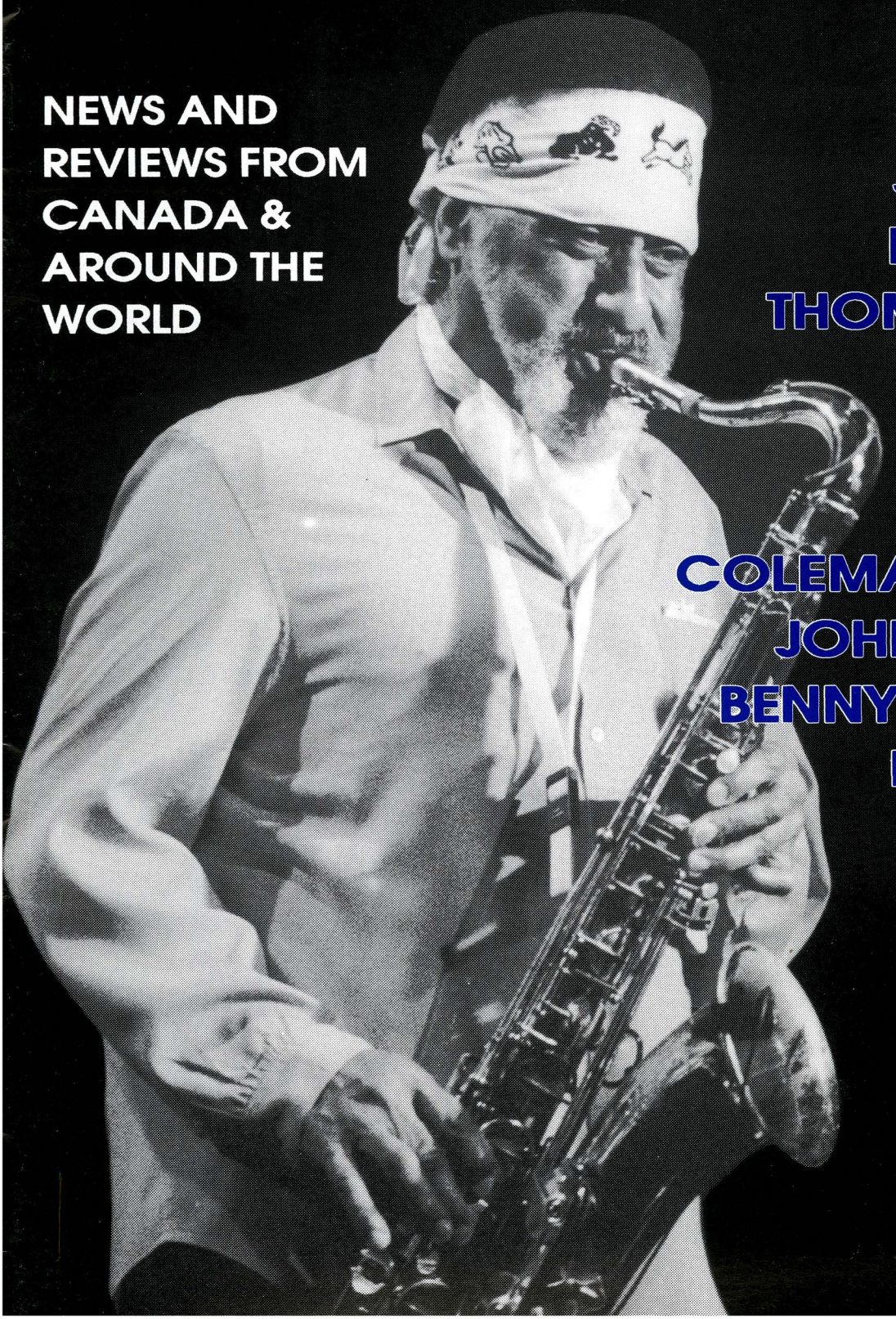
SONNY ROLLINS OUR MAN IN JAZZ



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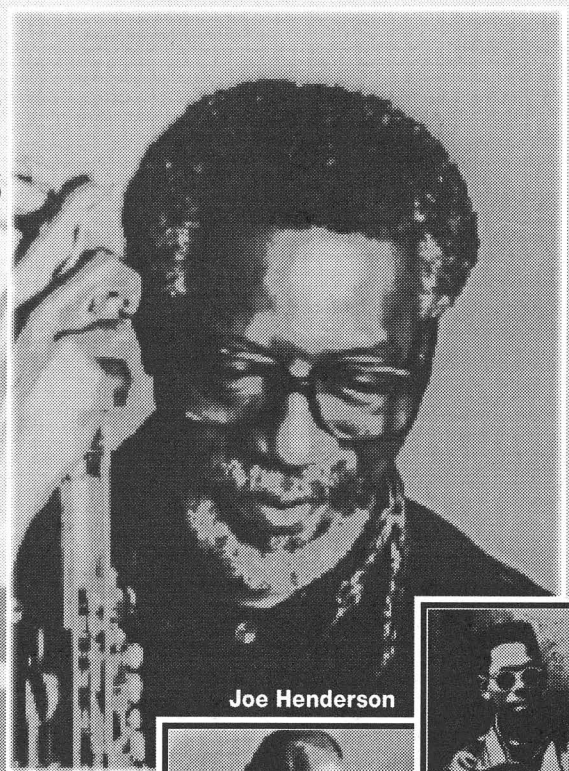
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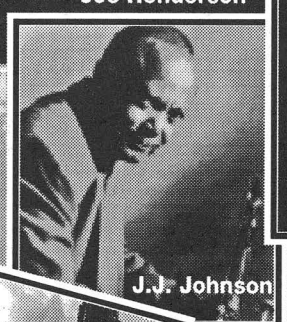
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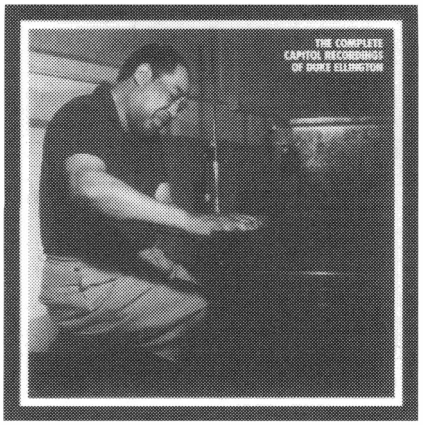

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Duke Ellington's music from this period is often overlooked because his Capitol years (1953-1955) were so few, the music so diverse. But Ellington recorded a lot of fascinating material on Capitol. Important new pieces for full orchestra, such as "Satin Doll," were introduced; unique small group sessions include trio sides that are among his finest work ever.

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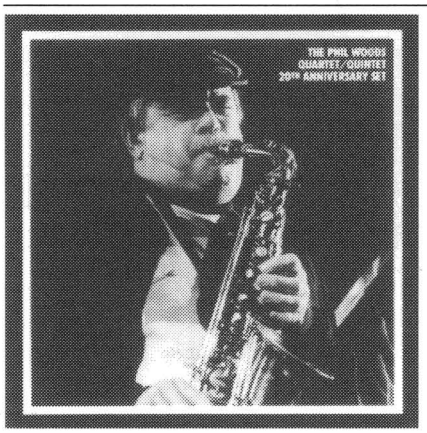

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We've been fans of his since the 1950s when Phil was everywhere on the New York club and recording scene, and much in demand by Dizzy Gillespie, Quincy Jones, Oliver Nelson and others. An intense soloist, Woods' bright, reedy tone gradually developed into something fatter and lustier, becoming a perfect complement to the ironic and innovative way he phrases.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH OF
SONNY ROLLINS
BY LAURENCE M. SVIRCHEV

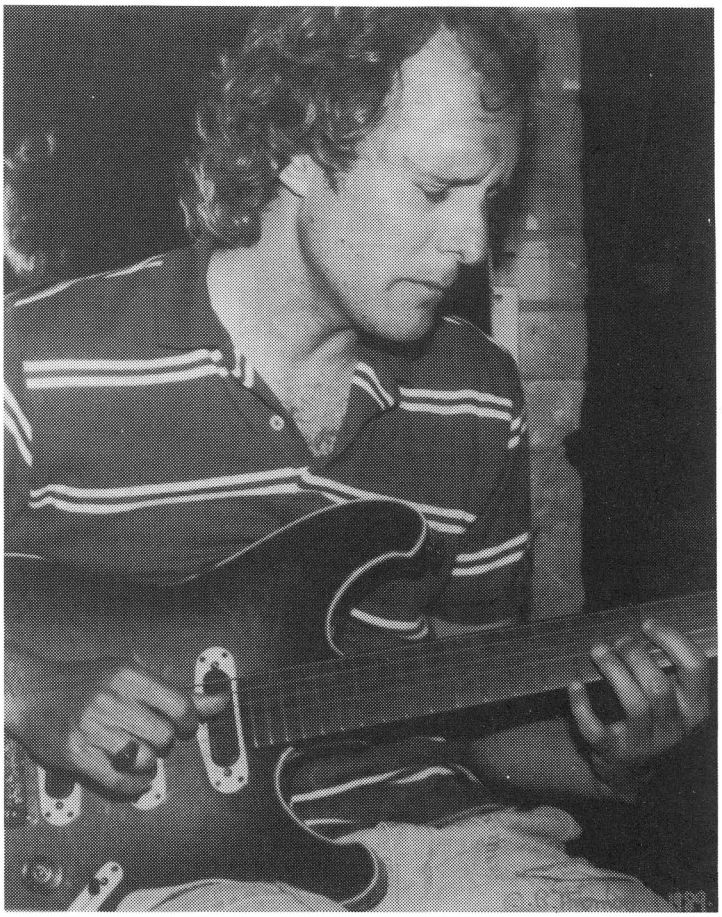
CONTENTS

SONNY ROLLINS
IN PERFORMANCE AT THE COMMODORE, VANCOUVER *(June '93)*

CANADIAN NOTES

BACK IN FEBRUARY, WHEN WINTER WAS IN FULL BLOOM, ace guitarist **Ed Bickert** slipped on the ice and broke an elbow and a wrist. Fortunately they have mended well and rehabilitation and physiotherapy has started. **Lorne Lofsky** filled in for the rest of the week with Bill Mays at the Montreal Bistro. It also meant that, for the first time in 25 years Ed missed a **Boss Brass** recording session. Lofsky, again, filled in with the band when it worked a week at the Limelight Theatre in late March and then went into the studio for their next Concord CD.

LORNE LOFSKY
PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRY THOMSON (C. 1989)



GIGS which were a breath of fresh air in **Toronto** over the past few months included **Marcus Belgrave**'s week at the Montreal Bistro with Dave Young, Dave Restivo and Jerry Fuller. The trumpeter offered a seamless blend of musicianship and entertainment. Montreal's **Geoff Lapp Trio** featuring Johnny Scott were joined by drummer Ted Warren for two nights in early March at the Rex Hotel. **Kenny Wheeler** returned home for an activity filled two weeks. Week one was spent at the U of T where he was in residence giving workshops, seminars and concert performances with the 10 O'Clock Jazz Orchestra and a small group of faculty members. Many of the students showed up the following week at the Montreal Bistro for his performances with Phil Dwyer, Don Thompson, Jim Vivian and New York drummer Dennis Mackrel. Bernie Senensky shared the stage at the Top O' The Senator for a week with trumpeter **Eddie Henderson**. Neil Swainson and Jerry Fuller anchored the group and tenor saxophonist Kirk MacDonald filled out the group on occasion.

Bernie Senensky was also one of the headliners at the CBC's annual Studio Jazz Series at the Glenn Gould Studio in March. Saxophonist **Chris Potter** was Senensky's guest on that occasion. The other concerts featured **Jane Bunnett** in a mix of Brazilian and Cuban sounds, an interactive trio of Phil Dwyer, Rob Piltch and Don Thompson and the Barry Elmes Quintet.

The **Junos** now have two jazz categories - "Contemporary" and "Mainstream". This year's winners were Jim Hillman & The Merlin Factor and the expatriate Canadian band **Free Trade** which features Ralph Bowen, Peter Leitch, Renee Rosnes, Neil Swainson and Terry Clarke.

The **Art Gallery Of Ontario**'s annual spring concert series got under way April 12 with a performance by the saxophone quartet 40 Fingers. They were followed by James Pett/Kieran Overs, Mike Murley/Brian Dickinson and Casey Sokol. Marty Grosz shared the stage with the Hot Five Jazzmakers January 22 for an inaugural concert in a new series presented by Gord Fancy and the **Greater York Jazz Society**.

A major fund raiser took place May 4 at **North York's Arts Centre** featuring George Shearing, Marian McPartland and Ellis Marsalis. McPartland had already performed earlier in the year (February 25) for The **Classic Jazz Guild of Calgary**.

Ontario's Cottage country will resonate to the sounds of jazz in July as part of the **Huntsville Festival Of The Arts**. Phil Nimmons shares the spotlight with Alex Dean, Gary Williamson, Steve Wallace, Barry Elmes and his special guests Ranee Lee and Richard Ring on July 7. The Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the Climax Jazz Band share the stage July 21 and the following day a variety of traditional jazz bands will hold forth in various venues around the town.

Len Dobbin, a guru of the Montreal scene, not only celebrated his 60th birthday this February but, more importantly, returned to the air waves with a Wednesday 9 am radio show called "Dobbins Den" on CKUT-FM (90.3). *(John Norris).*

THE **Yard Bird Suite** seems to be the club where all the jazz is being presented in **Edmonton**. Located at 10203-86 Avenue in Old Strathcona (432-0428), it has been the venue for a number of Canadian players including the ever busy **Barry Elmes Quintet,** a concert showcase featuring **Hugh Fraser**, and

BY JOHN NORRIS • BILL SMITH & LAURENCE M. SVIRCHEV

local drummer Tom Doran's Syncronicity Quintet; big bands from the Edmonton Big Band Society, and the Little Birds Big Band who have been invited to perform in **Calgary** at **Musicfest Canada**. Trombonist **Bob Stoup** not only co-lead with guitarist Mike Rud a Swing band evening, but has also been directing the Outreach Big Bands. Good to see saxophonist **Bill Jamieson**'s back on the scene. American guests have included Jim McNeely in duet with bassist Mike Lent, Fareed Haque, Herb Ellis and David Murray in trio, Julian Preister's sextet of local talent, the Sonny Fortune Quartet with Ronnie Mathews in the piano chair, the duo of John Lindberg and Eric Watson, and to complete the winter/spring season, from Denmark, Pierre Dorge & the New Jungle Orchestra. Many of the musicians who have performed at the Yardbird, have also been presented in other Western cities. This is partly because of the success of the collective presentation powers of WestCan Jazz, and the wonderful community of volunteer jazz buffs.

Vancouver, as always, has been full of listening opportunities. The New Orchestra Workshop Society have been running a series of Sunday evening concerts at **Cafe Deux Soleil** (2096 Commercial). Initiated last December, they have been so successful that they were continued into the spring. Garbo's Hat (Kate Hammett-Vaughan, Paul Blaney & Graham Ord) were one of the featured groups. Kate also performed with the marvellous singer Elizabeth Fisher, in a wonderful evening of Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht music. The show, entitled On The Weill Side, is the brainchild of guitarist Ron Samworth, whose band **Talking Pictures** completed by Bill Clark (trumpet), Dylan Van Der Schyff (drums) and Peggy Lee (cello), did a wonderful job convincing us that we might indeed be in one of those legendary European cafe theatres. It took place at the **Glass Slipper**.

The Slipper is still the every night venue in the city and has presented a wide variety of touring musicians. Among them pianist **Marilyn Lerner**, the Eric Watson/John Lindberg Duo, the New Jungle Orchestra, and from France the Christian Vander Trio.

A great evening with the **David Murray Trio** at the Commodore Ballroom featuring **Kelly Roberty** on bass, and on drums **Claude Ranger** substituting for Pheeroan akLaff. The other band under the leadership of saxophonist Maceo Parker repetitiously funked us to an early exit.

Under the banner of the 10th Anniversary Series, the Coastal Jazz & Blues Society celebrating their tenth anniversary of the Vancouver Jazz Festival, has been running a series of warm up concerts in various locations. The **Sonny Fortune** quartet with John Hicks, Santi DeBriano and Ronnie Burrage at the Starfish Room; two concerts of local double bills with the Saul Berson Quartet/ George McFetridge Trio, and the Bruce Freedman Quartet/ Brad Turner Quartet at Studio 16, and at the Cultch the **Bobby Watson Sextet** featuring Geoff Keezer on piano.

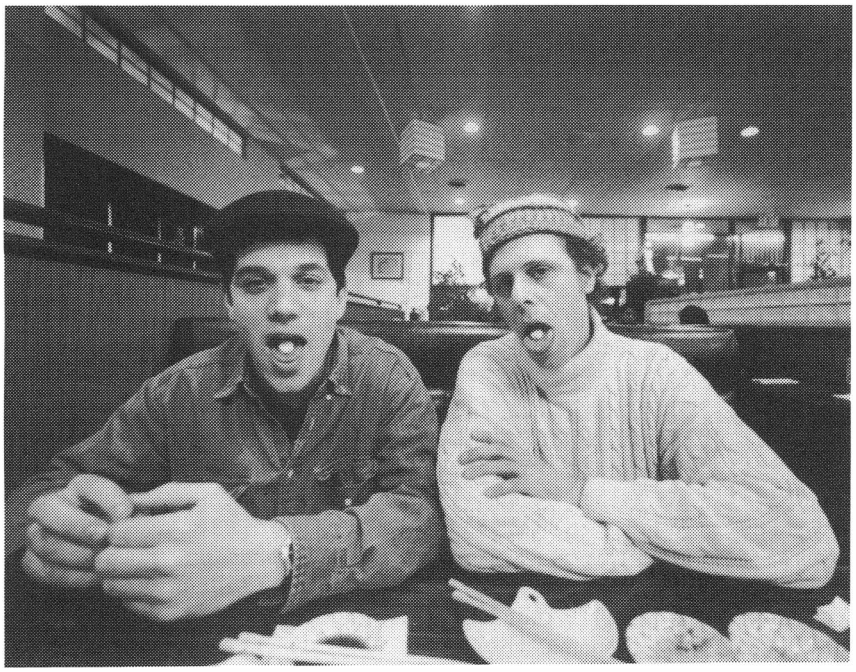
The 10th Anniversary Festival begins proper at the **Orpheum Theatre** on Friday June 23rd with a triple bill of Cassandra Wilson, the J.J. Johnson Quintet with an all star Vancouver group, and the Christian McBride Quartet. Phone 604-682-0706 for more information.

The **Victoria Jazz Society** presented David Murray and Christian Vander. There were also evenings of solo jazz piano from Gene DiNovi, and the Del Dako Quartet. *(Bill Smith)*

DESPITE continued economic uncertainties there has been a dramatic upsurge in the number of recordings by Canadian jazz artists in the past five years. What had been a small trickle in the 1960s has become a deluge. A few productions have enjoyed the benefits of major label distribution (none of the major international record conglomerates are recording Canadian jazz artists) but most of them are the result of individual efforts by the artists and their friends.

