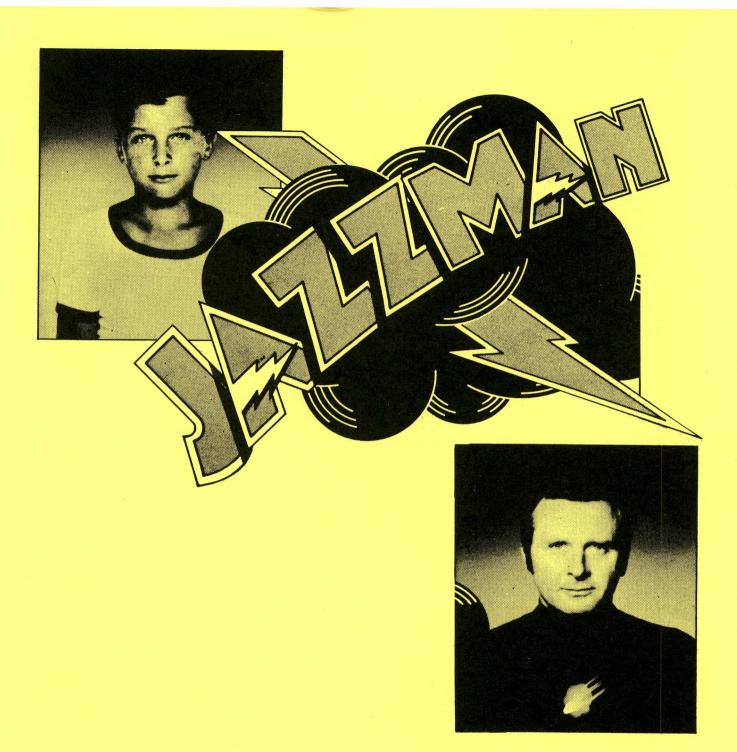
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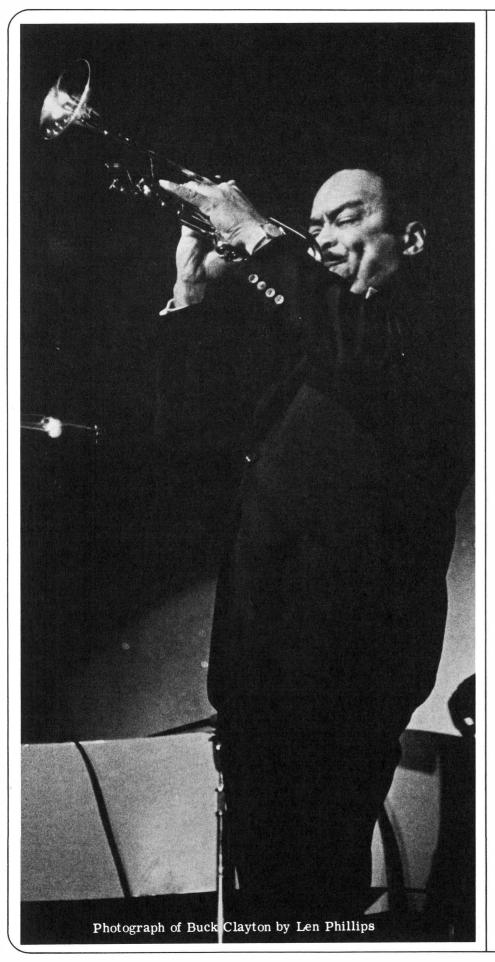
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We'd like to acknowledge the assistance of both the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council who have supported the magazine this year with grants. This money will be of great assistance in ensuring regular publication and there will definitely be ten issues this year.

We cannot guarantee just when you will receive your magazine as this country's postal service is being disrupted by strikes. We have no control over these stoppages and there seems to be incredible tolerance (or apathy) towards this situation on the part of the government and those they represent (big business).

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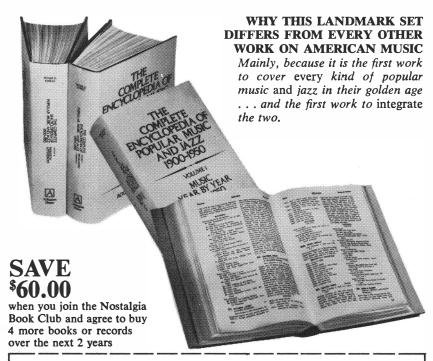
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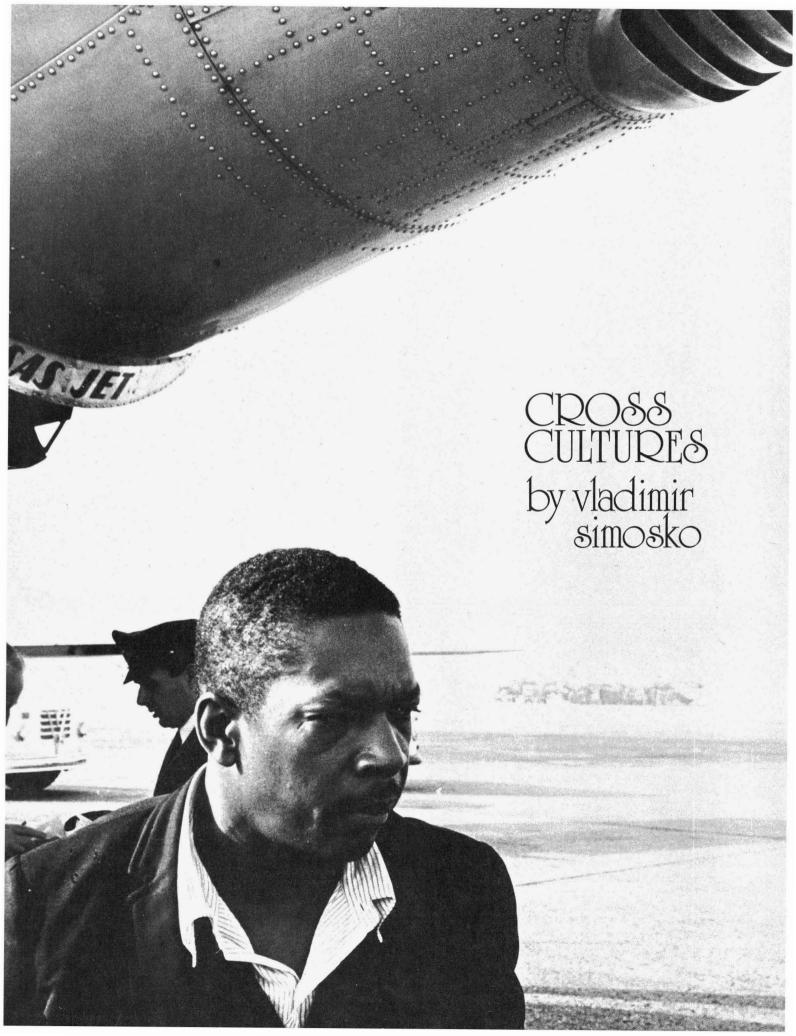
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☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose \$75. Please send The Complete Encyclopedia of Popular Music and Jazz 1900-1950 postpaid on 30-day examination with full refund guaranteed.



Historically, it is recognized that jazz was a musical art form which developed out of a mixture of various cultural elements in New Orleans around the turn of the century. In the 1940's much was made of the Afro-Cuban influences. The 1950's saw a flurry of activity in efforts to fuse jazz and European classical tradition in the Third Stream movement. In the 1960's, the experiments perhaps most prominently displayed by Coltrane involved fusion with Middle Eastern concepts, and there followed several attempts to pair jazzmen with Indian or Oriental musicians, with varying results. Other influences from the music of other cultures have been more or less prominently in evidence ever since, and appear to be altering the entire conception of jazz as an art form.

A closer look reveals how much further back such elements can be traced, and reveals the extent to which the more advanced jazzmen on the scene have absorbed the offerings of other musical cultures into their working vocabulary. This process is an entirely natural result of the art form, with its emphasis on personal expression. The growth of any artist partially depends on external stimuli, and the resulting ideas naturally find expression in his product. The complex web of interactions and cross influences among musicians results in different stylistic trends in different periods in the music's history, frequently largely based on the creative genius of particular individuals, such as Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker, and developing as other elements and personalities affect the overall trends. Now that blatant cross-cultural experimentation is a self-conscious trend, it is easy to forget how relatively unique it used to be, especially as those who experimented in these directions earlier were frequently ignored or misunderstood, and their efforts often forgotten. Some of this is possibly partially due to a collective reaction against early obsessions with dignifying jazz by holding it up for comparision with European classical music, and the current emphasis on jazz being Black Music, on the part of critics and aficionados. While a sociological discussion of these sensitive topics would be a fascinating study, this is outside the scope of this article. Nevertheless there seems to be plenty of evidence for these factors influencing the current de-emphasis of the influence of the white Chicago jazzmen of the 1920's on the development of jazz, or the common critical rejection of the Third Stream movement in the 1950's, for examples.

It is obvious that this early obsession with European classical music survives to continue affecting musicians today, and it is instructive to trace its evolution even in the sketchiest terms. One reads of Ernest Ansermet being impressed with Sidney Bechet when Bechet was in London with Will Marion Cook's orchestra in 1919, or of classical clarinetists walking away from Jimmy Noone's performances in Chicago shaking their heads and muttering of the "impossible things" Noone was doing with the instrument, with the impression that such allocades were significant in lending "approval" to the new art form.

Paul Whiteman is supposed to have made an honest woman of jazz by cushioning it with violins and taking it to a concert audience, and was proclaimed King of Jazz. The influence of jazz on Gershwin, Stravinsky, Milhaud, and other composers was further "evidence of recognition", while the schooled white Chicago musicians were able to bring new harmonic sophistication to the music. Yet the basic schism existed between "legitimate" music and jazz, due primarily to the basic difference in musical philosophies, which was widely felt and persists to this day. Bix Beiderbecke's classical listening tastes were looked upon with a mixture of awe and scorn by the earthier Chicagoans, as was his impressionistic piano music, which may have represented one of the earliest genuine fusions of jazz and classical elements into an aesthetically self-contained unit. (At the same time, James P. Johnson's jazz opera was being composed; however, it attracted little attention.) During the 1930's, the two ace clarinetists who were rivals in the public's eye for the title of "King of Swing", Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, were both strongly attracted to classical music, and were performing it for relaxation. Shaw successfully merged a string quartet with a pianoless rhythm section for his Interlude In B Flat, contrasting jazz and "classical" passages, to break up the show at the first swing concert at the Imperial Theatre in 1936, thus launching his career as a bandleader. Both Shaw and Goodman performed as classical soloists later in their careers. and Shaw's use of strings in the early 1940's with certain arrangements for his prewar orchestras anticipated many of the Third Stream developments of the 1950's. By the mid-40's, many arrangers exhibited their classical training. Often such extreme examples as Woody Herman's Herd performing Stravinsky's Ebony Concerto, in 1946, and Stan Kenton's recording of Robert Graettinger's City Of Glass in 1951, had little contact with jazz. These efforts at fusion failed to ease the tension between jazz and "legitimate" music. Rather, they both helped give birth to the Third Stream movement as well as assisting its being persistantly viewed as an unsuitable marriage of two different musical ways of thinking, in spite of the often remarkable compositions by musicians like John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, Jimmy Giuffre, George Russell, and others in this direction. These figures, excepting Russell, are rather well represented on the Atlantic LP's "Third Stream Music" (SD 1345), and "Jazz Abstractions" (SD 1365), and the Columbia LP 'Music For Brass' (CL 941), which represent three basic albums of this direction in musical expression.

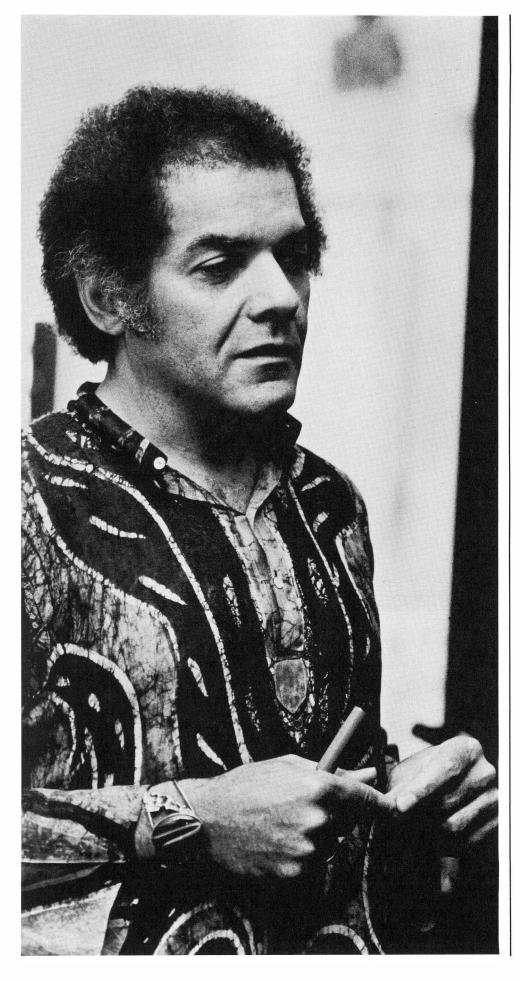
Other contemporary examples of the influence of classical elements on jazz, which often seem somewhat more successful as a fusion of ideas from the two sources (as opposed to a setting up of contrasts, as is evident in much of the work of the aforementioned figures), is to be found in the work of Charles Mingus from the early 1950's, and in Chico Hamilton's popular but underrated Quintets of the later 1950's.

The latter groups consisted of a multi-reedman, cellist, guitarist, bassist, and Chico's sensitive drums; they alternated repertoire between chamber-type tone poems and straightforward jazz pieces, sometimes flowing from a classically based style to swinging jazz passages within a piece far more naturally than the larger orchestras could manage. This same quality may be found in Mingus' music, especially his work from 1954 on Archives of Folk and Jazz FS-235 and BYG 529 105, with John LaPorta and, on the former, cellist Jackson Wiley. The "classical" influence on Mingus may also be found in such compositions as Half Mast Inhibition.

The Third Stream movement was eclipsed by the turbulent revolutions in jazz during the 1960's, although John Lewis and Gunther Schuller continued to appear with the often unwieldy Orchestra USA, which mixed classical, Third Stream, and jazz compositions on their programs, as well as other Third Stream groups of different sizes. Eric Dolphy was one of the New Wave innovators deeply involved in their experiments, and was another well schooled musician who appeared as a classical soloist on occasion. He also would appear on the same concert programs with such avant-garde "classical" figures as Lukas Foss, Luciano Berio, and Morton Subotnik, and is also known to have composed a string quartet piece.

By the early 1970's, however, there was a resurgence of activity and interest in the Third Stream and again a trend towards the mixing of programs. Some examples include Ornette Coleman's ''Skies Of America". which was far more successful "live" at Lincoln Center in New York in July 1972, and quite significantly different from, his Columbia LP of the same name; and George Russell's "Living Time" (Col. KC 31490) which features Bill Evans as primary soloist weaving in and out of complexly orchestrated brasses and woodwinds, and also includes such figures as Sam Rivers and Jimmy Giuffre. Ornette has an album of "classical" compositions available, and has presented concerts of mixed programs that have included some of his chamber pieces. Cecil Taylor's classical training and its influence on his work is well known, and he has presented concerts which have included lengthy brass orchestrations. Anthony Braxton has also had some non-jazz compositions recorded and presented similar chamber pièces in concert.

Continuing the example set of flowing into and out of a classical bag, Giuffre and Paul Bley recorded a trio album with bassist Steve Swallow as early as 1961, improvising in a direction vaguely reminiscent of Lukas Foss' Improvisation Chamber Ensemble, a group of classical musicians who improvise within their classical tradition. This capacity to move in and out of a classical bag in improvisation is also clearly evident on some of the recordings by the Circle group, consisting of Braxton, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, and Barry Altschul, all prominent in the vanguard of the 1970's in jazz. It is noteworthy that the classical elements being incorporated are more and more modern;



jazzmen are keeping pace with developments from the most advanced composers in music. Satie, Schoenberg, Webern, and Stockhausen are names familiar to those interested in modern music, and echoes of more avant-garde classical sounds are in evidence in the music of Sun Ra. This is particularly evident in Sun Ra's synthesizer solos, and Sun Ra, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, various modern European jazzmen such as those associated with Gunter Hampel, and many others have nodded in recognition to the sounds created by composers like Luciano Berio, Gyorgi Ligeti, even John Cage and Harry Partch. Bob James' Trio on ESP-1009, Roland Kirk also as early as 1965, and other jazzmen have utilized "electronic music" and prepared tapes as background or counterpoint to their improvisations. More recently, Freddie Hubbard recorded an LP in collaboration with avant-garde composer Ilhan Mimaroglu (Atlantic 1576); Mimaroglu's electronic works have been among the best in that media.

Often, as in the music of Sun Ra or Hampel for examples, the music presented begins to explore other cross cultural possibilities as well, and sorting out which influences are responsible for any of the various effects exhibited can become virtually impossible. Influences from African and Latin sources from the origin of jazz onwardare too well known and obvious for extensive discussion in this context to be profitable, but it is important to recall the "jungle" elements in Ellington's composing, including the growls and vocalizations from various instruments, the latter effect as old as jazz itself. It is also instructive to recall Jelly Roll Morton speaking of "the Spanish tinge" being present in strong doses as early as the turn of the century. Artie Shaw's 1940-41 string orchestra also had an extensive number of Latin arrangements and presented this curious fusion, which was successful both aesthetically and commercially, as a large part of its repertoire. In the 1940's, especially due to Charlie Parker's collaborations with Machito and Dizzy Gillespie's big band efforts with Chano Pozo, the Afro-Cuban and Latin elements were brought into jazz to a more obvious degree, and has been an integral rhythmic variation ever since. In this regard, Scnny Rollins' use of West Indian rhythms and melodic patterns, the Bossa Nova fad of the 1960's, or Gato Barbieri's mixing of various 1960's avant-gardisms with Latin elements, need only be mentioned in passing in this context since they are such well known examples of this long felt direction of crosscultural fusion.

It is possible that strong doses of the music of other cultural sources did not begin to appear strongly in jazz before the 1950's because of the difficulty of gaining access to such sounds, rather than from any lack of imagination on the part of the jazzmen on how to use such musical ideas. Surely by the 1950's, however, recordings of the music of other cultures became more widely available, and the more genuinely intellectually oriented musicians would naturally tend to become curious about these exotic musical manifestations and

carefully study what was occurring in these musics. New awareness of the roots of jazz brought fundamentally African rhythms into greater prominence. It is curious to note that Herbie Mann, who had been featured with Machito, was a leading figure in this phenomenon in the mid-50's, years before his music became a commercial parody of itself. An interesting LP originally made under vibist Johnny Rae's name but issued as "Herbie Mann's African Suite" (United Artists UAL 4042) and later reissued as "St. Thomas", is a good example of this era's use of African (including North African) and Afro-Cuban elements in jazz. Mann was also often using bamboo flutes and log drums in his hybrid music. It is also interesting to note that Sun Ra was utilizing exotic elements in his work from the first. and the strong Black African flavour has been obvious. At the same time, Yusef Lateef was prominently incorporating strong Middle Eastern elements effectively with jazz. In the late 1950's, Lateef was considered rather esoteric in using various non-Western instruments with his groups in his improvisations as well as for ensemble effects. Lateef and Mann were probably the most obvious and prominent figures in the late 1950's in making the jazz world aware of some of the possibilities available from non-Western sources. Shortly afterward, musicians like Coltrane and Dolphy were acknowledging the influences of the music of African pygmies, and of Indian classical music and specifically Ravi Shankar, as being vital influences in shaping their new musical and philosophical ideas. By the early 1960's all the world's music was under study to see how various musical ideas could be incorporated into jazz, and Sun Ra's music in particular had reached the point where it was difficult to tell where he was coming from without some knowledge of the music and musical philosophy of other cultures.

In the mid-1960's this trend began affecting even pop music, and the superficial use of a sitar and acknowledgement of Ravi Shankar by the Beatles created a fad on a mass level for Indian classical music, and by extension, the music of most non-Western cultures. In jazz, we had such phenomena as Joe Harriott recording with a jaz'z group and a group of Indian classical musicians for his "Indo-jazz" fusion LP (Columbia SX 6025), Paul Horn's involvements with Indian music, and other experiments which occasionally succeeded. Clarinetist Tony Scott, who had been living in Japan soaking up Japanese culture and learning to play with Japanese musicians improvising out of their classical background, recorded an LP of this seemingly unlikely hybrid music titled 'Music For Zen Meditation' (Verve V-8634). Almost astonishingly, the experiment was successful, and some beautifully etherial music resulted.

Ornette Colemantook up the shehnai and learned to work gracefully and naturally into and out of improvising exactly the bag Turkish Zhurna music improvises out of, an interesting approach which was captured especially effectively on a private tape



taken at Slug's in September 1971. Don Cherry, of course, has entered an exploration of all sorts of cultural legacies from all the world's music, as have Carla Bley with her recent compositions and Zusann and Donald Garrett on their recent album for ESP, "We Move Together" (ESP 3018). It is at this point that the spectrum of available sounds and the resulting multicultural fusion begins to indicate what all of these movements have been leading towards.

As mentioned earlier, the influences of the various musics of other cultures on jazz has been in both musical and philosophic considerations. Far from merely inserting a few superficial sound effects or even simply substituting non-Western scales or phrasing, there has been a vital revision in musical thinking resulting from these infusions. While exploration of all the various technical or philosophic contributions made by each culture is beyond the scope of this article, it can be noted that in general most non-Western cultures incorporate far greater spiritual significance in their music than was usually evident anywhere in the West. In most primitive cultures, music is intrinsically bound into the ritual of life and the spiritual awe with which the people face the mysteries of their realities. In more complex cultures, in which music has been somewhat separated from these basic attitudes and been rather loosely divided into folk forms and classical traditions, in the latter aspects especially their music is intimately bound up within an entire philosophy. Music theory in traditional India, for example, begins with mythical cosmology.

Sun Ra's totally and literally cosmic orientation is probably the most prominent and most complete example of this kind of incorporation of a concept of man's relationship to the universe within musical expression. The spirituality of John Coltrane in this context can clearly be seen as a similar manifestation.

Although occasionally present in individual composers of the European tradition of classical music, this cosmic conception has been sadly lacking as a conscious and integral part of the tradition since the time of Bach. Instead, reliance on harmonic sophistication and technical perfection within strict formal boundaries became the norm, until composers of the late 19th and 20th Centuries began breaking out of these patterns and evolving "new" ideas. Survival of the earlier manner of thinking about music persists in jazz among

scholars who analyse the technical structure of improvisations as if this would reveal their essence.

The sociological, psychological, philosophical, and cultural factors which created this situation and influence this revolution in music were naturally reflected in all the arts, and ultimately are now affecting the entire world. Instead of being made up of a wide variety of cultures, humanity is on the verge of developing a world culture. Due to the crises precipitated by the inept use of the technologies which made this possible, it could be a remarkably short lived world culture, or perhaps worse. However, the successful multi-cultural fusions in music are an encouraging indication that a healthy, totally multi-cultural fusion may eventually be possible; but the social and political implications of these musical phenomena are not the only concepts to be found there. The emphasis on spirituality and a cosmic perspective which is present within this multi-cultural fusion in music implies an absorption of the creative impulses into all traditions, in the expression of this cosmic perspective.

Let us read "spirit" into the last phrase in place of "creative impulse". It now says, "An absorption of the spirit into all traditions, in the expression of this cosmic perspective". It sounds like the credo of some sort of utopian space age religion, a mystical vision of the unity of all mankind, a Tower of Babel in reverse, where all languages are spoken and understood.

Yet, it seems to be developing in music in a very real and earthy sense. The language of music has long been regarded as universal, and with good reason, as is the case with many cliches. The capacity of music to communicate fundamental levels of human emotions and to serve as an expression of the soul in a literal sense, is after all why it has held such an exalted place in most cultures throughout the history of mankind. Now, jazz seems to be closely identified with this fusion of all cultures, instead of only the several it started with, as well as reawakening to a conscious realization of its spiritual vitality. In these trends towards multi-cultural fusion, jazz is transcending itself to become an all embracing musical expression, speaking out of, as well as of, the total human experience. It remains to be seen whether this will work as well as it potentially might, and whether it affects anything besides a few listeners' ears.

mose allison



In my early listening days, whenever I would hear the "Transfiguration of Hiram Brown" suite, it never entered my mind that Mose Allison was not black. If you mention this to him now he just shrugs and says, "Yeah, I get a lot of that and I guessit could be considered a compliment in the context that it's usually delivered in."