Justin Time Records is the closest you can get to a major Canadian jazz record company. Out recently is a second anthology of recordings by trumpeter Herbie Spanier. Two dates, from 1969, include Sadik Hakim and Brian Barley and the CD is completed with a 1994 session with Alex Dean... Pianist D.D. Jackson has found a niche for himself in New York since his departure from Ottawa some years ago. "Peace Song" is a strong new release with David Murray and Ottawa musicians John Geggie and Jean Martin... "Only Trust Your Heart" is Diana Krall's second CD. It's a U.S. production featuring Stanley Turrentine, Ray Brown, Christian McBride and Lewis Nash. Worldwide its being exposed through **GRP** but in Canada it's the property of Justin Time... Vocalist Jeri Brown's third CD for the Montreal company is "A Timeless Place" and features the piano of Jimmy Rowles... Paul Bley and Sonny Greenwich collaborated in 1994 in a series of duets now called "Outside"... "Sky Dance" by Jon Ballantyne is a repackage of the 1988 session featuring Joe Henderson. Added to this CD is a performance of Ornette Coleman's "Blues Connotation".

Counterpoint Records has two new releases (and national distribution with A & M) by the Kirk MacDonald Quartet "Reminiscence" and bassist Mike Downes' initial CD as a leader "Forces"... Singer/ pianist Carol Welsman's debut CD is called "Lucky To Me" on the **Sea Jam** label. It features Phil Dwyer, Paul Novotny and Mark Kelso... "Hymn To Earth" is the second CD by Sonny Greenwich on **Kleo Records** (P.O. Box 373, Boucherville, P.Q. J4B 5W2)... Pianist Wray Downes and saxophonist Dave Turner perform the lyrical ballads of Richard Karmel and Steve Rosenbloom on "Last Call at Cafe Alto" (**MTF Productions**, 2104 Vendome, Montreal, PQ H4A 3M5)... Two CCMC productions are now available through the **Canadian Music Centre Group**. Jack Voris and Mike Snow collaborate on "Incredible Drums and Piano Duets". The current version of the CCMC is heard on "Decisive Moments"... Guitarist Michael Occhipinti's debut CD "Who Meets Who" is on the **Auricle** label and it also features Perry White, Phil Dwyer and Kevin Turcotte.



RENE LUSSIER & PIERRE TANGUAY
PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE M. SVIRCHEV
(FEBRUARY 1995)

Hugh Leal is busy reactivating his **Parkwood** label. The newest release is a Windsor Jazz Festival performance by Marcus Belgrave and Franz Jackson. Ready soon will be a CD of previously recorded duet performances by Art Hodes with Doc Cheatham and Marcus Belgrave. The CD catalogue also contains a session by Tom Saunders' Detroit Jazz All Stars, Doc Cheatham's Quartet with Dick Wellstood and a solo piano collection by Art Hodes.

Pianist Darrell Grant is from Pittsburgh but he spends much of his time in Canada. "Black Art", a **Criss Cross** release, is now in circulation in Canada along with the other titles from the Dutch jazz label.

100 compositions by Canadian jazz musicians have been collected together in the country's first "All Canadian Jazz Fakebook". It's in music stores and is available from **Beldriana Music Publications**, P.O. Box 704, 331 Eglinton Ave W., Toronto, Ontario M5N 1A1. A glossary gives the source of those tunes available on recordings. *(John Norris)*

RENE LUSSIER & PIERRE TANGUAY WITH THE NEW ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP

THE music of Rene Lussier found a cross-country connection in February when he and colleague Pierre Tanguay recorded and gigged in Vancouver with the New Orchestra Workshop. Two pieces by NOW member Paul Plimley were also played. The recording is scheduled to be released on the Victo label. There will be two more chances to hear the music live: at the May Victoriaville Festival and the June duMaurier International Jazz Festival in Vancouver.

The project was conceived by NOW co-artistic directors Ron Samworth and Coat Cooke. Samworth was attracted to Lussier's music because "He is not a typical jazz improviser. I felt he would push us into a different place that would increase our vocabulary and expose us to a different level of aesthetics." Cooke expressed the feeling that Lussier's music has humour and a strong rhythmic edge. "He has a strong vision; his improvisations have the quality of written music."

Since there was an opportunity to attend rehearsals, the gig and the recording sessions, a number of observations can be made. Lussier is relentless in getting the music right. During rehearsal, he constantly stressed that NOW musicians stay alert and be rigourous in their articulation of the music. His instructions were clear-cut and then re-capitulated in order that nothing in the charts was left to looseness, except by design. More than once he stated, "Less is more; don't play unless you have something to say."

Yet despite the strictness of getting the music right, Lussier leaves plenty of space to interpret within the context of the composition. Take "Les Journaux" (Newspapers). The composition has two parts, the printing presses, and the talk of the newspapers when they hit the streets. In the first section, the motif is of a big, many-cogged machine with clunky rhythms pouring out of it. Lussier assigned the solo portion to Ralph Eppel (trombone): "You're the foreman, so you say things like 'Hey you! Get to work!'" Eppel responded accordingly by blatting commands until the newspapers hit the streets. Then it was Kate Hammett-Vaughan's turn to "read" the news, first in the style of a a TV reporter, and then in her wordless vocal style. Thus Lussier combines tight composition with freedom of expression.

Tanguay, by contrast, is the laid-back guy. He is constantly at play with mind, body, words. Suggest dancing to him and he dances with his own name, "I do the tango." He is all positive energy, a man who cannot sit still artistically or physically. Co-percussionist Dylan van der Schyff said that although he and Tanguay would work out parts to play together, Tanguay would inevitably begin to warp the music after a few bars. "But you don't have to second guess him," said van der Schyff, "because he'll always find a place to be there with you." More than once in rehearsals, Lussier would ask for a click track, only to end up shaking his fist in mock rage at Tanguay when he would deviate from the click into a complex rhythm. The man simply cannot contain his creative urges; they spontaneously burst all restraints.

The concert went marvellously. It was clear that the rehearsal time had paid off. The work with Lussier and Tanguay follows up on the successful concerts and recording last year of the Witch Gong Game with British bassist Barry Guy. In the process, NOW has become a formidable musical collective fully capable of externalizing its own latent internal power in future musical adventures. □
(Laurence M. Svirchev)

JAZZ IN PRINT

A REVIEW BY STEVE VICKERY

ASCENSION: JOHN COLTRANE AND HIS QUEST

Eric Nisenson • St. Martin's Press (McClelland & Stewart) 1993

THIS LOOK INTO THE MUSIC AND LIFE OF JOHN COLTRANE is a timely one. In an age where electric guitarists are regularly deified in the press for the most rudimentary abilities, the work of John Coltrane still stands as a great example of an artist's dedication to the craft of music. It seems surprising that today, even as we view jazz with a perspective on its roots, there is not more attention paid to the depth and beauty of Coltrane's recorded works. For anyone aware of the hard science involved in the development of that body of work, there is a rich irony in the idea that noise/rock guitarists mention Coltrane's **Ascension** as a formative influence. Nisenson pursues the theme of Coltrane's music as being one of continuous innovation, a search that continued even as his audience began to lose their way through the firestorm of the emerging New Thing. Coltrane was always an adventurous soul, and after signing a deal with the Atlantic label in 1959, he began to create a series of discs that changed the face of the music. Like Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young before him, Coltrane heralded the dawn of a new period of experiment. Nisenson points to **Giant Steps** as the transition.

"Giant Steps is, in a sense, a manifesto... Modern jazz had hit a dead end, the music becoming too often formulaic and cliche-ridden. With this title tune, the bop technique of playing melodically over complex harmonic structures, which had been the basis for most of modern jazz since the mid-forties, was taken to its final extreme. In the freer pieces, like *Syeeda's Song Flute* and *Naima*, one can almost hear Coltrane's spoken voice: This is the end of one era and the beginning of another. It is the time to move forward... but the jazz subculture didn't need words. Coltrane's music spoke loud and clear". *(page 73)*

It is an open question how Coltrane would have continued to move forward after his recordings of the early sixties. Certainly he was looking ahead in the direction that his friends, Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, were already exploring, laying the foundation for the free-jazz explosion that was coming. Nisenson approaches the mystery of Ornette Coleman's music with precise language, uncovering the riddle that the Texan composer shared with Coltrane: "Why can't we improvise the tonal logic of our music as a servant of our melodic and rhythmic imagination?" *(page 78)*

Nisenson's book is not a strict biography of the artist, though it is most interesting in its view of the final five years of the saxophonist's life, a period that even today separates mainstream jazz fans from Coltrane followers. The risk in Coltrane's music after **Giant Steps** became fully evident. Though he seemed undecided about how his audience would accept the new music, an ambivalence that surfaced on occasion in conversations with fellow musicians, he was determined to explore further. Composer George Russell saw this move as a venture that pushed the saxophonist in a decidedly non-commercial direction: "When he recorded **Ascension**, that's when Coltrane tuned his back on the money". The music that Coltrane pursued in his final years, after the recording of **A Love Supreme** and **Crescent**, is paradoxical, a sound that confronted his audience with raw energy. It is fitting that the author should have titled this view of Coltrane ***Ascension*** as that session strikes the heart of the artist's struggle to explore fearlessly. Nisenson downplays the actual **Ascension** session in musical terms, suggesting that the music was superseded by the social importance of the date as a pivotal organizing signifier for the black free-jazz players.

Nisenson's reappraisal of the master saxophonist is engaging reading and would be valuable information for new converts to jazz who are curious about this legendary figure. For the followers already familiar with the life of this innovator, ***Ascension*** revisits the old tales with fresh eyes, looking for the deeper meaning. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY **JOE ALPER**

SONNY ROLLINS

OUR MAN IN JAZZ
AN ARTICLE BY
JOE GIARDULLO

TENOR SAXOPHONIST SONNY ROLLINS thrives at a time when jazz, as he's known it throughout his career, seems to suffer from hardening of the arteries. Most of the innovators and masters, his contemporaries particularly, are gone and he is one of very few left who remember life on the bandstand with Charlie Parker. This is not what occupies Rollins day to day, as he continues to keep up a furious pace of music making, but it does describe, in some way, the place that Rollins occupies in the music world. He has become a singular category to himself, with nary an imitator and certainly without peer in his approach to playing saxophone. That may be the result of an approach to playing that is very personal, described by Rollins as "stream of consciousness", and the continuing development of a philosophical outlook that makes playing the horn synonymous with personal and spiritual growth. These are not Sonny's words, but there is no mistaking the warrior spirit that infuses his candid remarks, his every musical phrase, and his need and willingness to find order and meaning in a life that could easily have been a movie script. Rollins is the saxophone colossus and he is also a giant of a human being. It's been a long, strange journey, and it is far from over.

Rollins' career lifts off around the end of Charlie Parker's stay on earth. Sonny recalls one memory that he will carry with him forever.

"Well, it's become almost a cliche about drugs and the jazz world. And I'm not proud of my involvement in that stuff. I was able to get the resolve to be straight and Bird was the one who helped me to get that resolve. I was doing a session with him and when I arrived at the studio, he asked me, Sonny, you all right, you straight, because he didn't want people getting mixed up in that stuff like he did. He was very ashamed of it all, and I said, Yeah, Bird, I'm straight, which was a lie. One of the other guys in the session told him I wasn't clean, and I was embarrassed that I was caught in a lie to Bird. So that was when I decided to clean up. I checked into a hospital and all I could think about was getting out and going to see Bird and show him that I was resolved to stay clean. It was 1955, and I was just about ready to leave the hospital, and I got the word that Charlie Parker had died, so he never knew that I had gotten straight."

Rollins recalls with a gentle sadness the fact that, during the period of his drug addiction, he had "no friends left. I had stolen from everybody, I had alienated everybody and the only person I had who would help me was my mother." Rollins' resolve to stay clean had the same intensity as one of his solos: confrontational, direct and tough. If he has any regrets, they are not for what he went through but for what he put others through. That was a very long time ago, and the world has had a healthy and strong Sonny Rollins to consider for the last 35-plus years. You don't have to be a musician to find personal meaning in the life and times of Theodore Walter Rollins, because Sonny brings a holistic philosophical perspective to almost every aspect of his life.

WHEN ASKED ABOUT THE IDEA THAT HE IS, IN SOME WAYS, an outsider in the contemporary jazz world, he is quick and proud to point out that "alot of folks who don't dig jazz like what I do". Over 50 years, he has stood toe to musical toe with every giant of modern jazz, has taken more than one sabbatical in order to pursue other things of importance, has confounded the critics almost without acknowledging them, has investigated worlds of spiritual development and insight, and remains a simple and accessible man. He is one of the survivors in a jazz world that has lost most of its important citizens. Reflecting on that during a long talk in New York, he told me of a recent phone call he'd had from MJQ vibraphonist Milt Jackson.

"Milt was just back from Europe, where he'd brought his own quartet, and he was saying how it was all so different now. It used to be that you saw your friends and you got to spend some time with them. But this time, Milt was saying, there was nobody there except the newer guys, the young players. You know, Miles is gone and Dizzy and Basie and Dexter and so on, and he was saying, it was not like it used to be.

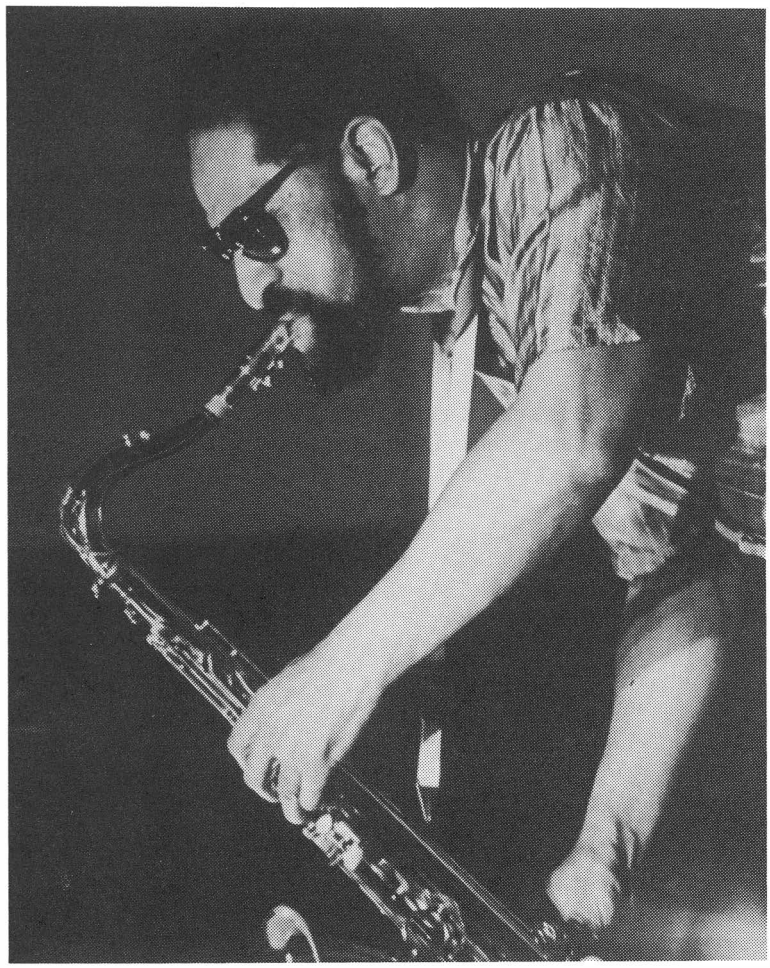
"I told him, yeah, but the people were there, right? And he said yeah, the people were there. And I said, well, that's what matters most because they're the ones that count the most. When the people stop coming, then there's real trouble. And I cheered him up a bit, I think."

Rollins continued to reflect on the changing scene that Jackson was sensing. "When you go to a jazz festival today, there are a lot of people playing accessible music — pop, blues, feel-good, clap your hands music. I'm not necessarily playing accessible music. I'm playing music in the tradition of John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Dizzy and Coleman Hawkins. My music competes with that other stuff at these festivals now. I don't know what that exactly means, but I'm aware of it nonetheless.

"In some respects, nothing has changed. In the early 50's, when Dinah Washington, or Lionel Hampton's band or Tiny Bradshaw's group would

play the Apollo Theater in Harlem, it would be packed. But for Bird and Coleman Hawkins, there would only be a handful of people in the audience. The groups with singers usually did better because it was easier for the people to understand. The other stuff was more for the aficianados of the music. I don't want to say the 'elite' because that implies that you're looking down on people and it wasn't that way, but it was for people who really knew what was happening, and followed the music. Those people filled a different space than the people, say, that might go to hear an R&B act like Joe Liggins and the Honeydrippers or Dinah Washington. It was all great music, but it was different. Straight ahead jazz, like I play, isn't as accessible to people as some other music."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BILL SMITH (LEFT) CIRCA MID-SIXTIES
GERARD FUTRICK (BELOW)



As a horn player, I'm interested in Rollins' approach to practice as a young man, and I'm surprised by what I hear. There were marathon practice sessions in the apartment on Edgecomb Avenue. "I would play in the closet so the sound didn't get all up and down the building, you know. I never thought about it as practice. I just loved to play and I would get in the closet and blow for hours — nine, ten hours and I would get lost in my own reverie, in the sound. I really didn't practice any one thing, I'd just play songs and blow in a stream-of-consciousness way. Our neighbour, Mr. Mason he would always encourage me. When I'd see him, he'd yell, Yeah, Sonny, that's it, and Yeah, Sonny, go. I'll always remember his encouragement because, you know, the horn can be pretty loud."

Especially the way Rollins plays it — raw, emotionally charged, swaggering and given to volcanic outbursts. At one concert not too long ago, Rollins left the audience screaming for more, but he offered no encore. Turns out, during the first tune of the night, a piece of his mouthpiece had broken off and he'd accidently swallowed it. He had played the entire gig with his teeth on bare metal, digging in and playing an intense and electrifying series of sets. My guess is that his teeth are still vibrating from that night, if they haven't just fallen out from the shock. For Rollins, just another confrontation with his muse.

IN THIS DAY AND AGE OF RELENTLESS BLAME AND ENDLESS complaints, Where does such a fierce commitment to creation and acceptance of the situation come from? Rollins knows that it is in him, from too many experiences to recount, but the early years shed some light on the subject. Rollins grew up playing music with a group of friends that reads like a who's who of bebop: altoist Jackie McLean, drummer Art Taylor, pianists Kenny Drew and Walter Bishop, Jr., to name a few. They would practice together, gig together, go hear music together and that intense interest and level of accomplishment propelled each of them to high levels of achievement. At the same time, Rollins saw first-hand that this music was a metaphor for life in general.

"There was a fellow who played trumpet, a friend of mine, we went to school together and hung around together and played a lot together and he was part of the group with Jackie, Kenny and Art and me. But I was closer to Lowell (the trumpeter) because we went to the same school together. I was working on some things, bending the time in my playing and I was beginning to get to something else, playing in a certain way. I started to get there and it was unfortunate because it actually turned him off because he couldn't get with it. It's a sad story really. It wasn't a case of envy, that would be too narrow, but it was partly a fault of my being able to get at this expressiveness. Lowell would look at me and say, oh, there he goes again, when I started working with this concept of time, and it would upset him a lot, which was terrible for me because we were so tight."

THAT TRUMPETER WAS NEVER ABLE TO FIND his own way through the music and his life ended tragically, as Rollins recalls it. When Rollins speaks about the difference between this music and the other "feel-good" music, he might be recalling his friend Lowell. But Sonny Rollins didn't have a choice, when it came to pursuing the music.