Occasionally when I see Mose in real $\,$

life I get a strange unreasoning flash of Django Reinhardt - a finely made man, a compactly built Southern piano player/ singer version of the Belgian gypsy guitarist

Mose's manner is as his musical style: economical and clear, witty and nervous, shy and resourceful. His versions of songs, like Seventh Son and Fool's Paradise, are classic and seem to resist

aging more than any other musician's I can think of except for giants like Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf.

<u>NESS:</u> Who were some of your heroes when you were just starting out?

MOSE: Louis Armstrong was one of my first heroes, and Nat Cole of the King Cole trio days. And Fats Waller. Duke Ellington . . . Muddy Waters . . .

<u>NESS</u>: So you weren't interested just in piano players?

MOSE: No, Lester Young is one of my favorite players. Of course, I went through listening to all the piano players over the years starting out with the boogie woogie players and then through the swing players and the bebop players and so forth. Bud Powell is one of the greatest. He made a series of records in the late '40's or early '50's that have never been surpassed.

NESS: How did you get into playing the piano?

MOSE: I started taking piano lessons as a child. I was about five years old when I started and I took just enough over the next few years to get familiar with the keyboard. Inever became a good reader. I didn't like to read music. I just started picking out things and just played them by ear. Even now, being able to read wouldn't help me in what I'm doing. Being able to read helps a musician in a practical sense. A lot of markets were closed to me that might have been open if I'd been a better reader - stuff like bands that require sight reading, and when you have to do shows, studio work . . . but I actually wasn't interested in any of that. What I've done is sort of what I had in mind all along.

<u>NESS</u>: You mean because a lot of your stuff is original?

MOSE: (Laughs.) Nothing is original. The best you can do is to create an illusion of originality. That's what the really great players do. If you analyzed what they do, very little is truly original. Everything is accumulative. For instance, if you traced what Charlie Parker does back you could find precedents for a lot of it either in academic music or in jazz and blues and gospel music. A lot of the riffs he played were straight out of gospel music. NESS: Dizzy once said of Parker that he

knew exactly what he was doing 75% of the time and the rest just sort of fell under his fingers.

MOSE: That's what a good jazz player hopes to achieve. You have to start with what you know and work towards something that you don't know. Say on a particular night you might play six bars that you've never played before - if you're lucky. This happens and if it didn't continue to happen I probably wouldn't be doing it. It would really be awful if you had to

play the same thing every night. Sometimes you feel like you can't break out of what you know but if you concentrate and everybody else is concentrating and if about 500,000 circumstances are in order...(laughs). The point is that if you're serious you can continue to innovate slightly. If you just do one thing differently something else may follow. It's a self-hypnosis thing in a way and it's the thing that keeps your enthusiasm going.

NESS: How do you feel about the difference between acoustic and electric piano?

MOSE: I prefer acoustic. I'm a little sceptical of all those electrical instruments. I think that the essential thing is the musical idea and so the way you embellishthat idea, the way you contort it or the way you put a wah-wah to it or a fuzz tone - the essential thing is still the musicalidea. For my own purposes I prefer clarity and economy, and that means acoustic piano.

 $\underline{\text{NESS}}$: Your playing style is percussive...

MOSE: Yes, and you have to play electric keyboards with a very light touch and there's no real feedback from it as far as touch goes. I've done some recording with electric piano but I didn't play it enough to get the touch. It feels different. There's just no resistance and no subtleties. There are a lot of acoustic piano players who have a touch that you can recognize, but with the electric piano this applies much less so. However, if that interests you, go ahead. I'm not saying that nobody should do it; I'm just saying from my own standpoint it doesn't interest me much. For one thing I've always liked to travel light and when you start getting all that electronic paraphrenalia you've got to have technicians and moving vans and all kinds of things.

<u>NESS:</u> What kind of music do you listen to yourself?

MOSE: It varies, but generally speaking for my own edification I listen to a lot of contemporary piano sonatas. I get on different composers and listen to them to see what they're doing.

NESS: Classical things then . . .

MOSE: Yeah, I suppose classical... these words, these categories are so obscure. What classical is is open to debate. In a way Bud Powell is a classic. Charlie Parker is a classic. Louis Armstrong is a classic. I think that term is applied better in a sense of the best of an era rather than a category of music so called serious or legitimate music as opposed to illegitimate and non-serious music.

NESS: Jazz is another word that a lot of musicians balk at.

MOSE: It pigeon holes you. Those categories are all labels to aid in merchandising.

NESS: A convenient handle.

MOSE: Right, and you can get stuck in one of those categories and it can limit what you are able to do. It can limit your audience, it can limit your outlets... all sorts of things. I think we're coming to a point where everybody is just going to be a musician and they're just going to be playing music, and you can figure out

what the person is drawing from at different times as he plays.

<u>NESS</u>: I'm curious about your interest in contemporary composers - could you name a few you particularly like?

MOSE: I've been very interested in Charles Ives, and there's Carl Ruggles and Elliott Carter and I listen to Scriabin, the sonatas. I was on a Bartok kick for awhile and Hindemith is a special favorite of mine. Every now and then I'll hear someone and I'll go buy a record and listen to it. I don't try to analyze anything. I just listen to it over and over and get the feeling of what he's doing and maybe pick up some pointers on some of the techniques that he employs.

NESS: That's really interesting because your own music is very basic and straightforward and simple in comparison to the complexity of the music of the composers you've just mentioned.

MOSE: Well, a jazz player doesn't exactly take something straight from anything. For instance, by listening to Charles Ives I might have picked up two or three little tricks which I employ that aren't exactly the way he did it at all. When it comes out it's not Charles Ives, it's just what I got from Charles Ives. I don't adopt things straight. It's a matter of getting more things at your disposal. It's like collecting data.

NESS: It seems that creative people, writers and musicians and painters, etc., are like pack rats in the sense that they collect and keep with them all kinds of ideas, phrases, colors, feelings and when things are just right these bits connect up with the ongoing flow of their creativity.

MOSE: To me it's like an electrical coil with a particular kind of magnet that attracts certain things out of the atmosphere and they stick and you use them according to your own tastes and inclinations.

NESS: Are there any keyboard players in rock music that have caught your attention?

MOSE: I'm sure there are some good players, but I can't think of any keyboard player in the whole rock scene, that I've heard, who has impressed me. The rock records have all become so much the same. It's like a formula. I haven't noticed that much individuality. It's more of a group thing. They're all corporations with business managers and with a whole army behind them. It's completely different from what I was brought up with which was the individualistic thing, the jazz thing, where you just had small groups and played where you could and went to jam sessions.

<u>NESS</u>: The blues musicians would be much closer to you wouldn't they?

MOSE: Oh, sure. Muddy Waters is one of my chief heroes of all time and I think he's just as good now as he ever was. I played a couple of concerts with him last year and he sounded great, which is unusual. A lot of the people who you liked when you were twenty, if you hear them twenty years later they've changed a lot, they've lost something. Muddy hasn't lost anything. I liked both Sonny Boy Williamsons. The original one was a harmonica virtuoso who all the harmonica players

now play like whether they know it or not. The first time I saw him I was mystified. It was just before he was killed, in the Beale Street Auditorium in Memphis, Tennessee in 1948. It was one of the big sepia affairs of the year with a lot of dancing girls and high note trumpet players and the whole thing. He was just brought in as a filler I think and he came on by himself in a raggedy suit and played some things that just upset me completely. He was the Charlie Parker of the harmonica.

<u>NESS:</u> How do you feel about some of the old blues piano players?

MOSE: I heard the boogie players when I was growing up. Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons and Jimmy Yancey. Mary Lou Williams was playing a lot of boogie then . . . Earl Hines - this was in the '30's. In fact boogie-woogie was jazz then. That's how I started playing - picking out boogie type things. That eight to the bar thing is what's happening right now. It's the basis for a lot of rock stuff. It's part of my rhythmical. . . I like that eight to the bar feeling and play a lot of songs in that sort of time.

<u>NESS</u>: I've noticed that your improvising has become more complex - your left hand is doing much more than it used to.

MOSE: I guess that's a fair assumption. It came about primarily because I did try to learn how to play with my left hand. I became bored with the jazz piano style of a few years ago where you just comped with your left hand, played a chord, it was a pretty automatic thing, and you played the whole melody line single note with your right hand. I looked down and saw that I had a left hand and started to learn how to use it. I did exercises with it and tried to get some execution out of it. It was a long slow process, but it changed my whole approach to playing. When I listen to records that I made six or seven years ago, I see the beginnings of it. It's only recently that I've begun to get a little more proficient at it. I'm trying to incorporate the left hand into the flow of things, sometimes emphasizing it and sometimes using it to play parallel lines. NESS: Who were some of the influences on your singing style?

MOSE: I started out copying Nat Cole of the King Cole Trio in the late '40's. He was my main man and then around 1950 I started re-listening to the blues guys that I had heard as a child. The one who affected me the most was Percy Mayfield. I liked his delivery and his style of singing and the tunes he wrote. He had a very unassuming style and un-decorative voice - just straight out and very relaxed. That opened my eyes to the way I wanted to sing more than anybody else. His songs weren't exactly twelve bar blues, country blues. They were a little more sophisticated, they usually had a bridge and were a little more philosophical and deeper than the others. There was Louis Jordan. . . and Billie Holiday has always been one of my favorite singers too, but basically it was the country blues people.

INTERVIEW WITH BOB NESS



RALPH SUTTON

a profile by Ron Johnson

After nearly six years of playing jazz in every corner of the world, pianist Ralph Sutton is "retiring" from the Lawson-Haggart World's Greatest Jazz Band.

"I enjoyed those years very much. Those guys in the band ARE the GREAT-EST... I mean as men as well as musicians. They're friends of mine... and it wasn't an easy decision for me to quit," says the greatest stride pianist since Fats Waller. "The travelling...well that got to be a drag. Especially, when you're married." (Ralph is happily married to Sunny Sutton.) There are many other reasons which I can't and won't mention. But what really got me was the top management of the band...the ownership... and it amazes me how the band has stuck together this long. The reason for it is pure guts and a belief in the band itself." (At this writing, clarinetist-soprano sax player Bob Wilber has requested, and been granted, a leave of absence from the WGJB beginning January 1, 1975. Wilber will be playing gigs with Kenny Davern in their unique Soprano Summit group. If successful, it's doubtful that Wilber will return to the band.)

Delving into the reason for Sutton's resignation from WGJB a bit further, one must realize that although Sutton is one of the premier jazz pianists around today, he would rather be striding through the pines at 8,000 feet with his two St. Bernard dogs ('Mahalia'', named after Mahalia Jackson, and ''Boozer'', whose namesake will remain anonymous)...than he would playing stride piano before roaring thousands at halls, nightclubs, auditoriums and theatres around the globe.

Not that he doesn't like working...playing jazz piano like nobody else can...but with the WGJB it was also living out of suitcases and hotel rooms, from Belfast to Bangkok, and that's a long way from Pine, Colorado, Sutton's home in the Rockies, 40 miles southwest of Denver.

Right now, Sutton is playing with clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, drummer Cliff Leeman and bassist Colin Geig every Tuesday through Saturday at the Continental Denver Motor Hotel. "After January 1, we'll be leaving the Continental," says Ralph, "because Peanuts is planning to open his own place after that."

Before becoming involved with Dick Gibson and his famous Denver jazz parties, and eventually the World's Greatest Jazz Band, Sutton played in his own nightclub near Denver called "Sunny's Place" (named after his wife).

For two weeks, Bob Hirsch, a fine pianist in his own right, and leader of the Bob Hirsch All Stars at LaCrosse, Wisconsin's "Place of Jazz"...studied, worked, ate and lived at the Sutton Place in Pine, Colorado.

Hirsch says: "You gotta realize that Ralph Sutton, really, is a country boy. He's a down-to-earth guy. (Borrowing a phrase, You can take Sutton out of Hamburg (Missouri), but you can't take the Hamburg out of Sutton.)

'Ralph starts every day with a walk through the pine-scented mountain air with Mahalia and Boozer. Then, a good breakfast, and some piano. He also loves to lie in the sun, and drink. But this may surprise some people...Ralph drinks very little scotch at home...he drinks mostly mountain well water.

"The reason Ralph drank a lot on the road was, I think, because he was homesick. He hated to leave his place in the Rockies. Now, he's happy, because he plays nearby, at Denver, and is home all the time." (Sutton indicates, however, that he is available for an occasional gig away from Colorado. Right now, on Sundays only, although in the future he might find another day he could fly away, occasionally, from his Rocky Mountain home.)

"When I stayed with Ralph those two weeks," continues Hirsch, "we'd practice piano in the morning, then plant rose bushes, landscape the lawn, lay in the sun, and b.s. in the afternoons."

It could well be that Ralph Sutton's travelling days are over. His head-quarters are now Denver, Colorado. Although he's travelled just about everywhere on earth, he prefers the mountain sun and air of Colorado..."better than any other place".

As a person, Ralph Sutton is not easy to get to know. But once he knows you, and accepts you, he is a friend for life.

Sutton stayed at my house, along with Bob Wilber, during a four-night concert run at the Emporium of Jazz in Mendota. I remember Ralph not wanting to put my wife out in the morning, making breakfast, and offering to take us all out for breakfast. I remember Ralph, after getting a bit over-supplied with Cutty Sark, playing Jingle Bells in the middle of a jazz tune at the Emporium. And, I remember Ralph on the tennis court. He bought a racket while he was in Minneapolis. "The tennis racket...is resting," smiles Ralph.

Most of all, I remember Ralph playing Echoes of Spring, Honky Tonk Train Blues (by Meade Lux Lewis)...so beautifully it's indescribable. And, I remember Ralph, on all occasions when I heard him play with the WGJB - pushing, driving, swinging that band along. He'll be tough to replace.

When I asked Ralph what hobbies he enjoyed, he answered: "Enjoying the peace and quiet at my home in the mountains at 8,000 feet up. My 11-acre place at Pine ...is my own little paradise."

Sutton says there are too many musicians he's heard, that he admires, to even start mentioning. But he recalls vividly hearing Fats Waller records on the radio back in tiny Hamburg, Mo., and that was the beginning of his life in jazz and his future. 'I got everything from Fats. He was the greatest, but I think I might be

second...as a stride pianist, that is."

Sutton was ''discovered'' when he was 19, playing piano at a small college in Missouri. His discoverer was trombonist Jack Teagarden.

When he was only 10, Sutton was playing riffs in his dad's dance band, which was a weekend hobby with the elder Sutton.

Although Ralph's first love is jazz, he has studied classical piano. His first piano teacher's loyalties were divided evenly between the classics and jazz. (Bach is Ralph's favorite piano exercise.)

Sutton enrolled as a music major at Kirksville State College in Missouri after high school graduation. It was at Kirksville, while playing a college concert, that Teagarden heard the young Sutton. In one month, the jazz trombonist had wired Ralph to come and join his band. That was 1941.

Then, the U.S. Army and World War II interrupted Sutton's early jazz career. But in 1947, he rejoined Teagarden on New York's famed 52nd Street. In 1948, he sat in the solo piano chair at Eddie Condon's club, and he was featured on ABC's "This is Jazz" series with Louis Armstrong, Baby Dodds, Sidney Bechet, Sid Catlett, Pops Foster, and other jazz greats.

For eight years, Sutton remained at Condon's, but he took occasional trips to Europe. (He was the first American jazz artist to play in England during the British musician's union embargo on U.S. jazz.) He played with Edmond Hall, PeeWee Russell, Peanuts Hucko, Vic Dickenson, Buzzy Drootin, Albert Nicholas and "Lips" Page.

In 1954, Ralph was featured as a headliner in two jazz concerts - at Boston's Symphony Hall and New York's Town Hall - along with clarinetist Edmond Hall. After going on a grand tour of the U.S. (the first of many since), in 1955, Sutton moved with his family (his first wife and three sons) to San Francisco where he played in Bay Area jazz clubs, recorded and played in Hollywood and spent several winters at Squaw Valley, California. His sons still live in the Bay area, Jeff, 26, is a drummer, his 20-year-old son, Nick, plays piano in addition to shingling houses, and his other son, Pete, 23, is in ceramics work, also in San Francisco.

Sutton has appeared on just about every top TV talk show and he won the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout contest back in 1958.

According to Steve Race of Jazz Journal, ''Ralph Sutton has the genuine harmonic sense that so many of the classic jazz pianists lack, and he refrains from using the sustaining petal as if it were a bass drum. He is, perhaps, the most exciting swing pianist in white solo-piano history...''

Just about every other jazz critic has the same type of praise for Ralph Sutton, who, at age 52, is looking very fit and may just be...hitting his stride!

NATHAN DAVIS ARTICLE BY SULLIVAN

The name Nathan Davis will be unfamiliar to many readers, an odd situation considering the man has ten albums out under his leadership and has appeared on scores of others as sideman or featured soloist. The mist clears somewhat on learning that this Kansas City born musician matured as a soloist in Europe where he spent a goodly slice of his working life and cut his teeth in the company of people like 'Klook' Clarke and Benny Bailey. Recently Nate returned to the States to take up the post of Assistant Professor of Music at The University of Pittsburgh and has now been promoted to the rank of full Professor. He still manages to play the clubs, when duty allows, and takes part in festivals in Europe and the States.

Like many of his contemporaries Nate was deeply influenced by John Coltrane but is nevertheless very much his own man. A strong no bullshit player he is melodic, imaginative, swings like a house and possesses a fine true tenor tone. He also plays soprano sax and bass clarinet, tying the whole bag together by penning most of his material.

At 37 Nate views his career to date in a calm, philisophical and adult manner. He is an optimist and in this world needs to be. He is in no hurry for fame but unless a major company starts picking up the tab he is likely to stay on the fringe of the big time for a few years yet. He is Vice President of Segue Records which should help with some exposure and this he needs if we, the public, are to experience his flowering as an artist and we are entitled to feel cheated if we miss it.

I am from Kansas City where I was born on February 15, 1937. My mother sang, gospels and spirituals mostly and my father was a part time musician and jazz enthusiast, collected records and played drums so I kind of grew up with music all round me. As I look over what is supposed to constitute real roots as far as a jazz musician is concerned I am a model case. At high school I played under the direction of a fine band director called Clark who'd played with a lot of the older bands and we had a sixteen piece jazz outfit long before jazz became popular in the colleges. Later I won first prize in an all-state competition and got a scholarship to go to university. At that time I was around Kansas City and Oklahoma and got some early experience with the Jay McShann band working out of a place called Johnny Bakers. Eventually I went to the University of Kansas and got my first visit

to Europe with a University show called "Jayhog Jamboree". We toured Germany, France and North Africa, two or three shows a day and I really got a taste for Europe. We jammed in clubs such as The Cage in Heidelberg and I met people like Albert Mangelsdorff and Jo Berendt who figured later in the production of my first two albums.

Back in the States I went on to finish school, got my B.A. in Musical Education and had my own band at the University. Carmell Jones played trumpet and in fact I gave him his first job there at the University and later brought him to Europe although nobody ever mentions that. I left Kansas City when I was about eighteen for Chicago. I stayed with an Aunt by the name of Ollie Brown, a self-ordained minister. a real lady of the Bible. She'd catch me coming home late from a gig and tell me that as I'd been playing for the devil all night I'd have to play for the Lord at morning service in the Sanctified Church of God and Christ. They use quite a few instruments and we had a lot of tent meetings and I want to tell you that was some of the strongest swing I've ever played in my life. Only once or twice in a jazz set have we approached some of those feelings; it was an experience.

Around Chicago then I used to jam at "The Flame" on 39th and Oakwood meeting people like Johnny Griffin, Ira Sullivan, John Gilmore and Nicky Hill. I can remember when I first came up from Kansas City, opening the door at the Club and hearing those cats play, it scared the hell out of me and I shut the door right quick. I walked round the streets, went back and didn't get my horn out til everyone had left then I got up and played a little bit and then played there steady. They used to call me "Little Prez" at that time and I had a good reputation, I could play hard and fast and I was doing quite all right for a young blood just coming up. During that time Chicago was quite a place, Sonny Rollins came around, Miles was hanging out there but there were more smokin' tenor players around Chicago than anywhere else in the country and Johnny Griffin was considered to be the King.

Around 1969 I got drafted, I did my basic at Fort Leavenworth and I used to get out of a lot of training because a few colonels found out they had a jazz musician on camp and they used to send for me to play at a party or something, I'd get in the jeep, salute the Captain and drive off with the Colonel - to play for the General! I was sent to Berlin with the 298 Army

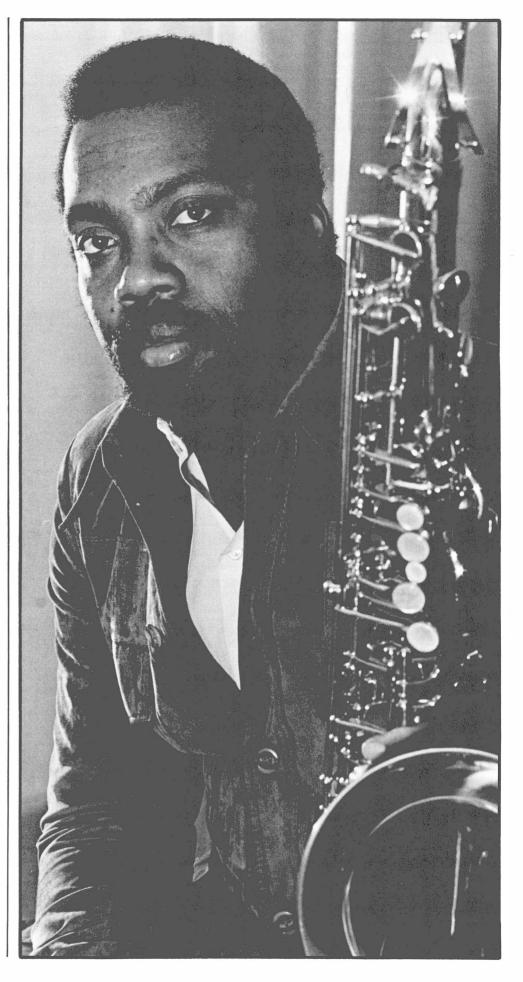
Band and I was having real trouble. I was used to making 300 bills a week and travelling all over the country and here I was making 39 dollars a month and couldn't go out of the yard. I got to drinking a lot, wouldn't practice, I said the hell with life I almost stopped eating and really rejected the service. A drummer called Leo Miller babied me along, got me to want to stayalive, he made me eat, made me find a girl, I'll never forget him. Racism was a problem too but I was always pretty big and grew up in what they now call a ghetto and knew how to fight. The first day I took my saxophone home from school hell I had to fight my way home because some guys wanted me to play it right there on the street.

In Germany I met Benny Bailey who was in the SSP Band and we became very good friends. By this time I was getting it back together, wanting to play again, I used to play every Thursday at a club in Berlin with Benny. Ake Van Rooyan was a good friend too at that time, he and his wife really took care of me. I took an overseas discharge and stayed around Berlin with Benny mostly. I also played with a couple of English guys Bill LeSage and Ronnie Ross. Then Jo Berendt arranged this ("Americans in Europe" concert in Coblence. Lucky Thompson couldn't make it and Benny Bailey suggested they use me. It was a big band and I was scared to death, there was Benny, Idrees Sulieman, Herb Geller, Sonny Criss, Kenny Drew, Kenny Clarke and Don Byas was the other tenor player. THE league of heavy cats and I was just a small time dude, but I made my mark and Kenny invited me to come to Paris with him. I worked out beautiful for Kenny, he liked the way I played, liked my enthusiasm and I dug him. We opened up the ''Club St. Germain'' and that was one of the best times in my professional life, we packed them in, they'd be standing three and four deep for blocks just to get in. A typical night of jamming on that gig would have Dexter Gordon, Sonny Criss, Johnny Griffin and Dizzy all coming in and that was great training for a young cat like me. It couldn't happen like that even in New York, the occasion just wouldn't arise unless you were in the clique. Eventually the club was sold and I went into the "Blue Note" for three nights, taking Johnny Griffin's place. Iwas pretty broke at that time and I decided I was going to blow my butt off if I ever did and I did just that, when Johnny came back Ben Benjamin kept us both on, seven nights a week for two years. After

that I worked with Donald Byrd, Art Taylor and later Eric Dolphy at the "Chat.qui peche". I went in there again with a group consisting of Woody Shaw. Larry Young and Billy Brooks the guys I used with Jimmy Woods on my first record date. The album "Happy Girl" was produced by Jo Berendt and (you can check this out) outsold all other jazz albums in Germany including those by Dizzy, Miles and everybody. The company, SABA Records, then said Hey this unknown dude is outselling all these people, let's make another with him and we made "Hip Walk". I did about four albums with SABA then toured Europe with Art Blakev which gave me a lot of exposure, toured with Ray Charles and did several solo spots on T.V.