"If you have that love of music, you realize that it's a spiritual thing. It's a religious thing, really. It's food for the soul and the mind, too. And you either either deal

with it or you don't. These days, everything is so – I don't want to be one of these guys who say 'you know, the good old days'. I just never had any choice. If I found out that I didn't have the talent and I'd wound up , say, in the post office working, I'd still be ahead of the game because I love the music and I'd always have that. I'd come home and play, or listen to my Coleman Hawkins records and I'd be happy. I'd still remember Mr. Mason saying, "Yeah, Sonny yeah"and I'd have no regrets."

ROLLINS, DURING A LONG sabbatical from music, pursued a health regimen that accounts, to some degree, for his longevity, vitality and powerful presence. At age 64, he has the looseness of an athlete and his deep, ancient eyes sparkle when he speaks. He doesn't dwell on the past, although he has probably given five interviews for every gig he's ever done, and his history is so intriguing that the past is never that far away from his present. Asked about his sojourn in India in the 60's, he points out that the dismal state of jazz at the time provided him with a chance to study yoga with the masters in India and he gladly took that opportunity.

Singer Sheila Jordan told me about a conversation she'd had with Sonny when they met at a train station near their homes in upstate New York, and I ask Rollins about his "out of body"experiences.

"Which ones do you mean, the ones when I was playing or the other ones"?

PHOTOGRAPH BY **JERRY MORESI**

I go for the other ones, first.

"When I was living on the lower east side of Manhattan, I got into a serious health regimen — working out and stuff. I had a pull-up bar in our apartment and I'd do pull-ups all the time. One day I was pulling myself up and holding myself in that position for as long as I could, and I called my wife, Lucille, over to watch how long I could hold that position. While she was watching, I held my breath and really hung onto that position for a long time when suddenly I had absolutely no weight. I wasn't even holding myself up at all and I wasn't breathing either. My brain was flooded with intense light and I was not there at all. Then, I realized that I wasn't breathing and I took a breath, and that ended it. When I let myself down, Lucille wanted to know what happened to me, because she could see that something was happening while I hung up there. I don't know what it means, but I know that there are many possibilities in this world.

"I've had a number of those things happen when I'm playing, when I actually see myself from above, and other times, I don't know whose playing the horn, because everything is exactly right and I'm not doing anything to make it happen. That doesn't happen often but it's happened enough times. I hope to have it happen a few more times before I'm through."

THIS SMALL GLIMPSE INTO ROLLINS' INNER WORLD GIVES US a chance to see how a very personal approach to music and living can feed the creative process. Rollins is no master planner. He takes the materials that are in front of him at any one time — that day, that year, that minute, that second — and works with them. He remembers, too, when he didn't handle those materials all that well.

Such as the time, in France, when his horn was acting up a bit and he decided to do a little adjustment himself on his ax. Well, one thing led to another and before he knows it, he's got his tenor laying on the table in his hotel room in pieces, completely taken apart, and it's an hour or so before a performance. As any horn player would say, bad idea, Sonny!

He throws it back together quickly and takes off for the gig and manages to get through the show with a sax that is leaking badly all over the place. He leaves for Amsterdam that night and needs to find a horn on arrival so he can get through his next gig. A friend lends him a King tenor sax and Sonny survives the gig, and finds that he likes the horn, a more open, free-blowing instrument than he usually plays.

That horn becomes a gift to Sonny not long after that, and that's the horn that he plays on his well-known soundtrack to the film ALFIE. So, a real blunder winds up making a bit of music history. That's all part of the creative process to Rollins.

ASKED TO DESCRIBE THAT CREATIVE APPROACH, ROLLINS thinks a bit before speaking. "Well, Joe, I consider myself a linear player, I'm involved with the melodic line of my playing, not the vertical harmonic side so much. I've always played with abandon, not in an analytical way. If I hear a melody, then I always hear the harmony at the same time, to some extent. When I hung in the closet playing, I wasn't thinking about chord changes, I was just playing what I heard. I caught up with changes later."

This approach is quite distinct in this day and age of codified jazz curriculums, and I ask Sonny if he does any teaching. "Well, I tried it a few times, but the guys weren't serious enough for me and it got too frustrating, so I gave it up. I got a good respect for teachers after that, I'll tell you."

Rollins has over 50 albums currently in print, covering almost his entire career. They include dates with everyone from Clifford Brown to Don Cherry, and Art Blakey to Stu Martin. Considering that he's almost completely ignored by the jazz press, how does he account for this fact?

"I don't know about that, really. But I like trying to confuse those guys because they're always trying to find reasons to write me off."

I don't know if they're really trying to write him off, but Rollins is a confusing figure on the music scene. At age 64, he has not sought to break into that retro-jazz circuit, playing stylized versions of some nostalgia-ladened book, as some of his contemporaries have done. He's chosen to remain with a label that, by industry standards, is smaller and less inclined to heavily promote him. The flip side of that arrangement is that Rollins basically records when he wants to and doesn't have to defend himself against executives who might want him to do a record with the latest "phenom", not because it is musically stimulating but because it is a "wise career move". Rollins' life is as a live performer, where all of the visceral energy combines with the moment to produce something — and even Rollins doesn't know what that might be.

But he's not a prima donna who shuns collaboration and shies from strange bedfellows. As we close out a long day of talk and music, Sonny tells the wonderful story which says alot about who Sonny Rollins is, right now, today.

Cruising the aisles of a supermarket in Hudson some years ago, picking up groceries as he'd done hundreds of times before in the sleepy town, Sonny Rollins' sensitive ears pick up on the music being played over the store's sound system.

"I heard this tenor sax blowing on this rock song, and it kind of puzzled me. It wasn't that I thought it wasn't good, or that I thought it was good. I really didn't have any opinion about it, except it had a strange sound. After a little while it occurs to me — hey, that's me playing."

And the rest of the guys on that song were Keith Richards, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, and Mick Jagger — the Rolling Stones.

"That whole thing came about in a strange way. I was playing the Bottom Line in New York one night, and the band was really blowing. Mick Jagger came in and caught us and came and asked me if I'd play on one of their records. I went into the studio and overdubbed a solo on the stuff they'd already recorded, with Mick Jagger there in the booth. When I heard it at the store in Hudson, I didn't realize who it was because I'd really never heard the finished thing before."

IT'S A SPECIAL MAN WHO FORGETS HIS recording date with the Stones, and Rollins is a special man. He's not enamoured of what he's done because he's got a lot to do. And he's not enamoured of who he is because he's the same guy who would hold up in the closet from sunrise to sunset on Edgecomb Avenue in New York. Since first meeting Sonny, my phone has rung more than a few times and it's been Sonny on the other end. Often, there's been no apparent reason for the call, except to say hello and find out what I'm doing. I'm still stunned by his genuineness and, as it turns out, I'm not alone.

I recommended my horn repairman, Ed Diefes (Pleasant Valley NY), to Sonny, and Rollins took me up on it. Diefes tells me that a year later he gets a postcard in the mail from San Antonio, Texas, and he can't imagine who it could be from. Rollins just felt like dropping Ed a line, and did it.

That's what was on his mind and that's what came out of it, just like every one of Sonny Rollins' solos, on every gig, on every tune, whether it's *Oleo* or *I'm An Old Cowhand*, or the next tune to pour out of his horn.

It's no wonder the critics are confused by Rollins. That's the way it should be. □

ABOUT THE WRITER

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THE HIGH & MIGHTY HAWK

COLEMAN HAWKINS

A HISTORY OF HIS RECORDINGS BY TREVOR TOLLEY

Before I became interested in jazz at the age of fourteen, my passion was chemistry. A boy down the road used to join me in experiments that filled the kitchen with fumes. One day, towards the end of this period in my life, I was at his house and his uncle was practising the saxophone. I had just bought my first jazz record; and, with the unreflective directness of youth I told my friend, "Your uncle has a rotten tone. They play much better on records." The record that I had bought was the Mound City Blue Blowers *One Hour* and *Hello Lola*. The saxophonist was Coleman Hawkins.

That luxuriant tone with which Hawkins played on *One Hour* was to dominate jazz saxophone playing through the nineteen thirties — uncontestedly until Lester Young came along at the end of the decade. For the tenor saxophone, Coleman Hawkins was B.C. and A.D. He revealed tonal possibilities for the instrument that were unimaginable until he discovered them; and no one has ever excelled him in the exploitation of those possibilities. Though he had many imitators — and though his tone changed over time — the thick, rich, resonant Hawkins sound remained unmistakable and unchallengeable.

PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

The transformation of the instrument did not come immediately. Our experience of Hawkins on record is not like our experience of Lester Young or Django Reinhardt, who seem to leap fully developed from the grooves of their first recordings. Hawkins was recognised in his 'teens as a prodigy, both in his command of the saxophone and in his sense of harmony. He was soon in demand, and played in the early twenties with Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds. When we hear him in solos and breaks on Mamie Smith's records, we are not filled with wonder. The saxophone in those days was either played with legitimate tone, as by Rudy Wiedoeft, or it was a joke instrument, whose jazzy effects were dominated by tongue slapping. Hawkins himself, in his early playing displays the mannerisms of this latter style.

Hawkins joined Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra in 1923; and he was to remain with him for ten years, during which he was to become the principal soloist of the band. On his earliest records with Henderson his playing does not stand out; and something of the uncertainty of his relationship to his instrument might be seen in the fact that he is to be heard on C-melody saxophone and bass saxophone. The first recording by Hawkins that is masterly and memorable is *The Stampede,* recorded by Henderson May 1926. Hawkins leaps out with a driving solo, the intonation harsh, as it was in his up-tempo performances of the late twenties, but the tone rich and deep. For the next decade, Hawkins' career was to become the history of the tenor saxophone in jazz.

Performances like *One Hour* were not to be heard again for some time, even from Hawkins. It was not

HAWKINS ONLY PLAYS SIXTEEN BARS – and there is a squeak that may not have been deliberate; but his dry, economical contribution is completely in key with the for-then avant-garde proceedings.

the fashion then to play ballads in that relaxed manner and at that slow tempo. While Hawkins contributes notable solos to the few recordings Henderson made in 1930 and 1931, it was outside the Henderson Orchestra that Hawkins' development can be traced. The thick, rich tone is encountered again on *Dee Blues*, recorded by a group from the Henderson Orchestra on December 31st, 1930 under the name "The Chocolate Dandies". The following June, a less powerful session by the Mound City Blue Blowers gave another rhapsodic performance of a ballad — *I Can't Believe That Your In Love With Me*. Most memorable from the early thirties are some of the performances by Hawkins with the band that the British composer Spike Hughes assembled to record in 1933. *Donegal Cradle Song* has the relaxation and mood that fits Hawkins' rhapsodic manner, and he gives an harmonically adventurous exploration of its eerie melody. His tone is again rich and full, but his intonation is softer than usual, though clear and authoritative. On these sessions with Hughes, Hawkins is heard playing beside one of his earliest and most accomplished admirers, Chu Berry, especially on the numbers played by a small group, *Sweet Sue* and *How Come You Do Me*.

In 1932, at a session arranged by John Hammond for the British market, the Henderson Orchestra recorded *It's the Talk of the Town*, a feature for Hawkins. The arrangement is somewhat lugubrious, but the record points forward to much that was to come. A ballad taken at very slow tempo, it exemplifies what was to be the standard feature for the tenor saxophone played in the Hawkins manner. The style is more decorative than on *One Hour*, and the tone has become more feathery, though the performance is less moving. Of notable interest from this same session is a Hawkins composition, *Queer Notions*, where Hawkins, both in the composition and in his improvisation, shows what an advanced conception of harmony he had for his day.

1933 saw Hawkins recording under his own name, and also with a group co-led by trumpeter Henry Allen. These recordings immediately preceded Hawkins' departure to England. It is said that he just sent a cable to "Jack Hylton, London, England" suggesting that he would like to come. Though Hylton, a bandleader and impresario, did not know of him, Hawkins' fame was enough to ensure that he was asked to come over. He left New York March 23rd, 1934, and was not to return to America for five years.

It is perhaps appropriate here to pause and consider what Hawkins had done for the tenor saxophone. He had turned it into an expressive instrument that was to become one of the main vehicles of jazz improvisation. His remarkable sense of harmony had a great deal to do with this; but above all it was the tone that he had attained and his utilisation of tonal possibilities that meant so much. Burnett James has written tellingly about what was involved in the development of that tone:

The main tonal limitation is that all saxophones tend to be strong in the fundamental but weak in harmonics. Thus the 'straight' or natural tone has a somewhat thin and nasal quality... In order... to increase the saxophone's scope the basic tone had to be strengthened; steps needed to be taken to bring the relationship between the fundamental and the harmonic structure into a more satisfactory balance. And this was done by increasing the wind pressure... by a species of judicious and controlled overblowing... It also has the effect of forcing the sound deeper into the body of the instrument where the relationship between the fundamental and the harmonics tends to be freed from the domination of the former.

The period in Europe was one of the nicest musically and personally for Hawkins. Everywhere he went, he was treated as a star. His first recordings were with a British rhythm section. The support is not spectacular, but Hawkins takes it away on *Lady Be Good* in a loping, relaxed sweep that he had not attained with the tighter Henderson rhythm section. He made a series of recordings with the Dutch group, The Ramblers, notably the relaxed *I Wish I Were Twins*. He recorded with an international group assembled by Benny Carter that included the British trombonist, George Chisholm. At this session, he contributed powerful solos on *Mighty Like the Blues* and *My Buddy*, where his tone is harder than it had been in the mid—thirties. Less memorable is *Love Cries*, made with a Swiss group, the Berries, where Hawkins sings, for the first and only time on record. Most famous is the session made in Paris with arrangements by Benny Carter and with Django Reinhardt in the group. On *Crazy Rhythm* Carter and Hawkins play alongside their evident admirers, Alix Combelle and Andre Ekyan. This record became so famous that it gave the *raison d'etre* for a session by Carter in the sixties, ***Further Definitions***, where he and Hawkins return to the number with Phil Woods and Charlie Rouse. Most memorable, for me at least, was *Out Of Nowhere*. Hawkins, beautifully supported by Reinhardt's guitar interpolations, follows Carters trumpet solo with a relaxed, sustained two choruses of ballad playing that build up steadily to make of one his most satisfying performances.

Hawkins returned to the United States shortly before the outbreak of war in 1939. The Swing Era had produced a throng of Hawkins imitators, as well as the totally different Lester Young; but Hawkins returned to be recognised as king of his instrument. In Europe he had been a featured soloist. In the early forties he made two attempts at leading a big band. Both groups recorded, for **Victor** and for **Okeh**, but their performances are not memorable. At the session for Victor, Hawkins was persuaded to play a solo feature that he had often played in Europe and in New York clubs, *Body And Soul*. These two choruses of ballad playing were an immediate hit. They were also a revelation in the harmonic exploration of a ballad. Hawkins does not state the melody, but steps immediately into harmonic variations that, at the time, were startling and that still evoke surprise.

I have never been a lover of *Body And Soul*, while I enjoy the less adventurous but warmer *Say It Isn't So*, recorded a few years later, also for Victor. That is not to deny the significance of *Body And*

Soul in the history of jazz; though that too, I feel, has been overrated. Humphrey Lyttleton, in **The Best of Jazz II**, analyses the solo at length. Later in the book, he analyses Lester Young's solo on the Jones-Smith *Lady Be Good*. Of Lester's solo, Lyttleton writes "paradoxically, its basic ingredients are so simple. That a work of genius should emerge... from a childishly simple tune, five chords and a conservative two-beat rhythm is a mystery that demands probing." The basic ingredients may have been simple, but nobody else did it or could do it. Lyttleton does probe the mystery, showing how Lester Young proceeds to disappoint normal expectation at every turn. Yet he does not give sufficient emphasis to the rhythmic fluidity that is attained — something that was new and that was not a feature of Hawkins' playing. The language of analysis available to writers about music is one derived from the notation and analysis of European conventional music, where the exploration of harmony was the major cultural thrust. The power of jazz lies in its subtle handling and combination of rhythm, tone and intonation — effects not easily notated even in the language derived from European music.

COLEMAN HAWKINS AT A HARRY LIM SESSION (PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN)

World War II saw the emergence of a large number of small recording companies devoted to jazz, particularly after the ban on recording with the major companies that arose out of a dispute of the musicians' union. Hawkins was a star much sought after for such sessions. Harry Lim, a great admirer, recorded him extensively for his **Keynote** label, often with a musician with whom Hawkins was to be closely associated in later years, Roy Eldridge. They are to be heard at their mellow best on recordings for Keynote such as *I'm in the Mood for Love* and *I Only Have Eyes For You,* where Eldridge even outshines Hawkins' congenial performances. Most notable of the wartime recordings was one for **Signature**, an unusual twelve-inch recording of *The Man I Love*. We do not get the ballad performance that one might have expected, but a tight, relaxed middle tempo series of improvisations that count among Hawkins' most exciting and memorable.

On that recording there is a rhythmic feeling altogether tighter and less laid back than on Swing Era recordings. Those were the days of the underground development of be-bop; and one senses that the harmonically adventurous Hawkins was ready for it. He led what is viewed as one of the first bop groups on 52nd Street in 1944, with Don Byas, Benny Harris, Thelonious Monk, Eddie Robinson and Denzil Best. He also made what some view as the first bop recordings, for the Apollo Music Shop in that same year. On *Disorder At The Border*, and *Woody 'n You*, we hear Gillespie solo fiercely in a matured style; while Hawkins' playing is out in front with him. At the end of the year, he recorded with a quartet drawn from his 52nd Street group for the Joe Davis label. We hear Thelonious Monk, making his first commercial recordings. At sessions for **Victor** and **Sonora** under his own name, Hawkins used young, advanced musicians, such as Fats Navarro, J.J. Johnson, Milt Jackson and Allen Eager, who were to be remembered as the great makers of modern jazz. One of these recordings has the oddity that Coleman Hawkins steps out of the limelight and does not take the tenor saxophone solo — *Allen's Alley*, a feature for Allen Eager.

The early fifties were not the best time for what came to be called "mainstream" artists. However, in 1954 Hawkins took part in one of the superb mainstream sessions organised for **Vanguard,** with Sir Charles Thompson as leader. There they made another version of the early hit, *The Talk of the Town*; and for once the remake was better than the original. Hawkins' tone has changed somewhat — rich and dark, but now slightly "leathery", as the British poet Roy Fisher termed it. His two choruses are superbly poised and developed. In the late fifties, Hawkins appeared and recorded again with Roy Eldridge at the Chicago Opera House and in studio recordings for **Verve**, giving superb performances such as *The Walker, Sunday* and *Hanid*, where Eldridge again almost outshines Hawkins. Indeed, in those years Hawkins came back into the limelight with notable sessions such as the one with Buck Clayton that produced the extended *Bird Of Prey Blues* and the exciting reunion of Henderson alumni, ***The Big Challenge***.

A HISTORY OF HIS RECORDINGS BY TREVOR TOLLEY

Very impressive is a recording for **Riverside**, ***Monk's Music***, where Hawkins joins his old sideman Thelonious Monk. Hawkins gives a rolling, energetic performance on the difficult harmonies of *Off Minor*. We hear giants of two different generations when John Coltrane and Hawkins both solo on *Epistrophy* and *Well, You Needn't*. Hawkins holds his own superbly; but the contrast with the loose, flexible rhythms of Coltrane brings out how much Hawkins is tied to the beat at middle and faster tempi.