I was in Europe about eight years, mostly in Paris. I never made it to England although I had a couple of offers from Ernie Garside. Trouble was I was always too busy. After my records came out I found it easy to get work and made some goodfriends. There was a certain amount of jealousy of course, some guys felt that here was an unknown guy making it because he's black. Well I don't want to argue the point, all I know is that when you talk about jazz and the real thing - then I am IT. I returned to the States in '69 to take a job at the University of Pittsburgh as Director of Jazz Studies. They offered me the job and it sounded good to me. I direct the band, a 22-piece ensemble, I teach two large jazz history classes, orchestration and composition and an improvisation class. I'm an assistant Professor and I'm enrolled in the Ethnic Musicology Programme at the Wesleyan University and have a collection of ethnic instruments from all over the world. Last summer Ursula, my wife, and I did field research in Turkey and I learned to play the Nay. I did a 45 record with the top player by the name of Acher Gunduskootby, we did a jazz thing for Yonka Records in Istanbul I don't know if it's been released yet but I'm really into ethnic music now, its colouring my whole scene.

I've made about four albums sinceI've been back and still play. I've just done a collective album with Sam Rivers, Jimmy Garrison, Ed Blackwell, Clifford Thornton and Dave Burrell. As far as being underrated I suppose its partly due to the fact that I've never been with a large record company. If you're with a big company they put your name out there. It used to bug the hell out of me, you pick up the rating sheets and never see your name. People tend to like sensationalism, if you don't act crazy or lead a life that can be talked about well no matter what your playing you get forgotten. I'm pretty studious and the most important thing for me is to keep in shape. I practice about five hours a day and music is my life, I don't see me running into using gimmicks if you hear me make a scratch or a squeak there's going to be a legitimate grouping of harmonics for some cause, but I'm not going to stand on my head I'm about music 100%. If I never get to make another record or if nobody ever reads about me well vou can be sure that when I check out I'm going to be in shape and one bad dude!



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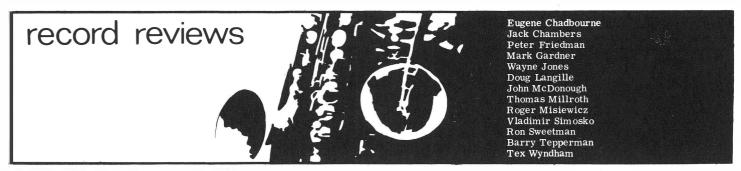
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Like any two centers of such originality that come together, each represents himself with complete integrity. There are no special compromises. No musical alchemy in which each is magnified in the others presence to create a whole greater than the sum of its parts. Each is too strongly rooted in his own individual genius to yield his individuality to a possibly higher combined goal.

It is Christian and Young together, but yet very much apart.

Virtually any performances by the Benny Goodman sextet of the '39-'41 period must be considered on a level with the Parker Dial or Savoys or the Ellington Victors. There are eleven tracks by the regular sextet: three Breakfast Feuds, two I Can't Give You Anything But Loves, two Benny's Bugles, and one each of Royal Garden, Gone With What Draft, Wholly Cats and Gilly. Apparently none duplicates any previous LP issue, even down to the intercutting that characterized a couple of Columbia Christian sets.

Not everything played offers striking variations to already familiar versions. Christian's solo, for example, on Royal Garden duplicated nearly note for note his work on another take issued on Columbia G30779. Great as Charlie is, this has always been Benny Goodman's number, so forceful and intense is his clarinet. Which raises an important point. Although Christian and Young may be the names on the LP cover, Goodman's contributions are often equally striking. His playing at this time was among the best of his career, and that's certainly enough to stand alongside anyone.

It is particularly interesting to hear Benny in the company of Lester. There's no doubt that his playing takes on some of the loping relaxation and unexpected rhythmic turns of phrase that come from Lester. BG shows this particularly on I Never Knew and the first Wholly Cats -



his slight slurring of notes and chewing of phrases.

The five tracks on which Lester appears must stand among his finest recorded performances of the period, on a par in some ways with the 1938 Commodore sessions. Sound reproduction is beautiful, capturing every airy puff of music from Young's tenor with sumptuous depth. His pickup from Christian on Knew is electrifying, while his choruses on Charlie's Dream and Cats soar from the first unearthly note. Histone is so sheer you can almost see through it. This is definitive Lester!

Christian too was in his best form, although somehow he seems to offer fewer surprises than Young. Yet, the momentum of his rhythm and the sense of motion it brings to his ideas is ageless and the perfect partner to Young's equally advanced rhythmic concepts. Teaming with Basie, Jo Jones and Art Bernstein, Charlie also plays beautiful rhythm guitar. Buck Clayton, muted throughout, is restrained and occasionally (Ad-Lib Blues) a little thick and fuzzy.

This is an essential LP of award winning quality all around. As of 1974, perhaps the jazz LP of the decade. - J.McD.

GATO BARBIERI

Yesterdays Flying Dutchman BDL 1-0550

It has become fashionable to put down Barbieri's music as a commercialization of the avant-garde of the 1960's, of which Barbieri was in any case a part. Actually, while he has been successful both commercially and aesthetically with his blend of Coltrane and Ayler influences over a strong Latin rhythm section, this can be

seen as an authentic expression of his personal roots rather than as a commercial gimmick. If he can also be commercially successful, he is exceptionally lucky. There is no question that the Latin elements are authentic (including the repetitive riffing) and one must conclude that Gato has "sold out" far less than many other exponents of watered down Coltrane licks, or jazz/rock fusion, or pseudo-mysticism, or any of the other commercially palatiable approaches currently in vogue.

True, he is a "formula" player, but how many musicians offer a truly wide variety of aesthetic approaches in their music? It is also true that he is not one of the really heavyweight tenor men on the scene, but how many Sam Rivers or John Gilmores can there be? It is remarkable enough that he created his own bag, and the crystal clear transparency of what he is doing should not be sneered upon, either. Simplicity in creative expression is often more difficult to achieve than esoteric obscurity. The latter approach may often contain opportunities for a greater range of cerebral depth, which may also account for its typically limited appeal. However it may as often merely conceal a diffuse conception. Barbieri's conception is anything but diffuse.

This 1974 release is further documentation of Barbieri's approach. It is not fundamentally different from, say, "El Pampero", recorded in 1970, or what I saw him doing "live" in 1972. Distinguishing features on this album include the opportunity to hear Marnie and the Jerome Kern classic Yesterdays perform ed in the Barbieri formula; the unfortunate engineered fadeout ending spoiling Carinoso just when Barbieri threatens to catch fire once again; and some of the strange passages during A John Coltrane Blues where Barbieri's riffing is reminiscent of 1950's rock and roll tenor honking, making the title of the piece singularly inappropriate. None of the sidemen have significant solo space, only a few bars here and there during pauses in Barbieri's playing. In short, it is not a bad Barbieri record. Barbieri fans will probably dig it, people who do not mind Barbieri will not mind it, and Barbieri haters will hate - V.S. it

JOHN COLTRANE

The Africa Brass Sessions, Vol. 2 Impulse! AS-9273

The posthum ous John Coltrane discography continues to grow. Whether this in fact

constitutes disrespect for the wishes of dead ("if 'Trane had thought that this material carried his message better than the music on Impulse A-6, he would have had us hear this during his lifetime") is not for me to say. I can tell you, though, that - unlike many of the more recent Coltrane Impulses - this recording is a substantial addition to the Coltrane legacy, and certainly on a par with the original release.

One of the three titles in this album offers new insights into the tenorist's evolution. The sole take of Song Of The Underground Railroad is a hard-driven, headless minor blues that closely anticipates the intense sear of Impressions and Chasin' The 'Trane, six months later. At the sametime, it demonstrates the genesis of Eric Dolphy's charts for the two dates. The ensemble passages here are abruptly punctuating stabs through the choruses. with the angularity characteristic of Dolphy's conceptions (the same angularity that echoes through the leader's ear into his lines); but the harmonic blocks of the band's score stem very closely from McCoy Tyner's solo. (Which, as Dolphy admitted in the original "Africa/Brass" liners, was the source organization of the arrangements.)

The other two selections are additional views of the original "Africa/Brass" titles - Greensleeves and Africa. While the better-known versions each strive for a particular effect - Greensleeves for a concentrated distillation of the tender English folk-mode, Africa for a self-consciously primitive exoticism - these are sparer, and much closer in total impact to jazz orthodoxy. The hyperkinetic stridor of Railroad shines through in Greensleeves, which moves forward in a gently funky manner. Africa - a later take - features Coltrane more, the ensemble less; the tenor lines are much less encumbered by the sympathetic but foreign large-scale setting after Dolphy made these charts less verbose.

A final musical note. Only a few months into his career with the Quartet, Elvin Jones here emerges for the first time as the determining element of Coltrane's rhythmic sensibilities, and as the only man on the date able to meet Coltrane at his own level of intensity.

Sound quality is good; playing time short; and Impulse is apparently in the process of changing its corporate mind about who actually took part in the date. (Oh, discographical horror!) For any of that, it's a magnificant recording. - B.T.

HUMAN ARTS ENSEMBLE

Under The Sun Committee for Universal Justice TS73-776

One thing about this album absolutely horrifies me. That's the square in the left-hand corner of the back cover that reads "LIMITED TO FIVE HUNDRED COPIES, OF WHICH THIS IS NUMBER 371".

500 copies. Now here is the kind of music everyone should be listening to, the music that in a sane world would be blast-

ing constantly in the marketplace, the music janitors would be whistling on city buses. Limit that to 500 whistling janitors. Bad news.

The Ensemble is part of the Human Arts Association, an organization of artists, families and individuals based in St. Louis, Missouri. Connected loosely with BAG (The Black Artists Group), also of St. Louis, and Chicago's more well-known AACM, the association has formed its own independent record company. The Committee for Universal Justice. This album is one of six releases available from the Committee.

Three of these albums are by the Human Arts Ensemble group. The impression is that this is also a loosely-organized musical ensemble; personnel varies widely on the three albums, and a recent Human Arts Ensemble performance at Sam Rivers' Studio Rivbea (let's have a warm handfor Sam Rivers while we're here) featured only a few of the musicians on "Under The Sun".

But let's stick with "Under The Sun". This is a big band here - thirteen pieces - playing the kind of improvisational, freely flowing music associated mostly with smaller groups. And it must be pointed out that this isn't a big band in name and theme statement only: it doesn't break up intorhythm section and soloist three minutes into the track. Everybody plays here pretty constantly. But again, it isn't the explosive, gut-wrenching, screaming horn fury of so many hot summers - the playing here is melodic (you really can whistle it, you see) and finger-poppin' as hell.

Here's the group. Trumpeter Lester Bowie (AACM, Art Ensemble of Chicago) and Victor Reef on trombone provide the brass. Reeds are Marty Ehrlich, alto sax and tin flute; Oliver Lake, alto and tenor saxophones and flute; James Marshall, alto saxophone, wooden flutes and meesham; and J.D. Parran, a true giant on bass clarinet, soprano saxophone, flute, piccolo and harmonica. Carol Marshall blends her human voice well into this web of sax thought. Kwame Graham plays electric piano, Vincent Terrell is on cello, Butch Smith plays bass, Charles Bobo Shaw, Jr. handles drums and Alan Suits is on tamboura. Final member of the group is percussionist Abdallah Yakub, who is assisted with the clinking, popping, snapping and clanking by most of the other group members. Six of these musicians -Graham, Lake, Parran, Reef, Shaw and Terrell - are regular members of the BAG organization.

Everybody plays well. Parran is the most consistently stand-out voice, his bass clarinet work sublime and his soprano snarls beautiful. As of yet I can't tell the three alto players apart, but all the alto work is terrific. Lester Bowie is of course brilliant - damn, he plays so much trumpet here it's unbelieveable. Everyone is playing "rhythm" here (this album is filled to the brim with rhythm) but the players working with what are normally called 'rhythm instruments' possess incredible strength. Charles Bobo Shaw, Jr. snaps the drums with flipping diamond

wrists, his rock rhythms on side one dancing around and around everyone. Pianist Graham is excellent, as is Butch Smith's full bass work. Terrell has a whole section of the sound to himself on cello; listening just to what he does is a trip in itself. Carol Marshall's voice is clear, calm, floating; all the little instruments keep spirits light and carefree.

Each side is one composition. The 26-minute Lover's Desire on side one is based on an Afghanistan folk melody transcribed from radio Kabul. It's played in a lilting, nearly straight style, then stretched over a long, long section of continuous cooking, everyone coming in and out with statements. So much good playing! Hasrat the Sufi, twenty-two minutes long on the second side, breaks up into more abstract improvisation. The theme statement is bright, brassy and bold; but the music undergoes radical face-changes before it appears again. Fine playing from Parran; lots of fire from Shaw, Jr.

The band may not have a real leader, but both compositions are arranged by Shawand James Marshall, with composer credit on Mazrat going to Marshall. The ideas they set for the group to work with are excellent ones.

At any rate, this is an album to get. Copies - while they last - are available from The Committee for Universal Justice, P.O. Box 24246, University City, Missouri 63130 U.S.A. - E.C.

JIMMY LUNCEFORD

The Original Jimmy Lunceford Orchestra Perception PLP 35

This is a collection of 19 sides Lunceford made for Majestic records in 1946, a year before his death. Nine of the titles were previously reissued on a Dot LP. Assuch, the title is a misnomer. In fact, only a handful of names from the "original" band remained by this time. Pianist Ed Wilcox, tenor saxist Joe Thomas, and possibly baritone saxist Earl Carruthers, are the only ones that come to mind (no personnel is listed for this set).

The lack of personnel and recording information is only one shortcoming of this set. The same cut of Grazing appears twice, apparently by mistake, since in the first case it is listed as Midriff on the record and LP cover. To be sure, it is a rousing chart played with a lot of bite and features two exciting tenor solos, but we don't need to hear it twice.

Moreover - and this would cause me to decline to buy it on general principle - Perception has seen fit to spread just over 54 minutes of playing time over two records. Two sides contain less than 12 minutes. The price is \$6.98, which is something of a rip off, since it could all have fit very nicely on a single LP.

As for the music, much of it is quite good. About half the cuts feature vocals, but many are the friendly sort of performances that Sy Oliver used to do. Others are in the Gus Grissom tradition

of castrated tenors.

There are some sizzling instrumentals too. Saxology, One For The Books, Grazing, and The Worm. Tenor solos predominate in the Webster-Jacquet manner. There is also a particularly striking ballad called Sundown with a long, beautiful reed passage.

Lunceford may have lost many of his key people from the great days, but his standards remained high nevertheless. The charts are played with impeccable precision and often much swing. Not much new is laid down, but Lunceford was still doing right by his own past. - J. McD.

ALBERT MANGELSDORF

Birds of the Underground MPS 21 21746-9

Some great music has been associated with birds. Trane and Dolphy loved the sound of birds, Richard Abrams, Anthony Braxton, Lerov Jenkins and Kalaparushna all sang The Bird Song. Ornette fed his band Bird Food. Mingus laid on the message of a Gunslinging and a Blue Bird. Rahsaan serenades the cuckoo and of course there's Bird...and Hawk...and you get the message. This album from Albert Mangelsdorff is more of the same. It's lovely music. Firm, flowing and graceful, with all the qualities associated with modern improvisational music. It's no longer pertinent to hedge with European musicians, to say "Well! That's good for Germans" or whatever. It's understood that much good music is coming out of Europe. In the case of 'Birds of Underground', it should be soaked up without any rationalizing. What makes this album such a positive effort is the fact that the musicians represented are Mangelsdorff's working band. The quintet featuring the German trombonist with Heinz Sauer and Gerd Dudek, saxophones; Buschi Neibergill, bass; and Pater Giger, drums; has been together for quite some time now. You can feel it in the music. Two of the album's four selections are off-the-cuff improvisations hung on very slight themes. The five musicians move together as closely as the five fingers on a man's hand. The rest of the album features Mangelsdorff compositions, Wobbling Notes and Fluted Crackle and the title tune. Both are reminiscent of vintage Archie Shepp such as Wherever June Bugs Go. The music has that same deliberate looseness, with solos springing out of the darkest corners. Sauer and Dudek heighten this feeling by coming on with a sound similar to Shepp, that urgent, raw, bluesy sound. From then on, they're on their own, with Dudek's tenor work particularly well developed. improvises effectively on both alto and tenor. Mangelsdorff is the real star, however. His playing has improved by leaps and bounds; any past reservations are all but demolished by his work here. He seems less concerned with connecting everything he blows into some giant

scheme of improvisation, a trend that once made many of his wildest ideas end up sounding academic. Now he flings things out and leaves them hanging off the bell of that big horn. He gooses the listener into fitting things together for himself. And the sounds he gets! On Wobbling Notes he comes drifting in like Miles. By humming into the horn, he gets a sound which recalls Slam Stewart's most droll rhapsodizing. He also comes up with a hollow, airy sound much like a wood flute. This album is definitely one of the finest to come out of the European nest. It's more from the birds, underground and over ground. Trane and would love to hear these Dolphy sounds - E. C.

BLIND WILLIE MCTELL

Death Cell Blues
Biograph BLP C-14

BIG BILL BROONZY

1930s Blues Biograph BLP C-15

Two more Lps in Biograph's authorized reissue series of material owned by Columbia, both aimed at the blues market. McTell's lp is the more specialized of the two, consisting mostly of McTell's self-accompanied vocals, while Broonzy's tracks include a variety of different musicians in the accompanying combos and reflect a more urban, more driving style.

The sixteen McTell performances date from 1929-1933 and improve considerably as they go along. McTell's diction is a little hard to catch the first time around, which makes listening to the relatively faster tunes comprising the bulk of Side 1 something of an effort; also the last two tracks on Side 1 feature Ruth Mary Willis on vocals, accompanied by McTell, and her shrill, thin voice is grating to the eardrums.

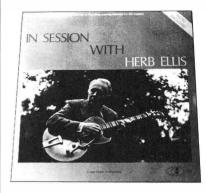
Side 2, however, is quite satisfying. McTell gets much deeper into the slower, bluer tunes, and his voice, not being particularly deep in pitch, adds a suitably plaintive effect.

McTell's guitar work is effective throughout the lp - direct, full-bodied, and firmly rhythmic. Sound quality generally isn't bad, though certain tracks came from worn copies.

Broonzy's lp presents better sound and a group of thirteen easy-rocking, back-roomy, boogie-blues combo sides from 1936-1942, three of them previously unissued - plus one 1932 vocal-withguitar solo effort. A certain degree of monotony introduced by almost total reliance on the 12-bar blues pattern (all but two tunes) is offset to some extent by the color and excitement provided by the inclusion of some well-known accompanying musicians, such as Punch Miller (trumpet) and Memphis Slim (piano) on the four 1942 selections and Black Bob (piano) on the four 1936 sides.

Judged against the many blues Lps

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available, from a solely musical viewpoint these are respectable products but not any more attractive than a lot of others you might buy. Personally, I think the Broonzy Lp is pretty good, but I get a little bored with a whole lp of McTell. On the other hand, new lps of material 30 to 40 years old, or more, also have a historical aspect - filling in gaps or shedding light in previously dark corners - that makes them virtually essential purchases to a limited market. Biograph usually shoots just at such a limited market, and we can all be grateful that they continue to do so. - T. W.

THELONIOUS MONK

The Man I Love BlackLion 197 (Freedom 30141)

It has seemed for a while now that perhaps Thelonious Monk was not going to make any more outstanding recordings. Some of his most recent LP's have shown us just how mistaken that notion was. On the two record set "Giants Of Jazz" with Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt and Kai Winding the single best soloist for my money was Monk. With the release of "Something In Blue" on Black Lion we received even better evidence of Monk's creative abilities. Here on "The Man I Love" we get additional material from the same 1971 Black Lion session just mentioned. This album is not quite up to the level of "Something In Blue", but remains a very good record nonetheless, As usual Art Blakev fits perfectly with Thelonious. Al McKibbon on bass plays well enough but doesn't contribute to the end result to the extent that Blakev does.

Three tracks are solo piano performances. All the tunes are familiar to Monk fans, with six of the seven Monk classics and the other - the title track - associated with Thelonious via the 1954 Miles Davis session. My favorite track here is Misterioso. - P. F.

LITTLE BROTHER MONTGOMERY

Live At Amsterdam Blues Beacon 1932115

Little Brother is caught here, alone, in front of an appreciative, yet what appears to be a rather conservative audience. The LP was recorded live at the Bajes Copper Station Club in Amsterdam on October 7, 1972. The audience fails to encourage Little Brother to bust himself on the boogies or get really lowdown on the slow blues. This may be due in part, to Little Brother's generally relaxed blues approach. The result is a very informal, relaxed, and relaxing set of barrelhouse, blues, and boogie piano/vocal work. By no means is this LP a let down.

Side One opens with a very relaxed Pinetop's Boogie which leads into a slow take of Make Me A Pallet On The Floor and a beautiful version of Clara Smith's

Doctor, Write Me A Prescription For The Blues. At this point Little Brother rocks into Farrish Street Jive and a combination of A and V Blues and his famous No Special Rider Blues.

Side Two starts off with Little Brother's classic Vicksburg Blues. This is followed by Cow Cow Davenport's well known houserocker, Cow Cow Blues. Things slow down with Up The Country; followed by a fairly relaxed B-Flat Boogie and two fine slow blues pieces: - Keep On Drinking and Conny Vaughn Tremblin' Blues.

As would be expected, Little Brother's primary role in the highly influential "Forty-four / Vicksburg School of Blues Piano" is quite evident. Especially on Farrish Street Jive, Conny Vaughn..., and of course Vicksburg Blues. All are variants of the "Forty-four" piano theme. Other influences such as Pinetop Smith, Cow Cow Davenport, and the various piano styles associated with the classic blues era are also in evidence. All are moulded by Little Brother into a relaxed, smooth flowing and technically sound piano style. A style that is extremely well suited to Little Brother's vocal manner.

One possible complaint with this LP is that it includes some material that is already well represented on previous recordings by Little Brother. However he is so outstanding on Doctor... and Conny Vaughn... that one could easily rationalize the repetition.

The sound quality is very good for a live recording and this LP can easily be recommended to those with an appreciation for Little Brother, blues piano in general, and blues-oriented jazz piano. - D. L.

\$6.00 post paid from CAR Records Collection, P.O. Box 321, 8192 Geretsried 1, BRD (West Germany).

Bajes Copper Station Blues Beacon 1932 - 115

Recorded in Amsterdam on October 7, 1972, this latest addition to Little Brother's output brings us up to date on his long career, and also gives us the opportunity of hearing him in a live setting. The timing and mixing of songs, solo or with vocal, plus the relaxed atmosphere are all naturally retained, and presents the "in audience" feeling records of this type should deliver. This one succeeds and makes it seem easy.

A representative survey of his career is now readily available on three great LP's: an album of '30's material on Collector's Classics 35, a transitional collection (half pre- and half post-war) on Saydisc 213, and this latest. Little Brother is a most pleasing and consistent performer, with a relatively high voice and superb piano. But this consistency does not become boring over the years, especially when it is varied by different format presentations. In this respect, Blues Beacon has issued a valuable, well conceived LP, that is pleasing to those familiar with his earlier work, or can be

an excellent starting place for those just getting into piano blues and boogie.

To single out particular cuts is an injustice, inasmuch as there is something special in all of them; here we have a mixture of classics, including the incomparable Vicksburg, as well as some less familiar numbers. This is certainly an album that will grow with repeated listening - the more you listen to it the more you hear. It is recommended without reservation to piano fans, pre-war collectors who like to keep up with the careers of the originals - indeed, anyone who loves blues. - R. M.

PAUL MOTIAN

Conception Vessel ECM 1028

Older jazzmen were master miniaturists. They had to be. They could put everything they had to say, precisely and concisely, into a short series of grooves on a 78 rpm disc without truncating or compromising the integrity and individuality of their expression.

By that token, I suppose the long-playing record opened the doors to a multitude of sins. "Conception Vessel" demonstrates how terribly long gone that particular skill is. The musicians here are six of the most adept artists of the post-Coltrane mainstream - percussionist Motian, Charlie Haden, Keith Jarrett, guitarist Sam Brown, violinist Leroy Jenkins, and flautist Becky Freind. In various combinations they play five very delicate. pretty pieces of impressionist fluff, of which four are seven minutes or more long. (A sixth title is a percussion solo, Ch'i Energy.) None of these four titles say say more in their full length than they did in their first two or three minutes, when the concept of the piece was fresh and new in everyone's head and all were still amply inventive. Any of these pieces could just as well have lasted for two minutes or for twenty. The definition of this music, American Indian: Song Of Sitting Bull, is a moving, tranquil 2:44 for Motian and Jarrett (on flute). To me the aesthetic of playing simply for the sake of playing when doing so adds nothing is alien and nonsensical, and it seems that except for Haden (featured prominently in the first part of Georgian Bay) nobody involved with this album can sustain inspiration and content long enough to make selections this length into valid pieces of music.