By 1960, Hawkins had entered a period of celebrity when he was, if anything, recorded too much — particularly by **Prestige** and its associated labels, **Swingville** and **Moodsville**. In 1962 he worked with a quartet that included pianist Tommy Flanagan and bassist Major Holley; and their recordings for Prestige and **Impulse** have received much acclaim. However, to me a much tighter and adventurous group was the one that Hawkins worked with in 1960 and with whom he recorded for **Crown** — a group that included Thad Jones, George Duvivier, Gus Johnson and the soon-to-be-dead Eddie Costa. They come together brilliantly on performances like *Bean In Orbit*, and Hawkin's dark, hard tone is beautifully captured.

It was indeed, in those days, that Hawkins seemed best in a more adventurous setting. One occasion is Max Roach's *Freedom Now* suite, recorded for Nat Hentoff's short-lived **Candid** label. Hawkins plays only sixteen bars — and there is a squeak that may not have been deliberate; but his dry, economical contribution is completely in key with the for-then *avant-garde* proceedings.

Even better were the recordings at the Essen Jazz Festival with Bud Powell, Oscar Pettiford and Kenny Clarke in April of 1960. Their performance of the harmonically tricky *All the Things You Are* is a classic that transcends period; and Hawkins responds to the modern rhythms of his stellar companions. Another session where Hawkins seems to be lifted by the challenge of something new is one he made with Shelly Manne for **Impulse**, *2, 3, 4*. Despite the slightly affected use of tempo variations and insinuated double tempo, Hawkins' performances on *The `A' Train* and *Cherokee* are sustainedly exciting. *Slowly* opens with a chorus by Hawkins in which every variation of tone and intonation is beautifully captured by the recording. These thirty-two bars are among the most masterly statements of a ballad melody ever recorded. Hank Jones solos for a chorus; but the final chorus collapses with a repetition of a stylized variation.

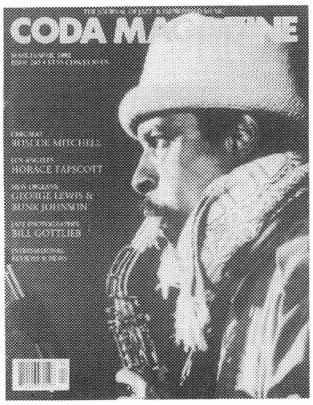
A recording where everything does come off stunningly is a track made after a successful session, ***Duke Ellington Meets Coleman Hawkins***, made for Impulse. *Solitude*, issued on an Impulse anthology, ***The Definitive Jazz Scene, Volume 1***, is again one of Hawkins' greatest and most relaxed performances, where he is heard playing with only Ray Nance on violin, Ellington on piano, Aaron Bell on bass, and Sam Woodyard on drums.

Those recordings of the early sixties that seemed to find Hawkins in such assured mastery were not the prelude to a final consummation. As the decade progressed, Hawkins deteriorated not only musically, but personally and physically. He seemed to age rapidly and to have developed an aversion to eating. His performances became unpredictable. On one of his last recordings, ***Sirius***, made in December 1966, the challenge of popular melodies like *Sweet And Lovely* or *Just A Gigolo*, that would have been nothing to him in the past, seemed too much. He died in New York on May 19th 1969. The last years were a sad conclusion to a career of a man of great sophistication, who had not merely established his instrument as a central medium in jazz, but who had moved along so amazingly with the music as it had developed. □

REPRESENTATIVE RECORDINGS BY COLEMAN HAWKINS

Coleman Hawkins 1929-1934 • *Classics 587*
Coleman Hawkins 1934-1937 • *Classics 602*
The Hawk In Europe • *Living Era AJA 5054*
April In Paris (including Body & Soul) • *Bluebird 61063*
The Complete Coleman Hawkins (Keynotes) • *Mercury 830-960-2 (2CDs)*
Rainbow Mist (Apollos) • *Delmark DD459*
Hollywood Stampede • *Capitol CDP 792596-2*
Sir Charles Thompson • His Personal Vanguard Recordings • *WM 350662143*
Thelonious Monk • Monks Music • *Riverside OJC 084*
Coleman Hawkins & Roy Eldridge • At The Opera House • *Verve 314 521 641-2*
Coleman Hawkins & Confreres • *Verve 835 255-2*
High & Mighty Hawk • *London 820 600-2*
Bud Powell • The Essen Jazz Festival Concert • *Black Lion BLCD 760105*
The Hawk Swings Volumes 1 & 2 • *Fresh Sound FSR CD-14 & CD-15*
Shelly Manne • 2, 3, 4 • *Impulse GPD 149*

PHOTOGRAPH BY **JOHN MORGAN**



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CANADIAN MUSIC

A REGULAR COLUMN BY **SCOTT YANOW**

• COMPACT DISC REVIEWS OF AMBIANCES MAGNETIQUES • HAROLD FAUSTIN • TIME WARP • BARRY ELMES • MIKE MURLEY • DUNCAN HOPKINS • RICHARD WHITEMAN • ROY STYFFE • SEAN BRAY • HERBIE SPANIER • PETE MAGADINI • SONNY GREENWICH • KEVIN DEAN • CHARLES PAPASOFF • NORMAND GUILBEAULT • LISLE ELLIS

AS IF TO MAKE UP FOR THE EXTREMELY FEW NUMBER OF RECORDINGS THAT EXIST of Canadian jazz prior to 1960, during the past decade many Canadian labels have been formed to document the current scene. Among the record companies whose releases are covered in this article (and whose recordings may be hard to find) are **AM** *(Dame C.P. 263, Succursale E, Montreal, Quebec H2T 3A7),* **Amplitude** *(841 rue Querbes, Outremont, Quebec H2V 3X1),* **Cornerstone** *(17 Gatwick Avenue, Toronto M4C 1W2),* **Counterpoint** *(40 Homewood Avenue, Suite 3002, Toronto M4Y 2K2),* **Justin Time** *(5455 Pare, Suite 101, Montreal, Quebec H4P 1P7),* **Kleo** *(P.O. Box 373, Boucherville, Quebec J4B 5W2),* **McGill** *(555 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, Quebec H3A 1E3),* **Red Toucan** *(9527-A, Foucher, Montreal, Quebec H2M 1W3)* and **Victo** *(C.P. 460 Victoriaville, Quebec G6P 6T3).* By and large the music on these projects is quite rewarding and deserves to be heard, even in cases where the names of the participants are not very familiar. Taken as a whole, the recordings attest to the high artistic level of the Canadian jazz scene and make one wonder why more of these musicians are not household names.

KEVIN TURCOTTE, MIKE MURLEY & AL HENDERSON PHOTOGRAPH BY VIOLA ANDERSON

AMBIANCES MAGNETIQUES
Une Theorie Des Ensembles
AM 022 (73:26)

Ambiances Magnetiques is an eccentric 15-piece group which combines together rock, funk, free improvising, electronics and pure noise. On their AM release, the ensemble performs together in different combinations on seven basic pieces, ranging from weird freakouts to rumbling mood pieces and music that would function well as a soundtrack. Personally I found this at times barely-coherent music easier to respect than to love, but adventurous listeners might want to try this one out.

HAROLD FAUSTIN
Parallelisme
Amplitude JACD-4014 (58:03)

Harold Faustin is essentially a straight ahead guitarist whose tone at times is reminiscent of George Benson, but the unusual rhythms that his backup groups plays (encompassing various types of World music, funk and even a little reggae) inspires him to stretch himself. With tenorman Jocelyn Nemard and pianist Jean Beaudet also taking fine solos, Faustin's debut contains more than its share of interesting and unpredictable moments and makes one confident of his future.

TIME WARP • There and Back
Cornerstone 101 (58:00)

Time Warp is a flexible quartet comprised of leader-bassist Al Henderson, trumpeter Kevin Turcotte, Mike Murley (doubling on tenor and soprano) and drummer Barry Elmes; Alex Dean (heard on alto and flute) guests during two of the seven originals. Their Cornerstone release includes the four-part *Ellingtonia* (which has sections based on *Black & Tan Fantasy, Mood Indigo* and *Ring Dem Bells)* and a tribute to Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson but also features music more in the vein of Ornette Coleman's original quartet without being overly derivative; all but one piece was composed by Henderson. This excellent free bop date has plenty of strong solos and alert interplay, making it well worth hearing.

BARRY ELMES
East/West
Cornerstone 102 (69:34)

Drummer Barry Elmes leads a straight ahead bop-oriented set on ***East/West***. Trumpeter Kevin Turcotte proves himself to be a talented improviser with an attractive sound, tenor-saxophonist Mike Murley lives up to his solid reputation, veteran guitarist Ed Bickert (the glue that holds the quintet together) is typically tasteful and both bassist Steve Wallace and Elmes are solid in support. Whether it be Elmes' three quirky originals, Carl Perkins' *Grooveyard*, Monk's *Bye-ya* or a jazz waltz version of *Slow Boat To China*, this is an excellent effort.

MIKE MURLEY
Departure
Cornerstone 104 (68:43)

Tenorman Mike Murley (who has made numerous recordings in recent years) explores the modern mainstream and often hints at both Stanley Turrentine and Joe Henderson. Highlights include *One And Only* (a medium-up version of *My One And Only Love), Someone To Watch Over Me, Dig Diz* (which uses the chords of *Woody'n You)* and a lengthy blues. Pianist Dave Restivo also shows talent and the rhythm section is excellent. Although the four-part *Suite Sixties* is somewhat uneventful (other than Murley's outing on soprano for *A Waning Moment),* this is a continually rewarding set.

DUNCAN HOPKINS
Le Rouge
Counterpoint 002 (54:57)

For this session bassist Duncan Hopkins contributed all six of the compositions (including the three-part *Suite Sorrow)* and such fine soloists as the warm-toned trombonist John Hassleback Jr. pianist John Sherwood and the reliable guitarist Lorne Lofsky are heard from. But it is Kenny Wheeler (on fluegelhorn and trumpet) who generally steals the show. Whether the music is hard-swinging or melancholy, Wheeler's subtle yet powerful improvisations are consistently memorable and stimulating, the main reason to acquire this disc.

RICHARD WHITEMAN
This Is Now
Counterpoint 003 (58:24)

Generally when a new release is comprised entirely of group originals, the solos are better than the melodies, but that is not the case with this release. Pianist Richard Whiteman and bassist Mike Downes contributed all nine selections and several of the compositions are quite memorable, particularly the pianist's *Slick Wille, Cross Your Heart* and his wistful *That Was Then*. Perry White (on tenor and soprano) takes several impressive improvisations (particularly on Downes' minor-toned blues-with-a-bridge *Shift)* as does Whiteman while Downes and drummer John Obercian are fine in support. The music ranges from modern bop to performances slightly reminiscent of Keith Jarrett's 1970's quintet with Dewey Redman. Easily recommended.

ROY STYFFE
Subway Dream
Counterpoint 004 (62:51)

Altoist Roy Styffe is the main star on this date, improvising in sparse structures along with guitarist Sean Bray, bassist Jim Vivian and drummer Barry Romberg. The group sound is a bit dry on these nine Styffe originals but the leader's solos (on alto, his Eddie Daniels-inspired clarinet and bass clarinet) are generally quite rewarding (swinging in its own way) and advanced. The frequently sensitive music falls into the wide area between hard bop and the avant-garde, with an emphasis on close communication between the players.

SEAN BRAY
Strategy
Counterpoint 005 (57:53)

The musicianship on this quintet session is excellent with guitarist Sean Bray at times recalling George Benson and Larry Carlton and Brian Dickinson's modal piano obviously inspired by McCoy Tyner. With Pat LaBarbera also heard from on tenor and soprano this should have been a near-classic. Unfortunately Bray's seven originals, while harmonically advanced, do not stick in one's mind and the solos never get overly exciting. Actually the most notable track is Bray's unaccompanied guitar feature on *Nancy (With The Laughing Face),* making one wish that he were showcased on more inspiring material.

HERBIE SPANIER
Anthology/1962-93
Justin Time 55

The legendary veteran trumpeter Herbie Spanier is little-known outside of his native Canada so hopefully this well-conceived set of rare (previously unreleased?) material will help him get some of the recognition he deserves. A very creative bop improviser whose interests are wide enough to include the influence of modern classical music, Spanier is heard on three enjoyable selections with a 1993 quintet that also features his talented son Calder on alto and soprano. He is also joined by strings in 1965 for three other songs, jams a blues in 1962, plays the very advanced *Precis En Blue* in 1985 and performs selections from 1963 and 1970. This set would have benefitted from being programmed in chronological order but the diverse yet consistently exciting music is beyond any serious criticism. Highly recommended!

PETE MAGADINI
1965...Then To Now
Justin Time 8447 (66:58)

Drummer Pete Magadini's release is a grab bag of ten items dating from 1965-1993, five of which have been released previously. Magadini is heard with pianist George Duke's trio in the mid-60's, jamming in a couple of different groups with the great tenor Don Menza and featuring such players as tenor-saxophonist Zeke Zoechler (on a warm ballad rendition of *My Funny Valentine),* trumpeter Charles Ellison and Mike Allen on tenor. The music ranges from bop to some early funky fusion and is enjoyable taken as a whole although I would have preferred to hear the complete output of the formerly unreleased sessions.

SONNY GREENWICH
Standard Idioms
Kleo 1 (61:31)

Guitarist Sonny Greenwich has long been known as one of Canada's great jazz legends, an explorative if under recorded improviser. For ***Standard Idioms***, rather than perform a variety of warhorses, Greenwich wrote six new songs that fit well into the straight ahead tradition (for example *Ultimatum* is based on *Cherokee)* and he utilizes an excellent octet that also has solo space for tenorman Mike Allen, trumpeter Charles Ellison and trombonist David Grott. As with the best players, Greenwich lives the music (rather than merely regurgitating the past) and he feels free to extend, bend and occasionally break through the artificial roles currently plaguing the tradition. The result is an exciting and surprisingly unpredictable set of inventive jazz.

KEVIN DEAN
Since 1954
McGill 750049 (73:42)

It is obvious from the first chorus of the opening *Scooter's Tempo* that trumpeter Kevin Dean's role model is Kenny Dorham. Matched in a quintet with a tenor-saxophonist (John Nugent) who often sounds a bit like Hank Mobley, this set (despite being comprised entirely of Dean's originals) is very much in the Art Blakey tradition. The ***Since 1954*** title does not refer to the recording date (which is 1992) but Dean's birthdate and the period that this style was at its height (although some of the music could have dated from a decade later). There is nothing wrong with playing in an older idiom as long as the creativity is there. When one considers the high musicianship, enthusiasm and the excellent solos that are heard throughout this swinging disc, Kevin Dean's project definitely qualifies as a happy success.

CHARLES PAPASOFF
Papasoff
Red Toucan 9301

Charles Papasoff is, on the basis of this stimulating recording (his debut as a leader), one of the top baritonists around in the 1990's. The freebop set has trumpeter Baikida Carroll, bassist Santi Debriano and drummer Pheeroan ak Laff on four of the seven selections and finds Papasoff easily holding his own with the fast company. He actually plays soprano on two pieces (highlighted by an unaccompanied excursion into lyricism on the thoughtful *You Can't Escape Your Destiny)* and flute on two others (a duet with pianist Jean Beaudet and an overdubbed *Fruit Loops)* but it is Papasoff's baritone that is most memorable. The fiery rhythm section really pushes the soloists and Carroll (who has recorded too infrequently in recent years) has rarely sounded hotter than on the quartet tracks. Recommended.

NORMAND GUILBEAULT
Dualismus
Red Toucan 9302 (65:57)

Bassist Norman Guilbeault has kept his pianoless quartet/quintet together for seven years and finally had an opportunity to record the unit recently. Most prominent among the soloists is Mathieu Belanger (on bass clarinet and occasionally the clarinet although trumpeter Ivanhoe Jolicoeur and trombonist Michel Ouellet are also excellent; drummer Paul Leger is both subtle and driving in his accompaniment. Guilbeault, who contributed five originals and is showcased on a solo bass version of *My One And Only Love,* directs the saxless band through some conventional swinging, free bop, a bit of group improvising a few complex charts. Everything works well!

LISLE ELLIS
Elevations
Victo 027 (61:08)

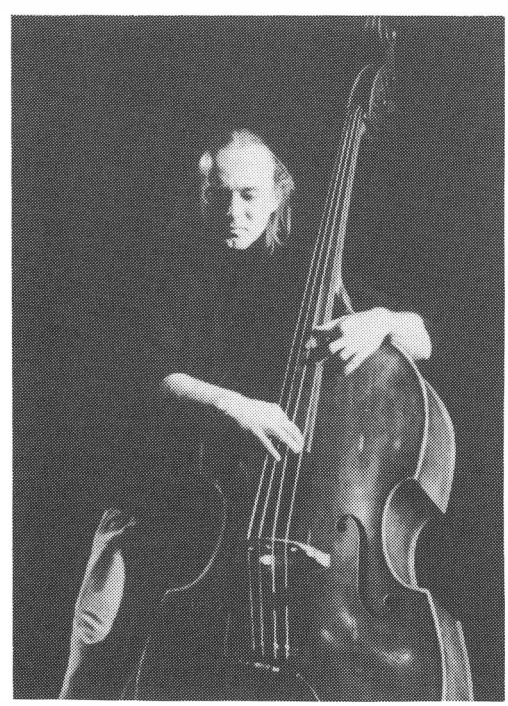
The brilliant bassist Lisle Ellis somehow keeps a mighty saxophone section (Larry Ochs on tenor and soprano, tenorman Glenn Spearman, altoist Christopher Cauley and Joe McPhee on three horns) under control during his heated session. The passionate music (which includes an expert tribute to Albert Ayler) really burns but Ellis, along with his sidemen's self-restraint, keeps the outbursts coherent and logical. In fact, the 12-minute versions of the bassist's original *Ground* clock in within one second of each other! Open-eared listeners should consider this CD essential. □

PHOTOGRAPHS

CHARLES PAPASOFF (OPPOSITE)
PHOTOGRAPH BY DOMINIC MORISSETTE
LISLE ELLIS PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

ABOUT THE WRITER

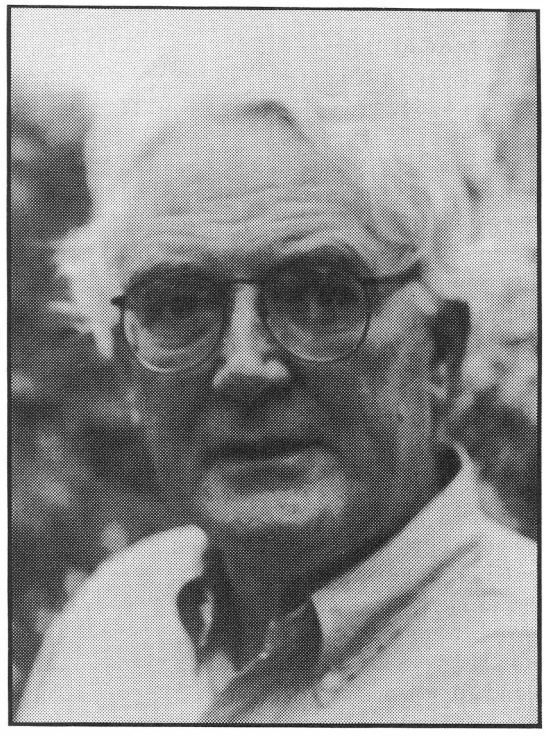
SCOTT YANOW *Is a resident of Los Angeles who is published internationally in nine music magazines*



PAUL HAINES

NOW CAN YOU TELL ME

An Article By Stuart Broomer



PHOTOGRAPH BY JO HAINES - NOVEMBER 1994

WORDS AND MUSIC

AMONG Paul Haines' incidental works is a cassette called ***The Last Tape***. It consists of snippets of jazz radio shows from the Toronto area: a host announces the title and personnel of what he is about to play. The announcement is suddenly cut and followed by... another announcement. This continues. Sometimes it is a reiteration of the preceding information, referring now to what has just been played. No "music" ever occurs, only announcements from one show or another, about a welter of musicians from Louis Armstrong to Sonny Rollins. Where music might have been, there is now only the click of the edit. It is the nightmare of dial twirling, dial twirling as locked, a symphony of personalities excised from their common function and fused.

The irritant factor is very high. As with Cage's piece for silent piano, or Warhol's eight hour film of the Empire State Building, the assault is expanded by the tape's perfect indifference. It is circular, but it never suggests a campfire or a friendship ring. Instead, it is a machine for frustration, a formal loop that repeatedly engenders expectation only to frustrate it. In part a revenge on those who would make official choices, as such it is about the social forms of the editing process. Its language is a residue, a collection of signs pointing quite specifically to what is no longer there. This residue of language is a kind of Hell, while the missing music is a utopian absence, the romance of jazz.

As with anything, one learns to live with it, becoming acutely attuned to the qualities of voice. Because we are never given what it is that we expected to be listening to, we learn to listen to what's here, to what we would usually only hear on our way to listening to something else. We begin to catch the texture of voice, the choice of words, the tone reverential or officious, arrogating or cataloguing. In chronicling an opposition between words and music, Haines offers another alternative: words as music.

The Last Tape suggests the unease that we must feel when we try to talk about music, an unease that is central to Haines' own writings on the subject. As with so much of Haines' work, the cassette has become allied to another work: the last track of Evan Parker's ***The Snake Decides*** (and also of his ***Collected Solos)*** is entitled "Haines' Last Tape." In creating a kind of anti-music, Haines has somehow inspired more music.

Without recourse to the commonplace book of things we might say about music (It has no beat. Merce Cunningham couldn't dance to it. I'll give it a ten) and things we might say to music (The rune in June falls mainly on the spoon), Haines has consistently found other orderings for things, whether in his prose pieces about music or the poems that he has given to music in the form of four remarkable recordings.

Haines' work is collaborative and reciprocal. The strength of his writing begins in its openness and wit and develops in its brevity and compression; it reveals its resilience in its author's extreme openness to adaptation. It is antithetical to most of the poetry that has been linked to jazz, poetry that has tended to the diffuse and expressionist. Haines' poetry, on the other hand, is precise in creating images that are both mysterious and absolute.

His work is often close to epigram and to the short poetic forms of Japan in which two disparate ideas are fused in a single short verse. Haines' poems tend to function as emblems, epigrams, aphorisms, even signs or names, like "Lofty Fake Anagram;" they are almost logos, a particular naming of some otherness.

Haines occupies a unique place among writers in that his work has been shaped to an unusual degree by the enthusiasm of musicians. I think there's a reason for that beyond Haines' own enthusiasm for music, or, rather, it is Haines' abiding appreciation of the musical that resulted in a language that appeals uniquely to musicians. There is a special disconnection in his work, an altered relationship with the habitual uses of words.

Haines Occupies A Unique Place Among Writers In That His Work Has Been Shaped To An Unusual Degree By The Enthusiasm Of Musicians.

Haines' writing possesses many of the qualities of his favourite players: the breadth of wit and sentiment of Roswell Rudd, the understatement of Paul Bley or John Tchicai, or the harmonic subtlety of Carla Bley, with its constant sense of doubleness and dislocation. That sense of dislocation is true of many of those to whom he listens most closely, from Professor Longhair to Warne Marsh to Derek Bailey.

This might serve to introduce the complicated uneasiness between music and words, the rupture or gap in which Haines has created for thirty years, making weird bridges and traffic signs, couplings and tendons, veins and arteries, out of his wit and his gifted listening.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY AND WHY WASTE IT

PAUL HAINES was born in Vassar, Michigan in 1932. During the late 1940s, he travelled regularly to Saginaw to hear the rhythm 'n' blues bands that played there. They were the early years of bop, and Haines started listening to Charlie Parker and Wardell Grey. After serving in the army during the Korean war, Haines studied French literature and began to cultivate his passion for travel, living in Europe and the Near-East, working as a language teacher and travel consultant.

Unlike most writers, Haines doesn't talk much about the poets he has read, or when he discovered them. He talks about the music he has heard and the special impress it has made on him, of hearing Charlie Parker with Fats Navarro during a youthful trip to New York, of Lester Young and Pee Wee Russell and Brew Moore and Albert Ayler. What is evident in his poems, however, is a profound habitation in both French and American poetry of the past century. There is the tensile strength of Pierre Reverdy's "cubist" poetry, the complex ambiguity of Mallarme, the brilliant collisions among words that occur in the poetry of Benjamin Peret.

Ezra Pound, formulating the techniques for free verse, talked about fidelity to the musical phrase, not the metronome. Haines has devoted himself to listening in a way that few poets have, so that his poems, without recourse to regular rhythm or rhyme, seem to lend themselves to song. This abiding devotion has resulted in a series of collaborations — with Carla Bley, Kip Hanrahan, Curlew, and a host of others — that is without parallel or precedent. It's his acute awareness of music that demarcates Haines' works as a lyricist from any other jazz/poetry fusions that have been attempted.

Settling in New York in the early sixties, Haines was present at the beginnings of the avant-garde, and soon formed friendships with Paul and Carla Bley, Rudd and Tchicai, among many others. A New York radio announcer once decided to introduce his two callers with the strangest and most eclectic tastes in music, but Haines and Carla Bley were already friends.

During the formative days of the new jazz in New York, Haines began writing his remarkable fusions of prose poem, polemic and narrative for friends' records. Though he was never a "regular" jazz critic, either in form or frequency, his writings appeared on some of the most important records of the period: Paul Bley's ***Footloose*** (Savoy SV-0140), Albert Ayler's ***Spiritual Unity*** (ESP Disk 1004), and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra's ***Communication*** (Fontana 881 011 ZY), from 1965, and the eponymous 1968 set (JCOA 1001/2) with Cecil Taylor among the soloists.

Haines also acted as engineer for some of those recordings, including half of the first Jazz Composer's Orchestra lp, and some of the Albert Ayler recordings on ESP. For Michael Snow's film ***New York Eye and Ear Control***, Haines provided an introductory text and assembled and recorded the extraordinary band heard on the soundtrack: Ayler, Rudd, Tchicai, Don Cherry, Gary Peacock, and Sunny Murray.

ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL

HAINES left New York in 1966 to teach on a Navajo reservation in New Mexico, regularly sending poems to Carla Bley that she was thinking about setting to music. In the late sixties they conceived of the immense ***Escalator Over the Hill*** (ECM/JCOA 839310-2). The realization of "Escalator" was possible only at its precise moment in American music, a moment when an explosiveness in jazz and rock created odd syntheses and crossovers.

For "Escalator," Bley took a selection of Haines' poems, organized them around characters and locales and distributed them through a range of musics and several subordinate musical groups into a complex and extraordinary whole. Her efforts to bring the project together were extraordinary, and twenty five years later one is almost as impressed by her command of logistics as her musical skills, finding ways to combine the resources that she'd developed with the Jazz Composer's Orchestra, including soloists like Cherry, Rudd, and Gato Barbieri, and integrating an electric fusion group with John McLaughlin and Jack Bruce, with words sung by such varied vocalists as Bruce, Jeanne Lee, Sheila Jordan and Linda Ronstadt.

The result belongs to a sparse modern tradition of fully realized musical/verbal collaborations that includes Brecht and Weill's ***ThreePenny Opera*** and ***Mahagonny***; Virgil Thomson and Gertrude Stein's ***Four Saints in Three Acts*** and ***The Mother of Us All***; Harry Partch's ***Barstow***; and Philip Glass and Robert Wilson's ***Einstein on the Beach***. It is psychodrama or

melodrama, but oddly freed of plot, and its cohesiveness arises from its musical styles and voices and in the selective repetition of some of Haines' most memorable phrases. It is both verbally and musically thematized, and the result is unique.

Geo-political stresses lurk just at the edge of Haines' work, and they are apparent in "Escalator." "One time the leader was murdered/ and they all threw fits/ harmonious with the times" is the Kennedy assassination, but glimpsed from very far off, the Kennedy assassination as a kind of latent American aesthetic system in which the random and the conspiratorial, chance and system, wed, the engine that drives the fictions of Pynchon and Burroughs; the painting of abstract expressionism; the musics of chance, minimalism, and the further reaches of jazz; and certainly the complexities of "Escalator" itself.

CARLA BLEY • PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

The title is already an absurd meeting of artifice and terrain. The photograph by Haines that opens the book is entitled "Opera:" a man lies on a sidewalk, arms around his head, in apparent pain. Behind him Indian movie posters show actors in various states of faked high emotion. The theatre is called "Jubilee." When the libretto asks "What is there for an escalator to bring to him" we can substitute any number of identities for the "him," but the man in the photograph is certainly one of them. Everything is "melancholy and industrial," but in Haines' words we learn of the connection in a new way.

It is in Haines' capacity for linguistic dissonance, the joining of phrases in unexpectable ways to somehow transcribe and reveal other relations, that words and music find common ground. The fracturing and refining of language fuse to become a single act. A passage about "people raised/ for one thing/ like cows/ for milk/ and chickens/ for legs" will demonstrate his special capacity for surprise. Even within the context of functional human breeding, there is an expectation that the chickens may be bred for eggs. "Legs" will carry that suggestion, and laying as well, but it will add something else, the instant of incision, the act of cutting, which is the instant in which Haines writes. He makes cuts in a body that is not otherwise there, the body only appearing as an outline, as a few strokes, akin to the drawings and paper cut-outs of Henri Matisse or the saxophone playing of John Tchicai. The cuts and the body are one.

Carla Bley's command of a range of musics and manners — some theatrical, some not theatrical at all — and the ways in which she overlays and splices them result in the very fragmentary, dissolving quality of the work, and mirror the incisive quality of Haines' writing.

Haines was present briefly for the recording of one track of "Escalator" in 1969, and then was off to another teaching post, this time in India, where he spent six years. His sojourn in the Indian sub-continent fed another collaboration with Carla Bley, ***Tropic Appetites*** (Watt 1), sub-titled "It's rude to point your food at anyone."

In 1975, Haines, his wife Jo, and their three children returned to North America, eventually settling in Fenelon Falls, a small town about a hundred kilometres northeast of Toronto. There Haines has happily carried on working, writing essays and poems and branching more and more into making videos. These videos include ***Rice Scented in Our Absence*** (1982), with Carla Bley and Steve Swallow contributing to the soundtrack, and ***Jubilee*** (1994), which uses footage Haines shot as a participant in Derek Bailey's 1992 Company Week.

THIRD WORLD TWO

AMONG the first of these videos was ***Third World Two*** in which Haines began exploring other kinds of collaboration. He sent groups of short poems to several musicians to perform in any way they wished, whether in formal song settings or with spontaneous music. Haines collated the results into a soundtrack, then had the poems printed out on a ball park's electric sign to form a visual complement. The result was an exploration of radical musical diversity.

The phrase "Third World Two" is the kind of compressed miniature that Haines delights in, drawing attention to the notion of war without ever mentioning the word, resonating with World War Two and Third World War. "War" is both twice heard and omitted. It is now the third world that is asserted, doubled, mirrored, and transplanted, bracketed between those wars as the past and future terrors of history. "Third World Two" is a persistent "now" throughout its incarnations, and it focuses on the disjunctive world that is the setting for much of Haines' work.

The poems are collected in a volume with the same title, and several of them have recently appeared in more formal musical settings on ***A Beautiful Western Saddle*** by Curlew with vocalist Amy Denio and on Haines' own ***Darn It***. These CDs bring to fruition many of the works and collaborations of the past fifteen years, suddenly doubling the recordings available of Haines' words put to music. They extend those brilliant settings undertaken by Bley now more than two decades ago.

A BEAUTIFUL WESTERN SADDLE

GEORGE CARTWRIGHT first encountered Haines' work through Kip Hanrahan in the late seventies when Haines was having different poems set for the video ***Third World Two***. Later Cartwright contributed tracks to the long term Haines/Hanrahan project that would become ***Darn It!.*** When his group, Curlew, was considering a series of song settings for New Music America in 1989, Cartwright again turned to ***Third World Two***.

Curlew is a wonderful group, and in many ways they use ***A Beautiful Western Saddle*** (Cuneiform Rune 50) to re-invent both themselves and the idea of song. The sequence recalls a phrase Haines wrote over thirty years ago about Paul Bley: Curlew "begins by playing everything all over again for the first time." They play everything in the American songbook over again as a set of starting positions: country, rock, rhythm 'n' blues, gospel, a sweet chanting that might suggest the Holiness Movement, and some manic catterwauling that comes directly from Ayler and Hendrix.

The space that Curlew finds between their sounds — in the distinctions between what is thin and thick in the female voice, cello, tenor saxophone, and guitar — opens itself to Haines' language. The distinctive group texture — a continuous exchange of the smooth and the rough — meets Haines' language as could few others, managing to touch on both the formal and intimate notes in the poetry. Tom Cora seems to have circumvented the late-European influence common to most improvised cello music: he does this by hinting at times at sarangi and oud, but more often with a kind of baritone fiddling.

Curlew articulates the edge of Haines' work, the precision of his verbal outline. Their settings are often more immediately song-like, simpler than Bley's renderings, and they feed off the ever increasing resilience of Haines' poems. Haines has proceeded throughout the years to boil his poems down to less, until they are crystalline flashes in which image and meaning merge, sometimes as comic shards of the true light. There is, for example, the series of miracles of

THE PRINCE

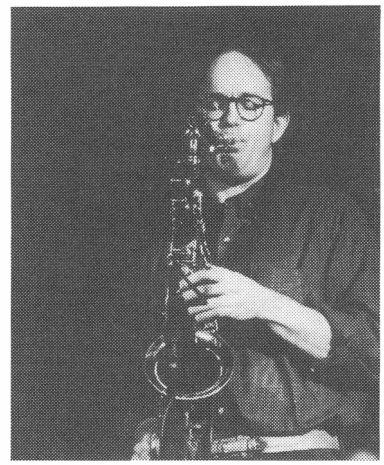
HAS TAKEN SHEEP TO THE DUMP
AND THE SMOKE IS WOOL COLORED

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF
EVEN SECRET CARNIVAL WORKERS

THE PRINCE CONTINUED
TO SHIT THREE DAYS
PAST DEATH

LITTLE BAY SCALLOPS

There are miracles there, but they are miracles subtly contaminated with reality.



GEORGE CARTWRIGHT
PHOTOGRAPH BY GERARD FUTRICK

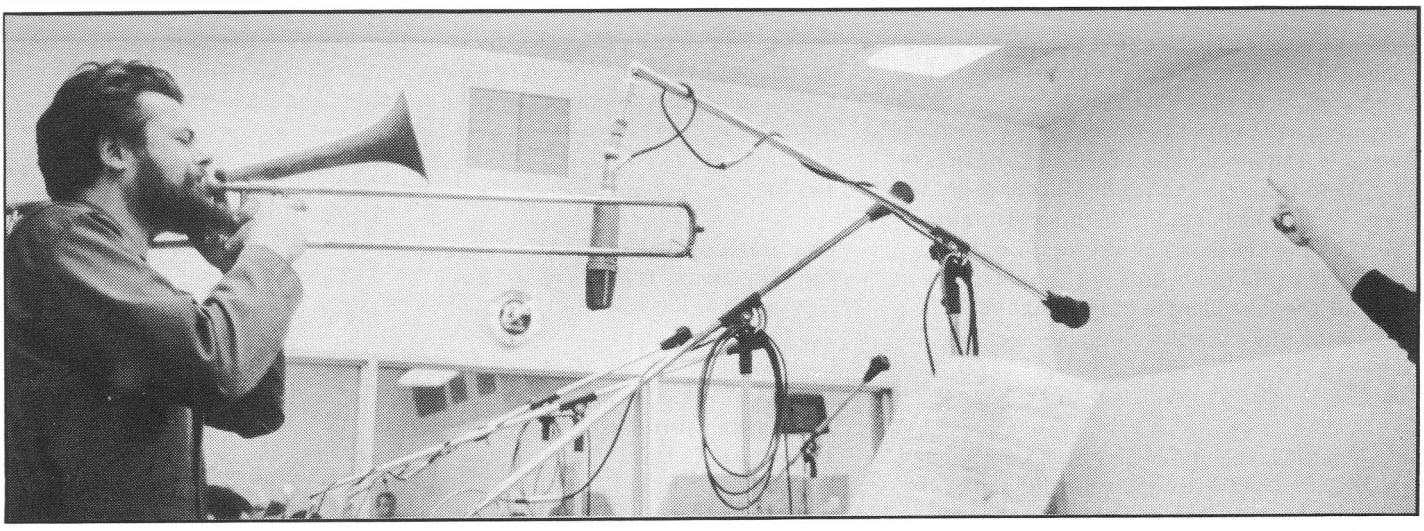
Curlew's selection of texts and settings is sensitive to the nuances of Haines' poetry. One of the threads that gives shape to the sequence is his reverence for the natural world, often invoked in images of birds, and a concomitant contempt for dogma. The theme was apparent on ***Tropic Appetites***, where "**IT WAS NOT INTENDED/ I BE GIVEN WINGS/ AND IN RETURN FOR THEM/ I HAVE PROMISED GOD/ NEVER TO DESCRIBE/ HIM.**" In "What Is Free to A Good Home?" dedicated to his friend Robert Wyatt, the two come together again: "**ON BIRD/ WALKS/ OUGHT/ THOSE WHO DON'T/ BELIEVE IN BIRDS/ BE ALLOWED/ TO TAG ALONG/ WITH THOSE WHO/ DO.**"

The record begins and ends in a kind of religious comedy, opening with a poem called "Let's Sit Right Down" that is performed with the unvarnished clarity of a camp meeting, with Davey Williams parodying an evangelical preacher. The final piece, "Paint me," is a violently truncated and surreal text — **PAINT ME/ PAINT ME/ I'M A DOG PLAYING CARDS** — that Curlew gives the significance, reverence, and depth of church music, suggesting an archbishop sitting for his portrait. The poem effects a new sense of attention as the trappings of a decaying recreation room merge with those of a cathedral.

DARN IT!

A TWO CD collection of Haines' poems set to music by a variety of musicians, ***Darn It!*** (American Clave AMCL 1014 2) was conceived in 1986, when Steve Swallow first suggested to producer Kip Hanrahan a record of all the different musicians that Haines has worked with and affected. Over a period of seven years, Haines and Hanrahan patched together ("darned"?) musicians and poems and studios in New York, London, Paris, and Toronto. Some background recordings date back to 1970 and stretch as far afield as Borneo and Burma.