The world benefits not at all from yet another album of pleasant but insipid bell-chime-and-flute music; this is the kind of beauty that rots your brain like candy rots your teeth. I'm sorry to see Manfred Eicher sink ECM's resources and production savvy into yet another session like this. - B. T.

Conception Vessel ECM 1028 ST

Quality apparently establishes its own

tradition. Manfred Eicher, the patriarch of ECM Records in Munich, probably wasn't within a thousand miles of New York's Sound Ideas Studio when Paul Motain recorded these sides in November 1972, but the ECM quality, the most consistent level of any jazz label in the past couple of years, is indelible on them. Motian's music is a minor but solid contribution to the kind of cerebral jazz that has become ECM's hallmark through various albums involving Chick Corea, Gary Burton, Keith Jarrett, and the like. Jarrett makes two of the cuts here. On the title tune, he scurries around the piano while Motian works to keep up with him on drums. Inevitably Jarrett zigs occasionally when Motian anticipates a zag, but for the most part they come out together. At least it works well enough that they repeat the routine on Song Of Sitting Bull, this time with Jarrett on flute and Motian on maracas and bells.

The other combination that appears more than once has Motian with Charlie Haden (bass) and Sam Brown (guitar). Rebica is an overlong chase, with the leader pursuing Haden for the first half and Brown for the second. But Georgian Bay is one of the distinguished efforts on the album, along with Inspiration From A Vietnamese Lullaby. On Georgian Bay, the trio interacts neatly. Sam Brown, known at best as a straight-ahead percussive guitarist, will surprise a lot of listeners with the modulations and inflections he comes up with here.

Inspiration From A Vietnamese Lullaby features a beautiful and striking interplay between flute (Becky Friend) and violin (Leroy Jenkins) over an energetic foundation (Haden and Motian) the high point of the album. The remaining track, Ch'i Energy, is a two and a half minute drum solo.

Paul Motian has occupied his drum chair in the shadows for as long as most listeners can remember. On "Conception Vessel" he steps out as a percussionist and composer with a good album, beautifully recorded. - J. C.

MUSIC FOR XABA

Mongezi Feza, Johnny Dyani, Okay Temiz Sonet SNTF 642

There are two sources for the music on this record. Johnny Dyani and Mongezi Feza on bass and trumpet are South African musicians. Okay Temiz is a classically trained percussionist from Istanbul, Turkey. Temiz has also played with the Turkish/Swedish folk-jazz group Sevda. Dyani has a lot of experience from gigs with Don Cherry. Feza is a member of Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath. In 1972 these three musicians toured in Sweden with their mainly African kind of music. I was very enthusiastic about the thing in Coda/ January 1973. Thus I was a little bit tensed to hear the music isolated from all the happy people around it. I am glad to say that I was not mistaken. The enthusiasm is still there. Obviously this

music is very strong in itself. The fabulous drumming on Turkish drums is just as magnetic as it was live. As I wrote before, Okay Temiz is really something else on drums. He plays them with a slight Turkish accent, very much incorporated with a jazz beat though. There is a little melodic touch which is very successful together with Dyani and Feza. Most of the material is based on straight folk melodies, and the naked voices and presentation of the melodies on the piano with hardly any variation could not successfully survive without Okay Temiz. But maybe I am not fair when saying this. Dyani and Feza count with a third player all the time, and in a typically African manner they first state the rhythm and then let different rhythms overlap each other. Most often the trumpet of Mongezi Feza is a kind of climax in the tunes, a melodic variation over the manifold rhythms stated by Temiz and the straight melody sung by

I think this trio is one of the strongest manifestations in the new wave of folkish jazz in Europe.

The recording was made during a live performance in Stockholm, in a theatre called Theatre 9, a free theatre where they present different plays and music which do not have much room in the society. Alas the recording quality is not so good, it is fair, but it is a little bit low.

This record could be ordered from Kulturcirkeln; Svevagen 41, Stockholm, Sweden. - T.M.

N.O. JOYMAKERS

Memories 77 SEU 12/46

This LP preserves a 1972 in-person appearance in Belgium by a band of five veteran New Orleans musicians and two young disciples of this rough, direct style of traditional jazz. Sound quality is better than usual for an in-person session, with very little crowd noise, although bassist Chester Zardis and trombonist Louis Nelson are somwhat under-recorded.

The Joymakers' strength is in their cohesive, steady rhythm section. Al Lewis' banjo keeps a light, chugging four-to-the-bar; Louis Barbarin sails along on an easy two-beat, avoiding distracting cymbal work and eccentric accents; and Lars Edegran comps lightly in the middle range of the keyboard. Nothing fancy, but they work welltogether producing a firm, gently swinging foundation that should have pulled plenty of Belgians onto the dance floor.

The front line is not as good, principally because trumpeter Percy Humphrey was apparently having an off day. He provides a confident, energetic lead and hits the high notes, but his thin, sour and consistently flat sound simply does not provide a proper blend with Nelson's and clarinetist Orange Kellin's more fullbodied and musical lines. Another weakness in the album, which mars half of the

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My Canary Has Circles Under His Eyes, Lovin' Sam, The Shiek of Alabam', Santa Claus Blues, Irish Black Bottom, Take Your Tomorrows

SIDE TWO

The Pearls, Kansas City Stomps, Original Jelly Roll Blues, King Porter Stomp, Mr. Jelly Lord, Black Bottom Stomp

DUETS for TENOR and PLECTRUM Cascades Rag. Bethina Waltz. Euphonic Sounds. Magnetic Rag. Gymnopedies Golliwog's Cakewalk. \$2.98 each No. 1.

INSTRUCTION BOOK The Theory Behind Chord Symbols \$5.98

(\$1.00 extra outside the U.S.A.) Send check or money order to: Pa Da Publishing and Recording 27 Washington Square North 4D New York, New York 10011 U.S.A. tracks, is the vocal work, filled with hokum lyrics that were probably right for the live audience but do not bear repeated (or even initial) listening on record.

Nevertheless, I find more pluses than minuses here. A reasonably enjoyable rundown of ten familiar, but not overdone, pop tunes done in a conventional, restrained and capable fashion. B-minus to C-plus. - T. W.

TONY NEWSTEAD

Tony Loves Bix Fat Cat's Jazz 132

Twelve tunes which Bix recorded, performed in a Chicago-style Dixieland format, marking the return to U.S. recording studios after many years of Bill Rank, whose trombone can be heard on a number of Bix's sides. Rank gives a fine account of himself, playing with a dry tone, confident attack and direct, to-the-point ideas; in fact, he seems to me to be playing a jazzier horn now than he did in the twenties.

To give the session a special Bixian flavor, veteran Spencer Clark was coaxed out of retirement to handle the bass saxophone, and his work is a delight, swinging easily and adding body to the ensembles. A number of well-known traditional jazzmen are also present, including string bassist Gene Mayl and trumpeter Max Kaminsky, who turns up on six tracks playing alternate lead, chases and a few two-trumpet choruses with Bix-oriented cornetist Tony Newstead. A particular hero of the day is pianist Johnny Eaton, who cooks constantly both in solo and in his very sympathetic accompaniments.

Significant effort was made to keep the album from being a routine ensemblesolos-ensemble session. There are nicely arranged introductions to some tracks, brief solo interludes during ensemble choruses, occasional partensembles (for example, Rank on melody with obligato by clarinetist Tommy Gwaltney on Thou Swell), and instrumental tags which often replace the customary four-bar-drum-break-plus-coda. Moreover, several of the tunes are swingers that nevertheless have fallen somewhat off the beaten track, such as Louise and Rhythm King. Finally, producer Johnson McRee adds further variety with four vocals, two of which (Margie and Sugar) are especially relaxed, engaging, unselfconscious and, on the whole, just right.

If there is any problem here, it is that Skip Tomlinson's drumming, well enough executed, is somewhat too prominent in several spots. And a few tracks, most notably I'm Coming Virginia, don't quite measure up to the overall level of performance. But on balance, things go well here - quite well, in fact - making up a solid, attractive lp. A worthwhile buy. - T. W.

HOT LIPS PAGE

After Hours In Harlem Onyx 207

There are three good reasons for buying this record - Hot Lips Page, Donald Lambert and the circumstances of the recordings. They are part of Jerry Newman's fabulous private collection, made at his home and inclubs in 1940 and 1941. Almost all of the first side was made at a private party, and gives a better sound picture of such an event than any contrived sound effects could ever do. The rhythm section is someone beating brushes on newspapers, there is a drunk who insists on talking into the mike, but above all there is tons of juicy mellow music. The other tracks document afterhours jam sessions at Mintons.

Page is magnificent on every track-furiously extravagent on I Got Rhythm, forceful on I'm In The Mood For Love, restrained but intense on Dinah, ultra-relaxed on Tea For Two, wailing on I've Found A New Baby, riffing and hot on Sweet Georgia Brown, scatting on Old Yazoo, all over his instrument on Topsy, broad-toned and authoritative on Konk. This is his milieu, and he emerges as king of it.

Pianist Donald Lambert (1904 - 1962) is less well known. He doesn't make Feather's Encyclopedia, but Chilton's Who's Who Of Jazz gives a brief outline of his career. I've never heard any of his Bluebird recordings, but his only LP, for Solo Art in 1961, is very good. On the present record he can be heard on the four party tracks. On I Got Rhythm he is in a solid stride vein, with some audacious quotes. It is on I'm In The Mood For Love that he demonstrates his overall command of the piano and his ability to play in styles other than stride. His accompaniment to Lips' muted solo on Dinah is very effective, and his own solo is full of contrasts of shade, colour and tempo. He does the introduction to Tea For Two, brings in Frenesi as a counter melody, and later takes a double tempo solo that really romps.

The other musicians to be heard include Joe Guy and Thelonious Monk. Guy is particularly good on I've Found A New Baby and Topsy, and Monk has an interesting solo on Sweet Georgia Brown. This is a really unique record. The quality is much better than anyone has the right to expect in the circumstances.

- R. S

TONY PARENTI

Fat Cat's Jazz 128

The bulk of the forty minutes of music on this Lp consists of four extended performances from the 1970 Manassas Jazz Festival. Tony Parenti's clarinet was as confident and flowing as ever, his solos suffering ever so slightly (for purposes of repeated listening on Lp) from an understandable tendency to play to his live and enthusiastic audience by

tossing in an excessive number of little quotes from various familiar themes.

Parenti gets good support from front-rank musicians whose familiarity with the basic repertoire enabled them to give more consistent, building performances than one might expect from an in-person recording of a pick-up band. The cornets, Jimmy McPartland or Ernie Carson, and the pianos, Johnny Eaton or Dill Jones, were in particularly good form; but everyone gives a creditable account of himself, and if some tracks occasionally lack subtlety, they make up for it in excitement.

These selections are spaced among four brief, nicely controlled quartet performances cut in 1954 in which Parenti appears with only a rhythm section, headed by the meaty piano of Armand Hug. It's a bright, crisp session providing a nice balance to the Manassas material.

The quartet tracks have been issued before on Storyville (overseas) and Southland (long defunct), but their reissue here is almost certain to find a new audience. Intended as a sort of memorial and tribute to Parenti, the Lp does him credit and should appeal to Dixieland buffs. - T.W.

CHARLIE PARKER

Broadcast Performances 1948-1949, Vol. 2 ESP BIRD-2

This second volume of Parker airshots from the Royal Roost contains material from three different broadcasts by Bird's quintet. 52nd Street Theme and Ko-Ko have a personnel of Parker (alto), Miles Davis (trumpet), Tadd Dameron (piano), Curley Russell (bass) and Max Roach (drums) and were recorded September 4, 1948. On the remaining titles Parker leads Kenny Dorham (trumpet), Al Haig (piano), Tommy Potter (bass) and Joe Harris (drums). Bebop, Slow Boat To China and Ornithology date from January 1, 1949 while Groovin' High, East Of The Sun and Cheryl were performances of January 9, 1949.

The leisurely Theme features good solos by Bird, Miles and Tadd Dameron whilst Ko-Ko is another beautiful interpretation of Charlie's mercurial Cherokee setpiece on which he never failed to excite. Bird is the only real soloist here although Miles takes a couple of breaks. The band fade out the show on Theme once again.

The New Year's Eve/Day broadcast in front of a wild audience finds Joe Harris on drums in place of Max Roach who was evidently honeymooning at the time (Bird can be heard saying at one point 'Max got married, then'). Dorham had been with the band just a week (having replaced Miles) and was settling in, though obviously finding it tough work following his employer on the up-tempo Bebop. Al Haig has no such problems (and all his solos are included, unedited) for he plays with supreme confidence and authority.

NEW RELEASES FROM SPOTLITE COLEMAN HAWKINS/LESTER YOUNG Spotlite SPJ 119

LESTER YOUNG, tenor, accompanied by Nat Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Johnny Miller, bass; Buddy Rich, drums. HOLLYWOOD - c. March/April 1946 These Foolish Things, Lester Leaps In

Lester Young, tenor; Kenny Kersey, piano; Billy Hadnott, bass; Rossiere 'Shadow' Wilson, drums.

HOLLYWOOD - c. March/April 1946 D.B. Blues

Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Kenny Kersey, piano; Billy Hadnott, bass; Rossiere 'Shadow' Wilson, drums

HOLLYWOOD - c. March/April 1946 Body And Soul

Howard McGhee, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Denzil Best, drums.

HOLLYWOOD - c. Feb./March 1945 Mop Mop, Body And Soul

JUBILEE ALL STARS

Buck Clayton, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, tenor; Kenny Kersey, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar; Billy Hadnott, bass; Rossiere 'Shadow' Wilson, drums.

I Got Rhythm, Lady Be Good, Sweet Georgia Brown



EPHEMERA

Spotlite PA6

PEPPER ADAMS QUARTET

Pepper Adams, baritone; Roland Hanna, piano; George Mraz, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

September 1973 LONDON Ephemera, Bouncing With Bud, Civilization And Its Discontents, Jitterbug Waltz, Quiet Lady, Patrice, Hellure (how are you're?)



DISORDER AT THE BORDER

Spotlite 121

COLEMAN HAWKINS QUINTET

Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Horace Silver, piano; Dillon 'Curley' Russell, bass; Art Blakey, drums

NEW YORK CITY -- September 1952 Disorder At The Border, The Blue Room, Stuffy

Howard McGhee, trumpet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Horace Silver, piano; Dillon 'Curley' Russell, bass; Connie Kay, drums

NEW YORK CITY -- September 1952 Rifftide, I Can't Get Started, Disorder At The Border

COLEMAN HAWKINS interview The Hawk Talks (interview)

CHARLIE PARKER IN PARIS

Spotlite 118

CHARLIE PARKER QUINTET Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Charlie Parker, alto, vocal-CP; Al Haig, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, - Paris, 1949 drums Scrapple From The Apple, Out Of Nowhere, Out Of Nowhere, Barbados, 52nd Street Theme, Salt Peanuts -CP, Salt Peanuts -CP, Allen's Alley, 52nd Street Theme JAM SESSION

CHARLIE PARKER avec l'Orchestre de Maurice Moufflard Ladvbird

untitled blues

THE MURRAY HILL CAPER

Spotlite DJ5

DUKE JORDAN QUARTET

Cecil Payne, baritone; Duke Jordan, piano; David Williams, bass; Al Foster, drums.

NEW YORK CITY ---- April 7, 1973 W'utless (Do you want to be worthless?), Lay Out Blues, Flight To Jordan, Lady Dingbat, Night And Day

DUKE JORDAN TRIO

Duke Jordan, piano; Lloyd Buchanon, bass; Brian Brake, drums. NEW YORK CITY --- April 23, 1973 32nd Street Love, Cold Boardeaux Blues, Paula, Glad I Met Pat



Spotlite 120 EARLY BIRD JAY McSHANN Orchestra with Charlie Wichita, Kansas, 1940 Parker SIDE ONE

I Found A New Baby, Body And Soul, Moten Swing, Coquette, Lady Be Good, Blues, Honeysuckle Rose -1-2

CHARLIE PARKER with unidentified musicians - 1940 Cherokee

JAY McSHANN ORCHESTRA with Paul Qunichette - 1943 You Say Forward, I'll March, Lonely Boy Blues-WB, Vine Street Boogie, Jump The Blues, One O'Clock Jump (theme), Bottle It, Sweet Georgia Brown, Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams, One O'Clock Jump (theme)

Slow Boat To China is notable for a spectacular Parker solo including one marvellous downward slur and a perfect progression of ideas. Haig's comping here is worthy of close attention and Dorham is clearly happier with the slower tempo. Haig executes another gem before Bird re-states the theme alone. On Ornithology (alias How High The Moon) Bird is obviously still infused with seasonal spirit for he audaciously quotes from Jingle Bells. Dorham's note separation is not especially clear but he's trying different things and sometimes making them. The Haig solo heard on this title has usually been excised from earlier issues.

The January 8 session opens with a brisk Groovin' High with Haig answering the calls of the horns on the ensemble. As usual, Bird is first soloist and he's in slightly better form than the previous week. Dorham is also much better (a mere fortnight with Bird had done much for his ego). In the fours with Bird he is inspired to produce concise figures that balance Parker's horn pronouncements.

Most of Symphony Sid's chat is left in and there's a little conversation with Bird before the group play East Of The Sun. Sid refers to the sessions with Machito as ''bop in more or less a commercial groove" to which Bird replies, 'If you want to think of it that way but bop is just a title. It's all still music!" East Of The Sun is a lovely relaxed outing at "bounce" tempo. Bird does the theme and then Dorham solos (with some passing tributes to Miles), followed by Parker and Haig. Working mainly in the lower register, Bird uses a more pronounced vibrato and really romanticises the song. The closing Cheryl has Bird lifting a lick from High Society and masterfully working it into the fabric of his extemporisation (Dorham echoes the thought later on).

I don't really need to tell you that this album is essential, do I? - M. G.

OSCAR PETERSON

Tracks MPS 15063

However much you may dislike Oscar Peterson, you will surely find it hard not to be won over by parts of this solo album. Peterson alone, as could be predicted, is perfectly at ease and the lack of bass and drums accompaniment bothers him not at all. Oscar's large debt to Art Tatum is fully revealed, especially on the slower numbers like Just A Gigolo; less so on the faster treatments such as his brisk exploration of Give Me The Simple Life.

John Lewis's Django is accorded a most respectful and tasteful reading while the depth of feeling Peterson displays on Basin Street Blues may startle some of those who put him down.

A nice balance is struck between older material and newer things plus standards. Along with Honeysuckle Rose, Ja Da, If I Should Lose You and that favorite of the cocktail hour Dancing On The Ceiling, there are pleasant versions of Thad Jones's A Child Is Born and a neat Oscar original A Little Jazz Exercise.

Those who have enjoyed Peterson's high quality albums for MPS over the past six or seven years will have no hesitation in adding this superlatively played recital to their collections. The sceptics should also give it a trial whirl. - M. G.

Reunion Blues MPS 21 20908-3

Reunions between Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson - especially with Ray Brown and Louis Hayes along - are hardly cause for feeling blue. Nor should it be occasion for much comment. The four musicians' names alone amply indicate the genre and the quality of the music played. These are the men at the top of their craft, the ones who have it all technique, taste, swing, bravura flair (even in the face of the most drearily routine circumstances), and public adoration. This particular session was far from routine. The four men draw synergistic inspiration from each other; their interplay is as close, as complex and sensitive as it is cultivated by years of work together and away from each other. Each man is an artist without peer when on top of things - and that is precisely the story of this recording. Their combined insights make this a quartet the like of which the jazz world rarely sees.

For the most part, solo honours are shared by Jackson and Peterson. Milt hangs his long, loping chordal melodies (which always seem to bring Bach or John Lewis to mind - and it isn't just a matter of familiar associations) around Oscar's sensitive feeds in a compact, bittersweet way. To my mind, this date features the best Bags since his mid-1950s heyday with Miles, Monk, and the original MJQ. (Remember them?) Dream Of You, with its block impressionist harmonies and fascinatingly close vibe-piano telepathy recalls the magic of the old Shearing quintets before they turned into stale formulary. Oscar always sounds right. In other times and other places, his lines have oozed funk or carried all the rhinestone-studded braggadocio of a Liberace. Not here. When the time comes he's there in the best lineages of his mentor, Tatum, and the other chief disciple, Bud. The title piece is a tour de force in the best Powell heritage. Ray Brown plays bass the way it should be played, drawing four strings into subtle, supple underlinings that root the group sound firmly and propel it buoyantly. Hayes is a consistent master. (Can you think of any other drummer who wouldn't take the easy way out of playing Satisfaction?) Marvellous mainstream bebop.

Few albums accomplish wide public appeal totally without compromise. This one does. Sound and production quality are superlative (a state which has not always held for MPS lately). - B. T.

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BUCKY PIZZARELLI

Green Guitar Blues Monmouth-Evergreen 7047

Bucky's the newest of the younger, traditionally-grounded guitarists achieve some sort of national fame through recordings as a sideman (recently, for M-E) and in concert duets with George Barnes, continuing in the Barnes-Kress pattern. Here he's the solo voice, playing his seven-string Gretsch on the larger portion of the tracks, with accompaniment from George Duvivier and Don Lamond. On a piece by Villa-Lobos, he plays the classical guitar, and on Chicken A La Swing, Dress' and Dick McDonough's 1937 showpiece, he is joined by his 14-year-old daughter Mary with her own classical guitar. Together, they preserve the notes, if not the warmth of personal touch, of the original; the feeling is more that of a textbook exercise than two masters sitting around working things out. But isn't that the way with most re-creations?

With brushes, Lamond isn't nearly so deadly, and the accompaniment does not exceed its function. Duvivier plays an unusually good solo on The Summer Of '42 theme; the album's balance includes Tangerine, What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?, Satin Doll, a medley of Girl Talk and Cry Me A River, and the title tune.

Especially for the guitarists. - W. J.

BUD POWELL

Broadcast Performances 1953, Vol. 1 ESP-BUD-1

These performances from the Boris Rose archives date from February 1953 and were almost certainly the results of two broadcasts (on February 7 and 14) from Birdland, not the Royal Roost (which had long since shut its doors) as stated on the liner information. Bud reinforces the location by opening side two with Lullaby Of Birdland. That detail disposed of, I must say this record contains fine, flowing Powell piano. Superb stuff with no technical hang-ups in evidence.

Accompanied by Oscar Pettiford (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums), Bud is in mercurial form, sailing through the uptempos with a confidence and masterly authority that caused so many of his contemporaries to dive back into the woodshed whenever they heard him in this kind of mood.

He opens the February 7 date on side one with an incredible Tea For Two, a 5 1/2-minute performance in which the pianist's high invention never flags for an instant. His out-of-tempo introduction whets appetites for the dashing choruses in tempo that follow. This is Bud all the way, but Haynes accompanies him superbly. The piece closes strangely; Powell does not bother to re-state the theme but ends right when he thinks he's had his say.

It Could Happen To You is a superior ballad performance with dark tones and hints of Bach in the introduction. Pettiford and Haynes provide discreet support. The next performance, Burt Covers Bud (Powell's set of variations on Lover Come Back To Me), is an item of surging power, full of the complexity yet logic that all the Bop giants achieved. If Bird had played piano this is where he would have been at. Bud was obviously feeling good and relaxed on this occasion because he plays a much longer solo than usual. Pettiford is also allocated a fruitful spot during which Powell interjects exciting percussive backing for the first two choruses.

Bud is not in quite such commanding mood on the broadcast held one week later, but the five selections are still mighty impressive samples of his influential style. Lullaby Of Birdland is, for Powell, a very light-hearted exercise. He sounds happy, almost carefree here. I Want To Be Happy is a fastie with some finger-busting runs from the right hand and shades of Teddy Wilson sprinkled around. Bud employs one phrase which is a part of his I've Got You Under My Skin arrangement. Pettiford has a short solo after Powell's blockbuster.

A stately and serene inspection of Embraceable You finds Bud into an area of his conception that was a special inspiration for his contemporary Al Haig the restrained, gentle Powell in rare, untroubled moments. I've Got You Under My Skin features the same routine that Bud gave the tune at Massey Hall a few months later. It has an effective introduction in the nimor and the theme statement is played over an impelling Latin rhythm. There is an out-of-tempo bridge in the theme reprise but otherwise no improvisation (except that the whole piece is an improvisation in itself; by emphasis and use of intervals Bud makes the Cole Porter song a different song).

Finally we arrive at a superior version of Ornithology - always a productive line for Bud. As usual he manages to find new ideas within the How High The Moon chord changes that he must have delved into a zillion times before. During his career, Powell wasn't over adventurous in tackling new material. In this respect he seemed to concur with the attitude of Lennie Tristano and others who believed that certain progressions were especially suited to jazz improvisation and once you really knew them then you could begin to create; be free, if you will.

This is the first of six albums of Bud Powell that ESP will release. If the others are of this quality they will be eagerly anticipated by a host of listeners (including many pianists) around the world. These sessions are on a plane far above the disappointing Mainstream album which appeared recently. - M. G.

SAMMY PRICE

Boogie Woogie and Kansas City Jazz Musicdisc 30 CV 1230 This French Lp is aptly titled "Boogie Woogie and Kansas City Jazz", containing 35 minutes of riffing, rhythm-oriented music by pianist Sammy Price, trumpeter Emmett Berry, Herb Hall, George Stevenson, Pops Foster and Freddie Moore - none of whom are accurately identified on the sleeve. Cheerful, unpretentious stuff, with growling brass, chugging bass, funky piano.

No claims at immortality here. The appeal of this music is deliberately on its surface - jumping, straight-ahead rhythm from everyone, the riffs really turning the front line into a rhythm team too, calculated to get as much excitement going as possible before things steam to a close.

The album's weakness lies in the facelessness and interchangeability of its six tracks, five of which are casual rides on the 12-bar blues chord pattern. Even allowing for the tempo changes, the presence of a vocal on one selection, and the absence of the horns on two others, I find a sameness throughout the Lp that leads to monotony when all's said and done.

Repetition, and the tension and excitement it can generate when properly used, are important, if not essential, elements of this type of jazz. Price and his cohorts do play boogie-blues well, with a rolling, earthy, barrelhouse flavor that works individual well enough on the performances, hitting you in the viscera rather than the cerebrum. Nevertheless, I'd had more than enough well before Side Two came to a close, and I doubt that I'll ever have this one on the turntable again. - T. W.

QUARTESCENCE

Van-Los VLM 3608

Did You ever wonder if George Shearing was holding a tiger by the tail when he conscripted all those young, ambitious sidemen to play his regimented style of swing? Given a chance, wouldn't the sidemen explode with all the ideas they had to repress while they were running their nightly changes on Dancing In The Dark? Didn't Gary Burton's emergence prove the rule?

Not at all, judging by 'Quartescence.'' When Shearing's current sidemen perform as a quartet they sound like nothing more or less than the George Shearing Quintet minus the piano.

Vibist Warren Chiasson, from Sydney, Nova Scotia, is impressive, not only because he sticks out as the logical solo voice among his rhythm cohorts, but also because he wrote and arranged Bossa Nova Scotia and Bedouin, the liveliest tracks.

The musicians are all technically solid. Guitarist Ron Anthony makes the ensemble blend with his rhythm work, and plays unison with the vibes in the head so impeccably that you wonder why they need the piano at all in the Shearing Quintet. With either sticks or brushes, drummer Rusty Jones never misses a lick. Bassist

Andy Simkins is just there, constantly, and his solo on Rainy Days is so melodic that it should be transcribed and titled.

All in all, this set is pleasant, lyrical, tasteful, polished, and the opposite of tough, whatever that might be. It is also the opposite of exciting. You know what that is. - J. C.

RENA RAMA

Caprice RIKS-LP49

I have a great respect for Swedish jazz, because it seems to me that in the past twenty years the Scandinavian scene has been consistently the most forward-looking and creatively productive of all the music's non-American homes. Against that backdrop, and with the flourishing cross-pollinations taking place these days between the jazz tradition and other musical forms, a band like "Rena Rama" is only to be expected.

"Rena Rama" is four men - Lennart

Aberg (reeds), Bobo Stenson (piano),

Palle Daniellson (bass), and Bengt Berger (percussion) - playing the contemporary jazz heritage. Their direction is that of rhythm play, much like that of Chick Corea; and indeed Stenson (whom you may know from various ECM recordings) has been very heavily affected in his concepts by the man from Foreverland. This dovetails with a fascination for multiple and complex linear rhythms, percussion sound, and ostinato figures that (inevitably?) reflect Maffy Falay's Swedish-Turkish ensemble "Sevda" (of which I've written earlier), Berger's percussion studies in India, and various other Third World musics. Saxophonist Aberg stands squarely (if compromisedly, very much like Charles Lloyd) in the lineages of John Coltrane's middle years. But for all the heady progenitors of this music, the superlative degree of empathy and high level of craftsmanship it entails, the best I can say for much of Rena Rama's music on this debut album is that it seems unfinished. As with many similar ensembles, their improvisations take flight only behind a tenor saxophone (which seem in the conception of jazz current among younger musicians to be regarded intrinsically as a much harderdriven instrument than soprano or flute). Otherwise, the music is a passionately lyrical, intricately static construct with all the development and resolution of a vamp-till-ready figure that's never quite ready to develop into anything that warrants the exercise. Board fades are

used (and needed!) distressingly often. This recording came about as a result of a poll taken by the Swedish Institute of National Concerts as to whom should be recorded as best representing jazz in Sweden in 1973. Last year's winner was "Sevda". Like Ralay's organization, "Rena Rama" (as heard here) falls into a single self-limited and coherent expressive block, and represents many of the same directions of musical aspiration. With some exceptions - Test, PowWow, Maqam, and the remarkably intricate

percussion exercise Block Song - 'Rena Rama'' hardly represents the same degree of conviction or accomplishment. - B. T.

CHARLIE RASCH

C.K. Records AR 3204

An album of eleven solid piano solos performed in a middle-of-the-road stride style that shows strong influence from the "novelty" ragtime pianists of the twenties. The sound is big and full, not unlike a piano roll in that respect but lighter and more flexible.

Charlie's basic approach, active righthand work over a straight-ahead stride. drawing relatively little upon blues particular elements, should have attraction to ragtimers - as will his practices of playing a complete version of each tune, including verse, and giving good emphasis to the original melody before moving into his own variations. Moreover, three of the titles are rags (Maple Leaf, Carolina Shout, and King Porter) and most of the rest were written by top ragtime composers such as Fats Waller (Honeysuckle Rose, Blue Turning Grey) and Eubie Blake (Memories Of You, You're Lucky To Me).

Tempos are generally on the bright side, though never rushed, with a good balance among faster and slower numbers. Rhythm is generally a steady, pulsing two-beat, broken with occasional out-of-tempo passages. Right-hand improvisations build effectively, and are particularly interesting when they move into the high treble for eccentric singlenote lines.

In keeping with the spirit of the music produced by many of today's musicians with strong traditionalist leanings, there are few surprises here. Within that essentially self-imposed limitation, Charlie is a capable pianist with a distinctive personal style, and the Lp does him credit. Available @ \$5.50 postpaid from C. K. Records, 1000 S. 7th St., Ann Arbor Michigan 48103. - T. W.

REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE

Manhattan Cycles
India Navigation IN 1023

The Revolutionary Ensemble is without a doubt one of the freshest sounds on the contemporary music scene.

The members of the group - Leroy Jenkins, violin; Jerome Cooper, drums; and Sirone (Norris Jones), bass - create a music that falls somewhere between the fierce black energy of collective improvisation and the most seductive, misterioso qualities of contemporary string music.

Jenkins and Sirone provide the group's main voice. In lengthy duets and solos they bow and pluck in a manner that would send good old Bela Bartok scampering to the nearest hidey-hole. Underneath all this heavy smoke, Jerome Cooper goes to

work, occasionally grabbing a bugle and screeching along when the spirit moves him.

The group's first album, "Vietnam 1 and 2" (Esp) is a must - at the right volume, this music could neatly slice concrete walls in half. To say that "Manhattan Cycles", recorded in concert on New Year's Eve, 1972 (the jacket doesn't say where), isn't nearly as lethal hurts a bit. In the end it proves that the members of this group are human. They can succeed, but they can fail as well. The album consists of 41 minutes of music composed by AACM trumpeter Leo Smith and arranged by the Ensemble. Jenkins doubles on viola, Cooper has his bugle stashed by his drums as well as a flute, and a tape recorder is used to break up the music at several points.

On side one, an excerpt from one of Billie Holiday's later-day recordings is played; at the end of the album, the machine provides the barely audible sound of Bird flying away. The group works hard in between. The mood of Smith's work - which as its title suggest, moves forward in cycles - is alternatively hectic and lazy. No one groove satisfies the group for more than several seconds. Every time the three players get into something, it is immediately dropped, as if to say "We can do that. Now let's try something else."

On cold vinyl, separated from the visual reality of the performance, the music contains a quality of sameness. Every new idea the group picks up sounds the same as the last one. Strangely enough, the music has much more variety on "Vietnam 1 And 2" where the musicians sieze one motif and develop it for more than 10 minutes at a stretch. You keep waiting for something to happen here. There are moments of excitement, but the final effect can be compared to watching three of the finest basketball players in the world dribble up and down the court without playing a game; hell, without even shooting a basket.

These are harsh words for such beautiful musicians. Check out the Revolutionary Ensembel on any level - even this less than satisfactory one. This album can be obtained from the India Navigation Company at P.O. Box 224, Staten Island, New York 10305. - E. C.

SAMMY RIMINGTON

New Orleans Music California Condor CCLP 2

You might think that an entire traditional jazz Lp essentially devoted to one clarinetist soloing over a rhythm section is rather too much of a good thing. Rimington keeps things moving, though, by switching to alto for three of the twelve titles, adding trumpeter Jim Holmes for two others, and dropping the piano for some tunes and the banjo for others. It adds up to a well-balanced and swinging album.

Rimington is one of the very few among the legions of George Lewis-influenced

clarinetists to have forged a distinctive and personal style on the Lewis approach. On his clarinet tracks, Rimington tends play straight melody, adding embellishments or licks in the rests at the end of the lines; this procedure works well, giving good exposure to some fine tunes that, though standards, are seldom recorded the Lewis-oriented bv creating the unusual musicians, and effect of Rimington's appearing to play a sort of duet with himself. Clarinet tone is half-full - raw, piercing and forceful; the alto work is full-bodied and jumping, with the same sure technique as employed on clarinet but much more improvising and departing from the original melody.

Rhythm is a solid four-beat, Allan Ritchie's banjo and Mickey Ashman's bass turning out direct, uncomplicated, earthy sounds. Andrew Finch's piano is too much obscured by the banjo for one to hear his solos clearly, but he seems to get into a nice, boogieish thing on Mardi Gras and, on the whole, adds a comfortable, back-roomy atmosphere.

I'll take a little away for When Jesus Comes and His Eye Is On The Sparrow, which don't seem to develop the depth of emotion that they should. What's left, though, is a good measure of straightfrom-the-shoulder New Orleans music. well played. - T. W.

RED RODNEY

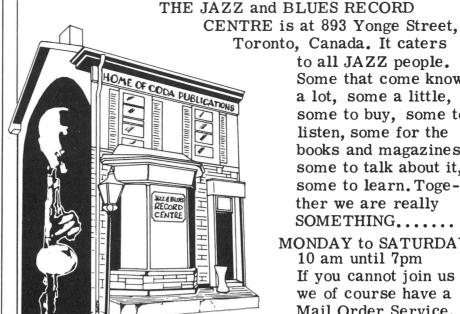
The Red Arrow Onvx 204

If Coda operated a 5-star maximum rating system, this album would earn 10 from me. Quite simply it is one of the classic examples of post-war trumpet playing. Few brassmen possess the jazz feeling of Red Rodney when his chops are up. Having developed a unique tone, an unusual facility and musical insights gained through working alongside Charlie Parker for two years, Red was in the Navarro/Gillespie league when the 1950s opened. At that time Red could eat Miles Davis and Kenny Dorham for breakfast.

Personal problems kept Rodney out of the limelight and stopped him getting the real recognition that was and is his due. As the 'fifties wore on he occasionally emerged from obscurity to record, but between 1955 and 1960 made only three records under his own name. This is the best of the three for in this instance Red was surrounded by his peers - Ira Sullivan (tenor sax and trumpet), Tommy Flanagan (piano), Oscar Pettiford (bass) and Philly Joe Jones or Elvin Jones (drums).

Here indeed are all the best values of bebop on display - swing, fire, melodic awareness, harmonic understanding, technical ability (i.e. speed and precision) and above all depth of feeling.

Red blows standards - Star Eyes (he played it many a time with Bird), You Better Go Now, Stella By Starlight - with the dynamic Philly Joe on drums. For the originals Red Arrow, Box 2000 and



to all JAZZ people. Some that come know a lot, some a little, some to buy, some to listen, some for the books and magazines.

some to talk about it, some to learn. Together we are really SOMETHING.....

MONDAY to SATURDAY 10 am until 7pm If you cannot join us we of course have a Mail Order Service.

Ubas (a tribute to conga drummer Sabu), Elvin replaces Philly Joe. Red Arrow is an exciting trumpet duet between Red and Ira who gets over his horn with remarkable facility, although his tenor work still has the edge.

The kiddies who have only heard Woody Shaw and Freddie Hubbard should turn themselves on to these 1957 offerings by Red Rodney. They will look long and hard for a finer trumpet ballad performance than You Better Go Now or a solo with the bite that Red displays on "Stella". Actually this, to my mind, is an album that is played and produced to perfection. There is not a dull second within its grooves.

It's great that Red Rodney is again back on the jazz scene, leading a group with Teddy Edwards, and recording for Muse (hear his 1973 set on that label; it confirms that Red is still very much in business). But whatever you do, get out to the store and buy yourself a copy of "The Red Arrow" before it becomes as. rare as when it was cut out of the old Signal catalogue. - M. G.

TERJE RYPDAL

What Comes After ECM 1031 ST

Here is a landscape with all the peaks and valleys leveled. There is an air of expectation about it. It cries out to be filled by something startling. But nothing happens.

Barre Phillips is in the quintet as well as Rypdal. Together, they almost get something started on Sejours, a Phillips composition which features Phillips on piccolo bass and Rypdal on (of all things) flute. It is as close as the album comes to a distinguishing moment, and even it is only noteworthy in comparison to its surroundings.

Everything else is a monochromatic drone so depersonalized that it makes the album title seem like a threat. - J.C.

SUN RA

Angels And Demons At Play Impulse AS-9245 The Nubians Of Plutonia Impulse AS-9242

Sun Ra has always been contemptuous of the mundane details about himself, like where he came from and who he listened to. At least the second question can be answered by listening to these reissues of tracks recorded in Chicago during 1955-57 (originally El Saturn 407) and 1959 (originally El Saturn 406).

Far from being beyond category, these resuscitated tracks split cleanly into two types, with very little residue. The residue is only two tracks: Music From The World Tomorrow on "Angels" and Nubia on ''The Nubians'', which are both low-energy romps for the percussionists. especially Jim Herndon on timbali.

The rest is either ostinato, pointing to the Afro-Asian direction that Rahas been taking since these days, or big band bop, pointing to the direction he presumably came from. The ostinato tracks predominate eight tracks to five. They come out less dated, of course, but they are not necessarily more interesting. For one thing, the rhythm motifs are too often amateurishly simple. As soon as they are established, they are uninteresting.

For another thing, Ra apparently believed in these days that his most assertive soloists would be unwelcome distractions from the rhythmic play. Most often he sets flautist Marshall Allen in front of the rhythm, and the content of Allen's solos is so slight that he is hardly noticed at all. An isolated example shows that the rhythm needs the tough soloists too. On Golden Lady, altoist James Spaulding stands up and rips out a jagged line in two solos (separated by an Allen chorus) that energize the rhythm miraculously. It is the high point of the albums.

Spaulding came out of the midwest to join Sun Ra and later had a lot of exposure with Blue Note in the early Sixties. Hearing his work on Golden Lady, and also on Star Time, the lone bop track on "The Nubians", one can only wonder how he failed to become a formative player in the years that followed.

The four other bop tracks are on the earlier recording, "Angels", and were done before Spaulding joined the band. They do, however, have John Gilmore on tenor and sometimes Julian Priester on trombone and Charles Davis on baritone. The ensemble style is confining and the solos are brief by present standards, which are, after all, removed from the standards preserved here by almost two decades. But at least these solos are forceful and direct. They occupy a kind of free space that Ra was incapable of providing in his earliest experiments with more exotic forms. - J. C.

JOHN SURMAN

Morning Glory Island ILPS 9237

Critical notes - the written kind - are hard to drum up for this album because the musical kind of notes are going by too fast. Although most fans will file this album under Surman, it's actually the work of a new group - Morning Glory. To avoid the star traumas, England's reed giant is attempting to fit himselfinto an ensemble of musicians. succeeded, too. The compositions on this first album by Morning Glory are all his, the music definitely blasts out of the Surman jet stream, but it's group music, not the usual leader-and-his-sidemen business. The members of the group are Terje Rypdal, guitar; John Taylor, piano; Malcolm Griffiths, trombone; Chris Lawrence, bass; John Marshall, drums; and of course, Surman. The four compositions featured experiment with the relationship between traditional reed and brass sounds and the new electronic screech. Surman has obviously been tilting his ear to Herbie Hancock. At times, his and Griffiths' horn work sounds like it's coming right out of Con Ed's artery - the sound is that electric. At other points, the electric instruments in the hands of Rypdal and Taylor manage to reach a stage of electronic distortion that sounds surprisingly natural. Everyone is on, especially Rypdal and Surman. It's mostly soprano sax for Surman here, but he's working into an exciting bag on the bass clarinet and Cloudless Sky provides a taste. Rypdal is showcased on Norwegian Steel - an appropriate title if there ever was one. His sound is human. It's one facet of Morning Glory's sound, music that communicates instantly. The sounds are easy to locate and pick up. A lot of musicians are going to hear this, and a lot of what they hear will show up on the bandstand the next night. And as can be expected, Surman's new music is going to affect a lot of rock groups, too. Not even those clods can ignore it. - E. C.

TREBOR TICHENOR

Dirty Shame 2001

Trebor Tichenor's fourteen piano solos exemplify "country ragtime" or, as the jacket calls it "folk ragtime". This music gets its momentum from a strict two-beat stride (broken only occasionally for brief left-hand runs) executed more with the formalism of a march than with the flexibility and heat of, say, a "Harlem stride" solo by a Waller or Johnson; it gets its infectious good feeling from the constantly syncopating right-hand lines, in which creating an aura of exhilaration and hilarity takes precedence over developing an extended melody, propelled along by sharply accenting the first beat of each measure and sailing right through to the next.

This approach probably represents the earliest form of ragtime and works best here on the titles from the years when ragtime first appeared in published form; for example, Turpin's Harlem Rag, the first published Negro rag, is given a forthright, rolling performance, and Broady's unjustly neglected 1899 piece A Tennessee Jubilee more than lives up to its title in a rendition that is jubilation itself. Possibly the best composer in this ragtime style was Charles Hunter, whose 1902 effort Just Ask Me, featuring a closing strain with Hunter's characteristic lift and drive, appears in what is, I believe, its only available recording; another high spot is Drumheller's Banjo Twang, written in 1893, which Tichenor turns into a foot-tapping rag by adroit accenting of its essentially unsyncopated melody.

About the only performer of country ragtime to survive into the ragtime revival was Brun Campbell, obviously a strong if not dominant influence on Treb's playing and composing. The resemblance can be seen by comparing Treb's version of Campbell's Ginger Snap Rag to the three Tichenor originals, which reflect Campbell's practice of tying together highly rhythmic but essentially unrelated themes into a package that effectively evokes images of turn-of-the-century sporting houses, riverboats, and boom towns.

One could justifiably point out that there is no variety here, Tichenor is so deeply into country ragtime that he turns everything into it, even the more delicate rags like Marshall's The Peach and Joplin's Weeping Willow. He does so with skill, however, both in interpretation and technique, each selection not only bearing Tichenor's personal stamp but emerging as well realized in the bargain. As for me, considering that no one else I know of is recording this ebullient, vibrant ragtime style, and that no one is likely to

do so as well as Treb, I'm delighted with the LP and hoping for more. Contact Dirty Shame Records, Box 5217 Hannegan Station, St. Louis, Missouri 63139.

- T. W.

JOHN TAYLOR

Decipher MPS 2121290-4

John Taylor is one of the two best British jazz pianists I have heard in recent years. (The other is Gordon Beck). This is Taylor's second album as a leader and his first in a trio setting. It's a hell of a fine record. Taylor contributed all the compositions which are all interesing in their own right. Another plus is that he uses an acoustic piano, and in these days when the electric piano has become the standard keyboard instrument for so many jazz players it is a pleasure to hear "the real thing".

Stylistically, Taylor's playing on this record is in the realm of Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea from their pre-electric days. A device John seems to like is to change the tempo drastically within the same composition and it works quite well in extablishing the tensions and relaxation that contribute to the enjoyment of his music. On one track, Leaping, he briefly goes "outside", but in a manner that allows the logic and integrity of the piece to be maintained and eventually resolved by satisfactorily returning back "inside".

Bassist Chris Lawrence and drummer Tony Levin do all one could ask for in adding their intelligent support to what I consider to be a sterling album, I'll be waiting for more musical treats from Mr. Taylor and associates. - P.F.

MIKE TAYLOR

Brute Force VLM 3606

This is the type of music one can hear in numerous clubs nightly. It is solid organ-saxophone quartet fare. Mike Taylor who plays both organ and piano handles both instruments well. He indulges in none of the excesses to which the organ can lend itself in the hands of a tasteless performer. Taylor's piano appears most prominently on the two ballads Lover Man and For All We Know, while on the four originals he concentrates on organ.

I admit to being attracted to alto saxophonist Gavin Walker's playing. He blows in a lusty swinging manner that leads me to hope for further hearings. Martell Singleton on drums and Albert St. Albert on conga fill out the group in an unobtrusive fashion.

With the volume of jazz records available in the record shops these days this album wouldn't likely fall very high on a list of purchase priorities. It should be noted though that it is an enjoyable record of its type. It was recorded in North Vancouver, B.C. for the chauvinists among the Canadian readers. - P.F.

CRYSTAL CLEAR



Listening to or thinking of Benny Carter reminds me sometimes of a happening of a very special nature which took place in relationship with him. Unlike many of you, to this day, I have never had the good fortune to catch the great man "live".... except for FIVE SHORT MINUTES in November 1936 or 1937. (I am sure about the month but not the year).

Let me tell you what happened: Back in the thirties, Les Edudiants Italiens de Zurich used to organize their annual grand ball at the Grand Hotel Dolder. A big affair. In fact, one of the major social events of the season. An expensive venture it was, too. Only the uppercrust could get in. Outside of the fact that I had no tuxedo - and nobody without this most distinguished of evening dresses stood a chance to get admitted my status as a student and the modest purse that went with it, absolutely excluded me from attending le bal des etudiants italiens. To my considerable regret, because each year at least one of the various bands that performed in the

different halls was a jazz orchestra, comprising a few of the finest American musicians residing in Europe. But, as said, the prohibitive prices - for the amount in question I could buy at least 15 to 20 78 rpm records! - and the unsurmountable obstacle "no tuxedo - no admission", were enough to forbid even any wishful thinking. Nobody can have everything! Forget about it! Be a philosopher.

But in 1936 (1937), all of a sudden, BENNY CARTER was advertised as bringing a band of American Negro virtuosi from Paris to the Dolder! This was too much of a temptation and my self-imposed "philosophy" broke down like a house of cards. I felt that I couldn't afford to let THIS slip by. NO, not THAT! In my strong desire to get in on the night in question, I was supported by Harry Pfister, a close friend of mine and for many years my teacher and mentor on my travels through the often mysterious land of jazz. Harry, a few years older

than I, played tenor saxophone and clarinet. He was also an arranger of considerable ability and enjoyed a fine local reputation among amateur AND professional musicians. But he even surprised many foreign jazz men with his charts which spotted many original ideas and which were always musically sound. His arrangements got played by numerous visiting bands and generally landed in their book for good. When the orchestras mentioned left Switzerland, they took Harry's creations along and that was usually the last he saw and heard about them. He was a real idealist and although he needed money badly, his joy to hear his scores played by real professionals, by far exceeded any pecuniary considerations... I will always remember how much Harry Pfister taught me, especially where purely musical matters were concerned.