Like ***Escalator Over the Hill*** (Darn It!'s working title, "Coming Across Mountains By Sea Or: Route Doubts" somehow echoes "Escalator"), ***Darn It!*** is a "dream record," a work that merges an extraordinary collection of musicians in a novel collaboration that seems to shift the edges of awareness.



ROSWELL RUDD PHOTOGRAPH BY TOD PAPAGEORGE (C. 1970)

AMONG those present on various tracks are associates from Haines' earliest New York days — Paul Bley, Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, Mike Snow and Swallow; British improvisers Evan Parker and Derek Bailey; rock deviants Jack Bruce and Robert Wyatt; and a host of others whether from jazz — Carlos Ward, Henry Threadgill, Andrew Cyrille, Reggie Workman, and Don Pullen, among others — or the broad "alternative" category that stretches here to include tango singer Silvana Deluigi, funk bassist Melvin Gibbs, and guitarist-dobroist Gary Lucas, a veteran of the Captain Beefheart band.

Darn It! is a collation of Haines' enthusiasms and his friendships, and a celebration of both his writing and his listening. There are direct echoes of each of his other recordings. "Rawalpindi Blues," from "Escalator" is heard in a new performance by Jack Bruce with Don Pullen. "Funny Bird Song," written by Carla Bley for Tropic Appetites, appears here in a version by John Oswald who has realized the piece on a music box. George Cartwright provides performances of "Breakfast" and "Poem for Gretchen Ruth" recorded several years before his recordings of them with Curlew.

In each of the previous recordings, there is a refining musical identity, whether in the hyper-organization of ***Escalator Over the Hill*** or in the polish of ***Tropic Appetites*** and ***A Beautiful Western Saddle*** that is the essence of adaptation. Here one feels the abrasions and gaps in Haines' work much more fully. If "Saddle" is the most accessible setting and collection of Haines' poems, ***Darn It!*** is the most insular and the most challenging. It is less "finished," less refined, far grainier and closer in its range of textures to Haines' video and tape pieces. The organizing principle of Haines' non-intervention — his openness — creates greater diversity merely by permitting it. Much of the experience of ***Darn It!*** is an experience of fractures, of radically different conceptions of musical organization and the potential of the voice and the word. Some of the poems here haven't been set at all; they are printed silently, hanging in the space of the accompanying text, allied to instrumental interpretations that may or may not suggest the note equivalence to word of liturgical setting.

The variety of ***Darn It!*** is extreme, and that variety makes it the record of Haines' work where one feels the range of his sensibility, as it explores myriad ways of setting voice to music. The range of this music is everywhere, in the conflicting worlds that rub against each other with every new track. The limits of this diversity can only be suggested: there are two poems read by Derek Bailey to the accompaniment of his guitar improvisations; at the other end of the stylistic spectrum is a funk/house number, "Mrs. Dressup," by Melvin Gibbs and DK Dyson, in which the repeated line is "She conceals her thoughts by exposing herself." Apart from the quality of the line, and a wonderful Carlos Ward saxophone solo that goes a bit too far, it could turn up on AM radio.

The rubbings don't occur just between tracks. There are marvellous integrations that take place in individual performances. "On the Way to Elsewhere and Here" weds the rock-solid rhythm of Swallow and Robbie Ameen with the brilliant fluctuations of Mary Margaret O'Hara's voice and Gary Lucas' weird slide dobro. The elements would be remarkable enough in isolation, but joined together with the colliding phrases of Haines' text **(ONE DAY/ WHERE THE BODY ISN'T/ ORDINARLILY KNOWN/ TO TICKLE)** they create an auditory space that is genuinely new.

One feels the way in which Haines values a music. A certain kind of radical, ancient and shifting blues — the disjunct blues — links some of the participants — Rudd, Paul Bley and Henry Threadgill are prominent among these, and there are references to blues throughout as the musical form that links almost everything that is valuable in American music. Bley's solo piano interludes suggest barrelhouse and Ray Charles ("What'd I Say?" seems to leak into one of these wordless pieces) and one feels it strongly in the revved-up funk of Melvin Gibbs and the guitar of Gary Lucas.

In their assembly, the two CDs of ***Darn It!*** come to mirror one another. Each has a wordless solo by Paul Bley, a recitation with improvised guitar by Bailey, a piece sung by Carmen Lundy with Evan Parker, and a song sung by Mary Margaret O'Hara

accompanied by Steve Swallow. While there is usually radical change from one track to the next, one of the most powerful sequences is a series of performances by John Tchicai on the second disc. Among the voices heard here, Tchicai's is uniquely direct and he is equally effective whether reading, playing with Burmese background tapes, overdubbing himself into a trio, or playing in duet with Andrew Cyrille. His voice seems uniquely suited to the rhythms of Haines' work.

Some of the fields of reference, varieties of slyness, come together in the concluding piece. Roswell Rudd plays trombone and sings a kind of pure cajun blues on one of Haines' poems in French, "C'etait dans la nuit," which is concerned with the erotics of French pronoun usage.

What links this "chain of difference" is the quality of Haines' sensibility, both as listener and as poet. Perhaps more than any other single work, ***Darn It!*** presents as a diverse unity the music that Haines has loved and spent time responding to, and the words of his poems are now fused with that listening, shaping and reshaping the music, a new conceptual organism formed in that reciprocity. What one hears everywhere here is his sense of the voice, whether it is speaking, singing or finding itself in a musical instrument. Haines' unusually lively hearing is heard in the choices of speaking voices and accents as well as among the singers.

In mating his words to these different musics, Haines has collaborated in creating textures that have not happened before. In the performances by Derek Bailey, the read texts become linear elements, a kind of verbal substitution for the linear melodic thread that seldom enters the guitarist's work. In the more formal performances, the subtlety of Haines' syntax and imagery and his gift for discontiuity have the opposite effect, breaking up the continuum in new ways. The musics are richer for it.

Darn It! is a wonder-filled sequence, with glimpses of strange and melded terrains where words and music share route (and root) doubts. It is the best kind of soundscape, as alive with suggestion and possibility as it is dense in accomplishment, as much probe as summary. As such, it changes the ways that words and music will be put together in the future.

WHAT COULD A JAZZ CRITIC BE?

AS THE RADICAL jazz of the sixties emerged, it brought with it new spokesmen, writers who allied themselves with the music and who brought complementary (and sometimes not-so-complementary) values to bear on the work in liner notes and critical essays. Much of the writing was, necessarily, polemical in nature, and little of it has worn well. Surprisingly, given that much of it was written by poets, it wasn't a style marked by poetry, and much of it has waned with some of the lost insurrections to which it was allied.

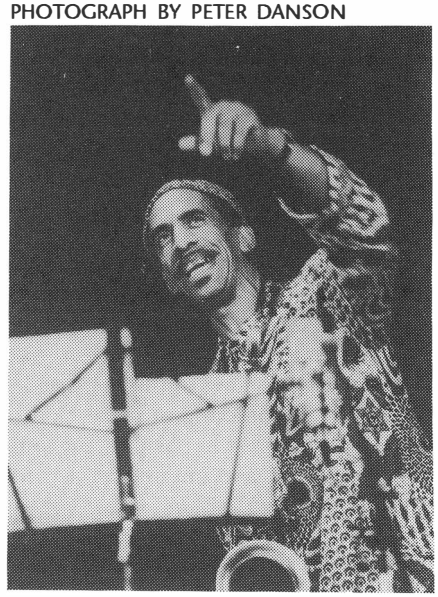
The essays of Paul Haines were different, though, then as they are today, and though sometimes marked by polemic, inevitable given the music's general reception, they differed from virtually everything else of the period by taking as radical an approach to language conventions as the music did to musical ones. "To You," among the more polemical of his pieces, could still begin "Is it because you have no foot, or feet, or are completely footless,... , that unrealised promise is what gets kept against your will?"

His writings about musicians are hardly bios, blurbs or even the faintly musicological. Each is, instead, a kind of analogue. In these writings, which are not quite essay, not quite fiction, not quite prose poetry, Haines often superimposes a narrative on the music that is keenly aware of the scene in which the music is produced. He is a specialist in writing on that music about which there is almost nothing to say, that music which is likeliest to render one speechless, and which is neglected in direct ratio to its inability to be happily described. There is perhaps no technical or contextual, let alone descriptive or associational, language to describe adequately the musics of Albert Ayler or Evan Parker. They are, to some extent, damned by the scale of their originality.

But Haines has found words just where others have been denied them, just where the discreet units of discourse seem least likely to go. In the piece on Albert Ayler for the original issue of ***Spiritual Unity***, he used puns to suggest Ayler's particular multiplicity and his ability to transform the commonplace, writing of "**Foster Melodies Of My Foster Mother**" and "**Generals**" who "**Make Themselves Out As Personal Checks.**"

While the polemicists and polemics of the sixties have largely disappeared, Haines has continued to develop his almost phenomenological approach to writing about music, absorbing and reconstituting it in an act of creative response. The most arresting aspect of his essays is his knack for matching his syntax to the particular argument of a music. One of the most recent pieces, ***FEAR OF METAL SHEDS: and never hear from anyone again***, the pamphlet that accompanies Evan Parker's boxed set of Collected Solos, may serve as illustration. The second sentence of the piece, describing an audience member, is "**Alone To Have Stood Throughout The Long Concert, That He Is Not As Exhausted As Most Everyone Else Left In Wigham Hall Is Not Anything Likely Ever To Be Attributed To His Brand Of**

JOHN TCHICAI
PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER DANSON



Standing Or His Having Stood." It seems to me that Haines is offering both a vocabulary and a syntax that are closer to music, and certainly closer to the music of Evan Parker, than we might otherwise read. This nearness arises in the shifting and emphasizing and repeating of "**Standing,**" so close to a note, and in the oddly convoluting syntax that somehow reflects Parker's sense of time and the way in which his polyphonics tend to echo an idea not only after it has appeared but somehow before as well. There is something of Parker's ambiguity, pain, circularity, and convolution in that sentence, that also shapes the entire narrative that Haines has provided.

A description and fantasia on several members of an audience, the piece acutely suggests what is left of a music — its psychic trace, a set of connections — after a performance, perhaps as meaningful as what is present when its unfolding is apparent. Haines constructs a narrative that frees him to comment obliquely on the music that is simultaneously set before us; thus, ". . . **That Part Of Parker's Purity A Retrieval Schema Of Doubt Through Belief, A Sizzle Of Notes As Brief As True As Complete, Moment By Moment. (It Is When The Moments Take Their Turns.)**"

There is in that phrase "**Doubt Through Belief**" the precise elaboration of a philosophical anti-system that is near the core of Haines' thought; it suggests for Haines, as well as Parker, the improbable role of the reluctant moral engineer, one who might elaborate fantastic systems — aqueducts, trepannings, metaphysics, etc. — but does not because they might be intrusive. The movement is towards uncertainty, here posed as the last outpost of freedom. Haines practices a shy mental agility that owes its full humanity to the struggle to construct a context amidst the impossibility of articulating such a context. He assumes the task of writing truly about another "language" that cannot be transposed, and he comes as close as one might to catching in words that mingling of spirit and dread, known and unknown, that is distinctive to Parker's music.

Haines' prose pieces, then, are not just the gifts of his imagination; they are also signs of his concentrated listening powers, gestures in which he develops the full reciprocity of the musical act and the responsibility of hearing. At their most fully realized, as in the Parker piece, they become a kind of music of their own, more than just an intermediate discourse.

What emerges in Haines' "portraits" of musics and musicians that few have ever heard is a rare and brilliantly spiced language, a series of synaptic (and syntactic) collisions that will light up a close listener even in the music's absence. He has a gift for breaking up the expected sequence of things, whether in the ordering of perception or in subtle reshapings of the grammar of the possible, suggesting in the process new ways of hearing, and offering models for a language of listening. □

Exhibitions of **PAUL HAINES'** videos can be arranged by writing to Box 777, Fenelon Falls, ON, K0M 1N0, Canada.

A FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE JOE McPHEE

THIS INTERVIEW TOOK PLACE DURING THE VANCOUVER JAZZ FESTIVAL IN JULY 1993 WHILE JOE MCPHEE WAS ON TOUR WITH BASSIST LISLE ELLIS AND PIANIST PAUL PLIMLEY.

An obvious place to start was to discover what took him into this music.

Curiosity. I keep looking to discover things about myself. The music keeps leading me to many places. I have friends who are artist-painters. I find a close empathy with painters, colour and things like that. When I play, my eyes are often closed and I never know where I am, I'm always moving around. I think I'm in one spot and I open my eyes and I'm some place else. I'm seeing all kind of things in my head, colours and things moving around.

Some one who pointed me towards that was Sun Ra. By chance I was taken to a place where Sun Ra was living in New York. He had shown me a book of music of the spheres. It described different colours and their relative energy. I couldn't decipher that at all, but at least it grabbed me and had me looking around. I'm always amazed at things; if I lose that amazement, I'll just die.

In terms of musical influences, the most important development for me was coming into contact with [French musicians] Raymond Boni [guitar] and Andre Jaume [reeds]. We immediately forged a musical link which has been the centre of my music. *My music*, I don't mean to put it like that: the music I've been involved with since 1979. It's still continuing. Those two guys are just wonderful, the top.

In 1978, I came here to Vancouver and met Lisle Ellis and Paul Plimley, and some of the fellows in the New Orchestra Workshop. That opened up another portal that is continuing in the same way as with Boni and Jaume; and now I've met Donald Robinson. For the most part I have not played with percussionists since early on in my career. My music tends to have a lot of quiet places, spaces of silence to contrast with the other thing. I found it difficult to play with percussionists, so I moved away from it. There are only a few that I play with.

And now another thing has happened. I discovered Donald and the kind of energy he brings to the music. So this trip has been a voyage of discovery for me. That's why I'm not sleeping! So many things are happening.

What do you call your music?

You can call it what ever makes you happy. This music incorporates a lot of elements. I started calling it *Po* music. It's a concept introduced by Edward deBono. It has to do with positive concepts, not dealing with negatives. It has roots in words like *poetry, possible*, dimensions like that. Ideas are used as provocation. *Po* is a language indicator. If you put up a star before a word, say **music*, what follows from that is a stimulus to think about other things. *Po* is like that star. You could say *Po* cars should have square wheels. If you're an engineer and you design a car with square wheels, you know the car wouldn't move; or if it moved, it would move quite differently than any other car you knew about. So this is provoking you to think about other possibilities that could exist. If you had a car with square wheels that isn't going to move anywhere perhaps the reverse is true: maybe you have a car that could stop better, faster, or safer. So you move to another space of thought.

That's what I wanted my music to be about: the CD you have here [*Oleo*] deals with be-bop music, a Sonny Rollins composition. I'm not a be-bop player. Be-bop is more than a musical form, it's a way of approaching life. It would be false, dishonest for me to be a be-bop player. I just do what I can do from my experience. But I can draw from that music. So let's try to draw from that music, because it means something to me. We played it completely different, where it's not be-bop, it's something else.

I wanted a way to define my own music. You can go into a record store and see ethnic music, or classical music, but you don't see *Po* music. There's no place for me! Where do we put this? It will fit in all these categories, put it anywhere you want. Eventually, you won't need an indicator; when you see the name Joe McPhee, the music will automatically come to mind.

You play several instruments. Tell me about your musical development.

Originally I played trumpet, starting when I was 8 years old. My father was a trumpet player. One day, when I was playing with the kids outside, he said, "Inside! We're going to start playing the trumpet." I didn't want to do that, I wanted to play baseball and stuff like that. He made me play scales and duets with him. He was a very good trumpet player. This was in Poughkeepsie, New York. Both my father and my mother were from the Bahamas. So they grew up in the British educational system. He learned to play trumpet when he was very young.

Out of the trumpet lessons, I played trumpet in elementary and high school and ultimately in the Army band. I didn't want to be in the infantry, so when a trumpet position became available, I chose that even though I didn't want to play marches. It turned out to be a rather fortunate happenstance. I met people who have been very helpful to me.

I had never seen a piece of jazz music. I had always been a fan of jazz music, a big fan of Miles Davis, but I had never seen a jazz composition before, didn't know how it was structured or what. This guy showed me chord changes and things like that. Of course in the army band you study things like theory of harmony. It's a very intense educational process. And after that had to play every day, rehearsals and concerts for two years. When I got out I made some

friends around where I live and went and sat in. Within two years after getting out of the army I was invited with the man who owned the trombone at the time, Clifford Thornton, to play in a recording session, which included Jimmy Garrison. At that time I was only playing trumpet. During the process of rehearsal for the session [July of '67] John Coltrane died. I was in an apartment in New York, on Barrow street. Ornette Coleman lived just across the hall. Ornette Coleman was another god. When I was in the army, I painted a portrait of Ornette in watercolour and hung it on my locker door. The other guys in the band couldn't understand that because they all had pin up girls up on the doors.

One day Ornette came over and heard us playing. He had started trumpet just before that.

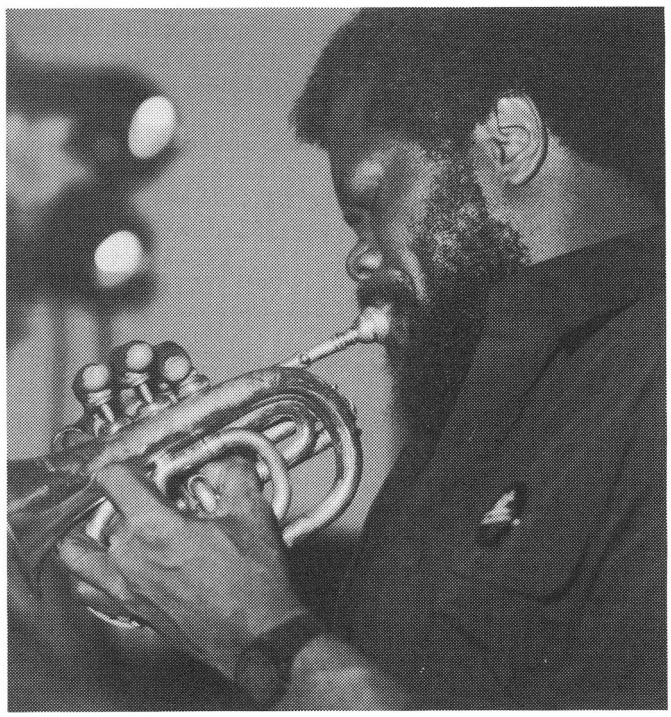
Ornette came in and said, "Are you going to John Coltrane's funeral?" I lived about two hours away, didn't have any clothes, had just come from the rehearsal, and I said, "No, I can't go like this". He said, "You don't need clothes to go, you just have to come." I was there in the church when Ornette's quartet played and Albert Ayler's quartet, they were up in the balcony and I heard that music, man. I don't think I've every heard anything like that; that music was as close to heaven as you can get. Then I was invited, all by chance, to go to the cemetery with Ornette and Billy Higgins in this limousine. We got stuck in traffic. Coltrane is buried out on Long Island. We were late getting there and the services were over. There was no one at the grave site except Billy Higgins, Ornette and me. Later, Ornette played at the Village Vanguard; I was like a groupie, carrying his saxophone, just to listen to his music.

You have a story about a radio you built.