Right through the thirties and way into the forties, Harry was the musical director and spiritus rector of The Swiss Collegians, a good semi-professional orchestra whose's strongest asset was Harry's arrangements. It so happened that the Swiss Collegians were one of the bands hired to perform at the grand bal des Etudiants Italiens in the year Benny Carter was the head-liner of the event. Harry promised me that he would make it possible to get me in the hotel and I would be able to listen to Benny if only for a number or two. He said that he knew a waiter - an ex-musician - who was a good friend of his and that this kind man would smuggle me in somehow through the kitchen, near the end of the night, and that this life-saver would also see to it that I would get out unmolested the same way. Hallelujah!

At one o'clock I found myself in front of the door - which had been shown to me by daylight a few days before - nervously waiting for things to happen. It was a cold winter-night but that was not what was bothering me. I much more feared that in the excitement of the evening everybody - including the waiter - might forget about me and that I would never make it to dig Benny Carter. Around half past two the "waiter / connection-man" came running out of the house and whispered: "Follow me!" I left my overcoat in the kitchen, sprinted behind Mr. Waiter like crazy through several long corridors, up stairs and down stairs, found myself suddenly in the midst of an animated crowd (all the men in tuxedos, you guessed it, while I was wearing my dark-blue confirmation suit), got pushed towards Harry Pfister, who had come into the hall at the same time by a different entry, and was finally facing the nine-piece band fronted by Benny Carter, standing there in all his splendor, trumpet in hand! I saw an all-Negro band with the exception of the white drummer who looked, I thought, like Dave Tough on an old picture I had seen. The band had just finished a set and was going into a new one when a short fat guy, dragging his girl by the band, shouted: "Play the rumba. We like rumbas and you haven't played a single one all night!" Benny gave his men the sign to break into a rumba but the drummer, in French-tinged English, protested: "Benny, you know I can't play the rumba!" Within a few seconds, Benny replaced the drummer, taking over the tubs himself and the band - or rather part of it - broke into (what seemed to me) an endless interpretation of a rumba! I'm no connoisseur of Latin music but I thought Benny Carter was expertly drumming the rumba. Exactly when the number was over, the waiter was back and urged me to get the hell out of the joint in a hurry because some big shots from the management were on their way to that particular hall (undoubtedly to hear Benny drumming the rumba...) and he, damn, didn't want lose his job! Which was understandable what depression at its height.

So that's it: the only time in my life I had actually seen Benny Carter - five minutes, no kidding - he was drumming the rumba!

By a chain of strange coincidences, I also missed Benny every time he came to Zurich or Baden after the war... Fate didn't want me to meet the versatile Benny other than in the capacity of a rumba-drummer... The funny part of it is that the next day Harry told me that the drummer, whom Benny had replaced during that particular set, was Charles Delaunay, the band's contractor, sitting in for Benny's regular drummer who had missed the train when the group left Paris!

But live performance or not, Benny Carter is one of those artists who have so largely contributed to music that it will never be possible to duly express, even remotely, our full appreciation and gratitude for his many fantastic achievements. He is a musician of such greatness that he defies any categorizing Modern? Old-time? or labelling. Mainstream? Oh, come on, forget about that. Don't be a bore. Benny Carter is genius. That's all there is to say. Some of his albums I bought lately and which all bear the Carter-trade-mark unmistakeably are: MELANCHOLY BENNY - 1939/40, Tax m-8004, BENNY CARTER, French RCA 741 073 (of the 1940/41 period), BENNY CARTER - 1933. Prestige 7643 and AUTUMN LEAVES, Movietone 71020 (ca. 1962-64), BENNY CARTER IN HOLLYWOOD 1943-46, Jazz Society AA 502. The "Carter-trademark", in case you didn't know, means PERFECTION. Or, if you prefer, JAZZ OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. These albums can still be bought. I did and so

After-thought: I don't know whether Decca 154-062, BENNY CARTER IN HOLLAND - 1937, is still available. Coleman Hawkins is on four titles and the two men are at the peak of their form. Furthermore: I remember having read in Jazz Journal a few years ago that British Ace Of Hearts or Ace Of Clubs (I have misplaced that particular issue) intended bringing out an album of alternate "takes" of these different sessions that Benny made in Holland. It hasn't happened so far. I can only comment that I know alternate "takes" of I Ain't Got Nobody (big band), Pardon Me Pretty Baby and My Buddy (octet, featuring Coleman Hawkins) and that the differences from the well-known versions are nothing short of SENSATIONAL. Both Hawk and Benny were REALLY IMPROVISING, creating totally NEW solos. This may come as a surprise to those who know the original issues really well since Benny's and Hawkins' solos are performed so spontaneously and show so much clarity and logic in their melody lines to the last phrase, so much musical audacity and perfection of execution, that it seems unlikely that these solos could have been IMPROVISED ON THE SPOT! But they were and the alternate solos on the three numbers mentioned are just as great! Well all-right then, all that remains to say is that, of course, they don't make musicians like Messrs. Carter and Hawkins every day!

BY JOHNNY SIMMEN



CONCORD JAZZ



CJ-5 PLAYS GERSHWIN The Ruby Braff/George Barnes

Quartet

SIDE ONE

'S Wonderful, I Got Rhythm, They Can't Take That Away From Me, Nice Work If You Can Get It, Somebody Loves Me

SIDE TWO

But Not For Me, Summertime/Bidin' My Time, Love Walked In, Embraceable You, Liza

Ruby Braff (trumpet), George Barnes (guitar), Wayne Wright (rhythm) and Michael Moore (bass)

CJ-4 GREAT GUITARS

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Undecided, O Barquinho, Slow Burn, Charlie's Blues

Topsy, Latin Groove, Down Home Blues, H and B Guitar Boogie, Benny's Bugle

Charles Byrd (guitar), Barney Kessel (guitar), Herb Ellis (guitar), Joe Byrd (bass) and John Rae (drums)

CJ-3 SOFT SHOE Herb Ellis and Ray Brown

CJ-2 SEVEN, COME ELEVEN Herb Ellis and Joe Pass

CJ-1 JAZZ/CONCORD Herb Ellis and Joe Pass

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TORONTO

The experience of jazz is something which rarely remains constant. The listener, as much as the musician, needs to be constantly exposed to fresh ideas (whether they are genuinely new or older ideas in a new guise) if his interest in the music is to remain positive. This is why it is disturbing to find, in Toronto, that audience response to genuinely exciting music is sometimes so slight. The effort expended by the musician in the creation of his music deserves an audience but few people, it seems, can be found to make the necessary effort to be in attendance.

These thoughts are provoked by the generally unresponsive attitude towards Roscoe Mitchell and Don Pullen on the one hand and towards Dizzy Gillespie and Soprano Summit on the other. The music has been here, in town, for the asking but it isn't supported properly.

Roscoe Mitchell's concert early in February was a challenging experience. Solo saxophone places tremendous demands on the performer and the audience. One is hearing the naked bones of the music. There are no extras or frills. Sound, space and texture are an integral part of Roscoe's vocabulary and he draws the listener inside him in the exposition of his ideas. At its most communicable, in Ghosts, it was a spontaneous continuation of the basic jazz muse while, at the other extreme, in Cards, Roscoe was leading us along uncharted waters. Roscoe's concerts may be short in time but in the music's essence they are timeless.

Recent recordings by both Art Farmer and Blue Mitchell are deceptive for they don't reveal the sophisticated artistry both trumpeters project. Working with superior rhythm sections at Bourbon Street was a definite asset. Both Bernie Senensky (with Farmer) and Don Thompson (with Mitchell) perform with a flair and the compatability of the setting enabled both trumpeters to play comfortably within their own sphere. Any restrictions were self-imposed and it was a stimulating two weeks of music. Jazz needs to provide this kind of forum for these musicians. Too often they have to earn a living playing music which is incompatible with their stature as artists.

Contrast rather than similarity was the viewpoint projected by the appearances of Stan Getz (at the Colonial) and Zoot Sims (at Bourbon Street). While both music-

ians grew out of similar environments and, through the years, have been closely associated they have actually moved in opposite directions. Getz, today, relies almost entirely on the post-Miles Davis modal composition school for his inspiration and deliberately chooses rhythm sections with a youthful stance. This time he brought a powerhouse: Al Dailey (piano), Clint Houston (bass) and Billy Hart (drums). Their ferocity carried the music, whether Getz projected or not. As it happened the saxophonist was very much involved for the most part (despite a report of his lack-lustre Ottawa concert two nights before his Toronto opening) and even dug down to produce the kind of basic blues he left behind with JATP. Getz is one of those magical musicians. He's such a good saxophonist that the mere sound of his horn is enough to convince vouthat the music is first rate. But when he has a rhythm section as powerful as this one it really doesn't matter. They, alone, can carry the day.

Zoot Sims, on the other hand, seems to have moved backwards in time and is almost pre-Lester Young in his viewpoint at times. His acquisition of soprano saxophone has given him a different attitude and his solo work is often more interesting on that instrument. Basically, Zoot Simsgenerates the free-wheeling swing of the 1930s with little of the intricacies of the bop era left in his music. His choice of material is as much a reflection of this as is his manner of playing.

Illinois Jacquet returned to the Colonial with a fresh look - a rhythm section of Hank Jones (piano), Gene Taylor (bass) and Connie Kay (drums). In reality this was a pick-up group who were not particularly tuned into Jacquet's exuberant approach. It was surprising, to say the least, to find out that Hank Jones was conversant with boogie woogie and it is hard to say whether he fully appreciated Jacquet's insistance on him maintaining that groove for an entire number. But, for the most part, it was an understated rhythm section who failed to come to terms with the requirements of Jacquet's music.

"A Space" - a gallery at 85 St. Nicholas Street - is becoming an important centre for the improvisatory arts. It will be the location for two concerts by Anthony Braxton and Dave Holland on April 12 and 13 as well as concerts by The Canadian Creative Music Collective on April 2, 3 and 5. On March 8 The All Time Sounds Effects Orchestra gave a concert at A

Space which evoked the spirit of Albert Ayler. With the addition of trumpeter Mike Snow to the trio of Bill Smith (alto and soprano saxes), Stu Broomer (piano) and John Mars (drums) the music moved in and out of tempo as it explored many different ideas. Overall, the unity of thought and ideas in the music as a whole made for a highly stimulating evening while the virtuosity of Stu Broomer's piano gave an overall continuance (or link) to the music. The rapid interaction of ideas between trumpet and saxophone were a reflection of the intense listening and quick response to ideas which marked this music.

Also at A Space in March was the percussive group Nexus who gave a concert on March 15. Other music outside of the jazz tradition has been heard recently at York University where, under the motivation of such composers as David Rosenboom and Richard Teitelbaum, much new music is being written.

The Steel City Six resumed their jazz parties on Sunday March 23 at The Captain's Table, 2475 Lakeshore Rd. W., in Burlington. Further parties are planned for April 13, May 4 and 25.

Concert activity continues and by the time this appears Bill Evans, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson and Keith Jarrett will all have appeared locally. A quartet put together by Don Thompson will pay tribute to Charlie Parker on March 21 at York University. Personnel is completed by Pat LaBarbara (alto), Richard Homme (bass) and Jerry Fuller (drums).

Sadik Hakim returned to town for a week at George's Spaghetti House where, incidentally, they have some funny house rules. If you wear an African skull cap be prepared to remove it. The waiters don't dig it. However, if you're Doug Riley it is quite alright to wear exotic head gear even when it obstructs the view of other patrons.

The Buddy Rich group appeared in the new Zodiac Room of Toronto's Ramada Inn the week of March 3. With the drummer were Chris Woods (alto), Jimmy McGriff (organ) and Jack Wilkins (guitar).

Saxophonist Eric Stach, founder of the London Experimental Jazz Quartet, settled briefly in Toronto before moving to Kinkardine where he will be developing musical ideas for the future.

Leonard Feather is compiling a new edition of his Encyclopedia of Jazz and is lookingfor suitable Canadian musicians to be included in the book. Basic requirements for entry are recordings, some

prominence in the field etc. He wishes to update previous biographies as well as incorporating musicians who have gained recognition since that time. Questionnaire forms can be obtained by writing Leonard Feather, 3510 Wrightwood Drive, North Hollywood, California 91604, U.S.A.

- John Norris

THE SCENE

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28-

May 10 - Harry Edison CHEZ MOI - 30 Hayden Street Silverleaf Jazzmen - Saturday afternoon and evening

COLONIAL TAVERN - 201 Yonge St. April 10-12 - Bobby Hackett, Vic Dickenson and Hank Jones Trio

14-19 - Cannonball Adderley 28-

May 3 - Muddy Waters EL MOCAMBO - 464 Spadina

April 14-19 - Johnny Otis Show

21-26 - Downchild Blues Band 28-

May

3 - Albert King

5-10 - Howlin' Wolf

12-17 - Buddy Guy & Junior Wells

19-24 - Sonny Rollins

EXECUTIVE TAVERN - 254 Eglinton E. Saturday afternoon jam sessions GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE 290 Dundas Street East

April 7-12 - Ted Moses

14-19 - Russ Little

21-26 - Bruce Cassidy

GROSSMAN'S TAVERN - 379 Spadina Fridays and Saturdays from 8 p.m. (Saturday matinee 3 p.m.) Kid Bastien's Camelia Band INN ON THE PARK - Leslie & Eglinton E Rob McConnell Quintet - Satuday matinee MALLONEY'S - 85 Grenville Street Saturday afternoons - Climax Jazz Band SAPHIRE TAVERN - 14 Richmond St. E. Paul Rim stead & Jim Galloway - nightly

SEAWAY BEVERLY HILLS - 1677 Wilson Avenue

Saturday afternoon jazz sessions ANTHONY BRAXTON/DAVID HOLLAND A Space - 85 St Nicholas Street - two concerts Saturday April 12 (8.30 p.m.) and Sunday April 13 (3.00 p.m.) tickets from Jazz and Blues Centre

LOS ANGELES

When bad-daddy Miles Davis comes to town, even the rock 'n' rollers care. And come to town he did. He packed the Troubadour his opening night, generated a tremendous amount of anticipatory ex-

citement, but then went on to completely fizzel the gig. That opening night Troubadour-crowd is a notorious bunch of coldfish recording industry vinyl-peddlers, but at the same time Miles made no effort whatsoever to get across to them either musically or personally. Zero communication. What a shame, too, especially if you've gotten as far into Calypso Frelime, He Loved Him Madly, and Rated X as I have. Miles has reached a stage where he is concerned less with the events of sound (hummable melodies, standard phrases, standard structures, etc.) and more with the sound of the sounds themselves. He takes you into the dark and previously untouched places of your soul, opening a vast and relatively unexplored terrain of emotion. Too bad he couldn't pull it off at the Troub. Rain check?

Freddie Hubbard and John Klemmer opened the following week, and once again the Troubadour crowd responded with some very warm ho-hums. Tenor player Klemmer led off with his "new" sound one- and two-chord funk-jazz, spangled with heavy electronics. Klemmer, however, has mastered the Echoplex - no gimmickry, but a highly developed technique, and waterfalls of gutsy and lyrical tenor lines. A pleasure to listen to him.

Hubbard's group also played in the prevailing mode - one-chord funk tunes - yawn - but brought to his cliched format a clear and driving melodic inventiveness which saved the show, especially on Stevie Wonder's Black Maybe. His group included Carl Randall (sax, flute), George Cables (keyboards), Henry Franklin (bass), Carl Burnett (drums), and Buck Clarke (congas).

The rise of singer Al Jarreau is exciting. For years he's been scuffling in local L.A. small clubs. He recently sang at the Times Restaurant, where I heard him for the first time and wrote a local rave about him. Doug Weston, the owner of the Troubadour, read the review and hired Jarreau as the opening act for Les McCann. Jarreau sang his own songs with such presence, imagination, skill, and passion, that he blew the play-it-safe, formulaic McCann right off the stage. Warner Brothers Records was there, flipped on Jarreau, and signed him up, practically on the spot. A star is born. Keep your ears on him - Jarreau is up there with Urszula Dudziak, Tim Buckley, and (for the warm) Al Green. It's also nice to know that we journalists can help a little sometimes.

Dave Brubeck and sons brought a load of nostalgia jazz to UCLA's Royce Hall. It was a pleasure to hear the old songs and the old stylings once again. Young Darius took over for half an hour, highlighting the exciting Madcat on harmonica; Jerry Bergonzi, reeds; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Rick Kilburn, bass; and Chris Brubeck, who opened on bass, then switched to trombone. Take Five was the encore (of course), and it never sounded better. Hotter than Glenn Miller any day.

Chuck Mangione brought his Quartet to Royce Hall as part of the continuing UCLA Jazz Series (Brubeck, Mangione, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, LA 4, Cal Tjader).

With Gerry Niewood (reeds), Chip Jackson (bass) and Joe LaBarbera (drums), flugelhorn/pianist Mangione offered lyrical melodies from all five Mercury LPs. and several tunes from ''Chase The Clouds Away", his sixth album, the first on his new label, A & M. For certain tastes Mangione is a little sweet, but he maintained in an interview with me that "this band has more balls than any other band I've ever played with. You can have a lot of energy, and a lot of enthusiasm, and a lot of intensity, and a lot of guts, but you don't have to be mauling somebody. You can be gentle and still be intense." Velvet hammers, anyone?

Jimmy Witherspoon opened the Roxy Theater as lead act for Eric Burdon (who has to be the most anti-musical act in all of cosmic existence). Spoon was dynamic -energetic, fun, impassioned, and colorful: the complete pro. He opened with his current hit song, Love Is A Five Letter Word - MONEY, and throughout the set of new and old material featured Hollywood Fats (Mike Mann) on guitar. If anybody is carrying on the T-Bone Walker-B.B. King tradition of blues guitar moaning, it's Fats. He received enthusiastic applause after virtually every solo. Spoon and company were being broadcast live over KMET radio, for whom Jimmy is also a DJ.

CODA discovery of the month: Ionosphere, a new 10-piece band led by composer/arranger Ron Rogers. This all acoustic group has been rehearsing for some four years and is just now emerging, gigging Sunday afternoons at a very relaxed and hip L.A. club, The Spot. Food, Dume and What Happened To Your Moustache are all heavy-reading charts, dense with close harmony changes, multiple time signatures, and brooding, Minguslike moods. Just for fun, however, Rogers also features his heavyweight instrumentalists on a searing-tempoed Cherokee. Buzz Gardner and Bobby Rodriguez (trumpets) fired up on tune after tune, as did the amazingly agile and imaginative saxophonist Lonnie Shetter (who also gigs with Don Ellis). Ionosphere's music is cerebral stuff indeed, a refreshing contrast to the generally simplistic funk/jazz so prevalent today.

Just for the record, my personal, white soul-sneer goes to the Grammy people for picking Doc and Merle Watson over Howlin' Wolf, Bukka White, Willie Dixon and Muddy Waters in the Best Ethnic or Traditional Recording category. Nothing against Doc, but that's like having a World Dance competition and handing the award to a tapper.

- Lee Underwood

SAN FRANCISCO

The most exciting recent development in the area has been a series of concerts at Zellerbach Auditorium on the Berkeley campus set up by George Conley. The first, January 11, featured the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and was successful both in artistic and commercial terms. The fact that this concert nearly sold out a large auditorium like Z. shows what can

be accomplished when intelligent planning is brought to bear on the problem. The impressive thing about these concerts is the scope of Conley's efforts - the advertising has been superb, and every step of the production has been given the kind of attention that such important music deserves. Two more concerts have been arranged; Novella Nelson, a singer from N.Y. on February 15, and Anthony Braxton on March 1, I do not know anything of Ms. Nelson's work except that Conley felt she could hold her own between the Art Ensemble and Braxton, a high estimation indeed. Typical of the ambitiousness of Conley's efforts is the four part Braxton concert; a duet with Roscoe Mitchell, a piece composed by Braxton for ten pieces which he will conduct, a quartet with Kenny Wheeler, Barry Altschul, and David Holland, and a trio with Braxton, Leo Smith and Richard Tietelbaum. Of course any one of these events would be spectacular. Four in one evening is an incredible production. Thank you, George Conley.

Todd Barkan has hopes of raising enough money through a benefit at Oakland Paramount Theater to expand the facilities at Keystone Korner. Certainly it is hoped he will be able to do this, as the way things are now Todd can not get enough ahead on his good nights to make up for losses on his bad ones. Keystone remains the place where 75\% of the jazz in town happens. Recent performances I have caught there have included Dexter Gordon, Sun Ra, Sam Rivers and the Sonny Stitt/Bobby Hutcherson quintet. Sun Ra was in town for five or six weeks and played all over the place with highly uneven results. One thing is evident at this point, however, which is that Ra has pushed his spacemythology trip so much to the forefront that even sympathetic listeners who recognize the man's contributions are forced to come to some conclusions as to what Sun's carrying-on is all about. And how many conclusions are there? My own conclusion is that if Ra would lay off all the tinsel, leave the stock arrangements of King Porter Stomp on Mars, and get his reed players out of the percussion section everyone would be better off. I have always thought Ra's preposterous claims, especially as to having 'invented' Space music and been ripped off by everybody from John Coltrane to the U.S. government reminded of the "inventor" of jazz, likewise a brilliant piano player and master of ensemble improvising who came out of Chicago thirty years before Ra. Maybe Sun Ra and Jelly Roll Morton come from the same planet (like Earth).

The jive that Sonny Stitt put down the night I saw him was old fashioned compared to Sun Ra but just about as annoying in the long run. Reports from friends who saw Stitt early in the week had it that Sonny was trying to play but couldn't, but Sunday night he seemed able to make anything he wanted but preferred to shuck around. Most distracting of all was his trick of, just when he was starting to buckle down and play, stopping short in the middle of his solo and looking around the stand as if something had happened,

and looking around the room with an eyebrow raised ironically before starting to play again. I will say, in Sonny's defense, that the audience response to the comedy act was greater than that to the little bits of music which occasionally filtered through (Ialways wondered who buys all those records).

Bobby Hutcherson is yet another figure whose recent output is less interesting than what he was doing a few years ago. Once distinguished for his imaginative use of space and determination not to sound like Milt Jackson, Bobby's goal nowadays often seems to be that of being the fastest gun in the West, and he sounds more like Milt than ever. Of course the material played is a factor here; the set I saw consisted of Happy Birthday (which Bobby led off with to celebrate his own 35th), Autumn Leaves, a blues, and I Got Rhythm, despite lengthy conferences on the stand between each tune. The best playing was on Birthday, on which a good spontaneous feeling helped Hutcherson into a highly imaginative solo which eventually deteriorated under the weight of the three chord, eight bar straight-jacket. A far cry from Dialogue.

After a number of false reports that Sam Rivers would be in town with a Jack DeJohnette group, it was the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which finally did bring Sam to the area, to perform Carmen Moore's Gospel Fuse. A onenight engagement at Keystone was arranged, and everyone who managed to hear about it packed in. Sam started off with an absolutely tremendous tenor solo that had people jumping out of their seats. Unfortunately the music never quite got back to the heights of that first outing, for two reasons. First was the fact that bassist Chris Amberger was not equal to the Herculean role in which he was cast. The second was, despite the fact that Sam's work on soprano sax, flute, and piano is stimulating, nothing else he does (and very little that anybody does) is as strong as his tenor work. Eddie Marshall had a chance to show what he's capable of - just about anything - but the trio didn't iell as a unit. So what we wound up with was about fifteen minutes of music that really indicated River's stature, which is, of course, fifteen minutes to be thankful for, but frustrating to all of us who waited to hear Sam for so long.

La Salamandre in Berkeley is one of the most important places in the area as far as music is concerned. For a dollar or dollar-fifty, it is possible to hear many of the best young local groups in a comfortable setting with no drink hustle going on. Harold Elmore, who was instrumental in setting up the Ed Blackwell benefit last year, is committed to having La Salamandre be a place where the music can be heard in the best possible circumstances; the David Murray-Butch Morris Quartet, the Moffett Family Band, and the Cecil Bernard trio are among the groups to perform there recently.

Despite the city's significance in the history of traditional jazz, and the presence of scores of first-rate players, the scene

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SIDE ONE

Aggravatin' Papa, Back Water Blues, Sweet Man, Sugar, 'Deed I Do

SIDE TWO

Gimme A Pigfoot And A Bottle Of Beer, How Come You Do Me Like You Do, That Old Feeling, Empty Bed Blues, Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night

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Playing HARRY WARREN

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for this older and presumably safer type of jazz is remarkably insecure. Earthquake McGoon's is the permanent home of Turk Murphy & Co. and will be presumably till Gabriel blows his horn. Turks' contributions to the genre is history by now and long since beyond criticism; the fact that he has been a fixture for so long is one reason that so many good players can be heard in the area. But hearing them on a regular basis is a problem. Outside of Earthquakes, a couple of hotel jobs and events sponsored by local jazz societies, there is very little in the way of steady work.

A case in point is Phil Howe's band, Phrisco Phunction, which wound up a long tenure at Henry VIII's in Concord with nowhere to go. It speaks poorly for club owners in San Francisco when a group as exciting, versatile, and professional as this can't get work. Phil, an excellent clarinetist by any standard, shares the front line with Bob Neighbor, whose trumpet style is bouncy and humorous, and young Rex Allen, a swing-style trombonist of great promise. Bob Ringold is an extremely versatile pianist - he ranges from ragtime to Ray Charles-ish gospel and is a fine singer to boot. The rhythm section is rounded out by Bob Hinman, bass, and Bill Maginnis, drums. Maginnis is one of the most important members of Phrisco Phunction. He manages to do a lot more than just mark time without losing the steady drive that traditional units require. (Anyone who has ever heard a modern drummer louse up swing ensembles with ill-conceived bebop accents will know what I mean.) Kathy Kreisel, Phunction's vocalist has a strong voice with real character and an excellent repertoire, ranging from the seldom heard I Have Got A Crush On You to fun-songs like Codfish Ball. Phunction is more swing oriented than most traditional groups, but reaches all the way from Muskrat Ramble to Horace Silver's The Preacher.

Larry Stein is an excellent alto and soprano saxophonist who also plays good trumpet and clarinet. For the last couple of months he's led a band of constantly shifting personnel Sunday nights at The Camelot, on Fillmore off Lombard. Larry's style encompasses everything from low-down blues to bebop. At his best he may evoke Phil Woods, Sidney Bechet, and Wild Bill Davison, all in the same set. Band members have included guitarist Tom Keats, who co-leads a swing jam session Sunday afternoons at The Green Earth on Market St., and Bryan Gould, a trombonist with a fine ringing sound and a good singing style, too. Bryan leads his own swing group, Dr. Jazz and his Jumping Jive Wizards, which includes Larry and Dennis Berger, an excellent tenor player with a modern conception that reminds one of the early Getz. Most of Bryan's Jiving occurs in Marin County.

The only other solid gig I know of where first rate traditional players can assuredly be heard is way out in Port Costa, where cornetist Jim Goodwin and pianist Ray Skjellbred combine with various sittersin to make up the Port Costa Yetti

Different Drummer the consumer oriented jazz magazine P.O. Box 136 Rochester, N.Y. 14601 (716) 691-8261

Chasers, Saturdays at The Bull Valley Inn. Jim and Ray are a good team; they share common qualities of consistency, humor, and a bouyant swing which marks everything they do. Ray is out of the Earl Hines school but with traces of Arthur Schutt and Joe Sullivan, and a good deal of his own strange sense of humor in his playing. Jim, for my money, is the best horn player around. He can pace himself for hours on end of inventive playing capable at any moment of reaching back for something to surprise with. Ray has a record label, Berkeley Rhythm, with three titles, one a solo record and two band records, which feature a lot of the excellent players who sit in at Port Costa. Bob Mielke is a beautiful trombone player, possessed of tremendous technique and lyricism. He and Jim team with clarinetist Bill Napier on some tracks of Dick Oxtot's Arhoolie record. I don't know of a better front line anywhere. Other sitters-in whom I've seen include drummer Manny Funk, guitarist Jack Knox, bassist Jim Cummings, trombonist Bob Short, clarinetist Bunky Coleman, and Cyrell Bennett, a fine stride-style pianist. It's a long drive out to Port Costa, but it's worth it.

One other band which must be mentioned is Bob (Robin) Hodes's group, which includes Al Hall, an Excellent trombonist, and the venerable Ray Durrand on bass. Bob Montaldo, a very promising player on both piano and trumpet, went back East a few months ago, a loss for us. The thing about Robin which makes his music special is simply the depth of feeling he projects. At his best, he communicates on a level that few traditional players or musicians of any ilk ever get to.

The spirit of Lu Waters has diffused throughout the music of the area. Bluegrass fiddlers like Brantly Kerns (who is glimpsed briefly in the film McCabe and Mrs. Miller - filmed in Canada!) and David Garelick can tear into Rosetta in fine style and Paul Shelasky of Phantoms of the Opry is a Svend Asmussen collector. Bob Wilson of the "bluegras-swing"

group Shub-Wilson-Shub is a phenonomenal guitarist by any standard whose style lies somewhere between Doc Watson and Django. There are at least three or four street bands which play for tips downtown or at the Wharf, some including fine players. So it's easy enough to hear jazz in San Francisco, but when it comes to steady work for the musicians in the area, the situation is pretty bad.

- Richard Baker

ITALY

1975 began at Rome's Music Inn with Brazilian guitarist Irio De Paola's trio, who stayed at the club from January 2 to 4. Most of the tunes performed were original compositions by members of the trio; Maria Mar, a beautiful piece, is from the pen of the outstanding drummer Alfonso Vieira. The Brazilian spirit comes out strongly and breathtakingly in such faster rhythm pieces as Rio Roma, Secundo or Maracana where the full sound of bassist Alessio Urso shows best.

The First Gate Syncopators were on stage from January 6 to 9 and then, from the 10 to 15, two groups from Sicily were featured. This was their first appearance in Rome. Pianist Claudio Lo Cascio's ''New Jazz Society''featured Renato D'Anna (electric violin), Rosario Vizzini (electric guitar), Franco Messina (bass) and Salvatore Cammarata (drums). Their music is inspired by Sicilian folk music as well as ethnic music from Poland, Hungary, Sweden and Romania. This folk music was expressed with real jazz feeling even if the rhythm, sometimes, was very close to a rock beat.

The second Sicilian band was led by vibist Enzo Randisi who plays in the Milt Jackson Manner. With him were Antonello Vannucchi (piano), Giorgio Rosciglione (bass) and Roberto Podio (drums).

The first highlight of the month was the appearance of "Porkpie". This cooperative group consists of Charlie Mariano (alto and soprano sax and various wooden flutes), Jasper Van't Hof (piano and Yamaha electric piano), Philip Catherine (electric guitar), J.F. Jenny Clark (bass) and Aldo Romano (drums). The music they express is full of sound and mystic atmosphere which reminds me of India but the basis was pure jazz - creative and fluent. The soloists were marvelous and Charlie Mariano has found in Europe the space and tranquility to express his feelings more easily. Jasper's sound is clear and his playing grows more mature all the time while Philip Catherine is incredibly fast with the sound very full while Aldo Romano's beat is exact and his rhythmic figures very inventive. Man, this is a group!

The second highlight was the appearance (20th to 25th) of Slide Hampton and Dusko Goykovich's Summit Big Band. Specially organised for the Music Inn, the lineup was Benny Bailey, Bob Lanesse, Dusko Goykovich (trumpet), Slide Hampton, Bobby Burgess (trombone), Sal Nistico, Gianni Basso (tenor sax), Zadlio Leszeck (tenor and soprano sax), Sergio Rigon

(baritone sax), Vince Benedetti (piano), Patrice Caratini (bass) and Peer Wyboris (drums). The arrangements, all very swinging, were by the co-leaders. Particularly good was Big George, arranged by Slide with a great solo by Sal Nistico. Benny Bailey shone on Transitions while Manhattan Mood featured Nistico and Bobby Burgess. Feelings, featuring Slide was a beautiful chart and It's About Time showcased solos by Benedetti, Basso, Nistico, Dusko and the fantastic Sergio Rigon. Best of all was Slide's arrangement of News Waltz with an incredibly flexible solo by the composer. The overall sound was good but not too personal and the cohesion was good enough considering the short time for rehearsal.

The month ended with the marvelous Johnny Griffin who was well accompanied by Enrico Pierannunzi (piano), Alessio Urso (bass) and Gege Munari (drums).

- Mario Luzzi

CHICAGO BLUES

January 3-6, 1975

A recent trip to Chicago did much to reinforce the notion that blues is alive and functioning within the black communities of Chicago.

Friday evening, January 3 was spent at the uptownish and expensive Pepper's Hideout on South Cottage Grove with our good friend Cadillac Baby of Bea and Baby Records. Although harmonica man, Little Mac Simmons is said to be a co-owner of this Johnny Pepper fronted operation, Lonnie Brooks and his Blues Band, which by the way is also the house band, provided the entertainment on this particular evening. Lonnie Brooks, better known as Guitar Jr., is more than an adequate vocalist and when the mood presents itself is quite an original guitarist. Lonnie, relying at times on Albert and B.B. King, led his four-piece band through a varied evening of blues. R&B and soul-blues. He proved to be quite a showman - what with his oral guitar acrobatics and all. Hopefully Bob Koester of Delmark will follow up with his tentative plans to record this original stylist. While rather more expensive, the beauty of Pepper's is its 4 A.M. licence. As was the case this particular evening things got hopping as musicians and friends began to filter in from the various 2 A.M. clubs. There were guest spots by guitarist J.J. "tail dragger" Simpson and vocalist Elmore James Jr. Eddie Clearwater showed up and led Brooks' band through a set of energetic Chuck Berry material (his specialty). Around 3 A.M. Scotty and the Rib Tips took over and went through a soul-inspired set which featured several female vocalists. To say the least this was quite popular. Although Little Johnny Taylor and local bluesman Artie White were also in the audience, they failed to perform. Immediately before 4 A.M. Lonnie Brooks took over and closed the house down.

Saturday evening was quite busy with first an appearance at the Fox Hole to catch Fenton Robinson's opening set. Since it was an opening set it was quite loose and dominated by instrumentals designed to feel out the audience. Fenton Robinson is also a vocalist and guitarist with a highly individualistic style and approach. This is brought home on his recent Alligator LP "Somebody Loan Me A Dime". On this particular evening he was backed by bassist Sylvester Boines and drummer Elbert Buckner.

Unfortunately we left just as Fenton started his second set. The next stop was at a bowling alley/concert hall affair where Little Johnny Taylor was to be singing. This proved to be a disaster with Taylor not on stage and a crowd (?) of less than twenty fans in attendance. Needless to say, we left quickly before things got too tense.

The final stop of the evening was at Ma Bea's out on W. Madison. This proved to be one of the most refreshing outings of the trip. A straight blues trio consisting of Willie Kent on bass and vocals, Willie James on guitar and Robert Plunkett on drums and vocals. They played a raw form of tight and original urban blues which kept the predominantly middle aged patrons drinking, shouting and shaking it on down until the 2 A.M. closing. Basically, the three are old Jimmy Dawkins sidemen, but are sure as hell apt on their own. This is another group that Bob Koester is hoping to record.

Sunday afternoon was of course spent at Florence's on South Shields. As would be expected the music was tight and the atmosphere loose. Magic Slim and his Band played the gig and proved to be a lot tighter than when we had seen them a year ago at the 1125 Club. While we were there Johnny Embry made a guest spot and seemed to be deliberately taunting Jimmy Reed Jr. with Jimmy Reed numbers. Hound Dog Taylor showed up to socialize but not to play.

Later that evening an excursion was made to Louise's South Park Lounge to catch the legendary Three Aces. It sure was something to experience Fred Below, with Louis and Dave Myers in a relaxed setting running through a long list of Chicago standards. Upon hearing them live, one can appreciate the basis of their reputation. If possible catch their (French) Vogue LP - "Kings Of The Chicago Blues".

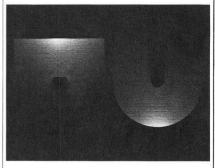
Blue Monday at Theresa's proved to be a fitting climax to the trip. Jr. Wells fronted a three-piece band which included guitarist Sammy Lawhorn and went through an exciting set of Wells standards. Jr. has a fine new LP out on Delmark entitled "Jr. Wells: On Tap" which tends to capture some of Theresa's spirit and it is obvious that Jr. likes recording in the freedom of a Delmark production.

Guest stars included Koko Taylor and her guitarist Eddie King. They performed several high energy numbers which included the rocking Wang Dang Doodle. Koko and King work extremely well together. At the time Bruce Iglauer was planning a recording of Koko with guitarists Lawhorn and Mighty Joe Young for his Alligator label. This was to take place in the latter part of January. Also of interest, Iglauer has recently recorded a live

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SIDE ONE

WBAI, Haresah, Zulu Stomp, Extemporaneous Combustion

SIDE TWO

Alodian Mode, Pressure Point, The Sixth Sense

Steve Grossman (tenor and soprano saxophones), Jan Hammer (electric piano and moog synthesizer), Gene Perla (electric and acoustic basses). Don Auas (drums, congas, bongos and

DAVE LEIBMAN _



SIDE ONE Flute Piece, Our Life, Places, Deep

SIDE TWO

Questions, Arb om souple, Constellation, Devotion

Dave Liebman (wooden flute, flute, clarinet, soprano and tenor saxes, percussion), Frank Tusa (bass, bells), Bob Moses (drums, kalimba)

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tape of Hound Dog Taylor material for future release. Guitarist Son Seals, accompanied by an unidentified but well known vocalist then went through several powerful Seals-style numbers. Seals is an impressive and highly unique artist and can be heard on his own Alligator LP "The Son Seals Blues Band". Well worth a listen. Super slick showman Lefty Diz made a soulful appearance and went through his left-handed watch-me guitar routine. Quite an impressive spectacle. In the audience were James Cotton, Phillip Guy, Louis Myers, John Brim, A.C. Reed, Fred Below and Byther Smith. Unfortunately, time did not permit a stage appearance by any of these fine bluesmen. Around 2 A.M. the party was brought to a close with Theresa Needham trying to get everyone outside so that she could count her money and go to bed.

On the way back to bed we stopped off at the 604 Club where Piano "C" Red's Depression and Inflation Show was supposed to be going down. However, Red had shut down the band for the night due to a shortage of people. After about an hour with Red, we headed back to the North Side with our host, Bob Koester, for some welcome sleep. Sure enough, the blues is alive and serving a definate function on Chicago's South and West Side. Catch it if you can.

-Doug Langille

ODDS AND

Collective Black Artists Inc, 156 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010, is an active organisation in New York dedicated to the furtherance of the music. Its recent activities have included concerts with Ahmad Jamal (February 28), Archie Shepp and Art Blakey (March 21). On all occasions these important musicians performed with the CBA 18 Piece Ensemble, the performing arm of the organisation. It is designed to provide a positive focus for the performing jazz community and in its five year existence has acquired works by such composers as Donald Byrd, Frank Foster, Jimmy Heath, Archie Shepp, Stanley Cowell, Charles Tolliver, Dave Burrell, Roland Alexander, Jimmy Owens, Lee Morgan and Charles Greenlee. The next concert, scheduled for April 10 at Town Hall will be a tribute to John Coltrane with Andrew White conducting the CBA Ensemble in a John Coltrane Suite.

Collective Black Artists Inc is also sponsoring a 15-week educational series "Black Music in the Americas" with Leonard Goines as instructor. The series commences April 8 with a registration fee of \$15.00. The course will present an historic survey of African-derived music in the United States, Latin America and the Caribbean.

Saxophonist Byron Morris' group "Unity" gave a concert March 1 at 66 Greene Street. Also featured were Vince McEwan, Jay Clayton, Charles Ewbank, Frank Clayton and Tyrone Walker... Paul Knopf's "An Explosion of Jazz" was heard at Carnegie Recital Hall on February 22... Maynard Ferguson's band was presented in concert February 17 by Jazz Interactions

Walter C. Allen of Canada

Box 929, Adelaide Stn., Toronto, Ontario M5C 2K3

—Specialist in jazz & blues publications—

To all past customers of the late Walter C. Allen of P.O. Box 1382, Highland Park, New Jersey; and to prospective buyers of jazz and blues publications anywhere:

I am going to continue his business under the name and address shown above, and intend to provide the same standards of service and selections as exemplified in his catalogue "Allen's Poop Sheet" containing hundreds of items.

Since it will take some time to get this new business fully going, I do not have very much in stock at the moment; however, orders will be accepted and attended to as soon as possible. Advertising will be placed in future issues of CODA offering specific items for sale, and if possible I will include items not in the latest "Poop Sheet".

I will supply a copy of "Allen's Poop Sheet" on request to anyone who has never seen it, as long as my supply lasts; this may be used as a guide to what I may be able to supply, provided that you keep in mind that much of the information contained therein is out of date. A new edition of the "Poop Sheet" will be published eventually, so even if you don't want to order anything, please send me your name and address to be put on the mailing list.

Finally, I would like to thank all those people that have offered their condolences.

Dan Allen

Dan allen

at the Riverboat Restaurant...Mary Lou Williams presented Mary Lou's Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on February 18.

Jazz Interactions has resumed its weekly musicians workshopfor young performers. Each session runs for three hours on Thursdays at Intermediate School #44, 100 West 77th Street under the direction of Joe Newman. The staff consists of Barry Harris, Reggie Workman, Billy Mitchell, Roswell Rudd, Jimmy Heath, Ted Dunbar and David Lee. The most promising apprentice musicians will receive Jazz Interactions Louis Armstrong Scholarship Award.

Wild Bill Davison has signed up with Papa Bue's Viking Jazz Band and will work as a regular member of the band and may consider settling in Denmark. Their musical team work is displayed in a recently released Storyville lp "Wild Bill Davison and Papa Bue".

"African Vibrations", after three years on WRAS-FM Atlanta has moved to AM radio and WIIN. Co-hosts are Carl Heyward and Rosalinde Harper and recent guests have included Les McCann, Cannonball Adderley, Esther Phillips and a number of film makers. The show is heard Sunday afternoons.

The Golden Fox sponsored its first annual Charlie Parker Memorial Concert as a benefit for the Capital District Jazz Society. It took place Sunday March 16 and featured musicians were Howard McGhee, Al Haig and saxophonist Nick

Brignola...A Trad Jazz Jamboree took place February 23 at Bimbo's 365 Club in San Francisco with 12 Bay Area bands on hand. The event was sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club of Northern California...Peanuts Hucko, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson and Colin Gieg are in residence at the Continental-Denver Motor Hotel, Valley Highway and Speer Blvd, Denver, Colorado...Percussionist Don Moye has been giving a number of solo concerts in California. One of the more recent was on February 9 at the Live Oak Theater and this was followed, on March 8, by another at Pomona College in Claremont, California...The New McKinney Cotton Pickers concert for Detroit's Historical Museum was a sell out and it looks as though the band will be touring Europe later this year...The New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival takes place April 24 through 27. It serves as an annual get-together for traditional jazz musicians from around the world. Interest is building with each year... The World's Greatest Jazz Band is now resident in New York but only the co-leaders, Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, remain from the original group. Depending upon their availability trombonist George Masso, drummers Bob Rosengarden and Joe Corsello, pianists Dill Jones and Red Richards, saxophonist Al Kink and clarinetists Joe Muranyi and Phil Bodner have all been performing with the band.

Jimmy Dawkins, Sammy Lay, J.B. Hutto, Koko Taylor and Bob Riedy have all been resident at Chicago's Biddy Mulligan's while Bob Riedy works most of the time at The Attic. Wise Fools has played host to Otis Rush, Koko Taylor, Blueblood and Joe Young...Concord Pavilion opens for the summer season on May 16. The brand new 8,000 seat complex will provide a home for all kinds of music in ideal surroundings. Its best known attraction is the summer festival which incorporates a great deal of jazz. This year's event is scheduled for the last two weekends in July and the first in August.

Pianist Michael Smith wishes it to be known that he has resigned from all associations with Steve Lacy, Noah Howard and other ensembles he has participated with in the past. He is forming his own group to be handled through his European agent Han Kuiper Enterprises, De Boelelaan 435, Amsterdam, Holland. He has also signed a three year contract with Saravah Records in France and the first of six lps was scheduled for release in February.

Pianist Sir Charles Thompson was rushed home from Europe in December for emergency surgery for the removal of a tumor. He is now convalescing in New York and a fund has been organised to assist Sir Charles in the elimination of his heavy medical expenses. You can contact Sir Charles and contribute to his recovery through Sir Charles Enterprises, P.O. Box 974, Ansonia Station, 1990 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

Well known Swedish musician Ake Perssonwaskilled February 5 in an automobileaccidentin Stockholm. His contributions to the Clarke-Boland Band, Quincy Jones and many other European jazz groups will be well remembered.

New records, of varying quality proliferate. Arista Records, the new brainchild of industry wizard Clive Davis, is making a great deal of noise with their release in North America of such famous European Freedom issues as Albert Ayler's 'Ghosts', Ornette Coleman's "Fairfield Hall" concert, Marion Brown's 'Porto Nova' and the Dollar Brand/Gato Barbieri collaboration which is one of the rare records of the past decade. Newly recorded, from Montreux '74, are Cecil Taylor's "Silent Tongues" and Randy Weston's "Carnival". Roswell Rudd and Sheila Jordan collaborate in a new studio session - "Flexible Flyer" and Charles Tolliver's "Paper Man" is a 1968 session previously available in Europe. Arista has also released an important new recording by Anthony Braxton - his first for a major American company.

The Cakewalkin' Jass Band have released their fourth record "Take Four", which is available from Packo Records, 3818 Willys Pkwy., Toledo, Ohio 43612.

Eight new records are in preparation by SteepleChase. Two new Jackie McLean lps, a first in a decade for Andrew Hill and debut sessions by pianists Connie Crothers and Billy Gault were all recorded in the fall of 1974 in New York. Duke Jordan and Tete Montoliu have second trio sessions scheduled and a brand new DexterGordon quartet session with Kenny Drew, Niels-Henning and Tootie Heath completes the series.

Columbia Records finally released Stan Getz' 1972 session "Captain Marvel" with Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Tony Williams and Aito Moreira. Chicago's Alligator Records announces the release of a Koko Taylor lp recently recorded under the title of 'I Got What It Takes'.

Vanguard VSD.79346 "Irving Berlin: The Ragtime Years" is a collection of twelveBerlin pop songs, dating from 1910 to 1928, sung by Max Morath, accompanied by a large studio orchestra. Not a jazz lp, nor ragtime either, it will nevertheless interest not only the Morath fans, but also students of early popular music, as Berlin was a top-drawer composer of ragtime and jazz-tinged material of the period.

Mort's Guides to Festivals, Feasts, Fairs and Fiestas are two new paperback books in editions covering North America and an International Edition that spans 118 countries. Over 8500 different events are listed in these two books which are available from the publisher (CMG Publishing Co. Inc., Box 630, Princeton, N.J. 08540, U.S.A.) for \$3.75 or at bookstores.

English composer/bassist Graham Collier travelled to Sweden in late February with Harry Beckett and Ed Speight to work with the Swedish Radio Jazz Group on a work commissioned by Swedish Radio.

Since the final draft manuscript was submitted for "Eric Dolphy - A Musical Biography and Discography" in November 1973, Vladimir Simosko and I have become aware of many revisions to the discography. An eight-page supplement to the discography, updating the known data to the present, can be obtained from me for 75¢: Barry Tepperman, 222 Elm St., #214, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1K5.

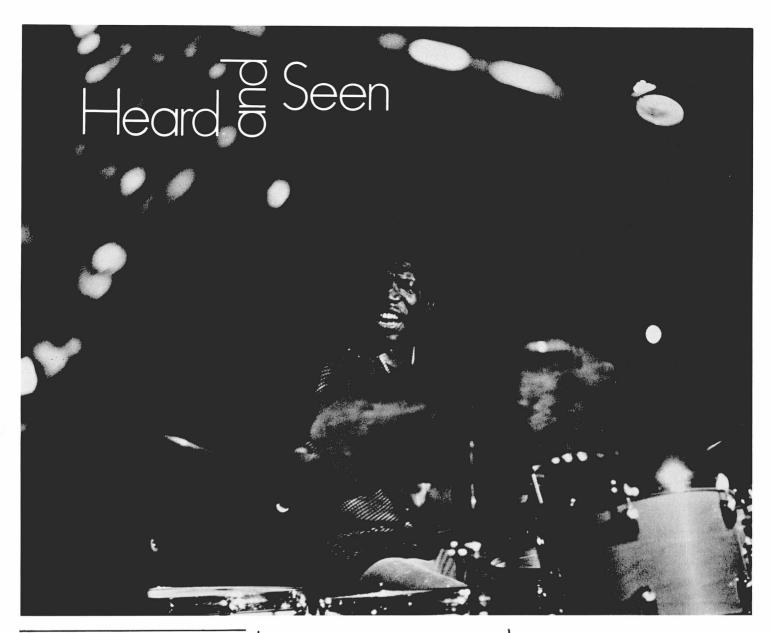
JAZZ CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Our jazz crossword puzzle was obviously a lot of fun as well as being "very educational" (as more than one contestant acknowledged). Its difficulty hinged around a few clues and, in fact, we only received one completely right answer. The winner of the competition is, therefore, David Wallace of Bury St., Edmunds, England. Runner-up was Michael Disney of Toronto with only one error (wrong spelling of a musician's name) and tied for third place with one wrong answer were J.S. Berry of Detroit, Michigan and L.C. Dutcher of Watertown, N.Y.