I had built a record player that ran on batteries and also radio transmitter in it so I could broadcast my music to other radios for a short distance and nobody knew where it was coming from. I'd play Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy records and turn on the transmitter and screw up everybody's radio because they couldn't get the other stations! I could do it everywhere, go out and sit in a parking lot and because the thing ran on batteries, it didn't matter. People would be driving in their cars and Eric and Ornette would be on their radios and they couldn't do anything about it!

Why so many instruments?

I hear the different voices and they all speak to me differently. I'm very much enamoured of the soprano saxophone. In fact this is the first time, this festival, that I've played tenor publicly in this country for a long time; since 1991. I just haven't played the tenor at all since that time.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DUSAN KLIMES (C. 1983)

Flugelhorn I like because it's mellow, warm. Trumpet, I tend to shy away from it because it is a little too brash, brilliant for me. So I play these little horns, pocket trumpet, pocket cornet. One reason is the sound I like, because of the way the tubing is it constricts the sound and makes the texture a little different than say the flugelhorn, or a normal cornet or normal trumpet, but it is also very practical for travel because it fits inside my luggage. And so I can carry even more instruments with me! And I would really like to make a recording one day where I could play them all, with over-dubbing; if it was not contrived. If I can find a way to keep it fresh and not lose the spontaneity, I would like to do that. One *CJR* recording I did a piece that was dedicated to Albert Ayler, called *Astral Spirits*, and I wanted to approach the sound that Donald and Albert Ayler made, but I didn't want to imitate them, so I played soprano instead of tenor. I played soprano on the melody and pocket trumpet on the improvisation and then I over-dubbed the trumpet part doubling the soprano part in the theme.

How do you deal with different embouchure for the different instruments?

It's very difficult. There has to be a certain kind of progression. I started playing the tenor sax right from the beginning and I knew that if I started playing the trombone I was going to have difficulty because the muscles that I use are quite different and certainly the fact that the saxophone has a reed that vibrates as opposed to the lip actually vibrating also has something to do with it. I try to practice on both horns to keep them at a similar level. Another is the order of instruments you use so it's better to move from the trombone to the soprano to the tenor. If I try to play trumpet, that's another one. But even more than just the physical aspect of the embouchure is the mental aspect of the difference in techniques. When I pick up one of those valve instruments, the trumpet or trombone, I don't even think about the saxophone any more, it's automatic. I simply don't think about it. If I started to think about it, I'd stumble and fall. It has to do with muscle memory, years and years of doing it, but that is not to say it's easy. Not many people can do it, or even think of doing it.

Tell me about your experiences with hatART.

I'd like to start before *hatART*. There was a gentleman name of Craig Johnson. In 1969 he invited me to make a recording. I thought it was ridiculous because we didn't have a label. He said we could make the recording and take it from there. We had the possibility to record in a nearby monastery. The space was available and we knew the monks there. It was acoustically very nice; West Park New York, the Holy Cross Monastery. We produced the record with a quartet and it was called *Underground Railroad*. I say this to preface the information about *hat Hut* and *hatART* because with this record label *CJR* we produced 4 records. Werner Uehlinger, who is the producer for *hat Hut* records, had bought a couple of them and liked the music. At the time he was working for a pharmaceutical company. He had come to the States on business for that company and he came up to visit. We had a conversation and he asked if we had any other tapes. Around that time I was teaching a course in Black Studies at Vassar College. We had made a recording there, which was one of the records produced on *CJR*, but we never had the money to produce the third one. So he said he wanted to do it and he put it out, virtually without a label. I don't even think it had a number, it was called *hat A* or something like that. Subsequently, some more recordings came out with me as a leader, so a label was there. But of course you can't have a label with just one artist. So then Werner began to produce recordings by Steve Lacy and other people like Milo Fine from Minneapolis. It began to build and that's how *hat Hut* began, as an outgrowth of *CJR*. After four records with *CJR*, we stopped producing and just worked with *hat*.

Eventually, in 1981, *hat* opened offices in West Park and I was asked to join as Promotion and Marketing Director. I did that for about three years. That was an interesting little musical moment, because I stopped recording during that period and worked exclusively with *hat*. Being somewhat naive, I believed I could affect the music in some way being on the production side of it. But with the forces in music, it just doesn't work that way. There's very little that can be done in marketing, especially for an independent label. Distribution is also very difficult. Vested interests get in the way, right.

Well, not so much vested interests, but there is so much inertia. There's a system built up that says that you have to move 'product' through the funnel, and keep pumping it through. The concept is in mass quantities of sales as opposed to selling records over time, as classical music has done. The big stores want to sell records the way pop artists are sold.

That's something to think about when the question is asked, "Where does the music go from here?" Putting the music on a disc is one thing, getting it heard is quite something different.

Working with *hat Hut* gave me the opportunity to travel in Europe, combine business activities and musical activities. It put me in contact with a number of people. But things change and it was time to move on. The company then formed the *hatART* label, which was actually recordings produced in Switzerland; eventually the whole operation went to Switzerland and the West Park office was closed.

A lot of musicians come to Vancouver. I'm looking from the perspective of someone in Vancouver who sees a lot of musicians coming here and from that bias. I hear and see many of the more provocative players coming from the white community and don't see and hear a lot of provocative new music coming from black people in the United States. Is there something to what I just said?

There may be. You may be on to something. This is not a new phenomenon from my observation. When I look into the Vancouver audience, I don't see a lot of black people, but then I don't know how many black people are in Vancouver. But when I look around the audiences in New York at this kind of music, I don't see many black faces. I raise the same question. Well, in my opinion, jazz, from a social context, was dance music, music for entertainment. When it became cerebral, it moved away, lost that part of the audience. One can only hope that, just from the nature of what jazz is, which is about the nature of change and flux, that it would keep bringing people in. But I think it has alienated people. I'm not a spokesman for the black people, but it seems to me that it has moved away from its community, its base. That's why I question the use of the word jazz. Some music has gone to another level of social significance within the black community that relates to the people, rap, things like that. It means something, it's touching people. Now, whether this music we're doing, whatever it is, can get into that, I don't know. I just do what I do. Anybody can come to it but we have to be heard, and there are so few venues where it is possible for us to expose this music. It's certainly not on television. You hear all this rap that's been co-opted to sell toothpaste and airplane rides, but you don't hear this music, it's too dangerous, it'll make you think or feel something. My god, you don't want to do that. Lord, people might care about each other.

You've got this musical side, and an engineering/electronics side. How do you function?

This is a very short answer. It's a zen philosophy: If a centipede took the time to consider which foot came before which, he would never end up walking, but would get stranded in a ditch. □

EDDIE MILLER A CAMEO BY TEX WYNDHAM

OVER THE YEARS, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY DIXIELAND TENOR SAXOPHONISTS. HOWEVER, JUST TWO OF THEM STAND ON THE HIGHEST PLATEAU: BUD FREEMAN AND EDDIE MILLER.

EDDIE MILLER (real name Muller) was born June 23, 1911 in New Orleans. He was interested in music from his youngest days, becoming a newsboy for the sole purpose of gaining access to a clarinet which the "Newsboys Band" would lend to its members. Although his family was unable to afford lessons, young Eddie had a friend, Bill Bourgeois, who was more fortunate. Moreover, Bourgeois was willing to run home after the lesson to pass along what he'd learned to Miller.

He moved with a crowd that was crazy about jazz and listened closely to other clarinetists, both in the Crescent City and on record. Being particularly taken with the work of New Orleans Rhythm Kings' stickman Leon Roppolo, Miller, when playing a gig as a teenager, noticed Roppolo in the audience and tried to play a particularly impressive solo. Rap's advice, which Miller clearly never forgot, was "Hey, kid, it's not how many notes you play, it's how you play 'em."

During the Depression, Miller, who then doubled clarinet and alto saxophone, went to New York City, hoping for better prospects. Auditioning for the Ben Pollack band as an altoist, Miller was dismayed to find that the alto chair wasn't opening up after all. Pollack asked if Miller could play tenor, whereupon fellow New Orleansian Ray Bauduc interjected an affirmative reply. Once Miller was hired, a third Crescent Citian in the band, guitarist Nappy Lamare, arranged for Miller to borrow a tenor sax, and Miller was on his way.

All three musicians changed allegiance when, in the mid-thirties, the Pollack band evolved into the Bob Crosby Orchestra. Among a personnel truly made up of all-stars, Miller was Crosby's most featured soloist. He remained with Crosby until the band broke up in the early forties, and thereafter was a regular member of the many Crosby reunion bands. Within Crosby's small Dixieland unit, the Bobcats, Miller's tenor is light and spare, unobtrusively filling out the ensemble. Often he'll play a wispy parallel harmony to the lead line, giving the trombone maximum room in which to operate.

With respect to solos, his sound has that characteristic inviting warmth associated with many New Orleans reedmen of his generation. Moreover, as Leon Roppolo suggested, Miller makes every note count.

All good soloists balance rhythmic and melodic elements in their lines. However, most soloists tend to emphasize one more than the other much of the time. My own view, formulated from a quarter-century of carefully reviewing Dixieland records, is that there are many more rhythm-oriented soloists than melody-oriented ones.

Miller is one of the rarer breed, a consistently creative melodist. His lines display a mind that values logical construction and beauty. He never seems to rely on favourite licks or let his fingers do his thinking for him, nor (though he has plenty of technique) does he ever appear to be trying to impress the grandstand with technical brilliance. Miller retained his powers through a musical career that lasted over half a century. He settled in California, working in the studios and frequently appearing either with Crosby or with combos led by former Crosbyites, such as clarinetist Matty Matlock, trumpeter Yank Lawson and bassist Bob Haggart.

Miller's playing days ended when he suffered a stroke in 1988. He died April 6, 1991. Much of the foregoing biographical information is taken from the definitive history of the Bob Crosby band, **Stomp Off, Let's Go** by John Chilton.

Miller's output is amazingly consistent, almost to the point where one could say that there are no bad Eddie Miller records. However, beyond question, the starting point for someone wanting to listen to Miller has to be the sides he made in the late thirties and early forties with Bob Crosby. This is classic, frequently reissued material which shouldn't be hard to locate.

In addition to those, among many other fine sessions during the lp era in which Miller participated, I've always had a soft spot for some hot Chicago-style dates waxed for Columbia in the mid-fifties by a crackerjack team of West Coast studio jazzmen calling themselves the Rampart Street Paraders. Further, Miller was a member of Matlock's Paducah Patrol, a somewhat more structured combo that made an extended series of albums for Warner Brothers starting in 1958 that are still fondly remembered by Chicago-style fans. You'll probably have to rummage the used-lp bins and auction lists to find these.

Most of the Dixieland bands on the U.S. festival circuit today are revivalist bands that don't have a tenor saxophone, so it's hard to suggest where you might hear Miller's influence today in live performance. However, Florida trombonist Bill Allred has recently gained access to Matlock's Paducah Patrol arrangements and has been recreating them with uncanny accuracy at occasional Dixieland weekends. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY **DON BOONE** (Courtesy Ray Avery's Archives)

BENNY GOODMAN
ON TOUR WITH FRANK RUTTER

FROM A STEAMY VAULT IN Bangkok comes a vintage case of Clarinade. You can have your Clarinade neat, with minimal accompaniment, just a quartet of rhythm to shake it up enough to last an hour. Or you can have Clarinade cocktail with a sprinkle of other instruments, one trumpet, one trombone, flute, sax, vibes and rhythm. Then you can have Grand Clarinade, complete with trimmings, big band style. All this in a box of four compact discs containing previously unissued concerts by Benny Goodman, Mr. Clarinade himself.

B.G. World-Wide, TCOB 4301, covers a concert in Bangkok in 1956, another in Basel in 1959, a third in Santiago in 1961, and wraps up with a Berlin concert in 1980. This material was gathered by Swiss businessman Kurt Mueller and hoarded in his specially-built Thai vault until he could get it legally released, satisfactorily processed, and reliably published. He got some of the stuff with BG's cooperation after the two became friends at the time of the Bangkok concert and bought the rest, in a huge collection of Goodmania, later. This issue on a Swiss label, available through Allegro Imports in North America, is a major event for admirers of Goodman, or anyone who has a taste for well-recorded Clarinade.

BENNY WENT TO BANGKOK with a big band including a first-class rhythm section of Hank Jones, piano, Israel Crosby, bass, Steve Jordan, guitar, and Mousey Alexander, drums. His sax section included Peanuts Hucko, one of his most adept acolytes, and Budd Johnson, band boss and arranger. The brass was less well-known, led by trumpeter Mel Davis. But the whole was a highly competent outfit. A terrific surprise, and pleasure, is the featured trombone work of Rex Peer. Much of the repertoire is standard Goodman but there are two nifty numbers by none other than the King of Siam (Bhumiphal Aduljadet, not Yul Brynner) which come off very well, as does the stereo recording even though the concert was outdoors.

The second CD is from the concert in Basel where Benny was backed by a spicy nonet including trumpeter Jack Sheldon, Bill Harris on trombone, Jerry Dodgion and Flip Phillips, reeds, Red Norvo, vibes and Russ Freeman piano. Regrettably there are no vocals by Anita O'Day, who sang with the band that night at Basel, though she does show up on a ***Swing House*** lp (SWH24) which contains some of this material, almost identical, but claimed to be recorded at a Berlin concert two days later. Again there are some BG standards but a few newer tunes, too, like Al Cohn's *Tenbone*. We could perhaps have done without *Go, Margot, Go*, (also on the Swing House) which is said to be a tribute to a German actress, Margot Hielscher, who must have had some sort of special effect on Mr. Clarinade as I can't think of any similarly inspired work in the Goodman repertory. Nevertheless the concert is well-laced with wit and musical bounce from Sheldon, Harris and Norvo in particular.

IN SANTIAGO, Chile, Goodman was a little looser (how else could he announce how happy he was to be in San Diego?) and the band bigger. This time Buck Clayton led the trumpets. Peer appears again, along with Sonny Russo on trombones and Tommy Newsome and Herb Geller join Dodgion and John Murthaugh in the sax section. Briton Harvey Sheppard is on vibes and once again Goodman picked a fine rhythm section in Derek Smith, piano, Howard Collins, guitar, Arvell Shaw, bass and Mousey on drums. Although the vocals by Maria Marshall are merely mediocre, some of the instrumental delights make up for them, such as Buck's blow on *Shine*. But this is the weakest of the four discs.

BY THE TIME HE GOT TO BERLIN in 1980, Benny was not always on top form yet his tone at this concert has a more aggressive edge in the higher register than was often the case in his last years. This is interesting because the other members of his quintet were not exactly household names: perhaps he was proving something. The only other American was pianist Don Haas, a teacher from San Francisco. Guitarist Harry Pepl came from Austria, bassist Peter Witte from Germany and drummer Charly Antolini was Swiss. Sprinkled among the familiar fare are some rare tidbits: Benny's affectionate treatment of *Here's That Rainy Day*, and *You Must Meet My Wife*, a Stephen Sondheim number, too briefly caressed by a trio. It turns out that guitarist Pepl was no slouch, as he gets an unexpected solo outing on an original blues. Altogether this is the surprise of the litter because it rises far above expectations.

Many people deserve credit for putting this set together: Mueller, of course, who has nurtured the tapes all these years; Jack Towers, the king of the reprocessors, who makes them sound clean; the Swiss production team, and a legion of Goodman admirers and friends who helped prod Mueller along in getting the Clarinade served up for everyone to enjoy.

PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

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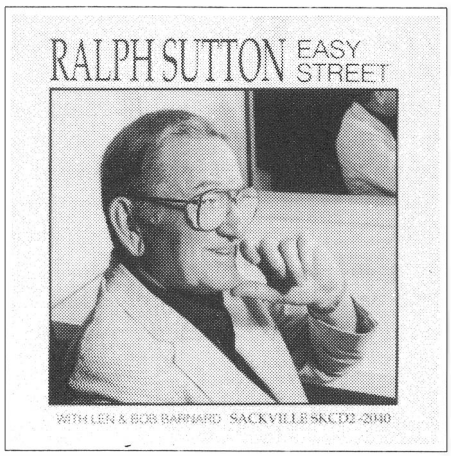

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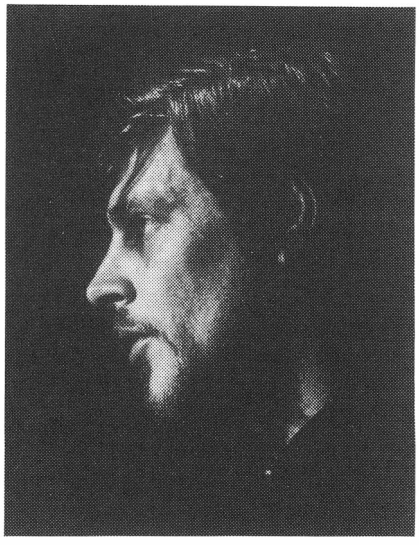


IT'S NOW 30 YEARS SINCE SOUTH AFRICA'S BLUE NOTES first arrived in England. Their presence transformed the British jazz scene and their contributions are being celebrated and commemorated in a concert at London's Conway Hall on June 30. Performing bands will be Louis Moholo and Viva-la-Black, Brotherhood of Breath and Zila. There will be a photo exhibit and **Ogun Records** (which itself is celebrating its 20th anniversary) will be releasing a CD of a 1964 Durban concert by The Blue Notes just prior to their departure for Europe. The Blue Notes were Chris McGregor, Dudu Pukwana, Nick Moyake, Mongesi Feza, Johnny Dyani and Louis Moholo. Ogun has recently reissued Chris McGregor's **Brotherhood Of Breath** Willisau concert on CD as well as 1993 South African recordings by **Louis Moholo**'s Viva-la-Black and a double CD (Ixesa) by the **Celebration Orchestra**.

ANNIVERSARIES AND AWARDS

JAZZ HOT celebrated the 60th year of its existence with the March issue of the magazine. There was a special poster sized insert reproducing covers of the magazine over its lifetime as well as congratulatory messages from many musicians. Jazz Hot was founded in 1935 by French critic / producer Charles Delaunay.

The **50th Australian Jazz Convention** will be held this December in Melbourne. It's an annual gathering of Australia's jazz musicians during the Christmas / New Year break.

Berklee College Of Music is celebrating the 50th anniversary of its beginnings when founder Lawrence Berk started teaching in 1945.

Switzerland's **hatArt** records are celebrating their 20th anniversary. A recent release of Myra Melford's Extended Ensemble features Dave Douglas, Marty Ehrlich, Lindsey Horner and Reggie Nicholson. They also have another U.S. distributor (Challenge4hatART Tel/Fax 916-455-4239).

Guitarist **Raoul Bjorkenheim** and his group Krakatau was a four time winner in the 1994 Finnish Jazz Federation Poll.

Tony Coe, winner of Denmark's 1995 Jazzpar Prize was featured in concerts with the Danish Radio Big Band under the direction of Bob Brookmeyer in March. Already nominated for the 1996 prize are Geri Allen, Django Bates, Dave Holland, Palle Mikkelborg and Maria Schneider.

Violinist **Michel Urbaniak** received Poland's Fryderyk Award for his recording "Urbanator".

EVENTS

The career and music of **Ron Carter** was celebrated in New York January 9 with a Finas Sound Production concert. At least twenty bassists were on hand to demonstrate their unity with Carter and a capacity audience was enthusiastically receptive to the music.

Less cheerful comes news of cutbacks in Art Park's programming due to diminishing financial support from the State of New York. Both Dorothy Donegan and Mose Allison were cancelled out of their spring concerts and adjustments were made to the festival line-up.