There were a number of technical difficulties in the crossword. The most obvious being the inability to fit 'Hayes' into 6 down. Because of this (and nearly everyone pointed it out!) this clue was eliminated from the competition. It was also impossible to completely finish the spelling of Gonsalves (43 down) and Russell (26 down) and it was also pointed out that Herbie Steward could have made the answer confusing in 44 down. 24 across and 72 down were also challenging to the imagination in their deviation from normal crossword practices. Most people solved these peculiarities in fine style!! We publish the correct answers for the edification of those too timid to take part.

Winner: Seven Sackville Records Runner-up: Four Sackville Records Third Prize: Two Sackville Records

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ELVIN JONES

The Savoy Room, Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Michigan January 18, 1975

The Shelby is one of those sooty, decaying monoliths, erected before any of us were born, and like older buildings in most cities, in mortal danger of becoming a parking lot. The hotel, recently purchased by some young, moneyed Detroiters, is trying to hold the asphalt at bay with small boutiques and several live entertainment rooms - one of which, the Savoy, presented Elvin Jones for three nights in mid-January.

Jones, one of Detroit's numerous local-boys-made-good, is the youngest of three jazz brothers - Hank, an old established pianist, and flugelhornist/trumpeter Thad, co-leader of New York's most successful rehearsal band. Elvin's five-year tenure with John Coltrane established him as a jazz 'name' and made his complex polyrhythmic style an important influence on modern drumming. While no longer

among the influential vanguard, Jones and his group produced strong music with occasional signs of the fires Jones used to fuel with Coltrane.

Jones fronted a quartet comprised of Roland Prince, guitar; Dick Williams, accoustic bass; and Junior Cook, tenor sax. Prince and Williams are regulars with Jones and work well with him, but Cook appeared to have just joined the group, without benefit of rehearsal. In the set I heard Cook used music for two of the four tunes, somehow managing to read and play while standing with one foot propped on a chair, the music pinned to his knee by his left elbow.

Jones opened the set with one of his own compositions, Three Card Molly. Prince's opening solo displayed a fluid technique and a sound conception refreshingly reminiscent of Jim Hall, although the club's sound man set his volume too low. Cook soloed with considerably more chops than when I last heard him with Freddie Hubbard but seemed uncertain about where the tune was supposed to go. During Jones' subsequent extended solo (more of

a chance for him to warm up than a demonstration of his skills), Cook took his music over to Prince for guidance, another sign of his newness in the group.

Jones next offered up Coltrane's Naima, which drew some applause from the crowd when announced (a sign of the power of Trane's name to the young and hip). Cook and Prince did nice things with the ballad after some disagreement about the tempo. Prince's comping behind Cook was nearly inaudible and Williams' reliance on the tune's E flat and B flat pedal became a little irritating, but he redeemed himself by an interesting bowed counterpoint to Cook's final statement of the theme. Not surprisingly, Jones' conceptual approach to Naima is quite close to that he took with Coltrane ten years ago, even to the use of the same three against two patterns behind the melody.

Cook played his best solo on Giraffe, a strutting Dick Garcia composition. He played with confidence throughout the range of the tenor and made good use of the tune's strong changes. Williams, however, was the stand-out on this tune,

playing all around the bass in a solo that displayed both technique and intelligence.

Jones closed the set with Keiko's Birthday March, an exercise in paradiddles written for his Japanese wife. Cook was fast and fluent but needed occasional guidance from Prince to keep his footing. Jones followed Cook with a long musical solo which explored the possibilities of sounds and dynamics as well as rhythm.

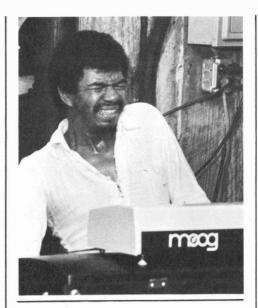
Although the group played well, the energy level was well below that of the previous groups Jones had led. Jones seems to need the presence of powerful hornmento shape and direct his explosive drumming, a presence which Cook apparently is too new to the group to provide. Williams at least is the equal of his predecessors, and perhaps things will improve with time.

Incidentally, the Savoy room (spacious, nicely decorated with sketches of blues and jazzmen and minus the usual pushy waitresses) has so far brought in Jones, Sun Ra and his Arkestra, Gene Harris (of the Three Sounds) and a number of bluesmen. One can only hope the hotel business picks up enough to keep the parking lots from engulfing it. — David Wild

JACK DE JOHNETTE

Students' Union Theatre, Edmonton, Alta. January 26, 1975

The current DeJohnette group has been working together for some months and, besides De Johnette on drums and piano. consists of Alex Foster on saxophones and Peter Warren on bass. (John Abercrombie has been playing guitar with the group but did not come on this trip.) Unlike the other groups of former Miles Davis associates (and Miles himself), DeJohnette has avoided the possibly commercial but sterile (I think) trap of electric jazz-rock. De Johnette, in his own words, is playing somewhat similarly to the A.A.C.M. with much ''free'' playing, much doubling on various instruments, and some elements of theatre to involve the audience. They differed from the A.A.C.M. in not being quite so conspicuously "avant garde", in alternating free playing with sequences based on evident chord progressions and inusing some material which was slightly familiar to the jazz audience. Foster is a young but very able musician with a very fluent technique and good tone and ideas. I particularly like his adaptation of Coltrane to the alto. My only criticism of him is that he sometimes played too many notes and could afford to edit himself more. However, this did not happen often and he played ballad-like passages with restraint and taste. Warren is a bassist of considerable imagination and scope who pushes his technique to its outer limits. I don't mean to imply he uses technical display for its own sake but that his ideas are so fluent they sometimes go beyond what he can comfortably play. He does a great deal of bowing and guitar-like strumming of his instrument. DeJohnette's drumming is even better now than on his past recordings, playing with a strength



and power close to that of Elvin Jones. His piano playing is somewhat less sure, sometimes quite good and sometimes with an awkward marimba-like conception (a possible effect of his thinking in terms of drumming). I was particularly impressed with the way the group worked together and responded quickly to each other. In a sense, the group was not just three musicians but three pairs of musicians and a trio. This accomplishment is not only a tribute to the musicianship of the three but to their personal qualities in according each other so much respect.

-Kellogg Wilson

EDWARD LOUIS SMITH

University of Michigan Faculty Chamber Concert, Rackham Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan January 26, 1975

In its eighty-odd years of existence jazz has developed to such an extent that it may rightly be considered the chief New World contribution to the world's music. Yet it has only been in the last ten years or so that the educational establishments in the land of its origin have begun to take any notice of their native art form. In general such recognition has been limited to the establishment of jazz ensemble courses, usually handled by a spare graduate assistant and given off-hour rehearsal space. Thus it was something of an event when local jazz musician Smith performed as a part of the staid U. of M.'s January faculty concert.

Smith is an accomplished trumpeter/flugelhornist who currently directs the U. of M.'s jazz ensembles. It is perhaps indicative of the stature of jazz at this old, established university that Smith is only a lecturer (the lowest faculty rank) and divides his time between the UM band and his position as band director at a local high school.

Smith was accompanied by Carl Alexius, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; and Bob Elliott, drums. Brooks and Elliott are working Detroit-area musicians (Brooks has re-

corded a number of times as part of Detroit's Contemporary Jazz Quintet) imported for the occasion and listed as "guests". Alexius, a professor of music theory at the U. of M., was probably included in the ensemble as one of the few music faculty members with a working knowledge of modern jazz (his departmental biography lists him as the director of "the first officially recognized U. of M. Jazz Ensemble"). While he didn't get in anybody's way, Alexius was simply incapable of performing at the highly professional level of the other three.

Smith's portion of the program was labeled "Five Jazz Classics (Improvisations)". Three of the tunes - I Can't Get Started, Au Privave, and Cherokee, are genuine classics, and Basie's Splanky is at least familiar, while When Sunny Gets Blue is one of those bits of fluff that jazz players have been reworking since the days of Buddy Bolden. One may question the absence of more modern material the most recent tune, Parker's Au Privave, dates from around 1950 - but the surroundings may have cautioned Smith to stick to the relatively familiar. It is also doubtful if Alexius could have coped with the requirements of more recent classics like Maiden Voyage or Impressions.

Nonetheless, the 45-minute set gave Smith plenty of room to reveal his definite abilities. The group opened with Splanky, a medium blues, with Smith on flugelhorn (he favors the larger horn, and used it to advantage on four of the five selections). Smith showed off his command of the complete range of the horn (including the difficult-to-produce high notes) and his clean execution even on fast sixteenth-note runs. Alexius took a short, old-fashioned solo, and Brooks and Elliott were both allowed an opportunity to unknot their fingers.

I Can't Get Started showcased Smith's full, rich sound, but in Alexius one missed the richer voicings common to the post-Evans/Tyner generation. Smith closed the tune with a nice cadenza built on several piano chords. Au Privave, another but faster blues, again gave Smith room to blow in an approach at times reminiscent of early sheets-of-sound Coltrane. He was nearly upstaged however by Brooks, who took a long aggressive solo. Full of sixteenth-note patterns and extensions of chords over several measures, his solo moved freely through the changes with total awareness of the advances jazz bass playing has made in the last fifteen vears.

When Sonny Gets Blue opened with another cadenza from Smith over pedal chords from Alexius, and displayed prior planning with reworked harmony and a change of key. Alexius' limitations were most obvious here. The art of the jazz ballad draws much of its beauty from the use of harmonic alterations and superimposed passing chords, but Alexius kept his solo colorlessly restricted to the notes of the key of the tune.

On Cherokee Smith finally switched to trumpet, with no sign of any lessening of ability. He was fast and nimble at the tune's flagwaving tempo, even though he had to compensate for Alexius' lack of rhythmic support. After a nice drum solo from Elliott (not as advanced as Smith or Brooks but capable nonetheless), Brooks took an interesting solo, playing with the changes and tempo in the style associated with Richard Davis.

Although the concert's program notes breathlessly note that this 'mark(s) the first time that popular music has appeared on the programs of the Faculty Chamber Concerts, as well as the first occasion on which unnotated music will be performed on the series", its importance goes far beyond that. Despite its conservative cast, this was a genuine jazz performance by three black and one white man (the only integrated group on the program, incidentally) at least as proficient in the jazz idiom as were the other performers in the classic. Their appearance is a tacit admission that, "popular" or not, jazz is a serious, disciplined art form, that jazz performers are musicians trained in a demanding if different idiom, and that the Charlie Parker composition featured may just be as valid in the twentieth century as the Stravinsky work which proceeded it. Considering the stature of the U. of M.'s School of Music, that's quite an - David Wild admission.

DON PULLEN

The Annex Theatre, Toronto February 23, 1975

When one man in front of a crowd can create and convey the complete spectrum of human emotions, then he is a very together individual. More impressive is when he convincingly expresses those emotions - love to anger (hate?) - through the medium of musical sound. When he does not become frightened and flinch and back off from the yearnings which arise from the inner core of his mind seeking release, but instead he expresses them in their full intensity, then he is a true artist. Don Pullen is such an artist.

Via solo piano on a Sunday afternoon, Don's mind and soul conjured up and his fingers (as well as hands, wrists and elbows) depressed the keys and expressed the keys to life's worth. I particularly remember his suite based on memories of Malcolm X. Malcolm had many facets to his personality and obviously Don does as well. Piano sounds portrayed two souls moving from calm to storm, stirring sounds communicating human generalities. When a listener (me) attempts to listen analytically and critically but is constantly pulled away from reason and submergedfull into feeling and mood, then he is confronted with true spiritual forces - healing forces which are not faked and acquiesing, but which emanate from pure conviction. Don Pullen is sincere.

Later in the week after his solo concert, Don gave York University jazz students a chance to dwell in the midst of conviction. He had the students play a tune of his which for me had authentic African rhythmic feel and flow. We students did not do justice to the playing of



his written tune, but nonetheless, the power of his musical sensitivity and capabilities inherent in the tune was strong enough for me to feel transported to inner places and spaces where rhythm and body pulses are still primary. Despite nervousness which our rational minds inflicted upon us, Don'stune was so moving that intense feeling pervaded the room.

Blues came next and Don repeated and demonstrated the all important lesson. Jazz is of African and blues origins. Straying too far from this truth can lead one down a path, albeit musical, but one much less emotion and mood provoking. Don Pullen is a master of mood music and I don't mean Muzak.

- Larry Licht

SOPRANO SUMMIT

Colonial Tavern, Toronto February 24/March 1, 1975

The road show version of Soprano Summit slipped into town and almost got away without more than a cursory listen by most of the area's jazz enthusiasts. They missed out on one of the few stimulating musical experiences of the decade in the traditional or "classic" jazz field.

Both Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern, the co-leaders of Soprano Summit, have been actively immersed in the playing of jazz for more than twenty years and they are among a handful who have transcended the revivalist attitudes which all but put the kiss of death to the glorious music conceived by the original giants of jazz music in the first two decades of this century. While Soprano Summit is not a recreation in the same sense that Gunther Schuller postures with his New England Conservatory bunch there is more than an element of ''preservation'' in the musical approach chosen by Messrs. Wilber and Davern.

Contrary to their claims of universality

for jazz (in an interview with Ted O'Reilly) there is surely no question after all this time that the primary motivating force and stylistic conception of jazz music comes from Black America and I think they are mistaken in pursuing such a viewpoint. No one has denied them the right to play this music but it does behove them to be more honest about the realities of their musical sources. Without Armstrong, Dodds, Bechet, Morton, Oliver, Noone, etc. there would be no Soprano Summit.

The group's musical philosophy is a fascinating presentation of the original principles which made jazz music great. Wilber's charts (fully written out for most numbers) of both familiar and less well known material bring to life many a timeworn ditty and the interaction between the two horns, the imaginative use of jazz devices (breaks, split choruses, stop time) and the continually creative solos makes this music of exceptional quality. The quiet authority of both reed players is remarkable and guitarist Marty Grosz fits their concept like a glove. He, too, has long been an eloquent advocate of the restructuring of the jazz musician's concepts and in this band (if they can get enough work) he sounds completely at ease. His talents as a zany entertainer are a definite bonus and he puts much needed relief into the seriousness reflected in the joint leaders' presentation.

This band is only at its beginning. Obviously, with time, the music will evolve beyond the structures of the charts. But the charts are necessary because, today, there are few musicians with the understanding to interpret this music with the professionalism and musicianship demanded by Wilber and Davern. I felt that both George Duvivier and Bob Rosengarden, despite their obvious competence to cut the charts, didn't contribute much to the music. The rhythmic zip - the extra dimension which turns the music into a boiling cauldron - was missing. It's not

their fault: they simply aren't aware of the intricacies of this style of music making. And Sid Catlett's are born, not made! But more importantly they don't play with any energy. A Pops Foster, for instance, was still burning every night he was on stage, even when he was over seventy. Rosengarden and Duvivier epitomisethe coolness of New York's musical fraternity - take care of business, play all the right notes but somehow, avoid living within the music.

Time will sort this situation out, one way or the other. In the meanwhile, Soprano Summit is a delightful aggregation whose affection for the grand scope of "classic" jazz has created a vitally fresh look at this tradition. Something which has been long overdue in the jazz world.

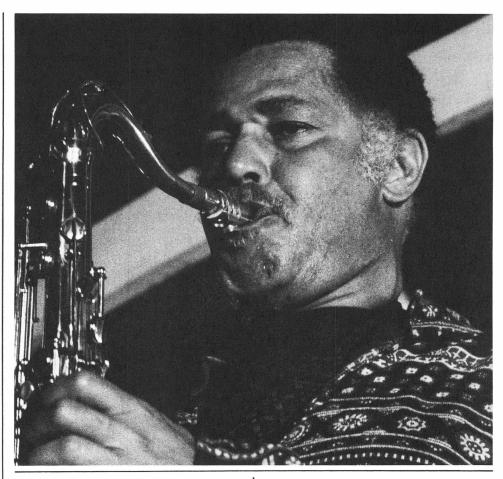
- John Norris

DEXTER GORDON

Keystone Korner, San Francisco, December 11, 1974

The San Francisco area was lucky enough to get a glimpse of expatriot Dexter Gordon, whose U.S. appearances these days can just about be counted on the fingers of one toe. Dexter's Monday date confirmed his position as probably the most consistant and straightforward blower left from the age of bop. (Sonny Stitt's Keystone appearances in January tended to confirm this.) His no-bullshit approach and continued willingness to challenge himself was refreshing in a time when everybody is pushing a trip - be it religion, politics, show-biz, or whatever. Dexter went to work on a wide range of material and came up with gratifying results every time. From a stomping The Panther, which left the best results of the plasto-funkies back at the playground, to typically driving and cohesive efforts on Tenor Madness, Oleo, and Gingerbread Boy - "just in time for Christmas", Dexter's horn was a sound for sore ears. But the topper was the ballad, You've Changed, on which Dexter surpassed the high level of creativity he had already established. A beautiful performance.

The only problem with the music was one which is becoming familiar when musicians of Dexter's generation play with younger men. There was, to borrow a phrase recently employed by J.W.N., a hole in the bottom. The lighter, more facile approach of Mike Nock and Pat O'Hearn which is so attractive when the two play together with Eddie Henderson was inappropriate here, and often Dexter was kicking the rhythm section along rather than vice-versa. This situation will, one would expect, be an inevitable problem as long as men like Dexter have to play with pick-up rhythm sections (except possibly in New York or L.A.). After all, it is unreasonable to expect young Pat O'Hearn to have a working knowledge of musical trends older than he is; and Mike Nock is one of the very good piano players anywhere, but he too is a stylist of a later era. Eddie Marshall fit in better. Possibly drummers have less



trouble moving back in time than some of the other players.

A quick glimpse like this serves to remind us of the fact that many giants of American music can scarcely be heard at home. In fact, as events of the past few years have shown, it is necessary for more and more musicians to go to Europe in order to get records out so that people here can even get an idea of what they're up to. But I shouldn't complain - after all, we lucky folks in San Francisco did get Dexter for one night - one great night at that. Maybe we'll get lucky again in another two or three years.

- Richard Baker

JAZZ IN JANUARY

Ray Bryant, Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickenson, Marian McPartland Loeb Drama Center, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. January 24, 25, 26, 1975

Jazz In January is Harvard's fine way of easing the raw end of the first month. Three nights in Loeb Drama Center, and all the snow, rain and slop don't mean a thing anymore. Two piano soloists bracketed a swing quintet, and the results were two very good concerts and one purely flawless.

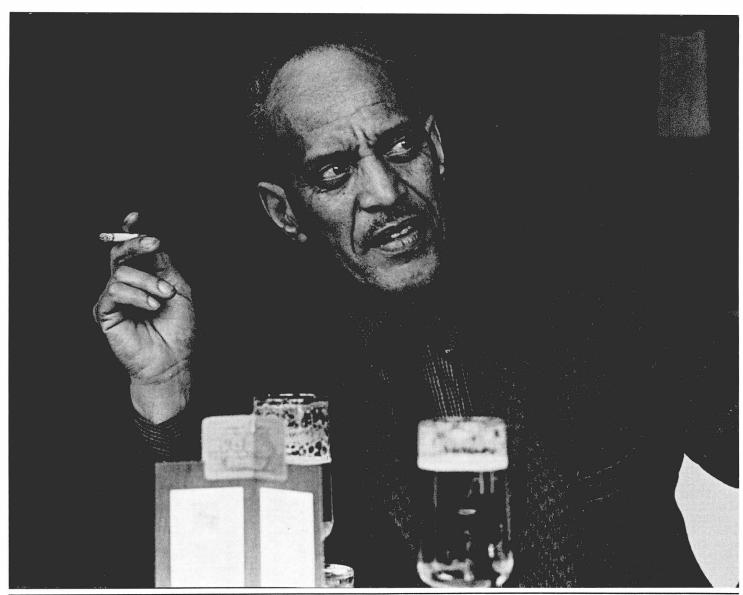
Ray Bryant started the series on Friday with a performance which stayed pretty close to the program on his "Alone At Montreux" LP. As on that record, he reveals himself to be a more broadly-based

musicianthan other, bluer, records might indicate. A Train was the first piece played the way Jaki Byard might do it touching all bases: stride, blues, ducal ideas, you name it. It was a long rendering, well done and much fun, but already we got indications of a problem which would last all night.

Ray Bryant has a tendency to overplay. He works hard at his music, finds nuances and hidden joys in pieces, but doesn't seem to know when or how to stop. It's as though when he sees what he has gotten out of a piece of music, Bryant can't see what to do with it all, how to tie it up; so we got a lot of over-done, lavish endings. The tendency is particularly evident on the blues and he played many. A pair of blues with a Willow Weep For Me interpolation, Slow Freight, Gotta Travel On, Avery Parrish's After Hours - all of these were good, solid rocking tunes, but each went a bit too long, with too many blue chords and a bit too much funk, the sort of super-funk which ceases to be music after a while and becomes noise instead.

But the thing to do - and it can be done - is to overlook this and listen to the surprises Bryant can offer. His program was varied. In addition to all the blues, we got Round Midnight, Bag's Groove, Greensleeves, several boogies, Django, and "the theme from you-know-what" (as he called Joplin's Entertainer.) All indicate a wide interest and an ability to find good solo material in an assortment of music.

Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickenson also had some problems Saturday night; but again, it was not enough to dampen the overall ef-



fect of the evening. Their problem lay in the rhythm team. The format Hackett and Dickenson have chosen - cornet, trom-bone, rhythm - can be difficult. To my ears a small swing band needs either a reed voice or a superb rhythm team. The Mike Renzi Trio just doesn't provide the support the brass need, a bit of continuo, if you will. I couldn't help but think of the Hackett/Dickenson Roosevelt Grill LP, particularly on the tunes from that disc, and of the superb comping of Dave McKenna and that crazy, lovely energy Cliff Leeman throws behind hornmen. In a thousand cocktail lounges across North America you can hear Mike Renzi's music. Good, solid demi-jazz. But Hackett and Dickenson deserve, and usually get,

The main men played fine music, though. Gruff and sardonic Dickenson; sharp and mostly elegant Hackett. It was revealed to me that Dickenson does not play "slide" trombone. No, he slings that slide up and down. What a wrist! He was a joy to hear, playing a plunger solo, punctuating behind Hackett, or swapping phrases - ever cool and sly, and always with a real rhythm feel. If his demeanor is one of not giving

a damn, such notions are dispersed when he'shot. He cares. Hackett was tops too. He had several solo pieces, notably Johnny Mandel's Time For Love. C-Jam and Undecided he swung brilliantly. Not one to hog the spotlight, he allowed the trio and trombone player generous time on their own.

But the real glory, the real diamond of this series was Marian McPartland. I'd never seen her perform before, and I was stunned. Not only did she play well, but she took the time to tell us about what she was doing, who wrote the songs and where she had learned them. And she was having a ball; and it can be very nice for an audience to feel that.

McPartland's was the most varied of the three concerts. As befits a musician who has transcended style and gone beyond labels, she played a bit of everything. But it was all transformed by her magic ear and her sense of humor and irony. She played it all - St. Louis Blues, Little Rock Getaway (my favorite), a blues by Dave McKenna, a Stevie Wonder thing, and even Eddie Harris's Freedom Jazz Dance. Ellington and Alec Wilder were given special consideration. There is a special

bond between Wilder and McPartland, and the composer has stated a preference for her playing. The nicest Wilder piece was Jazz Waltz For A Friend. A piece I cannot find in the appendix to 'Music Is My Mistress" is Clothed Woman, an obscure but witty Ellington piece. Subtle Slough came through thirty minutes later, followed by a medley obviously fashioned on the spot. Working on Jerome Kern's Yesterdays we also got some beatlemusic, some Bach and a few things I couldn't put a name to right away. And a huge smile from the pianist. Earrings swaying, Marian McPartland played an evening of music which epitomized the word "swing."

The outstanding feature of the Jazz In January concerts was the wide variety of music chosen by the performers. None stayed in tight little bags. All were adventuresome.

A very nice January treat from Harvard. It was heartening to see a university jazz presentation which very simply looked back to the accomplishments of an earlier generation of jazz players. They were not fawned over as "idols", nor was there any business about "roots." Just jazz.

-Will Powers

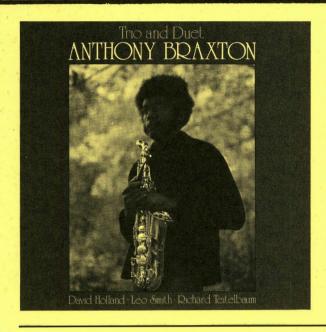
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