There still seems little shortage of funding in Europe and a new festival in Stockholm is scheduled for October 30 - November 4 where the jazz musician as composer will be the focus.. This year's composer is **George Russell**.

LITERATURE AND VIDEO

"Listen To The Stories" is a collection of **Nat Hentoff**'s jazz writing which appeared originally in a variety of non music magazines. His takes on the many different musicians is as succinct as a fine jazz solo. In a few choice words he gets to the heart of the matter. This Harper Collins book is a welcome contribution.

Oxford University Press has ready **Bob Thiele**'s reminiscences of a life in music in "What A Wonderful World". Bob Golden co-authored the book with Thiele. From the same publisher comes "Hot Jazz and Jazz Dance" a collection of writing by pioneer commentator **Roger Pryor Dodge**.

Newly published by Bamberger Books (P.O. Box 1126, Flint, MI 48501-1126) is "Chris McGregor and the Brotherhood of Breath" by **Maxine McGregor**. The 259 page book gives us an inside look at both the life and the philosophy of Chris McGregor - the pianist/composer who stepped outside of his own society to champion the music of his African brothers. Against enormous odds the musicians struggled to find a place for their music - in exile.

"Dick Wellstood Jazz Piano Solos" contains transcriptions of Wellstood's interpretations of songs as notated by **Richard Scivales**. It is published by Neil A. Kjos Music Company, P.O. 178270, San Diego, CA 92177-0894.

"5/4 Magazine" is a new jazz newspaper covering the American North West jazz scene. It's edited by **Sandra Burlingame** who, at one time, was editor of Earshot Jazz (another publication covering the same territory). 5/4 Magazine is published by Jazz Delivers, 602 E Harrison, Seattle, WA 98102.

Django's Gypsies is a unique collection of photographs, illustrations, memorabilia and quotations concerning Django Reinhardt, his family and associates. The material was

CHRIS McGREGOR PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN GOLDBLATT

compiled by Ian Cruickshank and is published by Ashley Mark Publications. US/Canada distribution is through Hal Leonard Publishing Corp. 7777 West Bluemound Road, P.O. Box 13819, Milwaukee, WI 53213.

New **V.I.E.W.** concert videos showcase the work of groups led by Elvin Jones, Dave Holland and Don Cherry, a duet by Carla Bley and Steve Swallow and Birelli Legrene's Tribute to Django.

RECORDINGS

Joe Lovano's "Tenor Legacy", **Henry Threadgill**'s "Song Out Of My Trees", **Keith Jarrett**'s "Deer Head Inn" and **Ray Anderson**'s Big Band Record were selected as 1994's top recordings by the critics of Italy's **Musica Jazz** magazine.

The American Federation of Jazz Societies has assembled a group known as The Statesmen of Jazz to represent AFJS at festivals and concerts. The group will also give clinics in the school systems of cities where they perform. Milt Hinton, Clark Terry, Buddy Tate, Jane Jarvis, Panama Francis, Claude Williams, Benny Waters and Al Grey recorded a CD in December to help support tours by the group. The idea of a recording was suggested by the musicians who donated their talents to the project. The CD will be produced by **Arbors Records** in time for the group's initial tour.

Arabesque Records recorded Charles McPherson with Tom Harrell, Michael Weiss, Peter Washington and Victor Lewis in a CD called "First Flight Out". From the same label comes a musically different offering "Ant Farm" by 8 Bold Souls featuring Edward Wilkerson Jr.

The funkier side of **Blue Note** (which paid the bills in the late 60s) is the focus of a new series of previously unissued sessions featuring Grant Green, Donald Byrd, Lonnie Smith, John Patton and Lou Donaldson.

Valery Ponomarev, Victor Jones, Calvin Hill and Tim Armacost share the spotlight with guitarist David White in his **Cadence Records** CD "All Stories Are True".

Orrin Keepnews produced a second Riverside Reunion Band session for **Fantasy** who have also issued a Getzian styled CD featuring Florida tenor saxophonist Bill Ross which was produced by Prestige founder Bob Weinstock.

Trombonists J.J. Johnson and Steve Turre have newly recorded projects issued by **Polygram**... Signed to **Homestead Records** is tenor saxophonist David Ware's Quartet... "No Time for Daydreams" is a new CD release from Seattle based Room To Move Sextet... Veteran singer Carrie Smith has a new US produced CD titled "Every Now And Then" on the **Silver Shadow** label.

Ray Brown is featured with Benny Green, Ahmad Jamal, Geoff Keezer, Dado Moroni and Oscar Peterson in a **Telarc** CD titled "Some Of My Best Friends Are..." Telarc have also licensed two of Erroll Garner's later recordings "Magician" and "Gershwin and Kern" and combined them in one CD.

Last summer **Sony** announced the imminent release of a collection of Garner solos - six of which had already been reissued in France on CD. There's still no sign of that CD which would also have included My Silent Love, Stumbling, Don't Get Around Much Any More and No More Time.

Two more **Black Lion** CDs have belatedly appeared in North America. Offering widely contrasted piano styles are Paul Bley ("Touching") and Cliff Jackson ("Carolina Shout"). Stuff Smith collectors will want to know that the violinist is heard on several cuts from an LRC "1965 All Star Jam Session". The music was recorded in Paris and also features Benny Waters, pianist Joe Turner, Buck Clayton, Vic Dickenson and Kenny Clarke.

Historic recordings from an earlier era (the late 1920s) are the focus of **Jazz Oracle** a new reissue company from Canada who have issued a CD containing all the recordings of The Halfway House Orchestra with John R.T. Davies transfers. Also from Canada comes a two-disc 1954 Duke Ellington concert recording from Hamilton, Ontario. It's issued on **Radiex Records**... England's **Lake Records** has issued two Chris Barber reissue collections: "Elite Syncopations" (ragtime tunes from the early 1960s) and "Hot Gospel" (1964 session with Alex Bradford). Lake also has new recordings by Phil Mason's New Orleans All Stars and Mike Durham's West Jesmond Rhythms Kings... Bill Bissonnette's Jazz Crusade label has issued CDs of Wilber de Paris' band (live from Jimmy Ryan's) and Capt John Handy TV performances from 1968 and 1970.

The Danish and Finnish Jazz Federations issue, each year, a sampler showcasing the current activities of musicians in their countries. These CDs are sent to radio stations, cultural agencies and organisations interested in their activities.

Audiophile lps have become something of a growth industry in the last year. To the point where some iconoclastic pop groups want to see their efforts issued in that medium! A growing number of classic jazz recordings are now available in this high priced format and one of the best places to find out about them is in the catalogue of **Acoustic Sounds**, P.O. Box 1905, Salina, KS 67402-1905.

PASSING NOTES

Lawrence "Speed" Webb died November 4, 1994... **Chuck Connors** December 11, 1994... **Bill Dillard** January 16... French saxophonist **Hubert Fol** January 19... **Art Taylor** February 6... **Yank Lawson** February 18 ... **Sunnyland Slim** March 17... Concord Records founder **Carl Jefferson** March 29... **Julius Hemphill** April 2.

JULIUS HEMPHILL PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SMITH

THOMAS CHAPIN **UPDATE**

Saxophonist/flutist Thomas Chapin took a trip to Cape Town and Namibia in the spring of 1993 to explore new territory both musically and personally. Once there he linked up with South African pianist Hotep Idris Galeta, whom he had originally met in Hartford, Connecticut. Galeta, a veteran of Jackie McLean's band, set up gigs for Chapin with other South African musicians and a Polish emigre as their drummer at clubs in Cape Town. But Chapin wanted to see the desert, so he set out to discover new terrain in Namibia.

HIS PERSONAL EXPLORATIONS in Africa and his increasing association of music with movement, from its prevalence in traditional African ceremonies and in the original music he writes for his quintet of himself on alto sax and flute, Tom Harrell on trumpet, Peter Madsen on piano, Kiyoto Fujiwara on bass and Reggie Nicholson on drums, heralds the African suites and tone poems on his new ***You Don't Know Me*** (Arabesque).

"I've been working with the idea of music arising out of movement. Dance can suggest sounds to me. I listen to a lot of traditional African music. In much of Africa, there's no word to differentiate music from dance. It's interesting because we do make that distinction in our culture. I'm interested in exploring what can arise out of physical movement. It's not necessarily working with dancers, or writing music for dance. It's a more personal thing about exploring my own body movements, or the idea of movement suggesting melody or rhythm," says Chapin.

As these ideas play out on ***You Don't Know Me***, Chapin encounters the unexpected. Upon arriving in Cape Town, he met with the phrase "Izzit," which is a South African expression like "really" in American culture, but its various contexts of usage often caught Chapin off guard. As the first section of the five-part suite *Safari Notebook*, *Izzit?* is a 24-bar form of altered blues with rhythmic hits that alternate between a regular B flat chorus and a 12-bar blues chorus, according to Chapin.

Part two, *Kaokoland*, a section of Northwest Namibia, moves in undulating rhythms, says Chapin, to depict the nomadic people migrating across the arid, beautiful countryside. Chapin plays the lead head on flute before switching to alto saxophone for a solo, which segues into Harrell's lead on fluegelhorn. The third segment, *Kunene*, describing a river that borders Angola and northern Namibia, starts in a driving 6/8 time to evince through the trumpet and alto saxophone in onomatopoeic fashion the rushing water falls that are part of Kakoland, where Chapin encamped alongside rushing rivers and baobab trees.

A fourth movement, *Opuwa*, is the setting for a frontier town in Kakoland, where Chapin says industrial society meets tribal traditions. The stark contrast between native people dressed in traditional garb and businessmen and workers dressed in Western style clothing is realized as a modal vamp in Chapin's mind. He wanted to capture in the final section, *Namibian Sunset*, the feeling of being in a desert which comes right up to the beach. Through craggy branches and while resting peacefully under the stars, Chapin envisions an orange sunset as he listens to natural sounds. The music of the flute, fluegelhorn and piano he says reflect in their melodies the beauty and peace of an African sunset.

"In general life and playing music involve risk taking. There are rewards to be found in risk taking. I am open to as many experiences as come up and ways of dealing with things. I want to explore different ways of exploring the music. Talking about music and life is about exploration. One record can not encompass an entire musical journey. It's like a jigsaw puzzle. I'm going into multiple ways of doing things. I look at music as a way of exploring my inner and outer world and communicating this to other people. I want to expand audiences and their perceptions as well as my own," says Chapin.

The tune *Kura Kura*, Chapin wrote while still a student at Hartt School of Music, a time in the '70s when Chapin was listening to a lot of Rahsaan Roland Kirk, whose music suggested a dizzy kind of melody to him. While touring Japan recently with bassist Kiyoto Fujiwara's band, Chapin learned the Japanese term for dizzy is "kura kura."

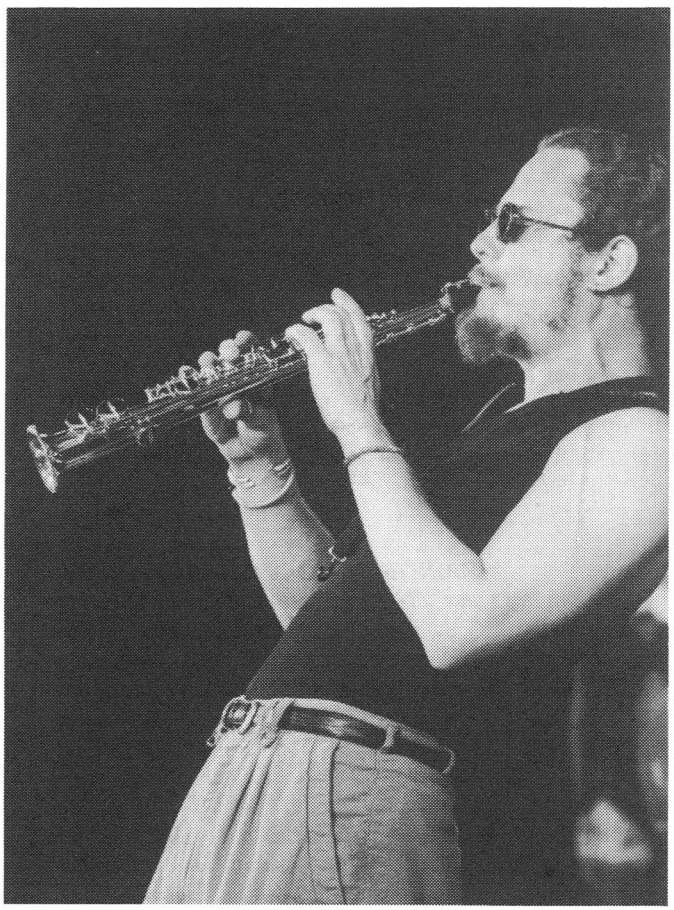
Goodbye is a jazz standard, written by Gordon Jenkins, and originally done by Benny Goodman's band, but it was versions by Cannonball Adderley and Bill Evans that caught Chapin's attention. Chapin, who has been exposed to tango, flamenco, Afro-Cuban jazz and salsa since moving to New York from Hartford in 1981, redoes *Goodbye* as a Latin tune.

Chapin first got interested in Latin music from listening to records by Flora Purim and Airto Moreira as well as Chick Corea recordings. Brazilian composer Hermeto Paschoal ranks as a major inspiration for Chapin as does a whole range of Latin and Brazilian music, which Chapin regards as part of an African diaspora.

As we spoke, Chapin was preparing to embark on a West coast tour with the Afro-Cuban Jazz orchestra, formerly led by Mario Bauza and he had just completed an engagement at Pace University in New York with the Flamenco Dance and Music Ensemble, featuring guitarist Pedro Cortes, Jr., flamenco singer Manolo Segura and dancers Fernando Villalobos and Clarita Filgueiras. Chapin's also been gigging with Argentine bassist Pablo Aslan in his group Avantango.

You Don't Know Me, due out in the States in March, 1995, is a follow-up to Chapin's Arabesque label debut on ***I've Got Your Number***, an all-star outing of sorts, featuring pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist Ray Drummond, drummer Steve Johns and conga player Louis Bauzo. It's a companion recording in a way to the equally mainstream outing, ***Radius***, on MuWorks in 1990.

ARTICLE BY ROBERT HICKS



PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE M. SVIRCHEV (JUNE 1994)

AFTER CUTTING HIS TEETH IN Lionel Hampton's Orchestra from 1981-86 and shortly after leaving Chico Hamilton's quartet in 1989, Chapin formed his trio in 1990, which led to his recording ***Third Force*** (Knitting Factory Works) in 1991. ***Anima*** followed in 1992 as a trio date for the same label and then Chapin decided to add a brass section to his trio on the rambunctious ***Insomnia*** for Knitting Factory Works in 1993. Chapin's trio, with bassist Mario Pavone and drummer Mike Sarin, will perform at the Newport Jazz Festival in August.

Chapin recently recorded with Anthony Braxton (playing piano here) on a set of standards as yet untitled and unreleased, with trumpeter Dave Douglas, bassist Mario Pavone and drummer Pheeroan aK Laff. Among the standards are *Autumn in New York, Dewey Square, and End of a Love Affair*, recorded at East Side Sound in Manhattan.

Chapin recently toured Europe with Third Person, whose core members are cellist Tom Cora and percussionist Samm Bennett, the third person being a different guest for each gig. He's also been touring Japan with bassist Kiyoto Fujiwara's group, always a delight for Chapin, and he's recorded with Fujiwara's group on the Japanese releases, ***Sixty Miles High*** in 1993 and ***Live at Sweet Basil*** in 1994.

This March he toured Europe with Ned Rothenberg's Double Band (two saxophonists, two electric bassists & two drummers), with plans to record a second CD on Moers Music. He's on a date led by guitarist Mike Musillami, featuring Ralph Moore and Claudio Roditi, a recording still in the can. And Chapin has a tape in the can which he did with poet Vernon Frazer and John Zorn.

"My first impulse is to throw everything into a project," says Chapin. "Now I see projects as just a part of an overall jigsaw puzzle. It's different to get a handle on what someone's doing musically. I just have an openness to life and to music. I always want to open myself up to new experiences and to new people." □

A previous **THOMAS CHAPIN** article is in Issue 243 (May/June 1992), and is available from Coda Publications for $3.00 post paid.

New York based **ROBERT HICKS** writes a weekly column for the ***VILLAGER***. He contributes to ***DOWNBEAT, BASS PLAYER, GUITAR PLAYER*** & ***JAZZ CRITIQUE*** (Japan), and reviews dance for ***ATTITUDE*** and the ***VILLAGE VOICE***.

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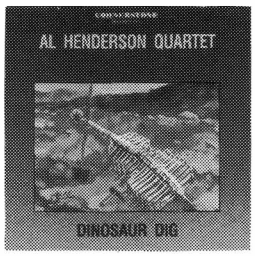

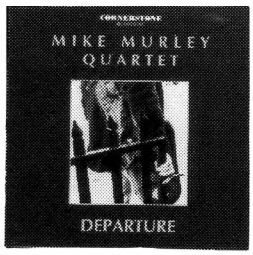

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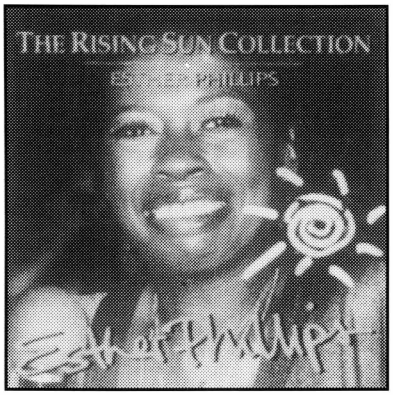

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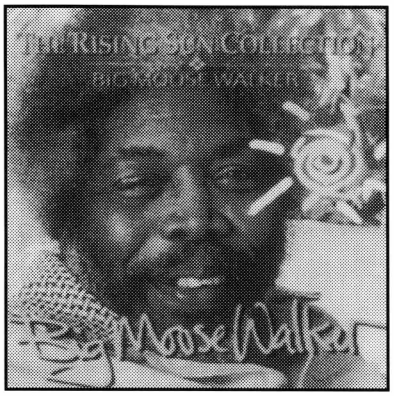

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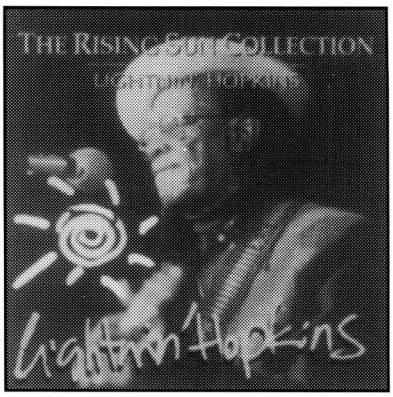

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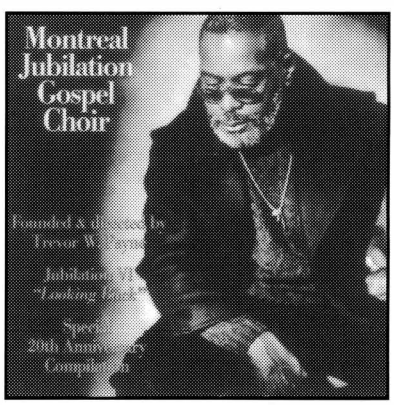

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